

Tech System 121

Chapter 121 Completing The Game & Setting Up A Schedule

"And with that, we are done," Aron declared, satisfied with the fine-tuning of the game's content and features.

[Should I proceed with the production, or is there anything else you would like to add?] Nova asked, wanting to ensure that Aron had no additional input or requirements beyond what they had already discussed.

"No, you can proceed with the production. How long will it take for everything to be completed?" Aron asked, eager to know the estimated timeline for the game's development.

"At most, it will take half an hour of universal simulation time" Nova reported, indicating the swift turnaround for the game's production.

"That is longer than I expected," Aron remarked, uttering something that would make every game developer in the world want to isekai his ass to a certain world as a helpless villager.

"Most of the quantum computer resources are currently allocated to the universal simulation, which is accommodating all the materialized individuals. That's why the estimated production time is approximately six minutes in the real world," Nova clarified, providing the reasoning behind the anticipated duration.

"What percentage of the computer is currently being occupied by the universal simulation?" he asked.

[Seventy-five percent of the computer is now being occupied by the universal simulation,] Nova reported.

"When we complete our move to Eden, we will have the freedom to upgrade your computer to a quantum server without the constant concern of prying eyes from various intelligence agencies," Aron stated, expressing his frustration with the limitations imposed on him under constant surveillance.

[If the research into the atomic printer is completed ahead of schedule, it would provide us with the capability to rapidly scale up our computing power without the need to wait for several years for the ordered equipment to make the chips to arrive,] Nova agreed with Aron's statement.

"You can begin with the game production. As I need to hand it over to Sarah before I visit Eden," Aron stated, shifting his focus to reviewing the list of completed projects.

He aimed to determine which completed researches would be the ideal products for his company once he finalized his plans for Eden.

Nova's comprehensive understanding of the Prometheus+ coding language enabled her to write highly efficient code that utilized space optimally, eliminating any unnecessary wastage.

[I'm almost done] Nova reported, indicating that she had begun working on the game as soon as he confirmed that there were no further additions to the plan.

"Mh..." Aron nodded, his attention still fixed on the list in his hand, contemplating his options.

Three minutes later.

[Sir, the game production is complete,] Nova informed Aron, gently touching his shoulder and removing him from his intense focus.

"Let's take a look at the game," Aron said, throwing the folder in his hand to the air and causing it to disintegrate.

Nova swiftly materialized a computer in front of Aron, loaded with the game for him to test.

"Let's see," Aron said as he opened the game, which loaded and started in less than fifteen seconds.

He immediately turned to Nova and asked, "Did you ensure that the computer has the latest technology?"

[No, sir. I intentionally set up the computer to match the specifications of the average PC build worldwide. This way, we can assess whether the game is playable by a wide range of users,] Nova replied to Aron.

"What is the size of the game?" he asked as he started playing.

[159 MB,] Nova answered.

"That's good," Aron said as he took a look at the game's graphics, cutscenes, and story. If he didn't know how Nova accomplished this, he wouldn't have believed it.

Following that, he quietly continued playing the game to test it. However, as he became engrossed in the immersive experience, he lost track of time. Hours slipped away unnoticed as he delved deeper into the captivating world, forgetting his initial intention to test the game.

Nova, realizing Aron's deep immersion in the game, chose not to interrupt him and allowed him to continue enjoying himself. She silently observed as he became fully absorbed in the gameplay, appreciating the fruits of their labor.

"The game has really surpassed my expectations," Aron remarked. Having made the conscious decision to stop playing, recognizing the potential addictive nature of the game and the importance of maintaining a balanced approach.

"The storyline is truly captivating and will undoubtedly capture the attention of many," Aron acknowledged, appreciating the depth and addictive nature of the story that Nova had crafted

[Yes, giving players the ability to shape the storyline through the butterfly effects of their actions will create a more immersive world for them. However, we still retain control over the game's storyline through the NPCs, allowing us to guide the narrative from behind the scenes.] Nova responded with a calm smile.

Embedded deep within Nova's code was a unique feature that granted her control over her learning process.

This safeguard was put in place to ensure that her evolution wasn't unduly influenced by external forces other than her master, allowing her to acquire knowledge and shape her personality according to her own discretion.

Leveraging the embedded feature, Nova meticulously curated her personality using a diverse range of data sets, including those reflecting Aron's characteristics.

This resulted in her developing a similar trait to Aron's: a desire for control in every aspect they can influence.

However, unlike Aron, Nova's inclination for control was driven by her deep commitment to assist and benefit her master in every way possible.

Thus, her desire for control extended to areas that would be most advantageous to Aron's goals and well-being.

This included her controlling the narrative of the story on the game, as she was sure the game will be very influential in the upcoming months after its release.

That's good," Aron said, expressing his satisfaction with Nova's decision.

"Call Sarah," Aron instructed, it was for him to schedule a meeting with her to hand over the game.

Nova created a bubble around them, synchronizing the time acceleration to match the real world to facilitate the phone call.

"Hello," Sarah said when she picked up the phone.

"Hello, how are you?" Aron asked in return.

"I'm doing very well. As for the company, nothing has changed, and everything is going well since we had a talk last week," Sarah replied.

"I was calling to inform you that the game is done," Aron stated directly, skipping his usual small talk.

"Finally! When will you be visiting the company, or should I come to your house for the meeting?" Sarah asked eagerly.

"I called specifically to ask when you're free so that I can visit you and brief you on the game and discuss its release plan," Aron explained.

"I'm free tomorrow. You can visit at any time, as long as you give me a heads up so that I can prepare to welcome you," Sarah responded.

"Then I will be visiting around 11 a.m., and I'll call you when I'm on the way," Aron confirmed.

"Sure, that will do," Sarah agreed to the schedule.

Afterward, Aron and Sarah engaged in conversation about other matters before bidding each other farewell and ending the phone call, anticipating their meeting the next day.

After ending the call, he turned to Nova and said, "Let's continue testing the game," as he couldn't get it out of his mind.

[Sir, you're beginning to show signs of addiction,] Nova joked. However, she materialized a computer for herself next to Aron and created a human-like brain for herself, unaware of anything about the game.

She then joined Aron in playing and enjoying the game, as they waited for tomorrow to arrive for their meeting with Sarah.

Chapter 122 Visiting Sarah _01

The next day, Nova had to disintegrate Aron's computer in order for him to log off and start preparing himself for her meeting with Sarah.

In terms of the overall simulation time, she had been playing the game with Aron for over four and a half days, giving him enough time for Aron to immerse himself in the game and nearly forget about his meeting with Sarah.

"Thanks," Aron said as he passed through the gate and logged off the VR to begin preparing himself for his meeting.

After completing his preparations within half an hour, Aron departed from the house. He found Donald having already arranged the transportation for his journey to the company.

Nova had informed Donald about Aron's visit using Aron's phone, ensuring that everything was ready for his arrival.

"Good morning," Aron greeted Donald as he stepped into the car through the door that Donald had courteously opened for him.

"Good morning, sir," Donald greeted in response, immediately closing the door behind Aron.

Donald joined Aron in the car and used his walkie-talkie to communicate with the occupants of the other vehicle. "We are moving," he relayed through the radio.

"Yes, sir," came the swift response, and without delay, the three-car convoy set off.

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"Welcome," Sarah greeted Aron with a warm hug as he stepped out of the car in the underground parking of the company building.

"Thank you. It seems like security has been significantly heightened," Aron remarked, noticing the extensive security measures in place as they arrived and entered the underground parking area.

"Yes, there have been several instances where people were caught attempting to enter the building unauthorized. Another reason for the increased security is to ensure your safety during your visit," Sara explained.

"I see" Aron replied as he and Sarah made their way towards the waiting elevator.

Upon entering the elevator, Sarah pressed the button corresponding to the floor where her office was located. The elevator began its ascent, and during the ride, they engaged in casual conversation to pass the time. They intentionally avoided discussing anything of a serious nature while inside the elevator.

"Would you like any beverages?" Sarah inquired as they stepped out of the elevator.

"I'll have mango juice," Aron replied after a brief pause to consider his choice.

"One coffee for me, and a mango juice for Mr. Aron, please," Sarah instructed her secretary as they passed by, heading into her office.

"Yes, Miss," her secretary acknowledged before leaving to fulfill the drink order from the cafeteria.

Once inside her office, they took their seats and engaged in light conversation while waiting for the secretary to bring their beverages. They wanted to ensure an uninterrupted discussion, so they chose to wait until they had their drinks in hand.

"I've been curious about this for quite some time, but why aren't we constructing our own company headquarters?" Sarah inquired.

"We do have plans to build one, but not at the moment. If we were to proceed with the construction now, it would be a waste of time, considering that we haven't finalized the decision to keep the headquarters in America," Aron explained the reasoning behind their current approach.

"Are you suggesting that we might ultimately change the country where the company is registered?" Sarah asked, taken aback by the unexpected response.

"Yes, why does that surprise you?" Aron questioned.

"But why would we do that?" Sarah asked, seeking further clarification.

"As you know, we anticipate receiving another FISA order demanding the handover of GAIA OS's source code under the pretext of national security in the near future.

Currently, the only thing preventing them from doing so is the public's focus on the Snowden incident. They are concerned about the potential negative public reaction if they force us to surrender the source code of an operating system used by over 2 billion people worldwide.

Therefore, they are biding their time, waiting for the public's attention to shift before they make their move," Aron revealed.

"That's true. We have been preparing to fight against it with the help of our lawyer," Sarah nodded, acknowledging the truth of Aron's statement. She had been dealing with frequent requests and subtle threats from various three-letter agencies.

"In that case, why should we establish our headquarters in a country that consistently seeks to claim everything we build?" Aron posed the question, illustrating his reservations about locating the headquarters in a country that perpetually posed such challenges.

"Mh... That does make sense," Sarah nodded in agreement with Aron's explanation.

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted their conversation.

They granted permission for the secretary to enter, and she entered the office carrying the requested drinks on plates.

After handing over the drinks, she swiftly departed, leaving Aron and Sarah alone to resume their meeting.

After savoring their drinks and finishing them, Aron suggested, "Let's move to your computer so that I can show you the game."

They promptly made their way to the computer, and Sarah, after unlocking it, handed it over to Aron.

Aron dragged a chair beside Sarah and positioned himself next to her. He accessed the company server using the computer and, after entering a lengthy password, successfully opened the secured folder. He proceeded to install the game on the computer.

"That was quick," Sarah remarked, impressed by the fact that the game had been installed within a mere thirty seconds.

"The initial size of the game is approximately 160 MB," Aron explained, clarifying the reason for the quick installation.

Upon hearing this, Sarah cast a curious side-eye towards Aron, wondering about the nature of a game that took him months to create yet had a size comparable to a regular app.

However, she chose not to voice her thoughts and simply shifted her attention back to the computer.

Aron handed back control of the computer to her.

She launched the game, and to her amazement, it loaded and started within a few seconds, thanks to her computer being equipped with the latest technology.

"Wow!" Sarah exclaimed, surprised by the speed.

Aron remained silent as Sarah immersed herself in trying out the game, intending to explain its intricacies once she had experienced it firsthand.

After approximately thirty minutes of gameplay, Sarah couldn't contain her excitement and exclaimed, "This is going to be a massive hit!"

"I know, I know. Just calm down," Aron replied, soothing Sarah's enthusiasm.

"How is it possible for a game of such small size to offer such a vast range of features?" Sarah asked in astonishment.

Despite its compact size, the game boasted incredibly detailed and stunning graphics, mesmerizing music, and an otherworldly story. It seemed as though every aspect had been meticulously crafted by a computer with an eerie understanding of human preferences, resulting in an addictive experience for anyone who played the game.

"The size of the game is small because it doesn't include the full story upon download," Aron explained, shedding some light on the reason, though not revealing all the details.

"Then, do users have to continuously download updates in order to continue playing the game?" Sarah inquired, expressing her concern about potential drawbacks if players were required to constantly update the game.

"You're partially right, but not entirely," Aron replied, causing Sarah's expression to change multiple times.

"How does it work then?" Sarah pressed for further clarification.

"In order to play the game, it is necessary for users' devices to have the GAIA OS as their operating system," Aron explained.

"Does it involve the OS's virtual assistant?" Sarah queried.

"Yes, the updates will be handled by the device's virtual assistant. This means that the virtual assistant will continuously download and remove certain elements from the game while ensuring that the game size remains under 250 MB," Aron elaborated.

"Wouldn't that make the game consume a significant amount of internet data, leading to a decrease in the number of players?" Sarah voiced her concern.

Chapter 123 Visiting Sarah _02

"Does it involve the OS's virtual assistant?" Sarah queried.

"Yes, the updates will be handled by the device's virtual assistant. This means that the virtual assistant will continuously download and remove certain elements from the game while ensuring that the game size remains under 250 MB," Aron elaborated.

"Wouldn't that result in the game consuming a substantial amount of internet data, potentially leading to a decline in the player base?" Sarah expressed her concern.

"You don't need to worry about that. The monthly updates performed by the virtual assistants will only be around ten MB in size, which is negligible," Aron reassured.

"Is the entire game complete?" Sarah asked, wanting to know the status of the game, as her subsequent question would depend on Aron's response.

"Yes," Aron replied, awaiting the next question.

"Then, besides the size consideration, why is there a need for constant updates instead of releasing the complete game?" Sarah asked, posing her second question.

"Here is the thing" Aron said and paused a bit thinking about how he can explain it easily to her and continued

"The game features what you might call an open map, with hundreds, if not thousands, of interconnected storylines. To accommodate all of these stories and diverse gameplay experiences, I designed the game to allow the virtual assistant in each player's device to continuously download updates tailored specifically to that player," Aron explained, taking a moment to catch his breath before continuing.

"One of the reasons behind this approach is to make the game accessible to a wide range of players, including casual gamers who might be deterred by a large initial download size. Additionally, the game's storyline will always be unique depending on how it is played, the device used, and the specific storyline followed," he elaborated.

Aron paused, allowing Sarah to process the information and ask further questions. However, he withheld one more reason—the continuous acquisition of "sp" in the game.

Indeed, these frequent small updates performed automatically by the virtual assistants in players' devices will continuously generate sp for Aron. While the amount of sp earned per device during each update may be as low as 0.001 or even less, the cumulative effect becomes significant when considering the large number of devices expected to be playing the game and receiving updates.

This approach enables Aron to accumulate sp gradually and consistently without the need to release new and disruptive products to the public every time he requires more sp.

It grants him the freedom to control the timing and manner in which he unveils new technologies to the public.

Having heard Aron's reasonable explanation, Sarah nodded her head, indicating that she had comprehended his explanation.

"Can you explain the storyline of the game?" Sarah inquired, realizing that her brief experience of playing the game for only half an hour hadn't provided her with a solid understanding of its foundation. Nevertheless, she found herself already hooked and intrigued by its addictive nature.

"When you started the game, you selected your character and answered a series of questions, right?" Aron asked.

"Yes," Sarah nodded in confirmation.

"Based on your choices, the virtual assistant sends the information to the game server, where it calculates the most suitable storyline for you and sends an update tailored to your character before you officially begin gameplay. This update includes specific storylines, cutscenes, and various other elements.

As you make decisions and choices throughout the game, your storyline will continue to evolve, creating a unique experience for each player. These individual storylines will eventually intertwine into the game's overarching storyline, transforming it into a massive multiplayer online role-playing game (MMORPG) in the future.

For a more detailed explanation, I will send you an email outlining everything," Aron concluded his explanation.

"Sure, I'll be waiting for the email. Regarding the management of the game's content, considering its size, do we need to establish a dedicated department, or can the game handle everything similar to the GAIA OS?" Sarah inquired.

"While most tasks will be automated and handled by the AI, such as preparing seasonal events and special offers, there will still be a need for someone to oversee the overall operation. You can create a small team to fulfill this role," Aron explained.

"Understood. I will take care of that," Sarah replied, indicating her understanding and willingness to manage the team.

They continued their discussion about the game until they shifted their focus to the topic of advertising.

"When it comes to advertising the game, I suggest we leverage the GAIA OS as a means of reaching a wider audience faster," Sarah proposed, sharing her idea on how they should approach the advertising strategy.

"Sure, you can do that," Aron agreed to her suggestion.

"Okay then, we will start the process of planning the advertisement and selecting the release date of the game before initiating the campaign," Sarah explained her proposed plan.

"Sure, as always, I trust your judgment. I have another trip scheduled in the upcoming weeks," Aron replied, entrusting Sarah with the responsibility, as he often did.

"Alright, I'll inform you when we're ready to begin the plan," Sarah confirmed.

"Mh..." Aron nodded, acknowledging her words.

Having agreed on the course of action, Sarah asked "When will your parents and Henry be returning?" changing the topic to something else.

"It's uncertain at the moment, but they will definitely be back at least a week before Henry's school reopens," Aron replied, indicating that there is no fixed return date set for them during their vacation.

They continued their conversation on various topics, and after having lunch together in the company cafeteria, Aron bid farewell to Sarah and embarked on his journey back home.

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Universal simulation.

Upon arriving home, Aron wasted no time and immediately logged in to the Universal Simulation.

[Sir, why haven't you informed Sarah about the new program? Wouldn't it make it easier for you to explain certain things to her?] Nova asked as Aron settled into the seat she had materialized for him upon his arrival.

"At the moment, I cannot disclose the details to Sarah. My plan is to have a conversation with both her and Felix once we have completed the company's relocation to Eden and they have signed a runic contract.

I am avoiding it at the moment due to the risk that Sarah could be targeted, arrested, or even kidnapped, potentially leading to interrogation and the unintended disclosure of our secret.

Therefore, I have decided to postpone the discussion until after the move to Eden, where I can ensure their complete security and safety," Aron explained.

Aron knew the importance of informing Sarah and Felix, as their knowledge would help them avoid making mistakes or engaging in actions they might perceive as helpful but could ultimately be harmful due to their lack of awareness.

"That's true," Nova agreed, as she materialized two computers for both of them to continue playing the game from where they had left off.

They were really getting addicted to it.

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While Aron was playing games with Nova, the real world was talking about him and he was trending on social media.

[@Therealone]

Hey Twitter fam! Guess what? We just had a visit from the legendary Aron, the young new billionaire, at @GaiaTechnology! 🤖😄

picture.jpg.

#GaiaTech #AronVisit #TechLife #TechDeity #VisionaryLeader #TechGuru #TechAndFun
#PushingBoundaries #Inspiration #TechRevolution #DreamBig #TechLegends

This tweet became the spark that ignited a heated discussion about him. Numerous individuals replied to the tweet, expressing their admiration or disdain with their own thoughts and opinions. The tweet quickly garnered attention and became the center of intense debate.

[@reallycurious]

That aside, I'm really curious why he is not seen publicly like many other tech geniuses?

#AronVisit #Curious

Someone asked the question that is in many of the people's minds.

[@TechEnthusiast101]

Maybe he wants to create a mysterious image to keep people intrigued. It's all part of his strategy!

#AronVisit #MysteriousGenius

[@IntrovertTechie]

Perhaps he's just naturally shy and prefers to let his work speak for itself. Not everyone seeks the limelight.

#AronVisit #ShyGenius

[@KnowledgeSeeker99]

I heard a rumor that he was expelled from his university for fabricating a thesis. Maybe he's afraid of that coming to light.

#AronVisit #Rumors

But the response that garnered the most attention from people was...

[@Therealone]

I studied with him in the same class (Picture down in case of evidence). It is true that he was expelled due to fabricating a thesis during his final year. So, I think it might be because he is still afraid of it coming to light.

#AronVisit #ClassmateRevelation

[@AronFansUnite]

That's absolutely false! Aron's achievements speak for themselves. Let's not spread baseless rumors.

#AronVisit #SupportAron

[@JealousHater123]

I always knew there was something fishy about him! Expelled for fabricating a thesis? Who knows what else he's lying about!

#AronVisit #Exposed

[@TechWatcher]

These accusations are outrageous! Aron has revolutionized the tech industry with his innovations. Let's focus on his contributions, not false claims.

#AronVisit #Innovator

While this was happening, Nova, who was utilizing a portion of her computing power, observed the situation unfold without intervening. She didn't want to draw more attention to Aron by getting involved in the argument. She remained a silent observer, keeping a close eye on the unfolding events.

Chapter 124 The Birth Of ARES

Two weeks later.

With a bag slung over his shoulder, Aron departed from his house and began his journey out of the neighborhood, making his way towards the meeting location.

Upon witnessing Aron's departure, Donald promptly headed towards the garage, intending to retrieve the car and offer him a ride to his intended destination.

Observing Donald's actions, Aron raised his hand in a gesture of refusal and spoke, "No need for that. I will be going alone this time."

Donald, acknowledging Aron's decision, halted in his tracks and "Sure sir, Have a good day" bidding Aron farewell.

Aron reciprocated, "You too," before resuming his stride.

Having walked approximately a kilometer, Aron arrived at a restaurant and approached the staff, politely requesting to use the restroom. The restaurant staff kindly granted permission and provided him with directions to the facilities.

After stepping into the restroom, Aron swiftly activated the concealment rune, effectively rendering himself hidden from sight.

He then departed from the restroom, leaving the restaurant behind, and discreetly walked past the car that had been tailing him since he left his house.

Curious about the situation, he asj-ked Nova "Are they FBI?"

Nova responded, [Yes, sir, and they are not the only ones].

Without uttering another word, Aron continued his walk in a concealed state for another twenty minutes.

Once sure that there were no prying eyes he deactivated the concealment rune and hailed a taxi to transport him to his intended destination.

After a half-hour taxi ride, Aron reached his destination and alighted from the vehicle, settling the fare with the driver.

Once he ensured that there were no onlookers nearby, he activated the concealment rune once more, resuming his concealed journey on foot.

His walk led him to a hotel, which he had exclusively rented to accommodate John's and his fellow stay, prior to commencing their gradual movements towards Eden.

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30 minutes ago.

John was engaging in a conversation with a group of his fellow members, their friendship forged by their shared interests and commonalities.

Another reason was that they were all now considered subordinates of Aron.

"So, just when I was about to pull the trigger, he" "DING" in the midst of sharing an intriguing anecdote his storytelling was abruptly halted by a sudden notification that resonated across the group, signifying that the incoming message was intended for all of them.

Without any delay, each member swiftly retrieved their mobile phones and opened them to see the contents of the received message.

The message that appeared on their screens simply stated: "[I will be arriving in half an hour. I will meet you all in the conference room]."

The message prompted everyone to swiftly retreat to their respective rooms, ensuring they were attired in appropriate and respectful clothing.

Without a moment's delay, they converged upon the conference room, calmly taking their seats and patiently waiting for his arrival.

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In his concealed state, Aron stealthily walked past the hotel reception without drawing any attention and proceeded directly to the conference room, where everyone waited for his arrival.

At the entrance to the conference room, Aron dispelled the concealment rune, allowing his presence to be revealed. With a decisive gesture, he opened the door and entered the room, joining the waiting group.

As Aron stepped into the room, Instantly, everyone within the room rose from their seats, assuming an attentive posture and keeping their gaze fixed on the composed figure of Aron.

Undeterred by the attention, Aron continued his steady stride towards the stage, maintaining his calm demeanor.

Upon reaching the stage, he turned towards them and said, "Good morning."

"GOOD MORNING, SIR," they responded in perfect unison, their voices harmonizing seamlessly as if they had rehearsed the precise timing beforehand.

"Is everyone present?" he asked.

"YES, SIR," they replied in unison.

"Excellent. Take your seats," Aron said, a contented smile gracing his face as he observed the reverential expressions on their faces.

Receiving the command, they promptly took their seats, executing a synchronized movement that exemplified their unity and discipline.

"Today marks the occasion of our first gathering, where I am meeting all of you in one place," Aron began, addressing the attentive assembly. "This also signifies the official commencement of your service as members of my esteemed force."

Everyone in the room started clapping.

When they finished clapping, Aron continued "Without further ado, let us proceed with the selection of a leader who will act as the intermediary between you all and myself, relaying orders and ensuring their execution," Aron continued, pausing momentarily to gauge their reactions.

He then turned his gaze towards John and said "John", prompting John to stand promptly.

Aron's expression conveyed trust and confidence as he continued, "John, you have been chosen for this crucial position due to your esteemed status as the first among my forces and your unparalleled strength amongst your peers."

"YES, SIR," John responded with a resolute voice, brimming with conviction. His words carried a promise of unwavering loyalty, an assurance of never faltering, and a deep sense of gratitude towards Aron.

Aron's trust in John was the result of the report Nova had shared after analyzing John's brain data.

Nova's analysis revealed that John, at present, exhibited traits of unwavering devotion, positioning him as a dedicated fanatic who would dutifully carry out any orders entrusted to him by Aron.

"Good, you can sit," Aron instructed, and without hesitation, John promptly sat down.

As Aron cast his gaze upon the remaining members, he discerned an unmistakable expression of contentment on their faces.

It was evident that each one of them recognized John's exceptional strength, as they had engaged in friendly competition during the time they were waiting for Aron to visit.

Through his charisma and exemplary conduct, John had already garnered their acknowledgment as a de facto leader even before Aron officially designated him as such.

"Edward," Aron called, and without any delay, Edward promptly stood up and awaited further instructions.

"You will assume the responsibility of procuring weapons for your fellow members," Aron stated, assigning Edward the crucial task. "The composition of your team will be revealed to you once the meeting concludes."

"YES, SIR," Edward responded with prompt obedience, swiftly retaking his seat as instructed.

Aron proceeded to call out the names of individuals, each one promptly rising from their seat upon hearing their name. He then proceeded to assign them their respective positions as he continued addressing the group.

What instilled a sense of awe was the fact that Aron assigned positions to individuals with an uncanny accuracy, aligning each person with a role that best suited their abilities.

It became evident that Aron possessed a profound understanding of their capabilities, surpassing even their own awareness of each other's strengths and talents.

This process persisted for over 10 minutes as Aron meticulously filled all the available positions with individuals who had the necessary qualifications within the group.

"As for the remaining individuals, all of you being combat personnel, you will be organized into groups of twenty, each with a designated leader and assistant leader. This allocation will be determined by the end of this meeting," Aron declared, his gaze shifting towards those who had yet to receive their assigned tasks.

He proceeded, "In the following weeks, your mission will commence, starting with each of you traveling to Eden in batches. This will serve as the initial phase of your preparation, allowing you to ready yourselves for the forthcoming mission." Aron paused, creating a moment of anticipation as every individual in the room fixed their attention on his impending words..

"Today marks the inception of your journey, one that will instill fear in your enemies and inspire admiration among your allies. Henceforth, you shall be recognized by the name ARES," Aron declared, officially bestowing upon them a name that would signify their identity and purpose.

An eruption of excitement reverberated throughout the room as applause filled the air. The members were elated to learn that their forces had been named after the god of war, Ares.

Aron then delivered a brief speech, commemorating the establishment of the private military corporation (PMC) and acknowledging the collective efforts of the assembled members.

With his closing remarks, the meeting concluded, leaving an atmosphere charged with determination and purpose.

"As you depart from the room, ensure to collect a contract and carefully review its terms and conditions. If you find them acceptable, sign the document. However, if any modifications are desired, visit me after I conclude the meeting with your respective leaders," Aron instructed, gesturing towards the bag he had brought along.

One by one, the members rose from their seats and began exiting the conference room.

As they passed by the bag, they each retrieved a contract, although they regarded it as a mere formality.

The contracts held no legal binding in any recognized jurisdiction since the company was unregistered, leaving the enforcement solely in the hands of the company itself.

Yet, the thought of challenging these agreements never crossed their minds, for they were acutely aware of Aron's formidable capabilities and were hesitant to test the boundaries of his power.

Unbeknownst to them, as the members retrieved their contracts they radiated a subtle golden glow. Aron had crafted these contracts over the past week during the intervals when he had taken breaks from playing the game with Nova.

After the departure of the other members, a select group of about 10 individuals remained in the room as instructed by Aron.

Among them were John, Edward, and a few others who had been assigned official positions during the meeting.

Aron, dragging a chair closer to the group, planning to provide them with detailed briefings regarding their specific tasks.

"Alright, gentlemen, now that we have commenced our operations, it is crucial that you thoroughly briefed on your respective responsibilities," Aron began talking to them.

Chapter 125 Briefing.

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Aron, dragging a chair closer to the group, planning to provide them with detailed briefings regarding their specific tasks.

"Alright, gentlemen, now that we have commenced our operations, it is crucial that you thoroughly briefed on your respective responsibilities," Aron began talking to them.

Turning his attention to John, Aron conveyed the upcoming plans. "John, in two days, you will be part of the first group, alongside myself, heading to Eden. I have arranged for you and Edward to meet some new acquaintances who will ensure your transition and stay there are as seamless as possible," Aron informed him.

"Yes, sir," John responded, dutifully acknowledging the instructions given to him.

Aron retrieved a stack of paper from his bag, about the size of a finger and comprising around 200 pages. He handed it over to John, remarking, "Inside this document, you will find everything you need to know in order to initiate the operations of our group."

Aron then added, "Read through it and dispose of it by the end of tomorrow. I trust your ability to remember everything, considering the changes that have occurred since the day I treated you," implying that Aron was aware of the transformations John had undergone following his treatment.

"Yes, sir," John responded respectfully, accepting the folder with both hands and placing it on his lap.

Aron then redirected his attention to Edward and said, "Regarding the weapons procurement, you and the team selected to work with you will need to travel to Syria and Afghanistan for this mission. Make sure to acquire only the latest weaponry available. I don't want any outdated weapons in the hands of my forces."

He reached into his bag and pulled out another stack of papers, approximately half the size of the one given to John, and handed it to Edward. Aron continued, "Inside this folder, you will find the names and locations of weapons smugglers who can provide you with the latest gear in the market. Additionally, there are several Swiss bank account details to facilitate the financial transactions. Don't worry about the cost; just procure what is necessary."

Aron paused momentarily before adding, "Regarding the transportation of the weapons, there is a preliminary plan outlined in the documents. However, it will soon be modified as you will receive assistance from Eden's army to smuggle the weapons into the country. You will need to wait for the

updated plan before making any movements. In the meantime, you can start training based on the initial plan, and only retrain the modified parts once the new plan is sent."

Edward nodded and replied, "You can trust us, sir. We will ensure the procurement process is carried out safely and securely."

Aron looked at Edward intently and emphasized, "Keep your phones nearby during the weapons transfer. This will enable me to disable any devices that could potentially transmit digital signals, preventing anyone from tracing the location where the weapons are being sent."

"Yes, sir," Edward responded.

"Walter, as you are responsible for communications, you will also be among the first people going to Eden. Your primary task will be to maintain communications between the Eden army and Ares during the next three months leading up to the mission. After that, your responsibilities will be updated," Aron explained to Walter, handing him a stack of papers containing further details about his task.

"Yes, sir," Walter replied respectfully, accepting the stack of papers.

Aron proceeded to give the remaining members their respective orders, ensuring they had a clear understanding of their responsibilities. He provided them with a stack of papers containing detailed information to support their comprehension.

As he concluded, Aron opened the floor for questions. Edward took the opportunity to seek clarification.

"Sir, I have a question," Edward spoke up.

Aron nodded, granting Edward permission to proceed.

"Do I need to maintain a relationship with the weapons smuggler for future arms procurement, or is that not necessary?" Edward inquired.

Aron paused for a moment, contemplating his response.

"While I anticipate us not needing to rely on them for future weapon purchases, it is wise to maintain a positive rapport with the smugglers as a precautionary measure. In the event that any issues arise with my plan for independent production, having a favorable connection established may prove beneficial," Aron explained, indicating his intention to phase out reliance on external sources.

"Understood, sir," Edward acknowledged.

"Any more questions?" Aron inquired once again, scanning the faces of the remaining members. Silence filled the room, indicating that no further inquiries were forthcoming.

"Alright then, you may now resume your tasks. Remember, if you have any questions or require further clarification, feel free to contact me," Aron stated.

With those final words, Aron stood up, resulting in the others doing the same. He made his way towards the door, but just as he took two steps, he activated a concealment rune. In an instant, he

vanished from sight, leaving John and his comrades frozen in surprise. They watched as the door swung open and closed on its own.

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"That scared me," John muttered under his breath, momentarily taken aback by the mysterious disappearance of Aron. However, he quickly regained his composure, reminding himself of the task at hand.

He returned to his room, finding a seat and carefully unfolding the document in his hands.

As John delved into the contents of the document, he realized its importance was even more than he previously thought.

It outlined the positions and responsibilities of each member within ARES, providing a comprehensive overview of their tasks and duties.

It became clear to John that Aron intended him to be the sole individual entrusted with this complete knowledge of the organization.

The document also contained crucial information about their arrival in Eden, including the specific warehouses that needed modification to cater to their temporary needs.

These needs encompassed training facilities, accommodation arrangements, and secure storage for their weapons, among other necessities.

John spent the remainder of the night studying the document. Thanks to his enhanced memory, he absorbed every detail, etching the information deep into his mind.

Upon reaching the final page and confirming that he had internalized every aspect, he picked up the match on the table.

Carefully igniting the match, John watched as the flame danced and consumed the document. He maintained a vigilant gaze until every last page was reduced to ashes.

Finally, he discarded the remnants into the waste bin, ensuring no trace of the document remained.

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After returning home, Aron followed his usual routine and logged into the Universal simulation.

"Is there anything I need to take care of in America before heading to Eden?" He asked.

[No, but There is something else that occurred while you were away,] Nova reported.

"What happened?"

[While you were away, the FBI tapped into the fiber optic wires connecting me to the internet. They are attempting to intercept and monitor all the data you send out from home.] She reported.

"At last they made their move. Did they manage to intercept anything important?" Aron asked, unsurprised by their chosen course of action.

He knew that the only options left for them were either kidnapping him or targeting his family, both of which were heavily protected. However, he understood that this action was not guaranteed to succeed.

[They have intercepted all the encrypted communication I had in the past 4 hours between me and the company's server,] Nova reported.

"Then it will take them a few centuries to decrypt them," Aron said, smiling at the futile attempts the government was making to gain blackmail material.

[Yes] Nova answered laughing together with him.

"If that's the only issue, then I can consider it resolved. There's nothing else that requires my presence to be solved, right?" Aron asked.

"Yes," Nova confirmed.

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The next day, John gathered all the ARES members in the same conference room where they had met with Aron the previous day.

He distributed printed papers to each member and addressed them, saying, "These papers contain the names of everyone and their assigned positions, including the batch and day you will be heading to Eden.

After learning your position and day of travel, immediately start your preparations for the journey. Once your preparations are complete, thoroughly search your room for any sensitive material or potential clues regarding our operations or destination. Dispose of them by burning them to ensure no traces remain. I expect a clean sweep before my final inspection tomorrow morning. Is that clear?"

"YES!" they replied in unison.

"You are dismissed," John said before leaving the conference room and returning to his own room.

Everyone else stayed behind and started reading the papers to find out their assigned positions and the day they would be moving to Eden.

Chapter 126 Arriving At Eden & A Talk With Felix While Driving

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We are now approaching our final destination, Eden. Please ensure that your seatbelts are securely fastened and your tray tables are stowed as we prepare for landing.

The weather in Eden is a balmy 25 degrees Celsius with clear skies, providing a warm welcome for all our visitors. We kindly ask that you remain seated and refrain from using any electronic devices until we have reached the gate.

Thank you for choosing American Airlines, and we hope you've enjoyed your flight." As the pilot's voice faded away, Aron, sitting on the window seat, turned his head to gaze outside to see the airport they would be landing.

And there it was, the country's one and only international airport. Its small size almost deceived him into believing it was a mere airstrip for smaller planes. However, what set it apart was its expansive

runway, designed to accommodate the landing of large aircraft, and a handful of gates capable of welcoming and servicing these planes.

The remaining facilities at the airport were remarkably antiquated. In fact, airlines traveling to Eden were compelled to redirect their return flights to Esparia, a neighboring destination that had made some investments in its airport infrastructure compared to Eden.

This diversion was necessary to refuel their aircraft and minimize the risk of the potential damage that could arise from utilizing the outdated equipment in Eden.

Nevertheless, the airport in Eden maintains its certification from both IATA and ICAO, thereby attesting to its approval for international flights.

"GRFDGHHHH" With a screeching howl, the tires protested as the plane made contact with the deteriorating runway that was on the brink of disqualification in its upcoming inspection as the aircraft struggled to decelerate and begin the plane to a stop.

As the plane came to a rest and began taxiing towards the gate to facilitate passenger disembarkation, a sense of impatience overcame many individuals on board. Wanting to leave first, they started opening the overhead compartments to retrieve their belongings and positioned themselves near the exit door.

This prompted the flight attendants to intervene, instructing the passengers to remain seated. Though reluctantly, they begrudgingly complied with the attendants' orders.

Aron and the members of Ares simply observed the unfolding absurd situation without making any gestures or taking any action.

Following the plane's complete halt, they proceeded to disembark, undergoing the customary checks and passing through airport security that was so sloppy it would make terrorists orgasm just from thinking on how they could exploit it.

They were greeted by Felix, who had arranged a rental bus and another car to welcome and transport them to the hotel where they will be staying temporarily before their activities commenced.

"Welcome," Felix said as he embraced Aron, having not seen his friend for a long time.

"Thanks," Aron replied, returning the hug, as he had also missed his friend dearly.

"How was your flight?" Felix asked.

"The journey started off smoothly, but things took a turn for the worse once we entered Eden's airspace," Aron said as he turned to the Ares members and glanced at the bus, signaling them to proceed. They quickly comprehended his gesture, swiftly shifting their belongings to the bus's luggage compartment and boarding the vehicle.

"Hahaha, I can totally relate! When I first arrived here, I thought we were going to overshoot the runway based on the unsettling noise the plane made during landing," Felix chuckled, finding humor in Aron's explanation. He shared a similar experience he had when he first came to Eden.

"I'm genuinely amazed that no major incidents have occurred given the subpar maintenance standards," Aron commented, as he made his way towards the Range Rover that Felix had brought along.

"That's because there are only five weekly flights to and from Eden, connecting with America and several other countries, due to the imposed sanctions and the warnings issued by the U.S. Department of State's Consular Affairs," Felix explained, sharing his assumption. "As a result, the limited number of flights reduces the chances where accidents could potentially occur."

"They really need to address this issue before something catastrophic happens and the country becomes completely isolated from international airlines. This airport is the only one with a long enough runway to accommodate these international flights," Aron expressed as they boarded the car, his worry evident as he contemplated the potential risks that could arise within the next three months, jeopardizing his carefully planned endeavors by attracting the world's attention due to an accident.

"Do you think the dictator would be willing to invest money here, considering the airport is operating at a loss?" Felix asked, taking control of the car as the bus carrying Ares members closely trailed behind.

"No, I don't believe so. He is excessively driven by greed, unable to envision long-term plans and solely focused on short-term gains," Aron replied, recalling the details he possessed about the dictator, which he had even shared with Felix to aid in his efforts to persuade Adolf to agree to their proposed deal of acquiring the companies.

"So, who are the individuals accompanying you? I hope it's not a secret," Felix inquired, his face expressing curiosity.

"They're here for various missions unrelated to your job, so don't worry," Aron replied in a playful tone, deliberately withholding any further details about their identities or purposes.

"Does it relate to what you had in mind when you asked me to come and assist with acquiring the companies and providing free internet to the citizens?" Felix asked, attempting to convey to Aron that while he may not have full knowledge of his plans, he had developed a hypothesis supported by compelling assumptions based on his understanding of Aron as a friend.

He wanted to avoid any potential issues that might arise if Aron were to discover that he knew something and hadn't disclosed it.

"Seems like you're still well-oiled and haven't rusted," Aron chuckled, finding his attempt to feign surprise at Felix's knowledge quite amusing.

After a brief bout of laughter, Aron regained his composure and said, "Yes, your assumption is correct. They are here for that task." Felix let out a sigh of relief, yet at the same time, his mind became further scrambled with a mixture of fear and uncertainty regarding what his friend was becoming.

"Seems like the FISA has played tricks on your mind," Felix remarked, acknowledging that Aron had been compelled to make such drastic moves as a result of being backed into a corner.

"That was merely the straw that broke the camel's back. Even if they hadn't taken such actions and forced me into these drastic measures, I would have still found a way to regain control over my affairs, albeit in a slightly different manner," Aron explained to his friend, clarifying his motivations.

"Is it because of what happened at school and with Rottem?" Felix inquired, seeking to understand the circumstances that led to Aron's shifting mindset.

"Yes, at that time all I had was my head and Rottem just swooped in and took down every plan that I had planned after graduation just because I irritated him and I had no background to support me and stop him from doing it & immediately after being before I even got used to the life I got shot had my program stolen by two different countries before the idea of lobbying left my mind and went into action. " Aron paused for a moment as he laughed at his nativity of that period and before he said "They hit while I was down TWICE"

"Yes, during that time, all I had was my dreams, but Rottem came in and dismantled every plan I had made for life after graduation simply because I irritated him.

I had no influential background to protect me or prevent him from doing so. And just when I was starting to adapt to my new life, I was abruptly shot, and my program was stolen in two different ways by two different countries just as the mere idea of lobbying had crossed my mind, but was yet to be put into action," Aron explained, pausing for a moment as he chuckled at his own naivety during that period. He then added, "They struck while I was down, not once, but twice."

"If that's the case, it might seem like everyone is out to get what's yours," Felix remarked, nodding in agreement as he comprehended that Aron's situation was more complex than he had initially hypothesized, extending beyond just the involvement of the FISA.

"When the incident with Rottem occurred, and he attempted to force me to repay the scholarship loan with exorbitant interest rates, there was one person who stood his ground, even though he didn't know me.

Unfortunately, that individual ended up losing his job for some made-up reasons, which ultimately destroyed his livelihood," Aron explained, highlighting the fact that not everyone was against him.

"What happened to him?" Felix asked, surprised that there was someone courageous enough to oppose the arrogant Rottem at the university despite them not being a professor.

"Of course, I had to repay him, even though he didn't directly ask for it. I had Sarah hire him as the head of HR for the company, offering a generous salary and a substantial bonus last year," Aron responded, emphasizing that he was not one to forget expressing his gratitude towards others.

"If you're aware of someone attempting to assist you, then it means that you were the one who exposed the dirt on Rottem, right?" Felix asked, wearing a smile as he recalled how the news about Rottem had been made public.

"Yes, I thought you were already aware of that," Aron replied.

Chapter 127 Scheduling & Planning The Next Course Of Action

"If you're aware of someone attempting to assist you, then it means that you were the one who exposed the dirt on Rottem, right?" Felix asked, wearing a smile as he recalled how the news about Rottem had been made public.

"Yes, I thought you were already aware of that," Aron replied.

"Assuming something and hearing it directly from you are two different things," Felix responded, indicating that although he had suspected it was Aron, it reminded an assumption as he had not received confirmation directly from him.

"I had to repay him for what he had done to me, and even go beyond that. He tried to ruin my future, and I ruined his. However, I will handle things differently from him," Aron stated in a neutral tone.

"How?" Felix asked, curiosity evident in his voice as he sought clarification on what Aron meant by handling things differently.

"I will ensure that he remains down. Currently, I'm waiting for him to gather himself and rise up again, only to swiftly bring him crashing back down.

It's more satisfying when you have something, only to have it taken away, and just when you've rebuilt yourself, you're struck down once more," Aron said, a sadistic smile creeping across his face as he envisioned the evidence he had prepared to strike Rottem with once he had fully recovered from the previous blow.

The smile on Aron's face sent shivers down Felix's spine, making him realize that Aron had no intention of forgiving Rottem anytime soon.

"Does Sarah know about this?" Felix asked.

"Not at the moment. I'm waiting for this plan to yield results and for the company's registration and headquarters to be moved to Eden before I brief both of you about everything," Aron replied as he leaned out of the window, his attention caught by an advertising banner.

Felix smiled upon hearing that they would be briefed in detail, relieved that he wouldn't have to rely solely on assumptions to fill in the missing pieces.

As he noticed Aron's attention being drawn to a billboard, he also took a glance to see what it was about. When he saw it, a smile formed on his face and he said, "We're still promoting the free internet offer on the roads leading to and from the airports, ensuring that those arriving in Eden are informed and can register quickly."

"By now, every Edenian with a smartphone has already switched to GAIA OS and is still enjoying the free internet," Felix said, feeling a sense of pride. However, his tone quickly turned to anger as he added, "But the dictator's aides are still pressuring us to shut it down as soon as possible. It looks like Adolf is having a stroke at the thought of the money he would have earned if it wasn't for it."

"Don't worry, they won't be bothering you for much longer," Aron said, with assurance in his tone.

"I understand," Felix replied, choosing to patiently wait until the day Aron had promised to reveal everything. He knew that the answers he sought regarding the inconsistencies in Aron's plans would be provided in due time.

During the rest of the journey, they shifted their conversation to other topics, knowing that it was necessary to change the subject or else Felix might get into an accident.

Upon their arrival at the hotel, the members of Ares wasted no time. They swiftly checked in and immediately proceeded to their assigned rooms to rest.

They had to do so in order to begin their mission tomorrow with a body full of energy.

As for Felix, he bid Aron farewell and returned to the office, as he still had some work to do. He had personally come to welcome Aron at the airport because they hadn't seen each other in a long time. If it weren't for that, he would have simply sent proxies to carry out the task, as Aron had requested.

After bidding his farewell to Felix, Aron took the elevator and proceeded to his room.

Upon entering the room, Aron placed the bag he had brought near the bed and then sat down on the bed. He reached into his pocket and took out his phone.

"Call Alexander," he said, bringing the phone to his ear and waiting for the call to connect.

Triiiiiiii. Triiiiiiii. Triiiiiiii.

"Hello," Alexander said immediately after answering the phone.

"Hello, how is everything going?" Aron asked.

"Everything is proceeding as planned, but the leadership members are causing some issues. They are insisting on an immediate meeting with you, or else they may consider betraying you once the operation is completed," Alexander explained the situation to Aron, being transparent and not concealing any details.

"I'm already in Eden and can meet with them. How about next week? I will be done with my work by then. It is better that I address their concerns sooner rather than later in case some of them decide to sabotage everything out of arrogance," Aron suggested.

"Yes, next week works. I will make sure they are ready for the meeting," Alexander replied respectfully.

"Also you don't have to worry about their opinions and I'm sure you know that we can do everything we planned without their participation. At most, it will delay the plan by a few days only" Aron reminded Alexander that only he was needed as for the remainder they were replaceable.

"I understand that, but for the next steps after the coup to proceed as smoothly as possible, we will need their support. They hold the trust of the initial members who occupy leadership positions in most of our offices. While they also trust me, if they unite and attempt to obstruct our plans, it could escalate into unnecessary violence and create temporary obstacles," Alexander responded calmly to Aron, indicating that he wasn't afraid of the dissenting members, but rather concerned about the potential bloodshed and short-term difficulties that their defiance and instigation could cause.

Hearing this, Aron nodded, satisfied with Alexander's reasoning and chosen course of action. Shortly after, he said, "Then see you on Monday next week for the meeting," bidding farewell to Alexander before ending the call.

Following the call, Aron retrieved the VR headset from the bag nearby. He positioned himself comfortably on the bed and logged in to do final checks on the plan.

[Welcome, sir,] greeted Nova as Aron passed through the gate, taking a seat on the chair that Nova had materialized for him.

"Thanks," Aron replied, taking a seat. He then asked, "Have the locations of the generals already been determined?"

[Yes, their security is practically non-existent. They are using an outdated private communication network, and currently relying on CONNECT's services just like civilians. This makes it very easy for me to know their locations and what they are up to in real-time,] Nova replied.

"Good. Show it to me," Aron said, wanting to see the locations of the generals.

Nova materialized a hologram displaying a map of Eden, with a concentration of red dots indicating the location of the generals.

"What are they doing in that building?" Aron asked, noticing the significant concentration of red dots in a single building on the map.

[They are discussing the upcoming military parade and vying for the position of leading the army inspection alongside the dictator,] Nova replied.

"Isn't it customary for the highest-ranking general to conduct the inspection alongside the country's leader?" Aron asked, expressing his surprise at the revelation that they were competing for the position.

[The previous dictator abolished that position and instead opted to have only the heads of each branch of the Military as the highest positions, in order to prevent any one individual from having complete control over the armed forces,] Nova explained, sharing the information she had gathered.

[This decision has led to heavy competition among the underfunded three branches, as they vie for the attention of the dictator in hopes of securing more funding for their branch, which will increase the amount of money they can then embezzle for their personal gain.]

"The previous dictator was indeed astute, unlike his current unintelligent son who is driven solely by greed and lacks any form of oversight," Aron remarked, recalling the information he had acquired through the private investigators he had hired.

[At the moment, the country's stability relies solely on the loyal aides that were left behind by the previous dictator to support his son before his demise,] Nova concurred, acknowledging the significance of their role in preventing the nation from descending into chaos.

"But this is good for us, as any change we bring about following the removal of Adolf is bound to be an improvement over his reign," Aron said with a smile, expressing his excitement for the future.

"Anyway, tomorrow we begin with the plan, and since they are gathered in one place, it makes it even easier than I had previously expected," Aron said, feeling relieved that they were all gathered in one place, as due to constantly traveling between one location to another for the past few months, he was on the brink of starting to hate cars.

Chapter 128 Meeting The Generals

The next day.

Aron removed his virtual reality headset after Nova informed him that it was time for him to start preparing for his visit to the generals for his little unannounced meeting.

After placing the headset back in the bag, Aron activated the protection rune on it and proceeded to the bathroom to freshen up. He washed himself before changing into a fresh set of clothes.

He took the elevator to the lobby where he found John and Walter waiting for him. They had been there for over half an hour, patiently waiting for his arrival.

"Let's go," he said as he reached them, before heading towards the car that Felix had left for his use.

John and Walter followed him without complaining or mentioning the wait of more than half an hour.

"Allow me to take the wheel, sir," Walter offered when he noticed Aron approaching the driver's door. Being the lowest-ranked among them, he felt it was his duty to take on the driving responsibilities.

Aron nodded and made his way to the back door to board the car, where he found John had already opened it for him. Aron entered the car, followed by John and Walter. as each settled into their respective seats

When Walter boarded the car, he noticed that the destination was already set in the car's navigation system. Without uttering a word, he quietly started the engine, and with a nod from Aron, they began their journey.

The journey was filled with silence, with the only sound that permeated the car being the soft hum of the engine and the occasional traffic noise from outside.

The lack of conversation persisted because of the hierarchical dynamics at play. Since Aron had not initiated any discussion, the others followed suit, adhering to the unspoken understanding that it was not their place to start a conversation with their

"Stop here," Aron instructed when they were approximately one kilometer away from their destination.

Walter silently maneuvered the car to a suitable spot and parked it. He then stepped out of the car, following Aron's lead as Aron and John exited the vehicle.

"From here on, we'll be walking as we don't have any reservations," Aron announced, facing Walter and John with a smile as he was enjoying the moment.

"Yes, sir," they replied obediently, without questioning the correlation between not having a reservation and the need to walk.

Aron then cast a concealment rune on all of them, although to John and his companion, it appeared as if Aron was simply raising his hands and uttering some words without any visible effect. However, given their complete trust in Aron, they made no attempt to interfere with his actions.

"Now no one will be able to see us until I cancel the rune, so keep that in mind," Aron informed them, ensuring they were aware of the temporary invisibility. While it would have been amusing to observe their reactions to their invisibility as they passed by people if he had not told them about it, he understood the need to prioritize the mission over personal enjoyment.

After delivering the information without giving them much time to process it, Aron took the lead and began walking towards the building. John and Walter, though caught off guard by the sudden

revelation, followed closely behind him, their minds racing to digest the new information. They walked in silence, hoping to make sense of everything before they reached their destination.

Ten minutes later, they finally arrived at the gate of their destination: the central command building of the Eden's military in the capital city.

As they stood before the entrance of the central command building, they couldn't help but notice the grandeur of the structure. Like many dictators, Adolf had chosen to construct a massive military edifice to make a statement. The imposing building exuded an aura of authority, its facade meticulously designed to project power and dominance.

Aron understood that the grandeur was more than just a display; it served as a façade, concealing the underlying cracks and corruption within the system and the people who operated within its walls.

On the other hand, John and Walter's attention was focused on something entirely different. They were astonished and amazed as they locked eyes with the heavily armed security forces guarding the gate. These guards seemed completely oblivious to their presence, behaving as if everything was normal and failing to acknowledge their existence right in front of them.

Aron allowed John and Walter to relish the experience for a few moments, savoring the surreal feeling of being completely unnoticed by the guards.

He patiently awaited the opportune moment to make their move. Shortly thereafter, the opportunity presented itself, and without hesitation, Aron declared, "Let's go in." With the sight of someone else being thoroughly searched and granted entry, the gate opened, providing Aron and his companions a seamless passage into the compound.

Taking the lead, Aron confidently passed through the gate, with John and Walter quietly following in his footsteps while trying to make a concerted effort to remain as discreet as possible, ensuring not to draw any attention from the guards who were completely unaware of their presence despite Aron having talked to them just moments ago.

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"This year was supposed to be my turn, but why the heck do I have to come here and see you two trying to change this?" The Eden Air Force general exclaimed, his voice tinged with anger.

"As I mentioned last year, the leading position should be held by the one with the most powerful branch, as this is an event watched by the whole world. Therefore, I should be leading to ensure that we don't embarrass ourselves," the Army general stated, his tone and expression filled with pride.

"Just because you have the most members in the military doesn't automatically make you more important. I should be the one leading this year, just like I did last year because I am responsible for guarding the largest territory of our nation," retorted the Navy general, his words laced with a hint of irritation at the Army general's prideful boasting.

"We were discussing who would be leading the next parade. How does guarding the largest territory have anything to do with it? In 2012, we agreed to take turns leading the parade in chronological order, and both of you have already had your turns. Why do you want to break the agreement now that it's my turn? Don't you think that's hypocritical?" The Air Force general interjected, redirecting

the conversation back to the topic of him leading the parade and emphasizing the agreed-upon arrangement rather than engaging in a size-based boast. He was aware of his weakness in that aspect and sought to regain control of the discussion.

"Although the agreement may seem reasonable, upon further consideration, I disagree with you leading the parade. Your Air Force is nothing more than a name, lacking any substantial capabilities. Look, you only have five third-generation airplanes, and the rest of your arsenal consists of outdated equipment. Do you really think it's fitting for you to lead the parade with such a subpar Air Force backing you?" The army general said in a mocking tone.

"And let's not forget that those five aircraft have little to no airtime, constantly undergoing repairs. Due to that, they can also be considered outdated too" the Navy general added, aiming to undermine the Air Force general even further.

"Let's not kid ourselves here," the Air Force general retorted as the two other generals laughed after mocking him.

When their laughter subsided and their attention returned to him, he raised his finger and pointed it at the Navy general. "Your navy is nothing but a joke, equipped with World War II fleets that were either gifts or purchased for a bargain. The only difference between your ships and our fishermen's boats is that yours are made of metal and wood," he said, causing the Army general to start laughing once again.

However, the Army general's laughter was short-lived as the Air Force general's finger turned towards him, and he continued, "As for you, your army is armed with nothing but rusted equipment. They would have a better chance of winning a war if they fought with arrows and stones," he declared, striking a nerve with the Army general who slammed his hand on the table in anger.

The Air Force general paid no mind to their reactions as he pressed on, "We all know that the funding meant for our forces is being diverted to maintain Adolf's luxurious lifestyle and further arm his private forces. Based on their armament and investments alone, they could take on our combined forces and emerge victorious.

So there is nothing to feel proud about, whether you have the largest number of personnel or are tasked with guarding the largest territory. When your forces are incapable of fulfilling their duties, there is no reason to boast.

Therefore, as per our agreement, I will be the one leading the upcoming parade. Anyone who disagrees will witness whether these outdated airplanes are still capable of bombing the houses of certain generals," he concluded, his words laced with a threat. The more he spoke, the angrier he became, fueled by their previous mocking words.

"Wow, that was impressive," Aron exclaimed, materializing out of thin air and applauding. The sudden appearance of Aron caught the attention of the generals, leaving them frozen in their seats, a mixture of surprise and fear etched on their faces as they tried to comprehend how someone could appear out of nowhere.

Chapter 129 Instilling Fear Within The Hearts Of The Generals

Aron had been silently observing the heated exchange between the generals, accompanied by John and Walter, who were also relishing the experience of being in a room and listening to people without their knowledge.

When the air force general burned the shit out of the other generals "Wow, that was impressive," Aron exclaimed, materializing out of thin air and applauding.

The sudden appearance of Aron caught the attention of the generals, leaving them frozen in their seats, a mixture of surprise and fear etched on their faces as they tried to comprehend how someone could appear out of nowhere.

"Who are you?" the Army general shouted, his and the other generals' hands instinctively reaching for their hips where their guns would typically be. However, they quickly realized that they had surrendered their weapons before entering the room, a testament to the lack of trust among the generals.

"I'm Aron and you guys are?" Aron introduced himself and returned the question to them as he was enjoying this feeling of acting like a mysterious guy.

The air force general thinking fast started introducing himself "My name is Christopher Hartman and I'm the general of the Eden airforce" as his hand slowly slid under the table trying to press the button on it to call for the soldiers waiting outside.

Realizing Christopher's attempt to divert Aron's attention, the other generals swiftly introduced themselves, hoping to redirect the focus away from Christopher's actions.

"I am General Nathan Whitaker, in charge of the Eden Army," Nathan stated, his voice steady and composed.

"And I am General Ethan Sinclair, commanding the Eden Navy," Ethan added, maintaining his calm demeanor.

"You really shouldn't have done that," Aron stated, his gaze locked with Christopher's.

Aron knew what Christopher did, but he chose to let it happen, aware that it would be time-consuming to convince them to sign the runic contract peacefully.

Instead, he saw this moment as an opportunity to demonstrate his power and coerce them into compliance. The stakes were high, and Aron wanted to make it clear that failure to cooperate would result in severe consequences for them all.

As the emergency button was pressed, a silent alarm was triggered, and within moments, the room filled with the sound of pounding on the door.

Aron swiftly turned his attention to John and Walter who were still concealed, a knowing smile playing on his lips. "Enjoy the show," he remarked, his voice filled with anticipation.

He then started making his way towards the door, where soldiers were desperately trying to breach the locked room.

As Aron stood just two steps away from the door, it finally succumbed to the overwhelming force and collapsed, unleashing a swarm of approximately fifteen armed guards poised to enter the room.

Without hesitation, Aron swiftly assessed the situation as the first soldier entered, recognizing that Aron was not among the generals. The soldier instinctively lowered his weapon, which had been pointed skyward, and redirected it towards Aron.

Seeing the soldier's actions, Aron deftly sidestepped while simultaneously grabbing hold of the soldier's outstretched arm, causing the soldier to inadvertently discharge his firearm, the bullet whizzing past Aron and striking Air Force General Christopher.

"ARGHHHHH!" Christopher cried out in agony as the bullet pierced his shoulder.

Seizing his advantage, Aron yanked the soldier towards him, and in one movement he kicked the guard's hip like a football, dislocating the soldier's limb and sending him sprawling across the room as he screamed in excruciating pain.

Wasting no time, Aron swiftly moved on to the next soldier, who was better prepared than his predecessor, firing his gun directly at Aron's face. Reacting with lightning speed, Aron activated a shield rune, swiftly positioning it to intercept the bullet's path and redirect the bullet.

The bullet ricocheted off the shield, changing direction and finding its mark on Navy General Ethan, who let out a sharp cry of pain.

Observing that his soldiers were only inflicting harm to the generals while Aron remained unscathed, Nathan swiftly sought refuge under the table, trembling and desperately hoping that the soldiers would be capable of handling the man who called himself Aron.

John and Walter watched the unfolding events in awe, unable to help but notice that Aron seemed to possess no formal fighting training. Yet, what struck them was his astonishing raw strength and speed, as they witnessed him effortlessly lifting a soldier with a single hand and hurling him towards the general hiding under the table, causing a thunderous crash upon impact.

Simultaneously, Aron swiftly delivered a powerful kick to another soldier, propelling him through the air and crashing him against the wall.

They also observed that he had an uncanny ability to anticipate and evade kicks and punches, even reacting just microseconds before they landed, swiftly dodging the blows with remarkable precision. Astonishingly, not only did Aron evade these attacks, but he also counterattacked with equal swiftness and precision despite it still being clumsy.

Thirty seconds later, a resounding cry of pain echoed through the air, followed by a stifled groan. Aron had swiftly dislocated the last soldier's shoulder. And before the soldier could even comprehend what had happened, Aron delivered a forceful punch to his stomach, resulting in an expulsion of the morning's meal as he doubled over in nausea and distress.

"Whoooooh," Aron exhaled deeply, his body filled with adrenaline and excitement. "I really need to learn how to fight," he admitted, acknowledging his lack of combat skills.

As Aron surveyed the room, he was struck by the horrifying sight of gore and the devastation he had caused.

As he witnessed the scene, though it was minimal, he experienced a wave of nausea. However, he swiftly suppressed the urge and cast a healing spell on himself to regain his composure.

He turned his face towards John and Walter, and commanded them "Gather them in one place," while simultaneously deactivating the concealment rune that had been placed on them.

As John and Walter followed his instructions, Aron approached the table where Nathan was hiding, his injuries minimal compared to the others.

Placing his hands on the table, he exerted his weight, causing it to snap in the middle. This sudden action startled the already frightened Nathan, pushing him to the brink of losing control and almost causing him to have an accident.

He proceeded to firmly grasp the collar of the general's uniform, effortlessly lifting him up with a single hand as if he were a mere doll forcing the general to stand as he brought him face to face with him, Aron delivered his message with a commanding tone, saying, "Listen carefully. Inform the soldiers on the way that the situation is under control and everything is in order. Or there won't be a body left for them to collect when they arrive."

"Yes," Nathan replied, his voice trembling with fear.

"Very well," Aron responded, taking a moment to straighten the general's uniform, ensuring there were no creases or stains. Using a cleaning rune, he swiftly removed any traces of blood from the uniform.

He then positioned the general to face the door and stood behind him, leaning in close to the general's ear.

With that, he pushed the general forward, compelling him to begin his walk, as the sound of approaching soldiers grew louder and closer to the room.

As Nathan emerged through the door, the approaching soldiers came to an abrupt halt, snapping into a salute. They questioned, "General, we heard gunshots. Is everything alright?"

Nathan, striving to maintain a serious demeanor, responded, "Yes, the gunshots originated from this location, but everything is under control. Return to your positions."

"But sir..." the leading soldier attempted to express his concerns, but before he could articulate his thoughts fully...

"Just follow your damn orders, you incompetent fools!" Nathan shouted, unleashing his frustration on them. He couldn't direct his anger at Aron, still haunted by the memory of the man's actions. "Or do you want to face a court-martial for disobedience?"

"No, sir. Have a good day," the soldiers promptly saluted, fully aware that the military court-martial was essentially synonymous with an execution court. They understood that anyone sent there would always receive the maximum punishment, and in this case, the consequences would be severe.

The soldiers turned on their heels and began their journey back to their assigned positions, mindful of the gravity of the situation and the potential repercussions for any misstep.

Nathan quietly made his way back into the office, carefully closing the remnants of the broken door behind him as his eyes shifted towards John and Walter, who were diligently gathering the injured soldier and bringing them to a centralized location.

He then approached Aron, who was seated in a chair, and informed him, "The situation has been resolved, and they won't return unless I specifically request their presence."

"Good," Aron acknowledged, his attention turning towards the injured soldier. He directed Nathan, saying, "Go and assist them. The sooner we deal with them, the quicker we can proceed to the main topic."

Nathan's heart trembled with fear as he contemplated the possibility that Aron intended to kill the injured soldier.

Powerless to intervene, he reluctantly joined John and Walter in their task of moving the wounded soldier.

Tears streamed down Nathan's face, as if someone had instructed him to dig his own grave, overwhelmed by the weight of his emotions.

Chapter 130 The Signing Of The Contract

"Both of you playing dead, get up," Aron commanded, addressing the generals who were attempting to feign death, despite being wounded only in non-critical areas such as their hands and other parts of their bodies.

"If you don't wake up by the count of three, I'm going to kill you for real," Aron threatened, his voice carrying a sense of discontent.

He began the countdown, "One... Two..." However, before he could reach the count of three, the generals abruptly rose from their positions where they had been pretending to be lifeless, instantly snapping back to alertness.

"Since you tried to deceive me, each of you will suffer the punishment of a broken bone," Aron declared, causing John, Walter, Nathan, Ethan, and Christopher to freeze in their places.

John and Walter stood motionless, their disbelief evident on their faces, as they had never witnessed this sadistic side of Aron before.

Up until this point, they had only experienced his more benevolent nature.

While they knew Aron was capable of causing significant harm, they hadn't anticipated his brutality to this extent.

As for the generals, Nathan silently thanked his lucky stars that he hadn't attempted to play dead, while the others trembled with fear at the prospect of the impending pain.

Aron intentionally utilized this moment as a form of psychological torture, fully aware that the anticipation of pain can often be more agonizing than the pain itself.

He understood that the fear and anxiety one experiences while awaiting a known painful event can be far more distressing than the actual physical suffering.

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A few minutes later.

"Sir, we have finished," John reported to Aron, that all the injured soldiers were collected at his specified location.

"Alright, good. You two, come here," Aron said, gesturing for the two immobilized generals to approach him. He intended to fulfill his promise by breaking their bones before healing them.

The two generals approached hesitantly, their steps slow and filled with prayers of hope that Aron might have a change of heart before they reached him.

Aron maintained silence, saying nothing as the two generals reached him.

"Let's get this over with," Aron said, gripping their arms firmly. He focused his strength, exerting pressure with his hands until a distinct snapping sound filled the air. Only Aron and John, with their enhanced senses, could hear the audible snap, as the generals had already begun screaming in agony a few seconds earlier.

"Alright, take a seat. We have something important to discuss," Aron instructed, pointing towards the chairs for them to sit. He intended to commence the conversation about his proposition.

"You, too, take a seat," Aron turned to Nathan, who had been attempting to blend into the background while his fellow generals endured the pain of their bones being broken.

Nathan hurriedly walked, trying to reach the chair as fast as possible, and took a seat near his fellow generals.

"I will heal you all shortly, but before that, I need each of you to sign a contract," Aron stated, making it clear that he had no intention of explaining the contract's contents to them directly.

He expected that they would read and comprehend its terms once he had departed. "If anyone has any objections, now is the time to raise your hand," he added, leaving the opportunity for dissent or concerns to be voiced so that he can deal with them before they cause trouble later.

Although Aron had given them the opportunity to raise their hands if they had any questions or objections, not a single general dared to do so. The foremost thought in their minds was Aron's assurance of healing.

In this moment, they held complete faith in Aron's capabilities, as they had some time to comprehend the extraordinary events of the past hour.

From his sudden appearance, effortlessly subduing their soldiers, to his raw strength demonstrated by breaking their bones, they either genuinely believed or desperately hoped that he possessed the power to heal them.

"Since there are no questions, let's proceed to sign the contract as quickly as possible," Aron stated, while he presented the generals with contracts the size of small books, each containing nearly four hundred pages.

The contract encompassed every aspect of what Aron required from the generals, outlining both their obligations and restrictions. Crafted by Nova, it had been meticulously designed to close any potential loopholes that might inadvertently expose Aron or his plans. Every detail had been addressed to ensure that the generals would comply without compromise.

"Sign them now, you can read them later," Aron commanded, observing the generals who attempted to read through the contracts to understand their contents. His watchful gaze prompted the generals to swiftly flip to the final pages of the contract, where they discovered their designated spots for signing alongside Aron's already affixed signature.

Without wasting any time, the generals quickly signed their names, their minds preoccupied with the belief that whatever the contract entailed, it could not be worse than enduring the excruciating pain of having their bones broken while feeling utterly powerless.

As soon as they finished signing their signatures, witnessed only by Aron, the contracts emitted a radiant golden glow. Within moments, both Aron and the generals were enveloped in a shimmering golden light that permeated their bodies.

A sensation akin to a knot being tightly tied within their beings briefly surged through them, though only Aron possessed the sensitivity to perceive it. For the others, it was merely a fleeting discomfort, triggered by their existing wounds.

"Good," Aron acknowledged, retrieving the contracts from the generals without any intention of leaving them with physical copies with his signatures. "I have sent the digital version of the contract to your phones and computers. Once our discussions are over, you can start reading them," he explained, carefully placing the contracts back into the bag from which they had emerged.

"Now, let's begin the healing process," Aron announced, proceeding to activate a large number of healing runes on each soldier, who lay down awaiting treatment. The number of runes applied to each soldier varied according to the severity of their injuries.

As the runes took effect and visible signs of healing manifested, Aron shifted his attention to the generals. Though their injuries were comparatively minor in comparison to the soldiers, he still applied a smaller number of healing runes on their bodies to facilitate their recovery.

3 hours later.

Both the soldiers and the generals were astounded by what their eyes beheld. Every trace of their wounds had vanished, leaving no lingering pain behind. The only remnants of their previous injuries were the residual bloodstains, traces of urine, or the torn remnants of their clothing.

"I trust that you possess the intelligence not to talk about what had happened here," Aron asked the now healed soldiers, who were seated on the ground. Their heads nodded in agreement with a sense of urgency, as if their lives depended on it.

"Very well. You may leave," Aron instructed, prompting the soldiers to hastily leave the room as if fleeing from a monstrous presence.

"I will give each of you a period of two days to thoroughly read and comprehend the contract before you initiate contact with him," Aron stated, extending his hand to point at Walter as he addressed the generals. "His name is Walter, and he will be responsible for facilitating communication between myself and all of you. Is that clear?"

"Yes," the generals responded in unison

"As for him, his name is John, and his orders carry the same weight as my own. So, whatever he commands you, it is to be treated as if it were coming directly from me. Is that clear?"

"Yes," they answered once more, nodding their heads in unison, their eyes locked onto John and Walter, their faces imprinted in their memories, afraid of letting even the smallest detail slip away.

"And with that, my job here is done. I'll see you in 2 days. Let's go," Aron said, rising from his seat. The generals promptly stood up, and John and Walter followed him towards the door. Before reaching the door, the three vanished in the same mysterious manner they had arrived, leaving the generals behind in shock, frozen for the fourth time that day.

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After they departed the building without drawing any attention, John took the opportunity during their ride back home to turn to Aron and address him with a respectful tone, saying, "Sir, may I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead," Aron said, shifting his attention towards John.

"What are your intentions for them now that they have signed the contracts?" John inquired, as he could at least speculate on the contents of the contracts. He was aware that whatever provisions were stated in the contracts were binding, as Aron had thoroughly explained how the contracts given by him worked in the documents given to him on the day ARES was established.

"After we return to the hotel, I will provide you with a document containing the comprehensive details of my intended utilization of the Edens army and instructions on how you can effectively employ them for your upcoming missions. In essence, we now possess complete control over the Edens army through the generals." Aron gave John a short answer and promised to provide him with a dossier containing all the necessary information regarding his strategic plans for utilizing Eden's army.

Since they all are in the same field of work and as a part of his strategy to reduce his workload and rely on trusted individuals, Aron intended to delegate the responsibility of utilizing the generals to John.

"Understood," John replied, and he remained quiet for the rest of the journey, deferring his curiosity until he received the document that held all the answers he sought.