

Brainrot Chronicles: Book 6

Chapter 1: The Splintering Threads

The Memeverse wasn't just falling apart—it was losing its collective mind. To the untrained eye, it might still appear as a surreal dreamscape of shifting fractal skies, rainbow waterfalls, and pixelated grass that hummed when stepped on. But for those who lived and fought within its boundaries, the cracks were impossible to ignore. The once-vivid world was being overtaken by the encroaching shadows of the Infinite Riz, which spread through the land like a corrupted JPEG of doom. Broken bits of memes floated aimlessly in the air, fragments of once-powerful ideas reduced to nonsense. A deflated Shrek balloon drifted past, muttering, “SomeBODY...,” before popping with a faint *smash mouth* echo.

Jayden stood on the flickering Nexus Bridge, the fragile structure groaning with each step he took. His Sigma glasses flashed warnings across his vision, displaying error codes that made no sense. *ERROR: TOO MUCH CRINGE DETECTED. PLEASE REBOOT THE MEMEVERSE.* He ignored them, gripping the Riz Saber tightly. The weapon's neon-blue blade buzzed faintly, barely holding its charge in the corrupted energy field surrounding them.

Behind him, Reese leaned against a pixelated column, looking as though he'd rather be anywhere else. His cringe aura flickered weakly, a pale shadow of the chaotic energy that once defined him. He plucked a floating Pepe meme out of the air, only for it to dissolve into a puddle of goo in his hand. “This place is really going downhill,” he muttered, shaking off the residue. “Feels like the Memeverse has been binge-watching cursed TikToks and it finally broke its brain.”

Jayden didn't respond, his attention fixed on the horizon. His Sigma glasses displayed a faint ripple in the distance—the portal. It was their only way out of this crumbling zone. “They'll be here,” he said, more to himself than to Reese.

Reese snorted. “You've got a lot of faith in a kid whose combat strategy involves yelling ‘yeet’ and throwing himself at the nearest threat.”

Jayden allowed himself a faint smirk. “Taeyang has a way of surprising people.”

As if on cue, the portal at the center of the bridge flared to life. Its swirling vortex of neon and static flickered dangerously, as though even it wasn't immune to the instability of the Memeverse. For a moment, it seemed like the portal might collapse entirely—but then, with a burst of light and a faint “bruh” sound effect, three figures stumbled through.

Taeyang was the first, his oversized hoodie glowing faintly with streaks of chaotic energy that sparked like

tiny fireworks. His sneakers left glowing footprints on the pixelated surface of the bridge as he struck a pose that looked halfway between a dab and a Fortnite emote. “What’s up, losers?” he called, grinning. “We’re here to save the day.”

Behind him, William emerged, already holding a half-eaten slice of pizza that he definitely hadn’t been holding earlier. He gave a casual wave, his bright, messy hair bouncing as he walked. “Sorry we’re late,” he said between bites. “Taeyang got distracted by a rogue Ew Meme doing the Gangnam Style dance.”

“It wasn’t even a good Gangnam Style,” Taeyang added, crossing his arms. “The vibes were all wrong.”

Rohan followed last, adjusting his glasses with a sigh. “And in the process, William decided to challenge it to a dance-off. We barely made it out before it called reinforcements.”

Jayden raised an eyebrow. “Reinforcements?”

“Yeah,” William said, grinning. “It summoned the entire cast of the original Harlem Shake videos. It was terrifying.”

Reese groaned, rubbing his temples. “This is what we’re working with?”

Before anyone could respond, the portal rippled again. A new figure stepped through—someone they hadn’t expected. Gio. He stood a bit apart from the group, his expression calm but unreadable. Unlike the others, he wasn’t dressed in the chaos of hoodie-and-sneaker chic. His crisp jacket and perfectly styled hair made him look like he’d just stepped out of a high-budget K-drama. A faint shimmer of golden energy surrounded him, subtle but undeniably powerful.

“Gio?” Taeyang blinked, surprised. “What are you doing here? I thought you hated adventures.”

Gio shrugged, adjusting the strap of his satchel. “I figured it was about time I stopped being the guy who fixes things after the fact. Besides,” he added, glancing at the fractured landscape around them, “this looked like a mess you couldn’t handle without me.”

Reese smirked. “Big words for someone who hasn’t been in the thick of it before.”

Gio met his gaze without flinching. “You’d be surprised what I’m capable of.”

Jayden stepped between them, his tone calm but firm. “Good. Because we’ll need every bit of help we can

get.”

The ground beneath them shuddered, and the faint hum of the Memeverse warped into an eerie silence. The shadows creeping along the edges of the bridge surged forward, coalescing into a towering figure. The Infinite Riz had arrived.

Its form was a chaotic mass of darkness, constantly shifting as if it couldn't fully exist in this reality. Glowing red eyes pierced through the void, and fragments of corrupted memes orbited its body like debris in a storm. One of the fragments—a distorted image of Doge wearing a fedora—let out a faint, distorted “wow” before disintegrating.

“So predictable,” the Infinite Riz sneered, its voice smooth yet layered with distortion. “Bringing children and misfits to fight your battles, Jayden? How quaint.”

Taeyang stepped forward, his fists glowing faintly as his aura flared. “We’re not just kids. And you’re about to find out why.”

The Infinite Riz chuckled, the sound reverberating through the air like a glitched soundbite of a Vine compilation. “Brave words. Let’s see how long that courage lasts.”

With a snap of its shadowy fingers, the Infinite Riz unleashed a wave of dark energy. Jayden swung the Riz Saber, its blade flaring to life as it cut through the attack, but the force of the impact sent him and the others staggering backward.

Gio stepped forward, his golden energy flaring to life. He raised a hand, and a shimmering shield appeared, deflecting a second wave of energy. “We need to fall back,” he said, his voice calm but urgent. “This bridge won’t hold much longer.”

Reese nodded, his cringe aura flickering weakly. “For once, I agree. Let’s not die on this glorified QWERTY keyboard.”

Taeyang hesitated, glancing between the Infinite Riz and the portal. “This isn’t over,” he muttered, his aura flaring brighter. “We’ll be back.”

The Infinite Riz laughed again, its voice ringing out like a distorted Windows XP error sound. “Oh, I’m counting on it.”

With that, Jayden activated the portal, and the group disappeared in a burst of light, leaving the Nexus

Bridge—and the chaos of the Memeverse—behind them.

Chapter 2: The Rift's Heart

The moment they stepped out of the portal, an unnatural stillness fell over them. The air was thick, almost tangible, like it was suffocating under the weight of something unseen. Taeyang felt a strange, rhythmic hum pulse through his sneakers, sending an odd shiver up his spine. The Rift—this forgotten, fractured realm between the Memeverse and whatever lay beyond—was worse than they had imagined.

“Everything feels... wrong,” William said, looking around as his fingers absentmindedly reached for another slice of pizza, though none was in sight. His voice was low, his usual laid-back demeanor replaced with genuine unease.

“I’ve been here before,” Rohan replied, adjusting his glasses nervously. “The Rift’s supposed to be a boundary—a holding zone. A place where dimensions overlap, but they don’t quite merge. It was supposed to be stable... But now...” He paused, running a hand through his hair. “It’s unraveling. And I don’t think we’re just here to fix the world. This place is dying.”

The group stood at the edge of a jagged chasm, the floor beneath them cracked and splintered like a shattered mirror. The sky above was a bizarre canvas of shifting colors—pixelated fragments, static-filled patches of old meme images, and dark clouds swirling with strange energies. Static buzzed faintly in the distance, distorted echoes of long-forgotten internet jokes and trends that once filled the Memeverse with purpose but now only clung to life in the form of glitching remnants.

A neon green floating dog head, clearly a corrupted version of Doge, passed overhead with a faint “wow” before disintegrating into a cascade of static particles. The memes were falling apart, scattered like shattered puzzle pieces.

“This place is like the internet after an update,” Taeyang muttered, narrowing his eyes. “Just... broken. No structure, no real foundation.”

“You think we’re supposed to fix it?” Reese said, inspecting the cracked ground beneath his feet. His aura of cringe flickered and sputtered, failing to maintain its usual chaotic energy. “This is way more messed up than I thought. Are we even sure we’re in the right place?”

“It’s the only place we *can* be,” Jayden replied grimly. He wasn’t looking at the scene around them but at the small, floating holographic display flickering in front of him—his Sigma glasses were still showing a series of cryptic warnings. “The Rift’s the heart of this collapsing mess. If we don’t reach its core and stabilize it, we’re done for. The entire Memeverse is doomed.”

Reese groaned, clearly unimpressed by the mission. “So, we fight our way through this glitchy nightmare, and then what? Hope it fixes itself?”

“Not quite,” Jayden replied. “If we reach the Rift’s core, we’ll find the source of the instability. There’s a chance we can stop the collapse from within.”

“Okay, okay,” William interrupted, taking a deep breath. “But what happens if we can’t?”

“We fight until we can,” Taeyang said with determination. His eyes shone with an unsettling glow, his aura

pulsing in time with the distorted beats of the Rift's strange energies. "We don't have a choice."

Reese, rubbing his temples in annoyance, glanced at the bizarre landscape around them. "Well, this is definitely not a vacation."

With a deep breath, the group started moving, their footsteps eerily silent on the shattered ground. The further they ventured, the more the Rift seemed to warp and bend in unnatural ways. The space around them felt fluid, constantly shifting, as if the world itself couldn't decide if it should be reality or just a glitch. Pixels flickered, distortions grew more frequent, and every step felt like stepping through a broken reality.

In the distance, a faint hum could be heard—a low, vibrating pulse emanating from the heart of the Rift. There was no clear path, no obvious direction, but it felt like they were being pulled towards it. As they drew closer to the epicenter, the air became thick with static energy, the kind that made their hair stand on end and their every movement feel amplified. They couldn't hear each other speak without it being drowned out by the distorted frequencies. Even their thoughts seemed to be affected by the overwhelming pressure.

Then, from the shifting darkness ahead, a giant figure emerged—its form pixelated and twisted, a grotesque version of something once innocent. The figure was massive, a monstrous version of a Minion from an ancient meme, but with sharp edges and jagged pixels that formed a twisted, nightmare-fuel caricature. It screeched a garbled, corrupted "Banana!" as it charged forward, its body distorting and flickering with every step.

"This is new," William said, swallowing a mouthful of pizza. "But not unexpected."

Taeyang stepped forward first, his fists glowing with chaotic energy. "Let's dance, then," he said, his voice full of mischievous confidence as he raised one glowing fist and punched the air, sending a wave of light crashing into the incoming Minion. The creature staggered backward, but it recovered quickly, launching itself forward with terrifying speed.

Reese, not wanting to be left out, flicked his wrist, activating his cringe aura. The air around him shimmered as his aura intensified, becoming a shield of chaotic energy. He hurled a meme at the Minion—a corrupted version of a popular internet dog meme—and it exploded on impact, sending a shockwave through the Rift. "This is getting stupidly ridiculous," he muttered, as another cluster of distorted memes began to charge from the distance.

Jayden raised his Riz Saber, its neon-blue blade flaring to life as it cut through a barrage of pixelated attacks. "We're not here to fight every meme. We need to keep moving."

"We're wasting time," Rohan added, his gaze fixed on the growing chaos. "The longer we stay here, the worse it gets."

But just as they made to push forward, the ground beneath them shuddered, and a figure emerged from the swirling darkness. It was far worse than anything they had encountered. The Infinite Riz.

The figure loomed above them like a distorted nightmare, its body a shifting, dark mass of corrupted code, flashing with broken meme images that faded in and out of existence. Its eyes gleamed with a sinister red

hue, and its form pulsed with chaotic energy. It wasn't just a presence—it *was* the corruption. It was the manifestation of the Memeverse's collapse, the thing that threatened to unravel everything.

"You think you can stop me here?" the Infinite Riz boomed, its voice a guttural growl filled with static. "In the very heart of the Rift? You're too late. I am the Memeverse. I am its end."

"We don't have to stop you, Riz," Taeyang said coldly, his eyes narrowing. "We just have to survive long enough to undo the damage you've caused."

The Infinite Riz chuckled, a harsh, distorted sound that rattled the very air. "You think you can rewrite what has already been written? This place is mine now."

The Rift trembled violently, and the Infinite Riz snapped its fingers. The ground split open, sending tremors through the air as dark energy surged forward. With a terrifying howl, corrupted memes—the twisted remnants of once-powerful images—emerged from the cracks, each one larger and more menacing than the last.

"Move!" Jayden shouted, as he deflected a blast of dark energy aimed directly at him. His Riz Saber buzzed in his grip, glowing brighter with each swing.

Taeyang's aura flared, his power surging as he dashed forward, evading the falling debris and dark blasts. "Let's get to the core!" he shouted. "We're almost there!"

But the Infinite Riz wasn't backing down. "You really think you can just walk away from this?" it hissed, snapping its fingers again. The Rift itself began to distort more violently, shifting between realities, fracturing and warping into an even more hostile landscape.

"We're not walking," Reese muttered, flicking his wrist and sending a flurry of cringey energy toward the approaching threats. "We're running for our lives."

At last, the heart of the Rift came into view: a massive, pulsating orb of dark energy. It hovered in the distance, a gleaming nucleus of power that seemed to pull everything around it into its gravitational pull.

"We need to get there now," Rohan said, urgency in his voice. "This is the only way to stop the collapse."

But as they neared the core, the Infinite Riz made one last desperate move. It flung itself toward them, its form growing larger and more menacing with each passing second.

"We finish this now!" Taeyang yelled, charging ahead, his fists glowing brighter than ever as he reached for the heart of the Rift.

And in that moment, as the Infinite Riz bellowed in rage, the group plunged into the heart of the Rift, ready to face the final battle for the fate of the Memeverse.

Chapter 3: The Core's Pulse

The air crackled with electric tension as they moved deeper into the Rift. The entire landscape seemed to shift with every step they took—one moment, they were standing on a plateau made of pixelated clouds, the next, they were knee-deep in a river of glitching code that twisted and contorted like a living thing. The

very ground they walked on flickered between solid form and transparent void, leaving them to wonder if the Rift itself was merely a malfunctioning layer of reality.

Taeyang could feel the oppressive weight of it all pressing down on him. Every part of the Rift was disintegrating into an incomprehensible mess of fragmented ideas and broken memes. The sky above swirled in sickly shades of purple, green, and red, flashing intermittently as if reality itself was on the brink of collapse. The air hummed with an unnatural energy, and each step sent strange shudders through the ground beneath their feet. Even the simplest of movements felt like they were disturbing the very fabric of the universe.

“This place is like a living, breathing nightmare,” William said under his breath, his expression grim as he wiped away a bit of glitching static from his shirt. He glanced around, eyes wide with disbelief. “How much longer until we reach the core?”

“We’re close,” Rohan replied, his hands gripping the straps of his bag tightly. His glasses flickered with lines of code as he scanned their surroundings. “But the closer we get, the more unstable this whole place becomes. I can feel the core’s influence warping everything.”

Reese walked a few paces ahead, his usual swagger gone. Instead, he moved with a sort of quiet determination, his gaze fixed straight ahead. “I don’t like it. It’s like we’re walking straight into the eye of a storm. And I’m pretty sure it’s not going to be pretty once we get there.”

“I’ve got a feeling it’s not going to be pretty *before* we get there either,” Taeyang muttered, his eyes narrowing as he tried to make out the faint glow of the core in the distance. His aura flared around him, fluctuating erratically as if in sync with the unstable energy of the Rift itself. There was a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach—a cold, gnawing sensation that told him this wasn’t just a physical battle. This was about more than just defeating the Infinite Riz. This was a battle for the very survival of the Memeverse.

As they drew closer to the center of the Rift, the landscape became even more warped and fractured. Entire chunks of reality hung in mid-air, frozen in time like broken pieces of a shattered mirror. Glitching symbols and memes—familiar, yet corrupted beyond recognition—hovered like lost spirits in the sky. A distorted version of the “Y U NO” meme passed them by, its face twitching erratically as it screamed incoherently before disintegrating into pixels. The deeper they went, the more distorted the Memeverse became.

“Stay sharp,” Jayden warned, his Riz Saber crackling with blue energy as he readied it for any sudden attacks. “We’re about to hit the heart of this place.”

The ground shook beneath their feet. The Rift’s core was now in full view—a gargantuan mass of swirling dark energy, pulsating with terrifying intensity. It was a swirling vortex of corrupted code, fractured memes, and raw chaos, constantly in flux, shifting between realities. At the center, a dark red core glowed ominously, drawing the entire Rift into its gravity. It felt like they were standing at the very edge of existence itself, staring into the heart of destruction.

As they stood at the precipice, Taeyang felt the weight of the moment sink in. The Infinite Riz was out there, lurking like a predator waiting to strike. He knew they couldn’t afford to waste any time. If they didn’t act soon, they’d lose everything.

“We’re not going to make it,” William muttered, his voice quieter now, more serious. “We can’t just fight the Infinite Riz like we’re fighting a meme boss. This is... something else.”

“You’re right,” Taeyang said, his voice determined. “We’re not just fighting *the Riz*—we’re fighting the collapse of the entire Memeverse. If we don’t stop this now, everything we know will be consumed by it.”

Reese took a deep breath, his cringe aura flickering erratically around him. “Then what are we waiting for? Let’s blow this thing up.”

But even as he spoke, the Infinite Riz’s presence made itself known. The air shimmered, distorted by its power, and a sudden, unnatural stillness descended over the Rift. It was as if the entire place held its breath, waiting for something to happen.

A voice, deep and twisted, echoed from the Rift. “You’re too late.”

The Infinite Riz emerged from the darkness, its form shifting with every word, like a corrupted manifestation of every bad meme ever made. It was a grotesque blend of distorted faces—Doge with a top hat, Shrek in a business suit, and countless other images that should have been forgotten, but now lived in corrupted forms, fused together into a nightmarish entity. The Riz’s eyes—two burning red orbs—glowed with unholy malice.

“You can’t stop me,” the Riz taunted, its voice an unsettling mixture of laughter and static. “I am the collapse. I am the chaos that will consume everything. And you... you are just *temporary glitches* in my perfect world.”

Taeyang gritted his teeth. “We’re not glitches. We’re the ones who fix things.”

With a flick of the Riz’s wrist, the ground began to tremble again. The very fabric of the Rift buckled, sending shockwaves of corrupted energy through the air. Fragments of reality cracked and splintered apart, and with each passing moment, the Rift grew more unstable.

The Infinite Riz laughed, its form growing larger, more menacing. “Do you think you can stop me with your little memes and powers? I *am* the Memeverse’s end. There is no hope for you.”

The group braced themselves, knowing that they were on the brink of the final battle. Taeyang’s aura flared brighter, and he clenched his fists. “We don’t need hope,” he said, his voice steady and unwavering. “We’ve got each other.”

With that, the battle began.

The Riz unleashed a massive wave of dark energy, sending a pulse of corrupted code at them. The attack was so powerful that it distorted reality itself, ripping apart the ground and tearing open rifts in space. Taeyang leaped into action, using his speed and agility to dodge the oncoming blast. His Riz Saber hummed to life, slashing through the energy wave, but the force of it sent him stumbling back.

Reese wasn’t far behind. His cringe aura flared brightly, charging up his powers before he hurled a burst of energy at the Infinite Riz. The attack hit its mark, but the Riz merely absorbed it, its form twisting and regenerating as it fed on the energy.

“We need to do more!” Jayden shouted, swinging his Riz Saber at the Riz’s shifting form. “We can’t fight it like this!”

“I have an idea,” Gio said suddenly, his voice calm amidst the chaos. He reached into his satchel, pulling out a small, glowing device. “This can manipulate the Rift’s energy. If we can channel its power, we can break the connection between the Infinite Riz and the core.”

“You’ve got one shot at this,” Rohan said, his eyes narrowing. “If we mess this up, we’re finished.”

“I don’t plan on messing it up,” Gio replied, his voice cool and confident.

With a steady hand, Gio activated the device. A pulse of energy shot out, illuminating the Rift with a brilliant light. The core’s red glow flickered in response, and the connection between the Infinite Riz and the Rift’s heart began to waver. For a brief moment, the Riz faltered, its form flickering like a broken video file.

“That’s our opening!” Taeyang shouted, charging forward with renewed determination. His Riz Saber crackled with blue light as he cut through the air toward the Infinite Riz. “This ends *now!*”

The Infinite Riz screeched in fury, unleashing a final, desperate attack of pure chaotic energy. But it was too late. The Rift’s energy had been severed, and the connection between the Riz and the core was broken. The Riz howled in pain as it began to destabilize, its form breaking apart in a shower of corrupted memes.

And just like that, the battle was over.

Taeyang stood panting, his fists still glowing with chaotic energy, as the remnants of the Infinite Riz dissolved into nothingness. The Rift, its once terrifying power gone, began to stabilize. The fractured landscape began to heal, and the distorted sky above them faded into a calm blue. For the first time in what felt like forever, the Memeverse was at peace.

“We did it...” William muttered, his voice full of disbelief.

“Yeah, we did,” Taeyang said, glancing around at his friends. “But this is just the beginning. There’s more to the Memeverse than we can even imagine. And I have a feeling we haven’t seen the last of chaos.”

Rohan nodded, adjusting his glasses. “The core might be stable for now, but there are still cracks in the system. We’ll need to be ready.”

And with that, the team moved forward, knowing that the next chapter of their journey was just beginning.