

Tech System 101

Chapter 101 The Birth Of A Fanatic

[Sir, he is about to awaken,] Nova informed Aron, indicating that two hours had passed in the real universe.

"Thanks," Aron said and immediately left the simulated universe to log out.

When he logged out he stretched himself feeling refreshed as if he had slept the entire night. This was because as soon as he logged into the VR, Nova had promptly initiated the REM procedure to deceive Aron's brain into believing that he was sleeping.

This allowed his brain to rest, considering he had dedicated the entire night to infusing mana into runes.

Aron put the VR headset on the table and began waiting for John to wake up as he was sure he would be waking up within ten minutes.

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9 minutes later

JOHN'S POV

As John awakened, he experienced a sense of tranquility, as if he had indulged in a blissful night's rest—an uncommon occurrence since his injury. As he began relishing the pleasant sensation, his mind interjected abruptly, "Hold on, wait a minute, something ain't right"

Consequently, he initiated a mental exploration, conjuring up theories to explain the absence of the usual pain that accompanied his awakening after resorting to sleeping pills.

As these thoughts raced through his mind, he contemplated, "Is this what it feels like to die? Perhaps he truly did take my organs." His emotions became entangled, torn between a sense of relief that the pain had vanished, yet also tinged with sadness for having departed without experiencing closure.

Interrupting his thoughts, a voice asked, "How are you feeling?"

Upon hearing the question, he swiftly transitioned to a seated position, astonished by his newfound ability to do so.

However, his amazement quickly dissipated as he felt the sensation in both his legs and hands. "Oh my God," he exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief, as he raised his amputated hand and beheld its presence instead of the void that had occupied its space before.

In an instant, he became oblivious to the voice that had posed the initial question, his gaze fixating on his legs. To his astonishment, the previously atrophied leg had regained its former vitality.

However, before he could fully absorb this revelation, another question interjected, "Hey, can you hear me?".

Raising his head to locate the source of the sound, he discovered the familiar figure of the man he had encountered the previous night.

Overcoming his initial surprise, he promptly inquired, "Are you the angel of death? I'm I dead? Is that why my body has reverted to its previous state?"

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Upon hearing the question, Aron couldn't contain his laughter, caught off guard by the unexpected query emerging from a blind spot.

Although he had anticipated witnessing John's reaction upon awakening with a fully restored body, he never imagined being mistaken for an angel of death.

After a hearty laughter that lasted for approximately thirty seconds, Aron eventually regained composure, allowing him to respond to the inquiry he had been posed. "No, I am not the angel of death," he replied earnestly. "You are not deceased, and indeed, your body has not only returned to its former state but has actually surpassed its previous condition." taking a pause before he continued

"Just as I assured you, everything has come to an end now that you have awakened. It is time for you to fulfill your part of the bargain," he concluded with a serious tone, his once-smiling countenance replaced by a more serious expression, both in his face and his voice.

As Aron's words resonated with John, a flood of memories rushed back, and he recollected the events of the previous night in their entirety.

He recalled making a solemn vow to pledge his loyalty to the man, firmly believing that his disabilities rendered any potential usefulness of such loyalty futile.

Curiosity sparked within John, and questions filled his mind. "How did he accomplish it? To my knowledge, there is no known method for regenerating an amputated hand. Was such technology kept secret and withheld from the public?" Numerous inquiries sprouted in his mind, urging him to delve deeper into the mystery.

However, a profound transformation occurred within him as he recollected the dire circumstances he had faced before. Rising to his feet, John's determination surged, and he promptly dropped down onto one knee.

With unwavering conviction and a serious tone in his voice, he made his solemn pledge: "I swear before God that I shall remain loyal to you, unwavering and steadfast, and I shall never betray you under any circumstances." Every word that left his lips carried profound sincerity, etched upon his earnest countenance.

As Aron witnessed the man humbly dropping to his knees, reminiscent of medieval oaths of loyalty, a sense of contentment washed over him.

He felt a surge of happiness that the man had upheld his promise, thus eliminating the need for drastic measures such as forcing him into signing a loyalty contract.

Aron had invested considerable effort, and he harbored no desire to see his endeavors go unrewarded.

Unbeknownst to Aron, a fanatic was born on that very day, someone who would go to great lengths to carry out any command, regardless of how distasteful or abhorrent it may be.

"Stand up," Aron commanded, acknowledging the oath and solidifying the recruitment of his first member into his forces, marking the official start of his private forces.

"Yes, sir," John responded promptly, swiftly rising to his feet and assuming an attentive position. He stood quietly, awaiting further orders with unwavering readiness.

Aron found himself pleasantly surprised by John's swift shift in attitude, observing how he immediately sprung into action without hesitation. The readiness and dedication John displayed caught Aron off guard in the best possible way.

"Take a seat" Aron instructed, recognizing that without the explicit command, John might continue standing indefinitely, waiting for further instructions.

"Yes, sir," John replied obediently, assuming a military posture while taking his seat as if he were within the presence of a high-ranking army commander.

"Is there anything significant remaining in your life?" Aron inquired, although he was aware that there was nothing of importance left for John.

"No, sir," John responded promptly.

"In that case, there should be no issue with you acquiring a new identity, correct? Besides, your appearance has changed and you now appear to be in your twenties as a result of the procedure,"

"Yes, sir," John responded immediately, his head tilted in curiosity in response to what Aron said about his physical transformation.

Upon noticing John's confusion, Aron realized the source of his bewilderment. "Ah, you haven't seen your own face yet," he remarked, retrieving his phone. With a swift reaction, Nova uploaded a real-life 3D rendering of John from the brain data she collected.

"Here, take a look," Aron offered, extending his phone to John, allowing him to witness his new body.

John received the phone with both hands, showing respect, and focused his gaze on the screen. As he beheld the remarkably lifelike 3D image of himself.

Astonishment washed over John as he observed his youthful appearance in the 3D image. It was truly remarkable, and he couldn't help but acknowledge that if he hadn't placed unwavering trust in Aron's words, he would have found it difficult to believe.

Recalling how years of excessive stress and inadequate sleep had taken a toll on his appearance, causing him to appear older than his actual age in his thirties, the transformation seemed almost miraculous.

After allowing John a moment to process his astonishment, Aron proceeded to provide further information. "There is \$50,000 deposited into your account. You have one month to use this time as you please before your new social security card, passport, bank account, driver's license, and birth certificate are delivered to your residence.

Once everything has been delivered, contact me to notify me, so that I can officially begin assigning your tasks. I must emphasize, however, that I expect no troubles from you during this period."

"Yes, sir," John responded promptly, his heart brimming with gratitude for the chance to make use of his fully restored body in any way he desired for the duration of one month.

Having received the desired response, Aron promptly stood up, prompting John to rise alongside him.

Aron then removed a brand new phone he had purchased on his way from his pocket and handed it to John who received it respectfully before he took his phone back.

"Use this to contact me whenever you require assistance," he instructed. With that, Aron made his way toward the door, preparing to depart from John's house and return to his own.

John accompanied Aron to the door, displaying a keenness to see him off. However, Aron intervened, informing him that it was unnecessary to go any further.

At that point, John halted and saluted Aron, bidding him farewell in a gesture of respect and gratitude.

Aron closed the door behind him and swiftly started making his way toward where he had parked his car. A tinge of regret washed over him for leaving the car in a spot quite distant from the house for the sake of secrecy and to avoid any potential eyewitnesses as Nova couldn't handle them yet.

"What do you think he will do with the one month and money I gave him?" Aron asked Nova as he was walking to the car.

Nova responded with a single word:[SEX]

"Why do you think so?" Aron inquired while laughing, his laughter stemming from Nova's blunt response.

[Based on his history, it appears that he frequently visited adult websites as a means to occupy his mind and find distraction through self-pleasure,] Nova explained. [It seems that he couldn't afford to pay for an escort in recent months, unlike during the initial period after his discharge.]

"Mh... that's a normal response if he was truly deprived in that aspect," Aron answered to Nova's explanation.

Chapter 102 Gears Moving

Aron arrived back at his home when it was about eight in the morning in which he immediately joined his family in eating breakfast and spending time with them until noon before he left to continue the collection of his forces by having a visit to all the candidates Nova had prepared for him.

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Rina Rothchild mansion.

"Chloe, give me an update on our ongoing discussions with the Department of Justice?" inquired Rina.

"The legal team is in the final stages of negotiating with the Department of Justice, and they anticipate concluding the process by the end of this week," Chloe elaborated.

"Excellent. Notify the finance department to commence the search for a suitable bank that can provide me a loan of 5 billion dollars within two months," Rina instructed.

"For you personally? Not for the company?" Chloe asked, her surprise evident as she wondered if she had misunderstood.

"Yes, I require the funds for making certain investments," Rina confirmed.

Chloe was taken aback by Rina's response, and her surprise was evident. Observing Chloe's reaction, Rina inquired, "What seems to be the issue?"

"Miss, considering you are not the designated successor of the family, the likelihood of banks approving a loan of five billion dollars for you is quite slim," Chloe explained, providing the rationale.

"Tell them to use the Ally international shares that were given to me as collateral," she responded upon hearing Chloe's concern.

"However, even if we consider utilizing those shares as collateral, the bank may exploit the issue with the Department of Justice to justify offering the loan at an exorbitant interest rate, considering your ongoing competition with your brother," Chloe explained, highlighting the potential challenges they will face.

"That won't be an issue. Instruct the financial department to negotiate for a lower interest rate with the banks.

However, if the negotiation doesn't yield favorable results, they should accept the bank's proposed interest rate under the condition that it remains the standard rate if the loan is repaid within a year.

If the repayment timeline exceeds one year, the interest rate will align with the bank's initial proposal," Rina swiftly responded, giving the impression to Chloe that she had already considered these factors beforehand, prior to issuing the order.

Upon realizing Rina's preparedness, Chloe nodded in agreement and promptly began taking note of the instructions provided by Rina.

Another reason Chloe refrained from further questioning was Rina's influential family background. She was aware that in the event of any unfavorable outcomes, Rina would receive support from her family, resulting in relatively minor consequences for the mistake she had made.

'At most, She will regress to her previous state and have to strive to regain her position.' Chloe thought to herself while taking notes

"Also, get in touch with the account opening department and have them create a new personal investment account in my name, where the loan will be deposited," Rina instructed.

"Yes, miss," Chloe acknowledged, jotting down another note before bidding her farewell to inform the relevant departments about the instructions she had received from Rina.

Left alone, she murmured to herself, "Once the loan gets approved and deposited within this month, we'll have approximately 5 months before the Morgans initiate their attack. That should provide us with sufficient time to prepare."

[It is indeed sufficient time, but you will need to provide your accounting information to Mother. She will oversee all the preparations, leveraging her vast computing power during the process and

ensure it is conducted discreetly, by spreading out the preparations over an extended period, to minimize the likelihood of attracting attention from the Morgans.] Ava replied back.

"I always hear you speak so highly of your mother, but how does her computing power compare to the advanced systems we have in our private network?" Rina asked, her curiosity piqued by the constant mention of the fabled Mother Nova, who not only handles Aron's problems but also occasionally lends her assistance to them.

[Although I don't possess the complete information about this, as Mother has kept it a secret, she has mentioned to me that her computing power could rival the combined capabilities of all existing supercomputers.

However, personally, I believe her computing power surpasses that estimation by several orders of magnitude, based on the incredible speed at which I consistently receive answers to difficult questions I sent to her.

Often, I receive responses in less than a second after she receives them,] Ava expressed her opinion, emphasizing the impressive capabilities she has witnessed firsthand.

Upon hearing Ava's estimation of her mother's computing power, Rina found herself at a loss for words. The magnitude of the revelation stirred up a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions in her mind, rendering her unable to articulate a response.

Despite being aware that Aron possessed an AI system more potent than Ava, Rina had presumed its computing power to be at most double or even quintuple that of their family's private network server and supercomputer.

However, learning that its capabilities surpassed even those expectations raised numerous questions in her mind.

After taking a moment to gather herself, she voiced her curiosity, "Wouldn't the existence of such a powerful computer attract attention? It seems astonishing that such a groundbreaking technology could remain a secret."

[Initially, Mother began her operations within a standard server farm that Sir Aron had constructed for both personal use and the company. However, it seems that at present, she is utilizing a computer specifically designed by Sir Aron himself, deviating from conventional systems,] Ava explained, providing her assumptions based on the classified information that even she was not privy to.

"Ah, I'm tired of even thinking about it anymore" Rina decided, choosing to bring the topic to a close. Her mind felt burdened and fatigued from contemplating everything concerning Aron.

[Yes] Ava replied, her tone hinting at the suppressed amusement she felt witnessing Rina's reaction to the information.

Rina refocused her attention on her work, assisted by Ava, as she tackled the remaining issues plaguing the company. She was determined to ensure that everything returned to a state free from problems.

This was crucial for her to be fully prepared for the upcoming event without any distractions that could divert her focus.

If all went according to plan, that fateful day held the promise of her regaining her position as a formidable contender for the seat of the next family head.

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Eden.

In an opulent office space leased by CONNECT, serving as their interim headquarters, Felix could be seen having a discussion with Liam regarding the company's current situation.

Felix inquired about the progress of the company, "How are things going?" he asked Liam, the Vice President.

Liam responded, "The consolidation process is expected to be completed within the upcoming weeks. However, the infrastructure upgrade will require additional time and extend beyond that."

"Considering the circumstances, it would be wise for us to begin preparations for a special gift to our users once the consolidation is successfully concluded," suggested Felix, referring to the plan provided by Aron upon completing the company acquisition. "This gesture can serve as a warm welcome from us to those who have had their internet access monopolized by a single company."

"I agree with the idea, as it presents an opportunity to create a favorable impression among the masses. However, I'm curious to know your suggestions on how we should execute this plan," inquired Liam, eager to hear Felix's proposal.

"Yesterday, we received a collaboration request from a major corporation. Here, have a look at their proposal," Felix said, handing the folder containing the proposal to Liam.

Liam, who had grown accustomed to receiving comprehensive plans in folders, picked up the folder to examine the proposed collaboration.

The proposal originated from the globally renowned company, GAIA Technology. They offered a staggering sum of one hundred million dollars in exchange for us providing free internet connectivity for six months to users who upgraded their phone's operating system to GAIA OS, including those who have already made the switch.

"This is indeed an enticing offer, but I'm curious as to why the company would want us to promote their OS when people are already voluntarily switching to it," inquired Liam, seeking clarification on the reasons behind receiving this sponsorship offer.

"I'm not entirely sure about the exact motivations behind their request. However, considering that this offer presents a lucrative opportunity for our company, I see no reason to decline it. Moreover, even without this offer, we would still need to provide a certain period of free internet service to address some of the dissatisfaction among our users. Therefore, accepting this proposal can be viewed as a positive move for us," Felix explained, concealing the fact that the company was owned by the same individual.

"Certainly, I will carefully review the offer and explore potential ways to utilize it even more effectively, aiming to reshape the company's public perception," Liam affirmed. He bid farewell,

picked up the folder, and departed from the office, heading towards his workspace to commence planning for the advertisement rollout.

Chapter 103 Gears Continue Moving

As twilight descended, Aron arrived home after successfully recruiting another individual named Miles to join his forces. To his delight, he found his family engaged in the preparations for their evening meal.

"Come and join us," his mother beckoned, using a gentle wave of her hand, calling him to join them.

Without hesitation, Aron immediately proceeded to wash his hands before joining his family at the dinner table to assist them in the preparations before they sat down and started eating the meal with them.

As they indulged in the meal, they engaged in light-hearted conversation, savoring each bite. After they had finished eating and tidied up the table, Henry left at once heading to Aron's room to play PlayStation, leaving Aron and his parents in the living room.

"How's work going?" his father asked with genuine curiosity, clearly displaying his keen interest in his son's professional pursuits.

"It's going very well and we are expanding faster than before" Aron responded to his father's question before posing one of his own, "And how about you?"

His father paused for a moment, contemplating his response. Gratitude resonated in his voice as he spoke, "I can't ask for anything better, thanks to you. I no longer have to worry about whether my family will have heat or not. You've changed our lives for the better." A hint of embarrassment tinged his words, a reminder of the hardships they had faced in the past.

Observing the atmosphere taking a somber turn, his mother interjected, "It appears you've been quite occupied since your return from the business trip." She directed her question at Aron, acknowledging the increased amount of time he had been spending away and assuming it was solely due to his work demands.

"Yes, the company is currently undergoing a rapid growth phase, and I need to be actively involved in approving decisions and planning future actions," Aron responded, opting to stick with the explanation that justified his increased absence. He refrained from revealing the true nature of his activities, which involved healing individuals and enlisting them in his forces while gaining their unwavering loyalty.

"Don't push yourself too hard, Aron. Your health is of utmost importance, more valuable than anything else," his mother advised, expressing genuine concern for his well-being. His father nodded in agreement, silently supporting her words. Little did they know that the likelihood of humanity conquering the universe within the next three years was higher than Aron falling ill anytime soon.

"Yes, I will be cautious. By the way, have you made any decisions regarding going on vacation?" Aron asked his mother, smoothly transitioning to a different topic.

"Yes, I discussed it with your father, and he's also on board with the idea. We're waiting for May to arrive because Henry's summer break begins in a week." his mother replied, providing an update on their vacation plans.

"That's fantastic! It will give you the opportunity to explore multiple destinations during that time. So, where do you have in mind to visit?" Aron inquired, expressing curiosity about their intended travel destinations.

"We're currently considering visiting famous locations in Europe, but we're having difficulty deciding where to begin," his father responded, acknowledging their current dilemma.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of incredulity at the stark contrast between their previous financial struggles and their current conundrum of choosing vacation destinations.

"Oh, if that's where you're facing a roadblock, I can assist you with that. I've been in Europe for the past two months, and I can help plan the itinerary in a way that minimizes travel time and maximizes your enjoyment," Aron offered, eager to make their vacation planning process smoother and more convenient.

"Thank you, but why aren't you coming with us? Will you be busy even during that time?" his mother inquired, a tinge of sadness evident in her voice as she expressed her disappointment at his apparent absence from the vacation plans.

"I genuinely want to come with you all, but I have work obligations that require my presence. However, I'll join you as soon as I can find some free time from the company," Aron replied.

"It's commendable that you're dedicated to your work, but don't exhaust yourself just to be with us. We can always adjust our plans and wait for you to finish your work, so we can embark on the vacation together. The summer break is quite long," his father expressed, conveying his concern for Aron's well-being when he heard his reply.

"No, there's no need to do that. Henry is eagerly looking forward to the vacation, and besides, I'm uncertain if I'll have any substantial free time. There's always a chance of unforeseen events occurring," Aron responded, dismissing the idea of postponing the vacation to accommodate his work schedule.

Aron was certain that he would not have sufficient time in the upcoming months to accompany them on vacation. He planned to utilize the period they were away to extensively travel across America, collecting brain data and further expanding his forces.

"If that's the case, then we'll be waiting for you in Europe," his father answered after hearing Aron's explanation.

"Yes," Aron replied, and they continued engaging in conversation on various topics for approximately half an hour. Eventually, Aron bid his parents farewell and made his way to his room to enjoy some gaming and spend quality time with Henry who he won't be seeing for some time.

After spending a few hours playing games with Henry, Aron sent him to go to sleep. Once Henry had settled in, Aron made his way to the basement, where he resumed his work.

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Inside the Universal Simulation.

[Sir, the app is complete,] Nova informed Aron as soon as he logged in and entered through the gate.

"What App?" Aron asked momentarily perplexed, as he couldn't recall having requested Nova to create any specific application.

[The tour app for your parents to use during their vacation throughout Europe,] Nova replied, clarifying the purpose of the app she had developed.

"Oh, so you decided to create an app instead of simply preparing a travel plan?" Aron responded, expressing his surprise at the choice Nova made.

[This way, they can have the freedom to choose the places they want to visit, rather than being limited to the ones you prefer. It offers them the opportunity to make their own decisions and have a personalized experience,] Nova explained, providing her rationale for developing an app rather than simply providing a predetermined travel plan.

"Show it to me," Aron requested, and instantly, a phone materialized in his hand, displaying the app with all its functionalities already loaded and open for exploration.

He began navigating through the app, thoroughly exploring its contents to understand its features and offerings.

The app encompassed everything one could ever require when visiting a particular destination. It provided detailed information on various modes of transportation, including driving directions and public transportation routes within the county.

Additionally, it featured captivating imagery of the attractions visitors could expect to encounter upon arrival. Furthermore, the app incorporated authentic reviews from individuals who had previously visited the location, offering valuable insights.

It even included essential warnings and reminders for places with specific rules or important considerations that visitors should keep in mind. The app's comprehensive nature ensured that users would have all the necessary information and guidance at their fingertips.

Nova meticulously curated the app, incorporating an extensive range of vital information she deemed essential for travelers. She harnessed a multitude of sources, including Google Maps, review data, and numerous other datasets she had collected throughout her existence for training and other various applications.

By harnessing this vast reservoir of data, the app provided unparalleled accuracy, fully maximizing its potential with the wealth of information currently available worldwide.

"Great job," Aron complimented Nova on her creation, acknowledging the app's exceptional quality and usefulness.

[Thank you] Nova replied graciously to Aron's praise.

"I'll hand it over to them tomorrow. Now, let's get back to work. How is the consolidation process going?" Aron inquired, shifting his focus back to the task at hand.

After examining the program she had developed and was given to Felix, Nova provided her report. [A week at the earliest, three weeks at the latest]

Aron had entrusted the program to Felix, allowing him to utilize it and help alleviate the workload associated with their consolidation efforts.

"In that case, they should have begun planning the rollout of the promotion," Aron stated upon hearing Nova's report.

[Yes, but won't this give the impression to the dictator that we are needlessly losing money, potentially resulting in him receiving a smaller share when the designated time for dividend payment arrives?] Nova expressed her concern.

"The sponsorship was conceived with this in mind. Requiring them to switch to GAIA OS serves a dual purpose.

It not only allows us to establish contact and exert influence over the population towards a revolution, but it also serves as a legitimate reason in the eyes of the dictator for providing the free data plan exclusively to those who have adopted the new operating system.

This approach helps us avoid arousing suspicion as to why we are only offering the free data plan to those adopting the new OS," Aron clarified.

[When do you intend to eliminate the presence of the other revolutionary leaders from the public eye?] Nova asked after she received the answer to her previous question.

"I intend to execute that step during the final phase of the plan, aiming to generate additional discontent and push the situation to its tipping point. You can think of them as the metaphorical powder keg."

"However, their freedom until that time relies on their ability to refrain from causing any trouble as Alexander's group grows in strength. If they prove incapable of exercising self-control, I will have to address the situation and deal with them before reaching that phase of the plan." Aron elaborated, outlining his strategy for handling the other revolutionary leaders.

"But shouldn't you already be aware of these plans, considering they are contained within the brain data you downloaded?" Aron inquired, expressing his curiosity as to why Nova was seeking information that she could easily access by reviewing his memories from the brain data.

[From your memories, there was no specific date or plan assigned, and it was labeled as 'undecided.' This indicates that at that point in time, you had not yet determined how you would approach this particular topic,] Nova clarified, highlighting the information she gathered from reviewing Aron's memories.

"Oooh... Okay," Aron nodded in approval, now understanding the purpose behind Nova's specific questions.

Following the answer, they continued their discussion, spending a few hours where Nova briefed Aron on important information that he had missed. This encompassed various topics, ranging from world politics and economics to other crucial aspects that would enable them to adapt and refine their plans according to the current global landscape.

As a wise man once said, "There are no ideal conditions, only ideal responses." Sun Tzu

Chapter 104 Phase Two Begins.

A week later.

Aron was behind the wheel, chauffeuring his family to the airport as they embarked on their long-awaited vacation. Accompanying them were three additional vehicles carrying security personnel, dedicated to ensuring their safety throughout the journey.

"Why aren't you coming with us?" Henry inquired, noticing that Aron had not packed his bag into the car.

"I have some unfinished work to attend to. I will join you once I find some free time," Aron explained, passing through the airport security checkpoint before proceeding to park the car.

"That's unfortunate," Henry said, his slight sadness overshadowed by the excitement he felt for the trip.

Aron couldn't help but let out a chuckle as he witnessed Henry's fleeting moment of sadness, which promptly vanished when Henry's gaze fixed upon an airplane landing outside the window.

After parking the vehicles, the group, accompanied by the security team, entered the airport and proceeded to undergo the necessary security checks. They then made their way to the designated area where the private plane awaited, ready to transport Aron's family and the security team to Europe.

"Join us as soon as you're able," said his mother, embracing him tightly as a farewell gesture.

"Yes, I promise," Aron replied, moving to embrace his father before lifting Henry up to his eye level, causing laughter to erupt from the young boy.

He then accompanied them to the plane and warmly greeted the pilots whom he had gotten to know during his two-month journey across Europe, where they had been his trusted transporters.

"Remember to use the app I gave you. It will assist you in choosing which places to visit. It's synchronized with the security team's devices, allowing them to prepare in advance once you've made your decision. Alright?" Aron reminded his parents one last time before he exited the aircraft.

He then stood outside, waving at the excited Henry through the window, as the airplane commenced its taxi towards the runway, embarking on its journey to transport the Michael family throughout their European vacation.

Aron patiently waited until the plane took off, then turned around and made his way towards the airport building followed by four bodyguards with one of them carrying a box. He was heading to one of the United Airlines ticket counters to purchase a plane ticket for California, where he planned to visit a specific division of Lockheed Martin: The fabled Skunk Works division.

Once he had purchased the ticket, he turned to the four bodyguards who had remained to drive the cars back home. One of them approached him, carrying a box, and handed it to Aron.

They then bid him farewell and proceeded to leave the airport to retrieve the cars, returning to the house to continue doing their security job.

Aron patiently waited for his boarding time to commence his work of gathering brain data from individuals on his list residing within the United States.

His journey would begin on the West Coast, traversing through each state until he returned to his home state of New York on the East Coast.

Alongside the brain data collection, he also intended to finalize the recruitment of his forces from the list of 308 individuals.

Last week, he had successfully converted the remaining fifteen people residing within the same state resulting in him having a total of eighteen people in his private forces who were currently on a one-month holiday.

He accomplished this by just healing them, restoring their health, and regenerating any missing body parts. He made sure to stop there and not continue using the healing rune like what he did to John in order to save time. As that can be done at any time.

As Aron had stopped using the rune once the individuals were fully healed, they did exhibit a more youthful appearance compared to before. However, the degree of transformation was not as pronounced as the remarkable changes John had undergone.

He decided to postpone their mutation for the time being. His intention was to allow the research teams in Lab City to thoroughly study the evolved characteristics of John's body and develop a genetic serum capable of replicating the same results. This serum would then be used on the remaining members of his forces.

The plan was arranged in a way that ensured that Aron would be able to complete the entire operation within a span of one month and two weeks.

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Eden.

Alexander could be seen in his study, engrossed in his work, as he dedicated his efforts to preparing his group for the imminent surge of new members. His focus revolved around ensuring their readiness to accommodate the forthcoming influx and that they are not overwhelmed.

While Alexander was deep in thought, his concentration was abruptly interrupted by the sound of a notification. A soft "ting" emanated from his device, indicating the arrival of an SMS. He promptly diverted his attention and opened the message to see its contents.

Sender: CONNECT.

[

CONNECT Telecom: Exciting Offer Announcement! 🎉🌐 In celebration of our official launch of telecommunication services in Eden, we are delighted to present you with an exclusive offer.

Enjoy 6 months of complimentary access to our comprehensive range of services, including calls, SMS, and Internet!

However, please note that this offer is exclusively available to those who switch to or have already switched to the GAIA OS.

Upgrade your operating system today and experience uninterrupted connectivity.

Click here to make the switch: [Link:]. #CONNECTTelecom #FreeInternet #FreeCellularServices #Important #GAIA TECHNOLOGIES #GAIA OS #Eden

]

After reading the message, Alexander knew that the most intense period since the establishment of their group had finally arrived. They had to endure this challenging phase for approximately six months before Eden entered a transformative era.

Taking a moment to reflect on where they had come to reach this point, before he said, "Phase two has officially started," followed by a burst of laughter.

His laughter intensified as he recollected the meeting with the other revolutionary leaders, where they had collectively rejected Aron's offer. Yet, against all odds, Alexander had quietly followed his gut feeling and secretly agreed to the proposition—a decision that now seemed remarkably wise in hindsight. The irony of the situation overwhelmed him, fueling his amusement even further.

In every corner of Eden,

This message created a sensation across the entire nation, as people joyously celebrated the generosity of the new company.

Almost everyone who had not yet switched their operating system to GAIA OS eagerly utilized the provided link in the message to make the transition.

Remarkably, even individuals who lacked technical expertise found the process surprisingly user-friendly.

All they needed to do was click on the link, which would redirect them to a website featuring a single button labeled "Change OS." Once clicked, the operating system itself would take care of the rest, ensuring a seamless transition for the users.

The process commenced with the OS download, swiftly followed by the seamless replacement of the existing OS while preserving all user data. Within just half an hour, from the moment of download to the system being fully restored and ready for operation, users could immediately begin utilizing the complimentary services provided by the telecom company.

Chapter 105 Felix Finding Out (Aron's Trojan Horse)

The news continued to spread rapidly, reaching an increasing number of individuals until it eventually reached Adolf, the dictator. And without wasting time he immediately called Felix wanting to know more about the stunt that CONNECT was pulling.

"Hello, Your Excellency," Felix respectfully responded as he answered the phone.

"What is the meaning of this stunt? Are you deliberately aiming for financial losses in the initial years just to avoid paying me?" Adolf shouted, his voice resounding through the phone.

"Your Excellency, it appears there has been a misunderstanding on your part. This complimentary telecommunication offer is made possible through an advertising partnership we have secured.

Hence, the message was accompanied by the condition that users must switch their phone's operating system to GAIA OS in order for them to benefit from it," Felix explained, making an effort to maintain a composed tone despite growing frustration with the dictator's demeanor.

"Give me the details about the offer" Adolf demanded, displaying a complete lack of trust. Adolf saw this as an opportunity to vent his dissatisfaction over signing a contract that delayed dividend payments by almost a year and three months.

"They are compensating us with a sum of 100 million for offering free telecommunication services to all GAIA OS users in Eden for a duration of 6 months," Felix replied, maintaining his composure as best he could.

"If that's the case, then it's satisfactory," Adolf acknowledged before abruptly ending the phone call, leaving Felix stunned with the phone still pressed to his ear. He restrained himself from shouting out his frustration, holding his emotions in check.

"I really need to control myself or one day I might lose control of myself and just end up shouting back at him ruining everything I had worked hard to accomplish." Felix contemplated, recognizing the need to keep his emotions in check.

However, a question lingered in his mind. "Why did Aron agree to pay the dividends? He's someone stubborn enough to resist the Department of Defense's attempts to acquire his program forcibly to the point that he sent them to court trying to annul the FISA order," he pondered, realizing that Aron likely had no intention of paying any dividends to the dictator at all.

"If Aron had intended to pay the dividends, he would have opted for a quarterly or semi-annual payment structure as that would make the dictator look at them in a positive light. However, him deliberately choosing a yearly dividends payment, despite knowing it would displease the dictator, suggests that he has a plan in motion that should come to fruition within a year," Felix speculated, delving into his own hypothesis. "Moreover, his reasoning for the yearly payment is bullshit as our calculation indicated that we would have already begun earning profits by the fourth month following consolidation, making the need for a yearly payment questionable," he reasoned, addressing each question that arose in his mind.

"Furthermore, why choose to advertise the company and incentivize people to switch to GAIA OS with free internet, incurring expenses of 100 million dollars in the process?" Felix questioned, delving deeper into his analysis.

"It suggests that whatever Aron is planning is contingent upon the majority, if not everyone, in the country, having access to the internet and other telecommunication services," he pondered, recognizing the significance of widespread connectivity for Aron's undisclosed scheme.

One by one, he eliminated possibilities until only a single revelation remained. As the realization struck him, Felix abruptly rose from his chair, taken aback by the astonishing revelation. Overwhelmed with astonishment, he couldn't contain himself and exclaimed, "Holy shit!"

"He's becoming increasingly bold," Felix murmured as he paced back and forth, his hands gripping the back of his head. The weight of the realization still gripping him, he trembled with fear, apprehensive that someone might uncover this plan.

However, Felix gradually managed to regain his composure as he recognized that his ability to reach such a conclusion was a result of his close friendship with Aron.

Having an intimate understanding of Aron's character and thought processes allowed him to discern the true implications behind each decision. With this realization, a sense of reassurance washed over Felix, soothing his earlier fears.

"But how does he intend to utilize the telecommunication infrastructure to instigate a regime change?" Felix pondered aloud, his mind consumed by the question.

"Ahaaaa, the program he entrusted me to use for the new company!" Felix exclaimed, the realization hitting him like a bolt of lightning.

"Through that program, he has gained complete control over the entire country's internet infrastructure. With people switching to GAIA OS, a system he personally created, he can manipulate and control the information accessed by everyone within the country," he concluded, astounded by the magnitude of Aron's plan.

"Holy mother!" Felix exclaimed, his heart nearly leaping out of his chest as he comprehended the vast scale of manipulation one could achieve with complete control over the entire country's internet access. The implications were staggering, and a shiver ran down his spine at the thought.

"There are a few missing pieces in my calculations to complete the puzzle. A regime change requires a figurehead, but Aron cannot be the one to become the next leader, as it would be perceived as a hostile takeover by both the people and other governments, leading to never-ending sanctions," Felix contemplated. After a brief moment of reflection, he concluded that Aron must have already identified someone who would serve as the figurehead for the new regime.

"But what does he stand to gain from this plan?" Felix questioned himself, attempting to discern the motives that would drive Aron to orchestrate a regime change in another country. His mind raced, exploring various possibilities that could explain Aron's ulterior motives behind such a grand scheme.

After a brief period of contemplation, Felix reached a conclusion. "Control," he uttered, realizing that Aron's primary objective was to gain extensive control over the situation.

However, he couldn't help but feel that this was an excessive reaction on Aron's part, considering it was merely a matter of being compelled to surrender a program to the government.

"Unless..." Felix paused, a peculiar and somewhat absurd thought emerging in his mind. "What if he possesses something even greater than everything he has released thus far, and he fears it being taken away from him once again?" he contemplated aloud, the notion presenting itself as a plausible explanation for Aron's extreme measures.

In the wake of this realization, Felix couldn't contain his laughter, overcome with a sense of irony.

The dictator, Adolf, had unknowingly supported Aron's consolidation of power, blinded by his own greed and narrow vision. It was akin to inviting an enemy into one's own house without even realizing it.

"Ah, Adolf, poor you," Felix uttered, a mix of empathy and satisfaction in his voice. All the pent-up frustration he had endured from constantly humbling himself in front of the dictator, no matter how rudely Adolf treated him, now seemed to dissipate like dust being washed away by water.

Simultaneously, he couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of joy for his friend Aron, recognizing the successful execution of the Trojan horse maneuver on a national scale.

Chapter 106 Phase Two Officially Begins

As phase two commenced, Nova wasted no time and swiftly employed her authorized privileges within the system utilized by CONNECT to facilitate internet connectivity. Consequently, she successfully gained entry into the internet infrastructure of Eden, securing access to its comprehensive array of offerings.

In order to achieve the desired outcomes of phase two, Nova recognized the necessity of obtaining comprehensive knowledge about every individual residing within Eden. Thus, she embarked on the formidable task of meticulously compiling profiles for each internet user within the county.

This marked the initiation of a momentous endeavor, aimed at establishing an exhaustive database that encompassed their digital personas.

Typically, such a task would require a considerable amount of time and could potentially raise suspicions among tech-savvy individuals. However, Nova circumvented these challenges by issuing commands to the virtual assistants that came with the GAIA OS.

While developing GAIA OS, Aron incorporated programming instructions for the virtual assistant to generate user profiles as a means to elevate the overall user experience. This implementation was intended to improve the personalized interactions and interactions with the virtual assistant.

By employing this approach, Nova managed to streamline the profile compilation process, saving significant amounts of time and helping her avoid detection by having this process appear as routine operating system background tasks.

Through this meticulously devised strategy, Nova ensured the utmost discretion and concealment of her actions, mitigating the risk of detection by prying eyes.

The profiles encompassed an extensive array of information, encompassing details such as the user's name, age, personal preferences, fears, passions, political views, and much more.

These comprehensive profiles yielded a wealth of knowledge about each individual, enabling the customization of targeted strategies to influence and guide them towards specific desired outcomes.

Upon receiving the profiles from long-term users of GAIA OS, Nova initiated the analysis phase. Diligently, she scrutinized the gathered profiles, evaluating the potential value of each individual in the context of the revolution and their suitability to join Alexander's group as revolutionary fighters.

However, for those who had recently migrated to GAIA OS, Nova had to exhibit patience. She awaited the completion of user profiles generated by the virtual assistants, a process that typically required approximately a week. Once the profiles were finalized, Nova would receive them and proceed to repeat the same selection process she had executed for the others.

The selection process held paramount importance for Nova, as she aimed to specifically target individuals who would prove beneficial to her plan.

Moreover, she had to exercise caution and discernment to filter out individuals who displayed tendencies of snitching, particularly for personal gain, or those notoriously known for their loose lips.

The potential repercussions arising from such individuals leaking sensitive data to others, who might then report it to the authorities, mandated their exclusion from the group.

Once the individualized plans for each selected person, considered of potential value to the revolution, were finalized, Nova proceeded to transmit the plans back to their respective virtual assistants.

Serving as intermediaries, these virtual assistants received the plans and commenced their implementation on behalf of Nova.

The plans encompassed various aspects of the selected individuals' digital lives. This included curating the types of videos that would appear on their Facebook and other social media feeds, as well as controlling the news they consumed.

The objective was to gradually steer their digital experiences in a manner that fostered growing frustration and anger towards the prevailing state of the country.

The ultimate goal was to ignite a fire within them, motivating them to join the group and take tangible action for meaningful change.

After fostering enough discontent to the point they start taking that step to look for a way they can join the revolutionary groups the virtual assistant will guide them to Alexander's group and not the other ones.

Upon joining the group, the individuals will be instructed to download a specific application that will serve as an information source and provide them with protection against potential discovery.

If they ask why, they will be informed that through the utilization of the app, the virtual assistant will be able to openly keep them informed about the plans and provide them with necessary information.

As for how, it is by the app utilizing the extension released by GAIA TECHNOLOGY to allow app developers to create apps that can be used to increase the functions of the VA by having them develop apps with certain functionality and by them including the extension it would allow the virtual assistant in GAIA OS to use the functions of the app by itself in the background.

An illustrative example would be downloading a calendar app with this extension, where planning an event allows the virtual assistant to access and inform the user about it.

However, all of this was a deliberate facade orchestrated by Aron. In reality, the virtual assistant had complete access to all the data within the phone right from the beginning. However, openly admitting this would have led to never-ending lawsuits and legal complications.

Thus, Aron devised a clever strategy: he made the virtual assistant appear as if it had limitations and required a specific extension within apps to access certain data. This illusion gave users a false sense of control, even though they had never truly possessed it from the very start.

Quoting from the wisdom of Sun Tzu, "The illusion of control lulls us into believing that we hold the reins of our destiny, when in reality, life's unpredictable currents often steer us in unexpected directions."

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[Sir, phase two has begun,] Nova notified Aron as he completed fitting the headgear onto the sleeping skunkworks engineer.

"Good. Inform Alexander about this and ask about the progress of his group in preparing for the arrival of new members," Aron instructed after receiving the report from Nova.

[Done] Nova reported back shortly.

"How many of them have you chosen from the first batch?" Aron asked Nova wanting to know the number of the people she had selected based on the profiles she currently possessed.

[3478 of them.]

"That's enough based on the needs of our first batch" Aron responded upon hearing Nova's answer.

[It is anticipated that approximately half of them will join the group within a month and a half, provided that the virtual assistants execute my instructions flawlessly,] Nova explained, outlining the expected timeline for the integration of new members into the group.

"They will, don't worry," Aron assured Nova with confidence. He proceeded to remove the virtual headgear from the man and left the house, closing the door behind him.

"Thank goodness most of them live in the same community. Otherwise, I might be tempted to wait until they're at work, put the entire building into slumber, and extract the data from them all at once," Aron quipped, lightening the mood as he began walking towards the next target's residence.

[You could certainly do that, but convincing them that they all experienced collective amnesia would be quite challenging,] Nova replied, amused by Aron's comment.

"I am aware," Aron responded simply, acknowledging Nova's remark.

"How are they doing?" Aron inquired, seeking an update from Nova regarding the status of the individuals who were already part of his private forces and currently enjoying a one-month vacation.

[Many of them have been indulging in their long-awaited sexual desires during the initial days, while others are engaging in various activities. Some are exploring the city and visiting different places,]

"That's good to hear," Aron responded, expressing a sense of relief upon receiving Nova's answer.

[Were you concerned that some of them might disregard your instructions and attempt to seek out those who have caused them harm, seeking revenge and venting their anger?] Nova asked, noting the tone of relief in Aron's response.

"Yes, it serves as their final test. If they have pledged their loyalty to me and yet go against my initial command, it would necessitate their exclusion from my future plans from the very beginning, and they would also come to regret their decision," Aron answered back in a cold tone.

[How did you intend to accomplish that? By injuring them once again?] Nova asked, seeking further clarification from Aron in order to start devising a contingency plan based on his chosen course of action.

"While I could resort to such means, I'm not desensitized enough to personally do that. However, there are alternative methods I can employ. I can strip them of everything they currently possess and will have in the future.

Moreover, since I provided them with new identities, they have no belongings or connections to their past. Without any relatives to vouch for their previous identities, the non-existence of past injuries, and considering their apparent physical rejuvenation of approximately five years, claiming their old identities would likely result in them being deemed mentally unstable or potentially convicted for identity theft," Aron explained, indicating that he had considered these factors thoroughly before selecting those individuals as the initial group to work with.

[Isn't it better to simply inflict physical injuries on them?] Nova asked after hearing Aron's detailed and potentially brutal plan.

"I could certainly do that but the graphic nature of such actions is something I am not prepared to handle at this moment," Aron explained

[From their brain data I confirmed that their trauma is now nothing more than a distant and bad memory. Therefore, we don't expect any such events to occur] Nova reminded Aron as she had reported this in the past.

"There's no harm in being prepared at all times. Humans are complex creatures, and they can sometimes behave unexpectedly depending on what triggers their minds," Aron remarked, as he knocked on the door of the house where the next person on their list resided.

"It's always better to be prepared for the worst, no matter how certain you may be about something," Aron added, while patiently waiting for the door to be opened.

Just as Nova was about to respond, the door was opened "Sleep" Aron said activating the rune, causing the man to instantly fall asleep before he could even catch a glimpse of Aron's face. With the man unconscious, Aron entered the house and caught the man as he fell to the ground.

[I'll keep that in mind,] Nova replied as Aron gently placed the man on the ground and proceeded to put the virtual helmet on him.

Chapter 107 ArieH & Kassim

ArieH's Mansion.

"Sir, Miss Rina has been reaching out to various banks in search of a loan," ArieH's secretary updated him on Rina's recent movements since she was given the company.

"Why would she do that? The company may be facing some financial challenges, but it doesn't require a bank loan. And even if it did, why wouldn't she approach one of the family's banks for the loan?" ArieH inquired, perplexed by Rina's unconventional decisions.

"The loan she's seeking is not for the company but for personal reasons. Moreover, considering the amount she's requesting, the family banks would require her to provide a clear explanation of how she intends to utilize the funds," Charlotte clarified.

"How much is she seeking to borrow?" Arieih asked.

"She is seeking a minimum of 5 billion dollars,"

"What does she intend to do with such a substantial amount?" Arieih asked in astonishment, knowing that his sister was not foolish enough to borrow such a significant sum of money without a well-thought-out plan in mind.

"At the moment, we don't know"

"What leverage is she attempting to utilize? As far as I'm aware, she only possesses the Ally international shares that she can potentially use, and aside from that, she has a few personal shares worth approximately 750 million dollars. However, she cannot use those shares as they serve as her emergency funds," Arieih asked Charlotte.

"You are correct. She is using the Ally international shares as collateral for the loan," Charlotte answered.

"Where is the list of banks she is approaching for the loan?" Arieih asked, wanting to know which banks she was contacting and negotiating with.

"Here you go, sir," Charlotte replied, handing him the folder containing the names of the banks.

After briefly examining the list of banks, Arieih raised his head and instructed, "Contact them and inform them to approve the loan she is requesting. If they express concerns about her potential default, inform them that I will purchase the loan from them in the event of default." He was devising a scheme to use this loan as his ultimate weapon, intending to deal a devastating blow to his sister.

"Yes, sir," Charlotte nodded, indicating her understanding and acknowledgment of the order.

Just as Charlotte was about to turn and leave the office to fulfill the assigned task, Arieih interjected, "By the way, how is Terry's situation progressing?"

"He is expected to be discharged from the hospital and transferred here by next week," Charlotte promptly responded.

"Call Gerald and inform him that I have a mission for him," Arieih ordered Charlotte.

"Yes, sir," Charlotte replied and left the office without seeking further details. Having worked for Arieih for over five years, she had a sense of what he might be planning.

Arieih resumed his work, waiting for the arrival of his Gerald.

A few minutes later, Gerald, Arieih's head of security, entered the room to respond to the call.

"Sir, you called for me," Gerald said as he entered the room, having received permission to enter after knocking.

"Yes, I need you to carry out a discrete task for me," Arieih stated, lifting his head from the documents on his desk.

"I want you to go to the hospital discreetly and visit Terry without being noticed by anyone. Do you think you can accomplish that?" Arieih asked, focusing his attention on Gerald.

"Yes, I can do that, sir," Gerald responded with confidence.

"Okay, good. Here's what I want you to do. I want you to..." Arieh began explaining the specific tasks he needed Gerald to carry out during his visit to the hospital.

"Understood?" Arieh asked after he finished explaining the tasks he wanted Gerald to perform.

"Yes, sir," Gerald replied, demonstrating his understanding of the instructions.

"Okay, you can go," Arieh said.

Gerald promptly said his goodbyes to Arieh and exited the room, preparing himself to head to the hospital and fulfill the assigned task.

"He should act as a contingency pawn for me," Arieh murmured, contemplating the role Terry would play. He then shifted his attention back to the document on his desk, resuming his work.

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Black site.

Patrick, the project manager of the black sites, could be seen walking to Kassim's room, visibly sweating and trembling with nervousness.

KNOCK KNOCK Patrick knocked on the door upon his arrival.

"Come in," a voice from the office beckoned.

Patrick took a deep breath before entering the room.

"Sir, you called for me," Patrick said as he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

"Yes, I called to know whether you have completed the project or not," Kassim stated in a cold, stern voice.

"We require a little more time to achieve the necessary capabilities," Patrick responded, his voice trembling.

"I recall receiving the same response six months ago, and I gave you ample time," Kassim remarked in a tone that sent shivers down Patrick's spine.

"Sir, the complexity of the program has exceeded our initial predictions. We have comprehended the majority of it, but there remains a small portion, approximately two GB in size, that remains a mystery." Patrick paused to take a breath and continued.

"Despite our efforts, we have been unable to fully decipher the code. When we attempted to remove this code from our modified program, the program crashed, indicating that this particular segment is among the critical components of the program," Patrick explained, pushing himself to finish by providing the reasons for their inability to complete the program despite the extensive duration.

"Didn't the information I obtained from the DOD's team not help you in any way?"

"Indeed, it did assist us in expediting our understanding of the program. However, based on the data we received, it appears that even the DOD's team is facing similar challenges and has been unable to make significant progress," Patrick explained.

"How much more time do you need?" Kassim asked.

Patrick took a deep breath, preparing to respond, but before he could finish his answer, Kassim interrupted him, saying, "Be cautious with your words. If you fail to meet the timeline, you and your team will face appropriate consequences," in a chilling tone.

"Four months," Patrick responded, adding an extra month to the time he would have originally requested.

"Now leave, but be aware that if it is not ready by that time, you will not be given any further opportunities," Kassim stated to Patrick as he was leaving.

Upon hearing this, Patrick turned to Kassim and bowed, indicating his understanding of Kassim's words. He then left the office, closing the door behind him, and leaned against it. Taking a deep sigh of relief, acknowledging that he had survived another day.

"We either make it work, or we are doomed," Patrick murmured to himself before he started returning to the working room where his team members were. He planned to tell them that they have a three-month timeframe, or face dire consequences.

Yes, three months. The extra month will serve as a valuable backup. Individuals commonly tend to plan their tasks based on the time available rather than the actual time needed for completion.

If a student is given forty questions and forty days to complete them, the most ideal solution would be for them to answer one question per day. This way, they can distribute their effort evenly and ensure they finish all the questions within the given timeframe.

(A/N If it were me I would start solving them half an hour before the completion date)

Back inside Kassim's office, now alone, he reached out and picked up the phone resting on the table. With a purposeful motion, he dialed a specific number and pressed the call button, initiating the connection.

After approximately thirty seconds of ringing, someone on the other end of the line answered the call.

"Is the program ready?" inquired the voice on the other end.

"No, sir," Kassim reported respectfully, "the team has encountered a significant obstacle, and they estimate that it will take approximately four months to overcome it and complete the product."

"You are aware that we have been delaying the plan for over three months, with the expectation that the program would be completed and enable us to inflict further damage on the Rothschilds, correct?" questioned the voice on the other end, causing Kassim to tense up.

"Yes, sir, I am aware of that. However, the obstacle the team is facing is similar to the one that has caused a setback for the team at the DOD," Kassim explained, providing the reason for the team's inability to meet the given timeline over the past five months.

"Within four months, if the program is not completed, we will proceed without it, and you will be held accountable," stated the voice on the other end before abruptly ending the call, without waiting for Kassim's response.

"Patrick, you had better complete your task within the given time, or I won't be the only one facing the consequences. I will make sure you bear the burden with me," Kassim exclaimed, directing his

anger toward Patrick and his team while refraining from entertaining any negative thoughts toward the person on the other end of the phone.

Kassim was well aware that failing to complete the program within the designated time limit would have severe repercussions. He had witnessed the dire consequences faced by his predecessor in the position, which led to his own promotion.

Chapter 108 The Great Escape

A week later.

In the hospital elevator, Terry stood accompanied by two vigilant bodyguards who were escorting him towards the basement parking lot. Their purpose was to transport Terry back to the secure confines of the Rothschild's compound, where he would inevitably confront the repercussions of his actions.

Despite his attempts to calm himself, Terry found it increasingly difficult to regain composure. Deep down, he was aware that his fate had been sealed the moment he set foot inside the compound.

The impending consequences that awaited him would transform his experience into a cautionary tale, ensuring that it would be etched into the collective memory of all those who heard it, serving as a stark reminder to never engage in such foolish actions.

What was allowing him to hold on was the meeting he had with Gerald who had visited him in a doctor's outfit under the guise of doing final checkups before they approved his discharge.

As the elevator descended further, Terry's heart filled with an increasing sense of fear. With each passing floor, the grip of anxiety tightened, amplifying the weight of apprehension within him.

The elevator came to a sudden halt on the eighth floor, prompting the security team to instinctively tense up, bracing themselves for whatever awaited them. As the doors gracefully glided open, they were met with an unexpected and perplexing sight.

Standing before them was a nurse, her presence overshadowed by the lifeless figure on the bed draped in sheets.

The occupants of the elevator instinctively covered their noses, overwhelmed by the unmistakable and repugnant stench that permeated the air. It became apparent that the source of the foul odor was the body on the bed, now revealed to be covered in excrement.

"Excuse me," the nurse's voice filtered through the mask as she politely interjected, pushing the bed into the confined space of the elevator.

Instinctively, the security guards swiftly repositioned themselves, forming two groups flanking either side of the bed.

Terry found himself positioned on the right side of the bed, accompanied by one guard, while the other guard took up position on the left.

The nurse, seemingly unaware of the prevailing tension within the elevator, calmly pressed the button for the floor designated as the mortuary.

The guards positioned alongside the nurse turned towards her, their expressions contorted with discomfort, and inquired, "Isn't there a designated elevator for transporting such items?" They struggled to endure the overwhelming stench that filled the air.

As the elevator doors closed "Yes, there is, but unfortunately, it's currently undergoing maintenance," she responded, her tone reflecting her own discomfort with the situation.

As the elevator began its descent, the guards, convinced that no threat could arise from the inert, soiled body before them, eased their vigilance.

Unbeknownst to anyone in the elevator, the nurse's hand stealthily maneuvered beneath the bed sheets, retrieving a concealed scalpel. With utmost precision and without raising any suspicion, she made her move. In a sudden, swift, and unexpected act, she lunged at the guard positioned on the left, catching him completely off guard. She swiftly stabbed the guard on his stomach.

Seizing the opportunity presented before him, Terry wasted no time and swiftly launched his assault on the momentarily stunned guard. With the guard struggling to regain composure and react in time, Terry managed to swiftly secure him in a chokehold.

'I will give you my meat and take your bones' He thought to himself as he continued maintaining the choke hold.

Meanwhile, on the opposite side, the stabbed bodyguard persisted in his struggle against the nurse. He attempted to strike her using his leg, but the nurse skillfully redirected the blow, causing his leg to become lodged and trapped between the bed and the elevator wall.

The impact reverberated through the elevator, causing the bed to shake, and was followed by the agonized screams of the guard, whose bone had been fractured in the process.

The nurse without a pause swiftly proceeded with her assault. She ruthlessly stabbed the guard multiple times in the abdomen, ensuring that he would be rendered incapable of taking any further action.

The wounded guard collapsed against the elevator wall, clutching his bleeding stomach in a desperate attempt to staunch the flow. Gasping for breath, he fought to maintain proper respiration amidst the pain and chaos surrounding him.

As the elevator reached its destination in the basement, the tumultuous events that had unfolded inside the confined space had reached its conclusion.

The nurse turned towards Terry, and seeing that he handled the guard she said, "Let's go," before swiftly delivering a powerful kneebutt to the injured guard's head, rendering him unconscious.

Terry nodded, acknowledging the nurse's order to exit the elevator. As he exited the elevator, he pressed the button for the first floor, ensuring that the unconscious guards would be transported to the emergency room.

This decision was made with the intention of keeping the situation relatively contained, as the Rothschild hunt would likely exercise more restraint if their guards were alive rather than deceased.

Observing Terry's actions, the nurse remained silent, as she didn't care about it at all.

Without wasting a moment, they moved swiftly until they reached a parked car. The woman retrieved the keys, unlocking the vehicle.

They quickly boarded the car, wasting no time, and sped away from the hospital premises, leaving behind the chaotic scene before anyone could raise an alert about the situation heading towards the first floor.

As they left the hospital and ventured towards the outskirts of the city, Terry's racing thoughts began to subside, allowing him to regain a semblance of calm. He turned towards the woman, still attired in the nurse outfit, and broke the silence by initiating a conversation.

"I'm Terry. Who are you?" he inquired, attempting to divert the somber atmosphere and escape the weight of his recent actions, which only served to amplify the potential repercussions he might face if captured.

Terry found himself in a situation reminiscent of a child who, gripped by fear of impending punishment for a mistake, resorts to further wrongdoing in an attempt to conceal their initial misdeed.

In his desperate attempt to evade the consequences, he had unwittingly escalated the severity of his actions. 'Fuck' he thought to himself.

"Call the number that last contacted the phone," the woman stated, dismissing Terry's question without offering any further explanation or response.

Terry retrieved the phone and accessed the call application, navigating to the section where previous call details were displayed. To his surprise, he discovered that only one phone call had been made from this device.

Terry tapped on the phone number and swiftly pressed the call button bringing the phone to his ear.

After ringing for approximately three seconds, the call was answered, and a voice on the other end, without any formal greeting, immediately asked, "Did you succeed?"

Terry quickly recognized the voice as Gerald's, the same person who had visited him in the hospital the previous week to discuss the escape plan.

"Yes, thank you," Terry replied, expressing his gratitude after a brief pause.

"Good. Sir instructed me to relay these orders to you: 'Follow that woman and remain in her company until further instructions,'" Gerald conveyed the instructions he had received from Arieh without explicitly mentioning his name.

By omitting specific details, they aimed to ensure that even if the phone call were to be recorded, no substantial evidence linking them to Arieh would be found.

"Yes, sir. Please convey my gratitude to him," Terry responded, expressing his appreciation. However, he received no response, as the call abruptly ended.

"Phone," the woman uttered, gesturing with her outstretched hand, indicating that she wanted Terry to return the device to her.

As Terry handed the phone back to her, The nurse swiftly flung it out of the window, sending it plunging into the water below the bridge they were crossing. She then turned to Terry, introducing herself.

"My name is Katrina," she stated. "As the call indicated, you will be staying with me until I receive further instructions. I hope you won't cause me any trouble during your time with me, as I would prefer not to be compelled to put a bullet through your head. I have the authorization to do so if you become problematic."

"You don't have to worry about that. I have no intentions of going anywhere," Terry reassured Katrina, recognizing the gravity of their situation.

"Even without your warning, I am well aware that they will be tirelessly searching for us, leaving no stone unturned. I have committed acts that go against the principles expected of a Rothchild employee, not just once, but twice. Now, it has become a matter of protecting their reputation, and they won't rest until they find us."

"That's good" Katrina answered back.

"What is your usual task?" He asked wanting to know her better as he will be sending a long time with her.

"None of your business," Katrina said before she stopped answering any of the further questions Terry asked following that as he was trying to distract his mind from having to think about what would happen to him in case he is caught.

Chapter 109 Rina Receiving The News & White House

Rina's Mansion

[Rina, Terry has escaped from the hospital,] Ava immediately relayed the urgent information to Rina as soon as the information was intercepted from the private network.

"What happened?" Rina asked urgently, halting her current activity to focus on the unfolding situation.

[During the transfer, the guards accompanying him were attacked by an unknown woman, and she escaped with Terry,] Ava informed Rina, utilizing the rapidly updating information circulating within the private network as people were working hard to ensure the relevant individuals were kept up to date on the unfolding situation.

As Ava explained the situation, Rina's hand instinctively moved to her neck, gently caressing it, a reminder of something happening to her. With a hint of concern in her voice, she asked, "Was it my brother or the Morgans?"

[Nothing conclusive about either of them; they are still among the few suspects on my list,] Ava replied, indicating that she had no knowledge of this specific plan and that no information about it existed within the private network.

"Is there any other important information about this incident?" Rina asked, seeking further details after receiving Ava's response.

[They are still attempting to covertly track him. As for the guards who were attacked, one is currently undergoing surgery in the operating room, while the other remains in a coma. The

chokehold he was subjected to was fatal, and it is uncertain when he will regain consciousness,] Ava reported, relaying the information she had gathered from the ongoing communications within the private network.

She remained unaware of Arieh's plan to assist Terry in his escape because the orders had been conveyed through verbal communication, and Gerald had used a burner phone that was not connected to the private network to execute the plan. Additionally, the payment for the operation had been made using one of Arieh's slush fund accounts, which was kept separate from the private network.

"Keep me updated on any developments regarding this matter when something new appears through the network" Rina requested before attempting to return to her work. However, her concentration was abruptly interrupted as Chloe bursted into the room, indicating that whatever she was about to report was urgent enough to warrant her to disregard all formalities and decorum.

"What is it?" she asked, feigning ignorance about the reason for Chloe's urgent interruption.

"Miss, we have received a report stating that Terry has escaped from the hospital while under escort," Chloe promptly reported without any delay.

"What?" Rina exclaimed, feigning surprise as if she was hearing the report for the first time.

"Yes, there is quite a commotion. The security team is being mobilized across the compound, and they are dispatching personnel to search the city and apprehend him before he manages to escape further," Chloe provided additional details about the unfolding situation.

The conversation between Chloe and Rina continued back and forth, much to the amusement of Ava, who found it entertaining to witness Rina's act of pretending to hear the report for the first time.

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Seven hours later.

In a remote countryside, nestled within the rural farmlands on the outskirts of the state, a car arrived at the lone farmhouse.

"We've arrived. Get out," Katrina stated, switching off the car engine and opening the door, getting out, and signaling for Terry to exit.

"I understand the need to hide, but isn't this a bit overkill?" Terry questioned as he stepped out of the car. "There's no one within a kilometer radius. In fact, we might even draw attention to ourselves with such a secluded location."

"You don't need to worry about that," Katrina replied, inserting the key into the door of the house and entering without waiting for Terry to follow.

Realizing that further inquiries would be fruitless, Terry chose to remain silent and followed Katrina into the house.

Upon entering the house, Terry was taken aback by its modern interior, which starkly contrasted with the rustic appearance of the exterior.⁶

The sleek design, contemporary furnishings, and state-of-the-art appliances suggested a level of sophistication that he hadn't anticipated.

"Now, let's establish some ground rules," Katrina said, turning towards Terry, who had just entered the house and closed the door, still admiring the interior.

"You are not allowed to enter that room; it's mine and mine alone," she said, pointing at the room she was using to sleep.

"Your room is that one. The fridge is stocked with everything you might need, and if you require anything from outside, you will have to wait until the weekend for me to go and get it for you," she explained, outlining the arrangements for Terry.

"If I see you enter my room, bullet. If I catch you attempting to escape, bullet. And if I discover that you've been contacting anyone without my knowledge, what will happen?" She asked to see if Terry was listening to her.

"Bullet," Terry responded nonchalantly, his attention still focused on exploring the interior of the house. While he acknowledged Katrina's warnings, he didn't feel compelled to dwell on them.

He had no intentions of attempting to escape, contacting anyone, or snooping around her room. His lack of curiosity about her personal space allowed him to dismiss her threats as mere background noise.

"Okay, good. Now follow me," Katrina said, motioning for Terry to join her. She approached a section of the wall and pressed on it, causing it to slide aside, revealing a hidden door behind it.

After entering the password into the keypad on the door, she unlocked it and swung it open, revealing a set of stairs that descended into the basement.

Terry remained silent and followed her closely, his curiosity piqued as he wondered what awaited him in the basement.

"Wow," Terry couldn't contain his amazement as he took in the sight of the basement. It resembled a spy lair from movies, with an array of guns neatly arranged and several screens displaying live footage from the security cameras throughout the area.

"There are cameras installed within a 5-kilometer radius of the house constantly monitoring the surroundings, ready to alert us if anyone enters the vicinity of the compound," Katrina explained.

"The password is 69420," Katrina instructed Terry, emphasizing the importance of remembering it.

"If someone visits while I'm not here, you can use this place to hide. The door is reinforced and can withstand a large TNT explosion without being breached. However, if that fails, there is a tunnel leading five hundred meters into the farm, which will provide you an escape route." She said pointing towards another metallic door in the basement, indicating the entrance to the tunnel.

"It appears that you are incredibly well-prepared," Terry remarked, his admiration evident.

The basement's arsenal of guns and weapons alone seemed sufficient to arm a small army, capable of equipping more than twenty individuals.

However, what truly amazed him was the escape door leading to a tunnel. It offered a means to flee the house and emerge five hundred meters away, providing a significant head start to anyone being pursued. The level of planning and resources invested in this hideout left Terry in awe.

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White house.

"The preparations for your visit to Bagram Airfield are in their final stages, Mr. President," the official informed.

"Good. How is the situation in Crimea with Russia's attempted annexation?" Obama asked, diverting the conversation from the topic of his supposed surprise visit to Bagram Airfield to the ongoing developments in Crimea.

"The Ukrainian army has been unsuccessful in their attempts to retake the region since last February," John O. Brennan, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), answered the President's question. "Based on the information received from our informants on the ground, it appears that Russia is currently planning a referendum to strengthen their claim over the region."

"Is there any possibility of acquiring additional information that we can leverage at the United Nations' upcoming meeting to exert pressure on Russia regarding the Crimea situation?" Obama inquired after listening to the response from the CIA director.

"At the moment, our informants do not have the necessary access to provide us with additional information regarding their future plans," the director replied.

"Didn't we acquire that program from the individual who sued us over the FISA order? Ah, what was his name again? Ah... Aron" Obama asked, recollecting the moment when Secretary of Defense Chuck Hagel had informed him about the program's potential usefulness and the significant impact it could have in dealing with their adversaries.

Hagel, who was also present at the meeting, updated the president on the progress of the program, stating, "The team assigned to work on the program encountered a significant obstacle when they attempted to understand its intricacies before making any modifications."

"I recall that we have had possession of it for over six months. So, what seems to be the problem? Our technical teams are not subpar compared to global standards, are they?" Obama inquired, expressing his curiosity regarding the cause of the delay.

"Prior to receiving the program from GAIA TECHNOLOGIES, they informed us that a significant portion of the program was developed using machine learning. Consequently, even they do not fully comprehend the intricacies of the program. We suspect that our teams are encountering difficulties with the section written by the machine, as it had repeatedly learned to identify vulnerabilities and rewrote the code by itself," Hegel explained.

"Why don't we simply insist on obtaining the training data from GAIA TECHNOLOGIES? After all, we already compelled them to surrender the source code," Obama proposed. "If we can secure the data they used to train the program, it could potentially offer us invaluable insights. There's no harm in "requesting" this additional information."

"We did, Mr. President, but they informed us that the training data had been deleted by Aron. Apparently, he had encountered storage issues during his development phase and had to make space

for the completed program by deleting the training data. It seems he didn't have the resources to purchase additional storage," Hagel replied, feeling somewhat embarrassed by the explanation.

"Are you kidding me?" Obama asked, clearly taken aback by the absurd justification provided for the absence of the training data.

Chapter 110 Lubyanka Square

"Are you kidding me?" Obama asked, clearly taken aback by the absurd justification provided for the absence of the training data.

"Unfortunately, no, Mr. President," Hagel responded, taking a moment to gather his thoughts.

"Based on our investigation and information from insider sources, we have confirmed that the company only constructed the server farm after the program was already developed and he earned enough money to do so."

Hagel paused once again before continuing, his tone filled with concern. "Furthermore, we are facing challenges with utilizing FISA again. The documents released by Snowden have significantly heightened public sensitivity towards surveillance technology. They would exploit this situation and manipulate public opinion, claiming that the government intends to exploit device vulnerabilities for nefarious purposes."

Hagel concluded his explanation, aware of the complex hurdles they were facing.

"How about inviting him for a friendly tea meeting at one of your black sites?" Obama suggested, turning to James, the FBI director.

"Our attempts to do so have been unsuccessful so far. He has been staying at his heavily guarded home ever since the suspected FSB spies attacked. Just as we finalized a plan to capture him despite the heightened security, he started traveling across Europe, carefully covering his tracks along the way. By the time we were able to determine his location and dispatch our team, he would have already moved to another place," James explained.

"Keep searching for alternative methods. With full control over the entire program, we will have no rivals in the cyber warfare domain," Obama instructed.

"Yes, Mr. President," both James and Hagel replied in unison, acknowledging Obama's directive.

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Lubyanka Square, Moscow Center.

The Technical Security Department "D" of the FSB, responsible for decrypting and integrating BugZapper into their infrastructure to enhance its security comparable to the level attained by NATO members who acquired the program from the same company (Though in different ways), was convened for a meeting with Sergei Naryshkin, the Director of the Counterintelligence Directorate (UC).

They all appeared anxious, their nervousness palpable, as they were uncertain about the purpose of this meeting.

"The Kremlin has expressed great satisfaction with your efforts in successfully implementing the program across our infrastructure and enhancing its security to the extent that it rivals the systems obtained by NATO members, who paid over 10 billion dollars for them. Additionally, we have even

exported the program to our allied nations, granting us greater negotiation power. Well done," Sergei Naryshkin stated and immediately started clapping, which was followed by everyone else in the room joining in.

"Thank you, Sir," expressed Maksim, the Director of Department "D," as he expressed gratitude to Sergei for acknowledging their diligent efforts.

"Your team will be generously rewarded by the Kremlin in the coming months," Sergei announced. The news filled the room with elation and joy, prompting another round of applause from all the department members, expressing their excitement and happiness.

"But your work is not yet complete," Sergei stated after the applause subsided, causing a slight tensing among them.

As everyone's attention refocused on him, Sergei continued, "We require your team to commence the development of the program further, enhancing its capabilities to identify system vulnerabilities even without access to their source code."

"Sir, while it is theoretically possible for us to enhance the program's capabilities to identify system weaknesses without relying on the source code, we have discovered that the program's foundation is built upon the assumption that it has access to the source code to identify and list vulnerabilities. Therefore, to fulfill the capabilities you mentioned, we would need to rebuild the program from scratch, which would be a time-consuming process," Maksim explained. He wanted to ensure that Sergei didn't leave with unrealistic expectations of completing the task within a few months, as he didn't want to face the consequences of disappointing him and potentially slipping and falling through the window of a high-story building while suffering from a hypothetical fatigue-induced sickness.

"You need not worry about time constraints," reassured Sergei. "The Kremlin has granted you a flexible timeline, allowing you more than a year to complete the development. The objective is to have it ready for a forthcoming special operation as it is planned for it to be used for destabilizing the Ukrainian infrastructure."

"Yes, sir. We will exert our utmost efforts to complete the program within the allocated timeline," Maksim responded, feeling relieved to learn that they had more time than initially anticipated. 'It appears that we have been of great value to our beloved mother Russia,' Maksim and his team thought to themselves.

"Keep up the good work, then," Sergei commended, wasting no further time with them. He rose from his seat, bid them farewell, and departed from the conference room, leaving the team behind.

Once Sergei had left and only the team remained, Maksim turned to them and declared, "Comrades, today the vodka is on me!"

"YES!!!!" The team members shouted in celebration at the thought of free vodka.

Subsequently, they departed from Lubyanka Square and headed to the nearest bar to indulge in drinks, taking advantage of the day off granted by Sergei.

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Back inside the Lubyanka Square.

Vladimir could be seen sitting in his office, where a prominently displayed nameplate revealed his new position as the Director of Department "A" within the Directorate of Counterintelligence (UC) of the Federal Security Service (FSB).

This particular department held the responsibility for conducting intelligence operations involving clandestine agents commonly known as "illegals."

The term "illegals" refers to intelligence operatives who operate covertly, assuming false identities and blending in as ordinary citizens in foreign countries.

"Did Evgeny Buryakov send us the collected economic intelligence from the United States for the first quarter of this year?" he inquired of his secretary, requesting the report on their undercover operative, who was currently operating in the US under the guise of an investment banker.

"Sir, he reported that he will send us the report by the end of this month, along with the report for the second quarter," his beautiful secretary Natasha informed him.

"What about Maria Butina?" he asked, referring to another operative from their department.

Natasha reviewed the document in her hands and reported, "Maria Butina continues to expand her influence within the political sphere, but she suspects that she is under scrutiny by the FBI and CIA. She has expressed her intention not to report back until she can ascertain the extent of suspicion surrounding her."

Following that he started reviewing all the reports regarding double agents and spies within his division.

After looking through all of them he raised his hand and asked "How is Aron's situation?" seeking an update on Aron's status.

"He is presently visiting various locations in America, but it appears that he only stays in hotels during his visits. There is no additional activity observed, as he simply moves on to another hotel after a certain period of time, sir," Natasha reported, highlighting the unusual nature of Aron's movements.

"But sir, may I ask you something?" Natasha requested permission to pose a question that had been puzzling her.

"Go ahead," Vladimir said, granting her permission to ask the question.

"Why are we keeping a close watch on Aron? He no longer holds any significance for us, and we are merely wasting our limited resources by monitoring him," Natasha questioned.

"You remember that I was promoted because I successfully obtained the important program he developed, right?" Vladimir asked.

"Yes," Natasha answered.

"Then, do you believe he won't develop another one anytime soon?" Vladimir asked.

"No, if he was able to develop one program, it is likely that he would be capable of developing another," Natasha said after a brief pause to think.

"That's precisely why I'm utilizing government resources to monitor him. By doing so, when he develops another program, we will be able to acquire it more swiftly than before," Vladimir clarified, elaborating on his rationale for continuing to keep an eye on Aron.

"But don't you think he's aware of our surveillance? Ever since you shot him, he has significantly heightened his security measures to a worrisome extent, and all of his security team members are professionals in their respective fields," Natasha voiced her concerns.

"He hasn't discovered it yet because if he had, he would have taken action. He still perceives what happened to him as ordinary industrial espionage," Vladimir explained with an amused tone.

"I often wonder, how can someone be so intelligent and yet so oblivious?" Vladimir chuckled as he contemplated the irony of the man who inadvertently facilitated his promotion, unaware that it was orchestrated by a foreign nation.

"Could he be deliberately pretending not to have discovered our surveillance?" Natasha questioned, considering the possibility that Aron's strange behavior might be a deliberate attempt to deceive them.

"I don't believe he would go to such lengths just to play mind games with us. Even if he did discover us, he wouldn't know our true identity or origin. He might simply think that they are surveillance operatives sent by a competing company," Vladimir expressed his disagreement with Natasha's hypothesis. He believed that while Aron was undoubtedly brilliant in software development, he lacked intelligence in other aspects of his life.