



**NO  
CONTROL.**

**IT ALL ENDS HERE**

WWW.ASAP13.COM

# No Control

Control Series - Book 3

ASR PUBLICATIONS

www.asr13.com

Copyright © 2026 ASR Publications

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without the prior written permission of the copyright owner, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by ASR Publications.

ISBN: 978-1-7396533-3-0

[www.asr313.com](http://www.asr313.com)

Contact ASR Publications: [asr313publications@gmail.com](mailto:asr313publications@gmail.com)

Dedicated to those who defend...

*“...And whoever puts their trust  
in Allah, then He alone is  
sufficient for them. Certainly  
Allah achieves His Will...”*

– 65:3

[www.asr313.com](http://www.asr313.com)

# Contents

1	The Quiet Streets	14
2	On the Run	19
3	The Stranger	23
4	A Mother's Heart	28
5	Breakfast	31
6	The Lassi Lounge	34
7	The Heroes Rise	41
8	Aftermath	48
9	The Executioner	50
10	The Call to War	53
11	The Wood Chopper Shopper	57
12	The Spider Tunnels	66
13	Meetings Underground	71
14	The Mission	78
15	Shadows on the Shoreline	83

16 Ibadat	88
17 The Port	91
18 The Sea Sword	93
19 Departure	95
20 Travels at Sea	97
21 The Darkness	99
22 Unmatched	103
23 Memories	106
24 Land Ho!	110
25 The Docks	112
26 Deployed	114
27 Calmville	116
28 Sights to See	120
29 The Employer	126
30 Hotel Badr	129
31 Meetings in the Darkness	132
32 Connecting the Dots	134
33 Milaads for Mola	135
34 A Change of View	138
35 The Guest	141
36 Plans of War	143

37 Grieving Sister	147
38 Grieving Brother	149
39 Letters	152
40 The Strategy Room	153
41 The Hunt Afoot	159
42 Gathering Strength	161
43 The Mysterious Mark	165
44 Understanding the Enemy	169
45 The Bazaar	172
46 The Horse Owner	177
47 A Family Dinner	180
48 Preparations	186
49 Settling Affairs	192
50 The Pain of a Mother	197
51 Schemes in the Shadows	199
52 Back on the Streets	201
53 Trapped like Rats	205
54 Escape	207
55 Reflections	209
56 A Shocking Discovery	211
57 Answers	214

58 The Bungalow	221
59 Plans	224
60 Report	227
61 The Southern Market	230
62 The Target	235
63 The Alpha	239
64 Across the Streets	242
65 Up against the Wall	243
66 The House at the End of the Road	254
67 Yellow Police Tape	256
68 The Scene of the Crime	258
69 The Executioner	262
70 Hearts Afar	267
71 Who? What? Where?	270
72 Confusion	274
73 Scars of Battle	279
74 Reflections	283
75 Friend or Foe?	288
76 At the Table	291
77 The Lead	296
78 Blessings	300

<b>79 Preparations</b>	<b>303</b>
<b>80 Farewells</b>	<b>306</b>
<b>81 Roadtrip</b>	<b>311</b>
<b>82 Voices of the Shadows</b>	<b>314</b>
<b>83 Dreams</b>	<b>317</b>
<b>84 The Plan</b>	<b>321</b>
<b>85 The Forest</b>	<b>324</b>
<b>86 The Warehouses of the East Coast</b>	<b>328</b>
<b>87 The Entrance</b>	<b>331</b>
<b>88 The Snake Pit</b>	<b>337</b>
<b>89 Light as a Feather</b>	<b>339</b>
<b>90 Uniforms</b>	<b>341</b>
<b>91 Ventures through the Fortress</b>	<b>344</b>
<b>92 Undercover</b>	<b>349</b>
<b>93 Deep Underground</b>	<b>353</b>
<b>94 Tail</b>	<b>356</b>
<b>95 Slippery Trickery</b>	<b>358</b>
<b>96 The League's Database</b>	<b>360</b>
<b>97 The Dark Halls</b>	<b>363</b>
<b>98 The League</b>	<b>366</b>
<b>99 The Executioner</b>	<b>370</b>

100 Fight or Flight	372
101 Back from the Depths	375
102 Data Banks	377
103 The Conveyor Belt Room	380
104 Escape	382
105 Double Trouble	384
106 Horrors of the Past	390
107 Lockdown	392
108 Setting Off	394
109 Mission Report	397
110 Visions or Dreams?	400
111 The Journey Home	407
112 Lost and Alone	409
113 Home Stretch	412
114 Strolls down Memory Lane	414
115 Home at Last	418
116 Updates	424
117 Family Barbecue	429
118 Fear	436
119 The Truth?	439
120 Trouble	441

<b>121 The War Council</b>	<b>444</b>
<b>122 The Enemy Returns</b>	<b>451</b>
<b>123 Secrets</b>	<b>455</b>
<b>124 Preparation</b>	<b>463</b>
<b>125 A Deal's a Deal</b>	<b>465</b>
<b>126 Leaders of the Nation</b>	<b>468</b>
<b>127 The Beginning of the End</b>	<b>470</b>
<b>128 The Battle of the Shoreline</b>	<b>473</b>
<b>129 The End of the First Day</b>	<b>477</b>
<b>130 Reports</b>	<b>478</b>
<b>131 Wounds of the Soul</b>	<b>481</b>
<b>132 Secrets</b>	<b>484</b>
<b>133 Vengeance</b>	<b>489</b>
<b>134 Strategies</b>	<b>493</b>
<b>135 The Second Battle</b>	<b>495</b>
<b>136 Return</b>	<b>500</b>
<b>137 The Medic</b>	<b>502</b>
<b>138 Results</b>	<b>505</b>
<b>139 The End of Day Two</b>	<b>507</b>
<b>140 An Extra Blanket</b>	<b>508</b>
<b>141 A Family Reunion</b>	<b>510</b>

142 Cliffside	513
143 A Much Needed Talk	517
144 The Woods	521
145 Chains	524
146 The Mightiest of All	528
147 The Horrific News	534
148 Ships on the Horizon	538
149 Commander Nasr	540
150 Who?	542
151 Tricked	544
152 Every Man for Himself	547
153 The Bungalow	549
154 Diversions	553
155 The Cliffs	555
156 Victory	559
157 The Next Station	561
158 Friends and Enemies	564
159 Plans	570
160 Alerts	571
161 War	572
162 Under the Radar	573

<b>163 The Final Hurdle</b>	<b>575</b>
<b>164 A Battle for the Ages</b>	<b>577</b>
<b>165 New Leaders are Born</b>	<b>584</b>
<b>166 A Second Chance</b>	<b>586</b>
<b>167 The End of Control</b>	<b>588</b>
<b>168 Ten Years Later...</b>	<b>589</b>

www.asr313.com

# Prologue

It was the middle of the afternoon. At such a point of time, expectations would suggest a bright sunny day. But today was far from it. There were clouds, gray and glum, stretching across the sky as far as the eye could see. Under its overwhelming pressure, the sunlight waned, like water struggling to move past the bend of a hose.

In the absence of any real light, the flowers didn't smile, slouching down towards the ground. The animals were all hidden away, none engaging in diurnal activities or food acquisition.

In fact, the only real sign of movement in the area was a streak of blue, thundering down alongside the grass. The river. Known for its wild and rebellious nature, like a stallion; it galloped down the hilly grounds. Its water was tainted by a greyish tinge as it flowed, making it harder to see any fish camouflaged inside.

"This has to be the place," whispered a silhouette.

From behind the trees, emerged an elderly man. He was short in height but his gaze was sharp. His goal was the only thing occupying his mind.

Swiftly, he made his way to the river edge, the current strength of which was seeming greater and greater the closer he got.

"Whew," he muttered under his breath. "This could take a while."

He was looking for something. And by his calculations, it had to be here. The weight of what he sought was far greater than the current's intensity at this point in the river. This was probably due to the fact that the river's depth was shortest here.

*Crack.*

The old man jumped in horror, whirling around with his arms helplessly in the air.

“No my boy, wai-” he paused, his eyes widening slightly.

It was only a squirrel, now half petrified by the sudden reaction.

“Ugh,” the old man growled frustratedly. “Let’s get this over with.”

With a deep breath, he slowly entered inside.

“Ah,” he winced, the temperature of the water was far cooler than he had expected. “I won’t be able to stay in here for too long.”

Quickly, the old man began swaying his arms under water, trying to feel for something.

He moved confidently, well aware that no animals of great danger inhabited these waters, except maybe-

“Bears!” the old man almost gasped too loudly.

In a flash, he lowered his head and body, submerging himself entirely. He closed his eyes unable to look up as a large discolouration appeared above the water a few meters down by the edge of the river. Even with the water’s refraction, he could clearly make out the size of the carnivore.

*‘It’s alright, everything’s going to be alright,’* the old man helplessly tried to reassure himself, struggling to maintain his position with the current. If he lifted his head now, the bear would definitely see him. But he hadn’t had the chance to inhale prior to submerging under the water, and right now that’s all his mind could think about. Well, aside from the massive bear.

*‘Oxygen!’* the old man’s body screamed.

He couldn’t hold out much longer. As if on cue, the bear suddenly lifted its head towards another direction, perhaps the trees. The old man watched in disbelief as the bear almost miraculously began moving away from the river. Maybe it had found food? The old man didn’t care. He was busy counting his lucky stars.

“Blah!” he spat bursting out of the water.

The old man panted, his eyes searching for any sight of the bear. He sighed in relief. It was gone.

“It must have found a food source,” he chuckled painfully, the

lack of air in his lungs was still inhibiting him from speaking too much. "I can't stick around too long. I gotta get this done."

*Caw!*

The old man turned abruptly as the sound caught his attention.

There was a murder of crows gathered by the other side of the river. Like an orchestra, they were cawing away with ugly grins, clearly pleased with themselves.

The old man narrowed his eyes. As far as the crows went, that was highly unusual behaviour. Unless... The old man's eyes lit up, the realisation hitting him harder than the river.

"Shoo!" he shouted, speeding straight for the cluster of animals. "Fly off."

The water slowed his movements but he reached soon enough, his eyes landed upon what they were all gathered around. Something small, almost shaped like a,

"Hand!" he exclaimed.

The old man dived forward grabbing hold of it.

"Got you!" he exclaimed.

A normal person might have fainted at the experience of grabbing a possibly dead hand, but this man was unaffected. He didn't even wince. This was clearly not his first time interacting with a corpse. His eyes reflected an uncanny level of insensitivity to the gruesome sight.

"Come on," he whispered, tugging on the hand.

He could feel a resistance, but soon enough a wrist surfaced. And then an elbow. Followed by a shoulder.

"There we go," the old man grunted, tugging harder.

A head emerged from the water. It was pale, the once black hair discoloured and dishevelled by massive amounts of dirt. The eyes were shut, the mouth was open, and the water was trickling out of it.

"He's barely breathing!" the old man realised. "Got to get him out of the water."

Cautiously, he grabbed the body as one piece and slowly dragged it towards the river edge.

"Come on!" he muttered breathlessly.

They were almost there. Just another meter or so. The old man reached out, the land was almost in his grasp.

“Come on,” he whispered. “Gotcha!”

With his hand grasped firmly to the muddy edge, he pulled himself and the body closer to the surface.

“Whew,” the old man coughed, shuddering uncomfortably as he finally exited the water with the body tucked under his other arm. “That was exhausting.”

He had gone waist-deep into the river and his muscles were exhausted from fighting the current. But the goal was achieved. He smiled over the body he had fished from the river. It was even more repulsive out of the water, the natural elements already attacking it.

“You will owe me deep when I have fully saved you.”

The old man wiped the sweat off of his forehead.

“And I absolutely intend to collect that debt.”

His eyes wandered to a long sharp knife embedded deeply in the body’s chest. The number 43 was inscribed upon its hilt.

“Ugh,” the body stirred.

The old man grinned.

“Patience my boy, your time will come.”

## Darkness.

It knows no bounds. There is no place it cannot thrive, no evil it cannot feed and no secret it cannot conceal. Empires come and go, but the darkness endures. It survives.

The momentous decision at the end of *Ultimate Control* has left the forces of darkness and light at a stalemate. But it has also given birth to an opportunity. A slim chance at ridding the islands of the plaguing shadow looming over their heads. For the only way to bound the darkness and truly destroy it, is with the brightest of light.

Abbas will need to be stronger now more than ever as the forces of truth and falsehood collide in what will be their last clash for control. Sacrifices will be made, alliances forged and faith will be tested. The stakes have never been higher.

Only one side can emerge victorious.

It all ends here.



ISBN 978-1-7396533-3-0



**ASR Publications**