

## Tech System 131

### Chapter 131 The Generals.

The generals, now left alone after enduring a series of unimaginable events within a few hours, sat in silence. They were still processing the astonishing turn of events and the speed they took place. Half an hour had passed since Aron and his group departed, and during that time, not a word was exchanged between the generals.

The only remnants that served as a constant reminder that their recent experience was not a dream were their tattered clothes and the broken items scattered around the room.

"I'm going to my office to thoroughly examine the contract. It's important for us to understand their contents in order to avoid any inadvertent violations, preventing a repeat of what we just experienced.

Given his ability to swiftly heal us, any potential punishment from him would likely be more severe and could potentially last for hours, without the concern of us succumbing to blood loss or serious injuries," Nathan declared as he rose from his chair.

"We can't hide either, considering his ability to appear and disappear without a trace," Ethan added, his voice tinged with unease. He shuddered slightly at the memory, realizing the futility of attempting to evade someone with such enigmatic powers.

Without wasting any time, all the generals rose from their seats and made their way back to their respective temporary offices within the building to diligently study and comprehend the contract in its entirety.

The urgency to understand the document outweighed any lingering thoughts about the interrupted meeting and the topic they were discussing before Aron abruptly ended it with his unexpected appearance.

None of them had any intention of leaving their offices before they finished the task.

As a wise man once said, "Your problem only seems significant until a bigger problem comes knocking at your door."

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"Have a good day, sir," Walter and John bid farewell to Aron as they arrived at the hotel and stepped out of the car.

"You too," Aron replied. Then, he directed his attention to John and assured him, "I will send you the file shortly." With that, Aron turned around and made his way to the elevator, heading back to his room.

Upon entering his room, Aron collected the stack of freshly printed papers from the printer.

"Summon the nearest Ares member to my room," Aron instructed Nova. "I need them to deliver the folder to John."

[he is on his way]Nova reported back shortly, informing him that the called Ares member was already on his way.

[But wouldn't it be more efficient to call John directly yourself?] Nova questioned, voicing her curiously as Aron patiently waited for the summoned soldier to arrive.

"While it's true that I could do that, It's important to maintain respect for his position in order to prevent any potential disrespect from other Ares members," Aron explained, providing his reasoning behind his choice.

Nova expressed her disagreement with Aron's explanation, stating, [I don't believe they would disrespect him, regardless of how you treat him. Unless you explicitly order them to do so, they will not show disrespect to someone you have chosen and placed in that position. Disrespecting John would ultimately be seen as disrespecting you, as you have deemed him qualified and entrusted him with the role.]

"It's not just about them, Nova. I also need to acclimate myself to this approach before the new members from the army join us. This way, I can avoid inadvertently treating John as a subordinate of lower rank, establishing a precedent early on rather than later,"

Upon hearing Aron's reasoning, Nova eventually agreed, her silence serving as confirmation of her acceptance.

KNOCK KNOCK

Hearing the knock, Aron rose from the bed where he had been sitting with the folder and made his way to the door, and opened it

"Good afternoon, sir," the soldier greeted respectfully, saluting Aron as he stood at the door.

"Good afternoon," Aron reciprocated the greeting and handed the soldier the folder he had been holding. "Deliver this to John," he instructed the soldier.

"Yes sir. Have a good day" the man answered as he received the folder with his hands and bid Aron farewell before he started his walk toward John's room.

"Did anything important happen while I was away?" Aron asked Nova as he closed the door and made his way back into the room.

[None sir,] Nova responded.

"Good"

[How do you feel after having to act so serious for the first time?] Nova asked in a teasing manner but still curious about his experience.

"Although it was challenging to maintain the facade for hours, it did serve its intended purpose," Aron replied with a smile.

[That's true,] Nova replied, her smile widening as she replayed the audio of Aron's act during the meeting.

"Now, the only thing left is to meet with the revolutionary leaders who are causing trouble and ensure that they also sign the contracts, which will make dealing with them easier." He said as he laid down on the bed and put on the virtual helmet logging in the universal simulation.

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"Aaaaah, god" "Fuck" "Shit"

The three generals expressed similar sentiments, even though they were in separate rooms reading the contracts.

Despite their expectations for the contract's inclusion of unfavorable clauses that required them to engage in activities they did not approve of, they soon discovered that their level of expectations fell short of what they were actually confronted with.

Christopher wasted no time. He swiftly grabbed his landline phone and dialed the numbers of the other two generals to discuss the contracts.

"Have you finished reading the contract?" he asked abruptly, without offering any greetings or engaging in small talk, as soon as they answered the call.

"I just finished reading it," Nathan replied.

"Me too," Ethan responded last.

"But I'm curious about something. How will he know if we've violated any of the clauses?" Ethan asked.

"I'm curious too. It seems some of the clauses would be impossible for him to detect if we've violated them," Christopher chimed in, concurring with Ethan's observation.

"He's not foolish enough to include these clauses without having the means to detect our violations and enforce the consequences," Nathan responded, his voice filled with a tinge of apprehension.

"Remember, this man appeared out of nowhere, withstood bullets, effortlessly incapacitated us using his hands only, and healed our wounds in minutes. Do you really believe he couldn't dispatch people to monitor us invisibly, just as they did today? What makes you think he isn't monitoring us right now?" Nathan turned his head, scanning the room for any signs of abnormality.

"His abilities don't appear to be limited to the physical realm alone but also extend into the digital world. How on earth did he manage to upload files onto our computers and phones without us even providing him with our contact information?" Christopher pondered, expressing his bewilderment.

"Furthermore, the file doesn't contain a sender's address; it's as if the file materialized out of thin air. This suggests that he might even be eavesdropping on our communications at this very moment."

"Shit!" they all said simultaneously, their voices filled with alarm, as they quickly turned to look behind them, half-expecting someone to materialize out of thin air and strangle them.

They came to the sobering realization that the once cherished sense of security they felt when alone had been entirely compromised. At any given moment, someone could be invisibly present in the same room watching them.

"We can't escape him anywhere," they silently contemplated, refraining from voicing their thoughts aloud, fearful of the consequences.

"I believe we don't need to worry about him taking action against us when we discuss him amongst ourselves," Ethan cautiously shared, pausing briefly to reflect on the previous encounters.

"During our initial meeting, he retaliated when one of us pressed the button and called for the security team. The second time, he inflicted harm upon us when we attempted to feign death, resulting in our broken hands. His actions were always in response to our own actions, never exceeding that boundary. Therefore, as long as we abide by the clauses of the contract, I don't think

he will pose a direct threat to us." Ethan's analysis, though speculative, offered a glimmer of reassurance amidst their growing unease.

"That's just an assumption, and I truly hope it's correct," Christopher interjected, his voice tinged with a mixture of anxiety and desperation. "Because if he turns out to be an irrational individual, then we're in serious trouble." Christopher's hope hinged on Ethan's assumption, as they had lost all semblance of control the moment that enigmatic man entered the room during their meeting.

"I hope so too," Ethan replied.

"I wonder how he intends to utilize us," Nathan pondered aloud. "Could he be plotting to employ the military for a coup d'état or some other purpose?" Nathan's question hung in the air.

"It's possible that he intends to utilize us for drug or weapons trafficking, but considering his ability to appear and disappear at will, he doesn't really need us for that," Ethan responded.

"If that's his plan, I must admit, I'll take pleasure in executing it. Adolf has squeezed us far too tightly," Christopher said with a smile on his face.

"But we're well aware that it will be challenging to confront Adolf's private forces, given their heavily armed nature," Christopher added, acknowledging the formidable obstacle they would have to face if that was really Aron's plan.

"There's no need to strain our minds pondering over it. He specifically instructed us to contact him in two days. So, let's wait for further instruction on that day," Nathan suggested.

"I agree. I'm going to read the contract a few more times," said Nathan.

"Me too," added Ethan

"So, who will be leading the parade?" Christopher asked but received no answers. Because the moment they heard the question, they ended the call.

## Chapter 132 Meeting With The Regional Revolutionary Leaders

A week later.

Aron strolled alone, making his way into the hotel, his steps purposeful as he approached the reception area. He carried a bag in his hand, having entrusted his car in the hands of the hotel's valet for him to go and park the car.

"Welcome, Mr. Aron," Alexander exclaimed, rising from the comfortable chairs in the hotel lobby. He had been patiently waiting for Aron's arrival, to accompany him to the meeting room they had scheduled.

"Oh, Alexander," Aron replied warmly, extending his hand for a handshake.

"How have you been?" Alexander asked, his tone filled with genuine interest.

"Quite well, although your regional leaders have been the only ones causing some mischief," Aron responded in a playful manner. Over time, their frequent calls had brought them closer, fostering a light-hearted banter between them.

"I apologize for that," Alexander replied, a hint of embarrassment creeping into his voice. Although he knew Aron was merely teasing him, he couldn't help but feel a tad self-conscious.

"Don't worry, after today, everything will be resolved," Aron assured, lightly tapping Alexander's hand in a reassuring manner.

"Let's head to the meeting room," Alexander suggested, taking the lead as he and Aron began walking towards the elevator.

"But shouldn't they be joining us as well? Where are they?" Aron inquired, realizing that Alexander was alone.

"They are already waiting in the meeting room." Alexander explained.

"Don't worry about it," Aron reassured, noticing that their conversations often seemed to end with Alexander appearing a bit disheartened.

As they stepped into the elevator and it began raising, Alexander initiated small talk, filling the brief ride with casual conversation while they waited for their arrival at the floor where the conference room was located.

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"Welcome," they promptly stood up as Aron entered the room alongside Alexander, displaying a gesture of respect, albeit without genuine sentiment behind it.

Alexander guided Aron to his chair, before taking his own seat as the meeting was about to commence.

"So, Mr. Aron, before we delve into the next topic, could you please introduce yourself? The upcoming discussion heavily relies on our understanding of your background," Adam stated as soon as the meeting commenced.

A smile played across Aron's face as he responded, "Before I address any of your inquiries, I kindly request that each of you sign a Non-Disclosure Agreement (NDA). Without the signed agreement, I won't be able to answer your questions." He retrieved a stack of contracts from his bag and placed them on the table, inviting them to review and sign the documents.

Ace took hold of the stack of contracts and proceeded to distribute them among the attendees in the room. Each person began reading through the contents of the NDA contracts thoroughly.

One by one, they began signing the contracts as they noticed that everything was in order and the clauses were standard for an NDA. Additionally, they reasoned that they could easily break the contract whenever they deemed necessary, considering the lack of enforcement.

As they signed the contracts, as usual Aron felt the same sensation of a knot being tied down. However, his heightened sensitivity allowed him to discern that the weight of the knot on his soul has slightly increased but he considered it as a mistake on his part and decided to postpone further contemplation on it when the meeting was over.

When everyone completed signing their contracts, without wasting any time he began introducing himself. "As most of you already know, my name is Aron Michael. As for my occupation, I am the owner of GAIA Technology. That's all there is to it; I don't believe any further details about me are necessary."

"How old are you?" Ace inquired, curious about Aron's age, considering he still appeared to be in his twenties.

"I'm in my twenties, and that's all I'll disclose," Aron responded, deciding not to divulge his actual age. He sensed that Ace intended to exploit his age as a means to undermine him.

"That's perfectly fine," Oscar interjected, noticing Ace's intention to pry for Aron's full age.

"So, Mr. Aron, based on Sir Alexander's explanations, he mentioned that your assistance is contingent upon the condition that once we successfully assume control of the country, you want us to rewrite the constitution and the abolition of the military and its institutions. Is this information accurate?" Adam inquired.

"Yes," Aron replied succinctly with a single word.

"Could you please explain the reason behind your proposal?" Adam asked.

"I intend for my private forces to assume their role and function as the country's military," Aron explained.

"But why do you prefer it to be that way? Is it primarily a matter of financial gain? If so, we can discuss compensating you after the coup," Adam pressed further, wanting to understand Aron's motivation behind wanting to replace the existing military.

"When it comes to money, I possess wealth exceeding your country's GDP, so it's not about financial gain," Aron clarified. "The reason behind my proposal is to establish a legal framework that enables me to expand my forces without external interference. This way, I can safeguard the things I value without relying on the protection of others."

"Then why Eden? There are numerous unstable countries in the world that you could have chosen," Ace interjected, seeking further clarification.

"Among the numerous candidates initially considered, only two countries—Eden and Esparia—remained in the selection process," Aron explained. "The reason for choosing these two countries is their geographical isolation. Being situated in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, they are mutually exclusive, with no immediate neighboring countries other than themselves. This unique circumstance makes them the perfect locations for establishing my forces.

The geographical distance between Eden and other countries allows me to expand my forces to a scale comparable to the world's largest militaries without provoking tensions with any nation, except for Esparia.

As for why I chose Eden over Esparia, it primarily relates to the size factor. Eden's land mass is nearly equivalent to that of Australia, providing ample space to justify the desired expansion of my forces." Aron explained without hiding anything as he was sure that no one would like anything he said in the room.

"Okay, since you will be assuming control over the military and its institutions, who will we be paying for their services?" Inquired another member of the meeting, who had remained silent until now.

"You will only be responsible for paying the salaries of the forces and providing the necessary land for the military. As for weapons procurement, research and development, training, and all other expenses, they will be covered by me. So, you don't have to worry about those aspects. You will have a world-class military while operating within the budget of an underdeveloped country," Aron

explained. He was confident that despite shouldering the majority of the expenses, the overall cost would be extremely low due to him planning to use the universal simulation.

As Aron's response reached their ears, a collective gasp of astonishment spread throughout the room. Even Alexander, who had been closely working with Aron, found himself taken aback, unaware of Aron's plan to cover all the additional expenses.

"Any more questions?" Aron asked, noticing the silence that had fallen upon the room.

Ace, with a noticeable change in his demeanor, spoke up, "I have a question regarding the military. Your plan, as shared with us, did not address how you intend to handle the current military. Could you please provide some insights?"

"I have already held a meeting with the generals last week and addressed that particular concern," Aron replied confidently, eliciting another wave of surprise from the attendees. "They have agreed to assist us in the coup d'état, and once the constitutional change takes place, they will be integrated into my forces after the disbandment of their previous institutions."

Curiosity piqued, Adam interjected, "May I ask what you did to persuade them to agree to such a deal?"

"That's a business secret," Aron replied with a smile on his face, maintaining an air of mystery around his tactics.

"You mentioned that you will be undertaking the research, but could you please clarify what specific areas or subjects the research will cover?" one of the attendees inquired, seeking further details.

After a brief pause, Aron began his response, "The research will encompass a wide range of areas essential to the military's requirements. This includes weapons research and development, as well as addressing all other aspects necessary for a fully functional military force. Given that we will be operating as a quasi-mercenary group masquerading as an army, it is anticipated that many countries will be reluctant to sell us their weapons. Therefore, we need to establish our own research department to ensure we have the necessary capabilities."

"That's true," Ace agreed with Aron's explanation. He was confident that they would need to spend a few more months waiting for other countries to acknowledge the new country followed by them forming diplomatic relationships, which would be followed by the lifting of sanctions imposed on the country.

The other members in the room immediately started asking the questions they had in mind or requested further clarification on the answers Aron had provided. Throughout the entire discussion, Aron diligently responded to each question, providing the necessary information without divulging anything beyond what was needed.

Aron opted for this approach to ensure that his upcoming plans could proceed without any hindrance or delays caused by the removal of the individuals in the room. He wanted to avoid any adjustments to his plan and desired to move forward with the next steps as soon as possible.

Chapter 133 Discovering The Limitations

Once the meeting concluded and they found themselves alone in the room, Alexander asked, "Are you absolutely certain that no one would be willing to exchange information with Adolf in exchange for financial gain?"

Aron posed the question, "Do you genuinely believe the greedy Adolf would be willing to offer monetary compensation to anyone solely for acquiring information?"

After giving it some thought, Alexander responded, "I highly doubt it. He would likely make false promises of payment, but once he obtains the information, he would promptly proceed to apprehend the individual as well."

"While that may be true, there could be individuals who perceive themselves as exceptional and entertain the notion that they can successfully demand payment from Adolf in exchange for the information."

"Indeed," Alexander agreed.

"Rest assured, I will receive immediate notification and swiftly resolve any such attempts before they even materialize. You need not worry. In the meantime, you need to commence with the small-scale protests in various cities. By doing so, when the actual coup takes place, it will appear to the international community as if the government was unintentionally toppled on a day marked by widespread protests, without any prior planning." Aron reassured

"I understand. Additionally, considering you mentioned having control over the generals, could you make them order the police departments so that they simply arrest our people without resorting to their usual brutal treatment of the protestors?" Alexander inquired, expressing his desire to minimize casualties.

"I will inform them about it. However, it is also crucial to ensure that the protestors do not exert excessive effort. They should engage in normal protesting activities, and when the police arrive, they should disperse from the protest grounds. This will gradually condition the police to anticipate protests ending upon their arrival, leading to complacency. Consequently, on the day of the final protest, they will not arrive fully prepared, assuming that the protestors will disperse as usual." Aron added

"Rest assured, I have taken care of that aspect. All the newly recruited members who joined as a result of your efforts are completely conditioned to completely trust me, and I can guarantee their strict adherence to the given instructions," Alexander responded, exuding confidence in his tone.

"Very well. I must depart now and return to my hotel to attend to other plans," Aron stated, rising from his chair. Alexander promptly accompanied him, guiding him to the elevator and through the lobby until they reached the hotel's exit. Their conversation continued until the valet arrived with Aron's car, at which point Alexander bid him farewell. Aron boarded the car and departed the hotel, heading back to his own accommodations, satisfied with the completion of all his scheduled meetings.

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The next day.

"Sir, two days after our visit to the military headquarters, as per our planned arrangement, the general made contact. Following the instructions outlined in the folder you provided, Walter issued

a few initial orders to them. They are currently in the process of executing those orders. However, it appears that they require additional funding support due to being underfunded," John explained to Aron inside a room where the ten individuals holding important positions, assigned by Aron, were gathered. This room served as the venue for their weekly meetings, allowing them to update each other and Aron on the progress of the plan.

"Excellent. Utilize the funds available from your reserves to cover the necessary expenses," Aron replied, instructing John to allocate the required finances. He had previously provided them with a substantial sum, estimated to be around 500 million dollars in cash.

"We will do so" John answered back.

"How is the weapons procurement going?" Aron asked.

"With the backing of the military, we have successfully arranged for a sanctioned navy vessel to intercept them in the middle of the ocean. They will transfer the cargo from their boat to the military vessel.

As for storage, we have secured the Navy's port warehouse as a temporary solution until the renovation of the designated base is completed," Walter responded. He was responsible for overseeing the communication between their group and the Military.

"How is the progress of the base renovation coming along?" Aron asked, seeking an update on the current status of the renovation project.

"By employing a significant number of local workers and providing them with competitive wages, we have successfully completed approximately 20% of the renovation. We anticipate finishing the entire renovation within the next three weeks," came the response, indicating the progress made on the base refurbishment.

"Have this week's group arrived yet?" Aron asked.

"They are scheduled to arrive tomorrow as their flight today was canceled due to inclement weather," reported Paul, the Ares coordinator, providing an update on the situation.

Turning his attention back to John, Aron asked, "How are the preparations for the D-day progressing?"

"We have successfully acquired over one hundred and fifty houses near strategic locations, and they are currently undergoing renovations to suit our specific requirements. Once the weapons arrive and are securely stored in the military warehouses, they will undergo a final inspection to ensure their readiness and to remove any remaining trackers. Subsequently, we will begin transporting them to the designated houses, where they will be stored in preparation for the upcoming D-day," John explained.

"When do you anticipate the completion of the renovations?" Aron asked.

"We expect everything to be ready and weapons to be stored in the houses within two months."

"Why is it taking such a long time when the base renovation is expected to take only about a month?" Aron asked.

"The slight delay is primarily attributed to a limited number of personnel available to oversee the renovations simultaneously. Consequently, we are currently selecting a smaller subset to commence the renovation process and intend to scale up the number of concurrent renovations as more members arrive in Eden," John explained, giving the reason behind the extended timeline.

"Very good," Aron remarked, his expression conveying satisfaction as he nodded in approval upon hearing the positive update on the progress.

Walter, seizing the opportunity, asked, "Sir, wouldn't it be more advantageous for us to have control over the leaders of the dictator's private forces, just as we have done with the generals?"

"That presents a challenge because the previous dictator deliberately kept his private forces divided to prevent any internal threat to his leadership. These forces are currently under different leaders and organized into various groups of differing sizes. The leaders who possess significant control over their respective factions tend to remain in close proximity to Adolf.

Furthermore, due to the brutal actions of these forces against the public during Adolf and his father's reign, they cannot be assimilated into our ranks and instead need to be held accountable through prosecution after the coup is successfully completed.

However, it is worth noting that most of these forces will not be combat-ready on the D-day. The remaining combat-ready individuals will be dealt with by our group and the military. Therefore, there is no immediate necessity for us to gain control over them," Aron explained to Walter, outlining the reasons why directly approaching the leaders and coercing them into compliance was not a viable option.

For the time being, Aron had no intention of divulging the newly imposed limitations he faced in using runic contracts.

After returning from the meeting with the regional revolutionary leaders last week, Aron had sought clarification from Nova regarding the sensation of the knot feeling slightly heavier than usual, questioning whether it was genuine or simply a figment of his imagination.

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[You are right. It really is getting smaller] Nova replied after seeking Aron's permission to take control of the VR helmet in order to conduct some checks on his body and mind.

"You mean the knot is getting heavier, right?" Aron asked, wondering if Nova made a mistake with her statement, which should be impossible.

[No, no, it's not a mistake. When I said it's getting smaller, I meant it,] Nova replied, noticing Aron's perplexed expression.

"What do you mean by that?" Aron asked, his curiosity now piqued.

[When you sign a runic contract, it is stored in the soul space of both party A and party B, as well as the space of the enforcer. So when you feel a knot being tied, it is simply the runic contract being stored in your soul space. So when I said it is getting smaller, I meant that your soul space is decreasing in size as it is being occupied by the runic contracts,] Nova explained, clarifying her earlier statement.

"So you're suggesting that the sensation of the knot getting heavier is due to the shrinking of the space?" Aron asked, seeking further clarification.

[No, the knots increasing in weight has nothing to do with the space getting smaller]

Then what is the cause of it, and why didn't I feel the increase in weight of the knot when the Ares members signed their runic contracts with me?" Aron asked, wanting to understand the underlying reasons.

[The runic contract you are using is of the lowest level, which means it requires many specific conditions to be met in order to function flawlessly. In the case of the generals and some of the revolutionary leaders, not all of the conditions were fully met, leading to your discovery of the increase in the weight of the knot.

On the other hand, when the Ares members signed the contract, they did so willingly and without any objections, fulfilling all the necessary conditions. This is why you didn't feel the increase in weight when they signed.

The generals, however, were not completely willing to sign the contract and only did so under duress. As a result, the knot on your soul became heavier than usual because the contract rune didn't have all the conditions fulfilled.

To ensure the generals and some of the revolutionary leaders do not break the contract in the future, the size of the contract rune needed to be increased, thus occupying more of your soul space and causing the heavier sensation in the knot,] Nova explained calmly.

"What exactly is this 'soul space' you keep mentioning?" Aron asked after the term kept being repeated by Nova in her explanation.

"The soul space is where all the runic contracts are stored to monitor your soul's adherence to the clauses within the contract. If you violate the terms, the stored runic contracts can be accessed by the enforcer to administer the appropriate punishment for breaking the oath," Nova clarified.

"Is there a maximum capacity for the soul space?" Aron asked

[Yes, there is a maximum capacity for the soul space. Also since you are using the lowest level of runic contract, each contract takes up a significant amount of space compared to higher-level contracts. Additionally, as both the enforcer and a party to the contract, your soul space is being consumed at twice the normal rate, as you have to accommodate two entities with each contract you sign.] Nova explained.

"Based on the size of my soul space, what is the maximum number of runic contracts that I can sign?" he asked, his voice revealing his underlying worry. while his heart rate increased as he anxiously awaited the answer to his question.

[You have a maximum capacity of 1000 runic contracts, and you have already used more than 720 of them,] Nova replied, her tone conveying the weight of the situation.

"Shit," Aron muttered in frustration upon hearing the answer. "I had planned to utilize the runic contracts to simplify my tasks, but it appears that it was nothing more than a futile dream," he said, realizing that several of his future plans after the coup d'état would need to be reconsidered and reconstructed.

Observing Aron's turmoil, Nova gently patted his back and reassured him, saying, [It won't always be like this. The ongoing research in Lab City has discovered that your soul's level can be elevated under certain conditions. When the conditions are met they expect the system to activate some of the runic lines among the billions of dormant ones in your body, leading to the evolution of your soul. This evolution should grant you various new benefits, including the expansion of your soul space.

Alternatively, you can accumulate enough sp to purchase intermediate runic knowledge, allowing you to sign higher-level runic contracts that are smaller in size and occupy less space in your soul. This would enable you to sign more contracts than you can currently.]

"Moving forward, I'll have to be more stringent when selecting individuals to enter into runic contracts until we unravel the conditions for triggering the evolution," Aron murmured, his gaze still fixed on the floor. Meanwhile, Nova maintained her comforting presence, gently sliding her hand across Aron's back.

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"I understand," Walter replied after hearing Aron's answer.

"Good, let's end today's meeting here and meet again next week." With those words, Aron ended the meeting.

## Chapter 134 The First Shot

1 month later.

Black site.

Kassim could be seen pacing anxiously in his room, displaying visible signs of panic as he awaited someone's arrival.

KNOCK KNOCK

Upon hearing a knock at the door, Kassim swiftly moved to his chair, straightened his attire, cleared his throat, and then called out, "Come in."

After obtaining permission to enter, Patric, the project manager, nervously entered the room and said, "You called for me, sir?"

"Yes, I summoned you because there is only one month left from the four-month extension you requested to complete the program development. Is it going well? Are you on schedule?" Kassim fired two questions in quick succession, causing Patrick to tense up with each query directed at him.

"Sir, you know..." Patrick began, attempting to respond, but before he could finish his sentence, Kassim interrupted him, asking, "It's not ready yet, is it?"

"Unfortunately, not yet, sir," Patrick answered, his head lowered in embarrassment and fear as he averted his gaze towards the floor.

"Is there any possibility of completing it within the remaining month?" Kassim asked, his voice betraying his struggle to contain his anger, as if he were holding himself back from harming the man until he received an answer to this question.

"It's almost impossible," Patrick replied, fully accepting his fate.

"Get out and await the punishment to be determined for you and your team!" Kassim shouted, his anger no longer under control.

As Patrick hurried towards the door, Kassim threw a nameplate that bore his name, hitting Patrick in the back of his head just before he closed the door. "AGHHHH" causing Patrick to cry out in pain, as he clutched his now swelling back head, as beads of sweat continued forming on his forehead.

"Shit," Kassim muttered to himself after he was left alone in his office.

Kassim's hand rested on the table, his finger tapping continuously as he deliberated on the course of action to take. Should he wait until next month, hoping for a miracle that would allow them to complete the program? Or should he make the difficult decision to call his superior and inform him of the impossibility of the task, suggesting they proceed with their attack on the Rothschilds? The weight of the decision hung heavily on his shoulders as he considered the consequences of each choice.

After pondering for more than five minutes, Kassim reached into his pocket and retrieved a burner phone. He dialed the number of his superior, making the difficult decision to inform them that they should move forward with their plans.

By doing so, he hoped to mitigate the potential punishment he would face for not completing the program within the requested extension of the four-month period. He pressed the call button and brought the phone to his ear, ready to deliver the news.

"What is it?" came the voice on the other end as soon as the call was answered.

"It's about the program research team," Kassim said, trying to maintain a respectful tone.

"Go on and say it, we don't have all day," the voice on the other side impatiently urged Kassim to continue speaking.

"Today I asked the project head about the expected completion timeline, but it appears that meeting your deadline is impossible. So, to avoid wasting your time in futile waiting, I suggest that you proceed with the plan without waiting for the program, sir," Kassim said, his voice cracking as he reached the last words, displaying his nervousness.

"Okay," the voice on the other end said, and then the call ended abruptly without any further words.

"I'm screwed," Kassim muttered under his breath, realizing that once their plans were complete, they would come after him and his team.

"At least we won't die," Kassim said with a hint of relief. He realized that by informing them early, he had managed to escape the potential consequences of waiting until the given timeline was over, which would have resulted in four months of unnecessary delay. Making the consequences much heavier.

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Somewhere in America.

A man wearing a displeased expression placed the phone back on the table.

"What's the problem, George?" a voice asked, causing him to lift his head and gaze at the individuals seated along the sides of the long table, engaged in a meeting.

"It was Kassim, father," George answered.

"Is it good news?" Aubrey, the man sitting at the head of the table, asked after receiving the answer.

"No, Father, it's not. He informed us that it is better that we move on and not waste our time waiting for them to complete the program, as they are still stuck in the same place," George replied.

"Looks like your side is not doing well either," Jason remarked with a smile on his face upon hearing George's answer.

"Looks like forcing the secretary of defense to take the program from them was pointless. It would have been better if we had simply kidnapped him and made him personally upgrade the program," Aubrey intervened upon seeing George's expression in response to Jason's comment.

"But that would have drawn too much attention if he had suddenly disappeared right after releasing the program. That's why we were compelled to pursue this course of action," George replied to his father's remark.

"I know that, and I remember your concerns about the potential risks involved. However, considering the program's significance and the impact it had on our plans, I can't help but think that kidnapping him would have been a more strategic move. We could have used the media to tarnish his reputation and divert public attention until the situation normalized. Having him in our custody would have eliminated the current problem we're facing," Aubrey responded to George's statement.

"Unfortunately, it seems that we have no other choice but to proceed with the plan without relying on the program," Jason interjected, acknowledging the reality of the situation.

Aubrey said, addressing the board members in the office, all of whom were responsible for overseeing different black sites. "Inform the planning teams that they have one week to finalize the revised plan. We will initiate our attack immediately one week after that. Is that clear to everyone?"

"Yes," all the board members, including George, replied in unison, signaling their understanding and agreement with the timeline for the upcoming attack.

"Okay, let's conclude the meeting for today," Aubrey announced, prompting the board members to rise from their seats and begin exiting the board meeting room.

After everyone had left the room, leaving only George and his father Aubrey, the latter spoke up.

"You knew that the board members are going to use this against you, right?"

"Yes," George answered. "Then why did you react that way when Jason spoke?" Aubrey asked

"I just wanted to put him back in his place. His black site failed to accomplish anything even after they received the copies of my research. He tried to shape it as if I'm the only one at fault," George answered confidently, showing no concern for his father's remarks.

Seeing his reaction, Aubrey smiled with an expression of pride on his face. He placed his hands on his son's shoulders and began speaking. "Good. That's how you're supposed to be. The board members will always be looking for ways to gain leverage against you and advance their own agendas. Maintaining this confidence is essential."

"Yes, Father," George replied with a smile on his face, feeling quite satisfied to receive a compliment from his father every now and then.

"Yes, always bear in mind that you are the future head of the Morgan family. It is crucial for you to have complete control over those who work under you," Aubrey emphasized. "Do you grasp the implications of what I'm saying?"

"Yes, Father. I will ensure that Kassim and his team are punished heavily so that they refrain from making empty promises in the future," George replied, prompting his father's smile to grow wider.

"Good, but don't take it too far," Aubrey said, offering a word of caution.

"Yes, Father," George replied, maintaining the smile on his face.

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Two weeks later.

John Harrison entered his workplace, TPG Capital, with an air of nervousness enveloping him.

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead as he glanced around the bustling trading floor.

Colleagues hurriedly passed by, eyes focused on multiple screens displaying stock prices, charts, and market data. It was a typical Monday morning, but today was different for John.

As he made his way to his desk, John forced himself to greet his colleagues with a shaky smile.

"Morning, Sharon," he muttered, wiping his clammy hands on his pants.

Sharon, hearing John's nervous greeting, raised an eyebrow but responded with a curt nod before diving back into her work.

With trembling hands, John logged into his workstation, his heart pounding in his chest.

As the clock ticked closer to the opening bell, John's anxiety intensified. His eyes darted around the room, looking for any signs of suspicion.

The once-familiar environment now felt suffocating, the weight of his actions bearing down on him.

With trembling fingers, John entered a series of complex commands into the trading program. He carefully specified the timing, ensuring the trades would be initiated at the designated time.

After inputting all the orders, he hesitated for a moment as his finger hovered over the final button. With a deep breath, he pressed ENTER.

Officially firing the first shot in the attack against the Rothschilds.

Chapter 135 The Crash Pt\_01

Somewhere in America.

"George, are you certain that the man you selected will carry out the instructions and not just give up midway?" asked Aubrey.

They were the sole occupants of a lavishly furnished room, accompanied by a towering screen exhibiting stock market charts before them. They were conversing to pass time as they awaited the execution of the planned attack and for the results of it to be reflected on the large screen.

All necessary preparations and instructions had been meticulously programmed into their systems, leaving only the execution of their prearranged commands.

"You needn't worry, Father," George responded assuredly. "If he still desires the safe return of his family, he will fulfill our instructions."

"Remember, son," Aubrey imparted, attempting to instill a valuable lesson. "Do not assume that something will be accomplished until it is actually done. Otherwise, you may find yourself betrayed at the most unexpected moment. It is crucial to avoid placing unwavering expectations on others, regardless of any leverage you may hold against them, in order to shield yourself from the shock of their betrayal."

"That's precisely why I have contingencies in place for such situations," George affirmed, acknowledging his father's concern.

"Good. Make sure you are always prepared like this," Aubrey said, a satisfied smile adorning his face.

"I understand, Father," George acknowledged his father's wisdom, refraining from expressing any disagreement. He was well aware that he could be replaced by his brothers should his father ever grow dissatisfied with him.

"It has begun. It seems there is no necessity for the backups to take action. Congratulations, son," Aubrey commended his son as soon as the screen before them displayed the market's descent.

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As ArieH delved into the files pertaining to his business, he asked Charlotte, "Has she transferred the funds from her investment account, or do they remain untouched?"

"No transactions took place during the short period we could monitor the account. Once she deposited the funds, she assumed personal control over the account and utilized her authority as the CEO to restrict access to the account's information for everyone," Charlotte responded.

"What on earth does she intend to invest in with that money, anyway?" ArieH exclaimed upon hearing Charlotte's response.

"I don't know, sir," Charlotte replied honestly.

ArieH glanced at Charlotte and stated, "My question wasn't directed at you."

Upon receiving the response, Charlotte felt a twinge of embarrassment, yet she composed herself and bid ArieH farewell. She then made her way back to her office, to carry on with her work.

Once ArieH found himself alone, he redirected his attention towards his work. However, just as his concentration was regained, Charlotte abruptly barged into the room without even seeking permission. Bursting in with urgency, she exclaimed, "Sir, something terrible is happening in the stock market!" while attempting to hand him the tablet she held in her hand.

ArieH, on the verge of reprimanding Charlotte for her uninvited entrance, found his words caught in his throat as he received the tablet and witnessed its contents.

Gathering himself quickly, he attempted to repeat his question, "What is goi—" but was abruptly interrupted by the incessant ringing of his office phones, a realization dawning upon him that the tablet's contents were far from a mere prank.

He answered one of the calls and asked, "What is it?"

"Sir, the stock market is plummeting, and your personal investments are reporting significant losses," the voice on the other end relayed, representing Arie's designated private investment monitor.

Arie's memory kicked in, and he queried, "As far as I recall, my investments are under the control of high-frequency traders (HFTs), and they should be sold once the losses reach a certain threshold. Am I mistaken?" he asked, directing his question to his investment manager.

"Yes, sir, they are currently executing the sales, but the market is flooded with similar actions, causing a delay in selling the shares. Consequently, the prices are plummeting, resulting in escalating losses," his investment manager explained.

"Fuck! Minimize the losses as much as you can," Arie exclaimed, cutting off the call without waiting for a response. He swiftly answered the second ringing phone, to address the unfolding crisis

Another call from one of his private investment managers reiterated the disheartening news.

After concluding the conversation, Arie chose to ignore the subsequent incoming calls, leaving Charlotte to handle them in his stead.

"What could be the reason behind this?" Arie muttered anxiously, his gaze fixated on the stock market data displayed on his screen, clearly indicating the market's downward spiral.

Despite also being responsible for overseeing one of the family's investment funds, Arie understood that his team would only contact him once they had managed to minimize the damage, providing him with a comprehensive assessment of the losses incurred.

"No signs of this crash were evident in the market in recent days. If this was avoidable and I missed it, then I'm in deep trouble," he ruminated silently, his eyes fixed on the screen, unable to tear himself away from the unfolding situation.

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[Rina, it has started,] Ava informed, alerting Rina to the commencement of the Morgans' attack. Rina halted whatever she was engaged in and shifted her gaze to the computer screen, where the falling stock market confirmed the unfolding events.

"Arie must be freaking out right now," Rina remarked, a mischievous smile gracing her face at the mere thought of her brother experiencing extreme distress.

"What is the projected loss for our family businesses once it's all said and done?" Rina asked Ava, seeking an estimate of the anticipated impact.

[At the very least, your family businesses are expected to incur a loss of no less than 750 billion in assets,] Ava reported, conveying the initial estimate. [The precise amount can only be determined once everything has concluded.]

"Once everything is finalized and the losses are calculated, I will be the sole beneficiary," Rina declared, a smile forming on her face.

[Don't you feel any sadness seeing your own family suffer such significant financial losses?] Ava questioned Rina, seeking to understand her perspective.

"I am indeed affected, but not to a great extent since I don't have control over the money at the moment. Instead of feeling sadness or hurt, I am filled with anticipation. I can hardly wait to witness Arie's expression when the full extent of the damage is revealed," Rina responded, her smile slightly diminishing but still present.

[That's true. Not only Arie but also the other family members entrusted with the control of different family funds will face the loss of support from the board and other family members. It will likely lead to the family head removing Arie from his current position, which in turn will restart the power struggle for the position. This presents you with the perfect opportunity to seize that position once and for all,] Ava explained, emphasizing the potential consequences of the unfolding events.

"Yes, that's where the control over the board members becomes valuable. All I need to do is instruct them to shift most of the blame onto Arie, highlighting his responsibility for the majority of the family business while the family head assumed a more passive role. If the conversation is steered in that direction, the family head may ultimately agree to their proposition," Rina explained, outlining her strategy to leverage the board members' influence in order to shift accountability and further her own ambitions.

[But you won't be able to avoid scrutiny either. Arie may inquire about the personal loan you took and whether your investments have been successful or if you've incurred losses, potentially requiring the family's assistance. It's crucial that you make a decision now regarding how you'll address this matter when he brings it up as a diversionary tactic,] Ava reminded Rina, emphasizing the need for her to formulate a clear response in advance.

"Not at this moment. I will make a decision about whether or not to disclose it once I assess the extent of my gains from this event. If I have profited significantly, it would be wise to withhold the information to avoid raising any suspicions regarding my knowledge of the situation. Arie might even attempt to paint a picture of me conspiring with the Morgans to orchestrate his downfall and seize his position, resulting in the family having heavy losses." Rina replied, her mind immersed in contemplation after Ava's reminder.

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[Sir, the Morgans have initiated their actions,] Nova informed Aron, who was engrossed in reading a document within the universal simulation.

"So, they've chosen today to make their moves. Excellent. This will divert the international community's attention towards America for approximately a month, allowing us to evade their scrutiny entirely," Aron remarked, shifting his focus back to Nova as he responded.

[As they say, when America's economy sneezes, the rest of the world catches a cold,] Nova replied with a smile.

"Bring up the chart. Let's examine which aspects our simulations accurately predicted and where we may have overlooked certain factors," Aron instructed, setting aside the document he was reading and directing his complete attention to the unfolding events.

[Yes, sir,] Nova responded, materializing hundreds of holographic screens, some displaying information in green and others in red.

Once the complete visualization appeared, she explained, [The green screens represent predictions we made with complete accuracy. However, the red screens indicate that while our predictions were correct, there were certain degrees of deviation. As a result, we are still benefiting from those situations, but not to the extent we initially anticipated.]

## Chapter 136 The Crash Pt\_02

The stock market crash worsened as time went on, with each passing moment bringing further decline.

After fifteen minutes of continuous descent, there was a brief pause before the market, like a resurrected force, began to rise again.

In a matter of minutes, everything reverted back to its previous state prior to the fall, and astonishingly, the market even surged higher than its pre-crash levels.

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George let out a sigh of relief when he noticed his watch displaying that 15 minutes had passed. As the stock market began to stabilize, it became evident that their plan had borne fruit and was now reaching its final steps for a successful conclusion.

With a satisfied smile on his face, Aubrey exclaimed, "It's finally over!"

"Yes, Father," George said with a sense of satisfaction. "Now all that's left is to calculate the losses we inflicted upon them and the gains we secured." He couldn't help but feel pleased that his meticulously crafted plan, hatched from his black site, had enabled his family to seek revenge against the Rothschilds.

Upon hearing his son's response and realizing that his son understood the importance of waiting for the final results before celebrating, he smiled and said, "Good, that's the right attitude. You must ensure that everything is truly concluded before indulging in celebration." He gently patted his son on the shoulder, acknowledging his maturity.

"The final results should be in our possession by the end of the day. You can go and rest, Father. I will inform you as soon as they arrive," George assured his father.

"I will do just that. Keep up the excellent work," his father replied.

"Yes, father," George acknowledged, as he watched his father stand up from the sofa and exit the room.

As soon as his father was out of sight, George couldn't contain his excitement any longer. He began jumping and celebrating, reveling in the victory they had achieved.

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Aron, having observed the unfolding chaos within the universal simulation, began to feel weary as he watched the hundreds of screens that Nova had materialized.

As a result of the time acceleration within the universal simulation, Aron found himself watching the screens for over an hour and fifteen minutes, even though he had little comprehension of the events that were taking place.

When Aron witnessed the charts, which had been depicting a downward trend, suddenly start to rise again, he turned towards Nova, who had remained silent all this time, and inquired, "Is it finally over?"

[Yes, it's finally over, and now it's time to tally the spoils,] Nova said with a smile on her face.

"How much did the market lose during those fifteen minutes?" Aron asked, his curiosity piqued as he sought to understand the extent of damage inflicted upon the global economy in the Morgans' vengeful pursuit.

[During those fifteen minutes, the stock market lost 4 trillion dollars,] Nova explained, responding to Aron's query. [However, shortly after the fall ended, the market regained its lost value. Although the value and money have been recovered, they are now in the hands of the winners.]

Aron, aware that he was among those who had gained the most, allowed a brief smile to grace his face before he regained his composure. He then asked, "Out of the trillions that were lost, how much of it was lost by the Rothschilds?" He wanted to understand the extent of damage inflicted upon the Rothschild family by the Morgans.

Nova, having already utilized her quantum computer to perform the necessary calculations as soon as the fall ended, provided an answer. [During the fall, as it caught them by surprise, the Rothschilds incurred losses of approximately 2 trillion dollars,] she explained.

[However, once they identified the cause, they were able to recover around 700 billion dollars as the market began its recovery. So, in total, their losses amount to roughly 1.3 trillion dollars.]

"Wow, the Morgans managed to strike the Rothschilds from an unexpected angle this time," Aron remarked. "Now, I'm curious, how much did the Morgans gain from this situation?"

[746 billion dollars] Nova answered.

"Wow, that can indeed be seen as a resounding victory for the Morgans," Aron exclaimed. "If we take into account the losses they caused to the Rothschilds, their total gains would amount to almost 2 trillion dollars."

[Although they achieved favorable outcomes, it appears that the Morgans earned less than their initial estimates for gains from this attack,] Nova added, noticing Aron's amazement.

Hearing this Aron gave a knowing smile before he asked "Was it because of us?"

[There are two reasons, and one of them is indeed due to our involvement,] Nova explained.

[The other reason lies in the utilization of humans for planning. While they relied on their supercomputer to estimate the course of the fall, incorporating human input created blind spots due to their limited knowledge of the stock market compared to mine. Our inclusion in the game also caused some of their strategies to go awry. As a result, they earned only half of what they had expected from this attack. We can consider ourselves to have won half of the remaining spoils,

while the rest is shared among those who recognized the situation and managed to secure their own gains.]

"That's true," Aron acknowledged, reaching out to pull one of the holographic screens closer to examine its contents.

Nova observed as Aron delved into his examination of the holographic screens. After a brief period, Aron redirected his attention towards Nova and made a request, saying, "Provide me with a comprehensive summary of everything that occurred, starting from the beginning until the end, including our gains from this event. Explain it in simple terms since, despite reading the entire plan, I still have some aspects that I struggle to comprehend."

[Sure] Nova before she started detailing the entire events. [Everything that resulted in the 4 trillion dollar to disappear from the stock market started from here, a financial company called TPG Capital.] Nova said as she materialized a holographic screen with the image of the company showing it to Aron.

[A man working here known as John Harrison, a man who they controlled by threatening him with the lives of his family members, programmed the sale algorithm to sell \$10 billion worth of e-mini S&P 500 futures contracts at a specific time.

To simplify, these contracts are tied directly to the overall value of the S&P 500, which is an index representing the performance of the 500 largest stocks in the market.

Normally, a trade of this magnitude would take place gradually over approximately seven hours.

However, under the Morgan's order, Mr. Harrison set it so that the sell algorithm disregarded time and price constraints and to sell the contracts as fast as possible.

Following its instructions, it started selling the contracts as quickly as possible, regardless of the prevailing prices.

As you already know, the principles of supply and demand dictate that when a substantial number of contracts are rapidly sold, prices tend to decline.

With that, he had completed what they needed from him, and from there onward the weaknesses in the economic system would be doing the remainder of the work.

The now extremely low-priced futures started being spread to everywhere by other flawed algorithms, particularly those known as high-frequency trading algorithms.

These algorithms are designed to execute numerous trades rapidly. Often, high-frequency traders serve as "market makers," essentially acting as intermediaries who buy an asset when it is being sold, enabling them to sell it to potential buyers at a higher price and profit from the difference.

A significant portion of the \$10 billion worth of contracts sold by TCP Capitol were swiftly purchased by high-frequency traders.

However, HFTs have one weakness that the Morgans planned to exploit for their plan: high-frequency traders prefer not to hold onto contracts; their modus operandi is to buy and promptly sell them.

Consequently, a multitude of high-frequency traders started offloading the contracts onto other high-frequency traders, who then passed them on to yet more high-frequency traders, creating a never-ending cycle.

This continuous exchange of contracts resembled a hazardous game of passing the grenade that wreaked havoc on the market, driving prices down and causing chaos.

This situation led to another predicament. Many of the algorithms functioning as market makers hit pre-programmed thresholds that compelled them to exit the market due to the rapid decline in prices and increased risk.

As the market makers withdrew, liquidity was drastically reduced, causing the market to plunge even further.

The crash in the futures market spilled over into the stock market due to a group of individuals known as arbitrage traders. When you purchase a future, you are essentially acquiring a stock that will be delivered at a later date.

Arbitrage traders noticed that S&P futures contracts were becoming inexpensive, while the S&P stocks underlying those futures remained expensive.

Seeing the opportunity, they began selling their costly regular stocks to purchase the cheaper future versions of the same stocks.

This rapid selling of stocks essentially transferred the impact of the futures crash to the stock market.

With the impact now transferred the fall continued, seeming as if there is no tomorrow. The fall caused panic and almost everyone with shares that were falling started panic selling their stocks in order to reduce the losses they would be receiving if they continued holding them.

But everything came to a halt when the "Stop Logic Functionality" implemented by the Chicago Mercantile Exchange became active effectively stopping all trades for five seconds.

When trading resumed, fortunately, the panic had subsided, and people realized that stocks had dropped without a valid reason. This realization meant that stocks were now available at a discounted price, prompting a buying spree that pushed the prices back up to their pre-crash levels.

## Chapter 137 The Crash Pt\_03

[The Morgans, being the ones who came up with the plan, meant that they possessed the knowledge to prepare the most efficient means of maximizing profits. Despite benefiting from their actions, just like them, our main source of profit did not originate from their tactics.] Nova paused, allowing Aron time to digest the information she had shared.

After taking a moment to process the information, he raised his head and asked with curiosity, "So, how did we manage to make profits in a way that outsmarted the Morgans?" His expression showed genuine interest.

[When we finally had the complete plan from the black sites, I leveraged my computing power to simulate their strategy. Through conducting multiple simulations with different parameters, I was able to uncover something that had eluded them.] Nova paused, building suspense, prompting Aron to ask, "What did you discover?" He played along with her act.

[blue-chip stocks] Nova responded with a single word.

Aron sought clarification, stating, "If I understand correctly, blue-chip stocks are shares issued by prominent companies that are well-established, financially stable, and hold an outstanding reputation. Is that accurate?" He wanted to ensure they were both on the same page and understood the concept being discussed.

[Yes,] Nova nodded in agreement.

Aron tilted his head to the side, guessing, and asked, "Did you short-sell them or something?"

[No, it wasn't quite like that,] Nova explained. [Based on the insights gained from the simulations I conducted, I strategically purchased billions of dollars worth of blue-chip stocks from various companies. I utilized thousands of my accounts to execute these transactions.]

"Go on then," Aron said, then fell silent, determined to let Nova finish her explanation without interruption.

Nova understood Aron's intention and proceeded with her explanation. [During the crash, certain blue-chip stocks such as Echelon, Accenture, CenterPoint Energy, and many others experienced a drastic decline in their trading value. These stocks, which were previously traded at around \$40, suddenly plummeted to just one penny per share.]

Aron's surprise shattered his intention to remain silent until the explanation's completion. "What on earth... How did that happen? Did you hack and manipulate the system?" he exclaimed, his astonishment evident in his voice.

[No, sir. Their system was functioning exactly as programmed. The phenomenon was caused by a practice known as stub quoting,] Nova clarified.

As I mentioned earlier, high-frequency traders (HFTs) act as market makers, which means that at any given time, there are individuals looking to sell a stock and others who want to buy it.

However, these two parties may not align perfectly. Sometimes there is an excess of sellers, while at other times, there may be more buyers. HFTs play the role of intermediaries in such situations. When someone wants to sell a stock, the HFTs purchase it, and as soon as they find a buyer, they resell it.

Stub quoting refers to a scenario where a seller intends to sell their stocks, but the HFTs lack the necessary liquidity or available funds to make the purchase. In such cases, the HFTs would submit a nominal bid, typically one penny, which is not intended to be a genuine offer. Instead, it serves as an indication that they are unable to buy the stocks at that moment. Typically, the seller would then seek out another market maker who possesses the required liquidity and can provide a legitimate offer for the stocks.

During the flash crash, a significant number of market makers withdrew from the market, causing a severe scarcity of liquidity.

As a result, the only available purchase offers for the shares were priced at one penny. In this scenario, the sellers, which were algorithmically programmed to sell the shares regardless of the

price, ultimately accepted the one penny offers, resulting in the sale of stocks that would typically be valued at \$40 for a mere penny.]

"Wow," Aron couldn't help but exclaim as he absorbed Nova's explanation. He was genuinely impressed.

Nova smiled and continued, [But that's not all. Some ordinary stocks, such as Sotheby's, Apple, HP, and many others, experienced an astonishing surge, skyrocketing from \$40 to \$100,000 per share.

The reason behind this was precisely the same but in reverse. Buying algorithms were attempting to purchase certain stocks they deemed safe from the ongoing crash from market makers who, in turn, did not wish to sell.

As a response, the market makers submitted a high stub quote of \$100,000 to indicate their unavailability to sell at that time. However, since the buyers were algorithms and the market makers had withdrawn, the \$100,000 offer remained the sole option. Consequently, the buying algorithms ended up purchasing stocks valued at \$40 for an exorbitant price of \$100,000.

Amidst the chaos unfolding in the market, I emerged as the foremost trader among those purchasing shares for a mere penny, while also capitalizing on the opportunity to sell other shares I had previously purchased for an astonishing \$100,000. As a result, we emerged as one of the primary beneficiaries of the market crash, securing a significant win in the process.

Although the entire sequence may appear lengthy, it transpired within a matter of mere minutes before the trading halt of five seconds was enforced. Nevertheless, this short duration provided us with an opportunity to secure over 75% of our overall gains from the market crash.] Nova concluded her explanation and broke into a laughter that echoed with a touch of villainous amusement.

Having fully comprehended Nova's explanation, Aron expressed his thoughts, saying, "This entire plan relied on the delicate market dynamics where sellers and buyers were algorithmic entities, facilitated by market makers that were also algorithms. It's a scheme that would undoubtedly elude human thinkers, and even if they stumbled upon it, they wouldn't dare take the risk that you did." Aron commended Nova for her actions.

[With sufficient data points and powerful computing power, risks become nonexistence,] Nova replied, sporting a smug expression on her face, playfully jesting about the advantages of having access to a powerful computer.

Aron reacted to Nova's smugness with a scoff before proceeding to ask, "So, what are our total winnings?"

[Our total gain amounts to 278 billion dollars, but if we exclude Rina's share, we have gained about 180 billion dollars,] Nova explained. [The remaining portion, approximately 98 billion dollars, constitutes Rina's share.]

"That's surreal. The power of predicting market outcomes is truly astonishing, but it also carries a certain level of fear," Aron admitted, his tone conveying a mix of awe and trepidation. "We've transformed our initial 22 billion into over 278 billion. " Aron couldn't help but feel a sense of awe at what Nova had done.

[True]

Aron then asked, "Did you sell the shares you bought for pennies, or are you still holding onto them?" He was curious whether their winnings comprised purely cash or a combination of cash and shares.

[I sold those shares when the market rebounded because there was no benefit in holding onto them,] Nova explained.

"Indeed, I'm curious to see how they will attempt to cover up the entire ordeal. It seems like a rather precarious situation, as the investigators only need to identify the primary beneficiaries," Aron remarked, contemplating the potential challenges faced by those involved in the scheme.

[Just like us, the Morgans also employed thousands of different accounts, which was easier for them due to their control over multiple financial companies,] Nova explained. [Furthermore, it's worth noting that my computing power allows me to summarize information quickly. However, if you recall, it took the Morgans over a year to finalize their attack plan. This suggests that the SEC's investigation is likely to take even longer.]

Nova continued, [During this time, the Morgans can leverage the academic institutes they fund to release peer-reviewed research presenting various theories about the cause of the crash.

By muddying the waters and introducing numerous theories, such as decentralization, spoofing, and technical glitches, they can create a scenario where different causes are going to be in the debate.

This strategy can effectively delay the investigation for more than a decade, especially if the Morgans use their political influence to prematurely end the investigation.]

"That's to our advantage as well," Aron commented, a smile stretching across his face. He expressed his contentment, recognizing that the Morgans had taken care of all the meticulous planning, the subsequent cover-up, and every intricate detail in between. "All we had to do was capitalize on the situation and reap the benefits," he added, acknowledging the substantial financial gains they had effortlessly acquired.

[Yes] Nova nodded agreeing with Aron's observation.

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"What?" Rina exclaimed in disbelief upon hearing the staggering amount she had earned from the crash.

Her surprise was evident in her tone as she sought confirmation. "Are you sure?" she asked, still struggling to grasp the magnitude of her earnings.

Ava, maintaining her composure, responded calmly, [Yes, that's what Mother sent me,] she replied, displaying the impressive figure on the screen, leaving no room for doubt.

## Chapter 138 Gaining Ground One Step At A Time

"What?" Rina exclaimed in disbelief upon hearing the staggering amount she had earned from the crash.

Her surprise was evident in her tone as she sought confirmation. "Are you sure?" she asked, still struggling to grasp the magnitude of her earnings.

Ava, maintaining her composure, responded calmly, [Yes, that's what Mother sent me,] she replied, displaying the impressive figure on the screen, leaving no room for doubt.

As Rina's eyes remained fixed on the screen, her appreciation and gratitude towards Aron swelled within her. It was his ingenuity and efforts that had made this incredible feat possible. Overwhelmed by these thoughts, she reached for the phone he had given her during their first meeting and dialed his number, wanting to express her gratefulness.

After a brief period of ringing, Aron picked up the call and greeted, "Hello."

"Hello, Aron. How are you?" Rina asked, trying to maintain her composure despite the excitement bubbling within her, having been left thrilled by the sight of her share.

"I've been doing well," Aron responded, his voice calm. "And how about you?"

"Thanks to you, I'm doing even better," Rina replied with gratitude in her voice.

"You didn't just call to check up on me, did you?" Aron asked playfully, indicating for Rina to go to the point.

"No, I called to express my gratitude for all the help you've been giving me," Rina said sincerely.

"No problem. I'm doing this because I know that in the future, I'll be receiving something from you in return. It's a mutually beneficial arrangement," Aron responded with a chuckle.

"I understand that, but I truly believe that whatever you may ask of me in return will never be enough to match the immense value I've gained from your assistance. So, I want you to know that I'm sincerely grateful for all that you've done," Rina insisted.

Following their conversation, they continued discussing various topics. After a few more minutes, Aron spoke up, saying, "If you encounter any other problems or need assistance, don't hesitate to ask me."

"Sure, I will remember that," Rina replied. After exchanging a few more goodbyes, they ended the call, promising to meet again once they had completed their current endeavors.

The moment the phone call ended, Ava interjected and said, [Rina, the family head has called for an emergency meeting and you are among the attendees. It will be held in three hours to ensure all board members can attend.]

"Since he called for me despite not being a board member, it looks like the competition is finally going to continue," Rina said, feeling very happy that she would have another opportunity to compete with Ariele.

[Yes, it certainly seems that way,] Ava replied.

"But this time it's going to be different," Rina said with a smile as she shifted her focus back to her computer. She began discussing with Ava their plans for the upcoming meeting. With Aron's assistance being sustained only until the market crash, which had concluded half an hour ago, Rina knew that from now on she would be on her own. However, instead of feeling worried, she felt a surge of excitement as she welcomed the complete control that was being returned to her.

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2 hours later.(Board meeting room)

"Why is she here?" ArieH asked, pointing at Rina, for not being a board member and still being in the meeting room.

"The family head called for me," Rina answered simply, before redirecting her attention back to her tasks.

As ArieH processed her response, a sinking feeling enveloped him. He realized that he was in trouble or, at the very least, that he stood to lose something while Rina had the potential to gain.

"Did you lose the personal loan you had taken from the banks?" ArieH asked, strategically aiming to plant a seed of curiosity in the minds of other board members. His intention was to pave the way for the topic to be raised in the meeting by the board members he still believed are on his side, hoping to minimize the time spent discussing his own losses.

However, all of ArieH's hopes were shattered when Hebel, one of the board members, interrupted and said, "Since everyone is here, let's begin the meeting. We don't have to waste any more time." His timely intervention derailed ArieH's plan completely, as it appeared that no one had even heard his question.

With the family head nodding in approval, the board members' words were acknowledged, and the meeting secretary took the podium to commence the proceedings.

As it was an emergency meeting, the meeting secretary bypassed the usual formalities and promptly delved into the main topic. "Three hours ago, the stock market experienced a significant fall, but after fifteen minutes of continuous fall, it returned to normal. However, in the aftermath, our family businesses and other ventures have incurred heavy losses amounting to approximately 1 trillion dollars. It will take approximately a week to calculate the full extent of the losses," the secretary announced.

Upon hearing the estimated loss, ArieH and the other board members couldn't help but take a deep breath. While they had anticipated significant losses based on the decline of the hedge funds they each controlled, the fact that the preliminary calculations amounted to over a trillion dollars was staggering. It indicated that the final loss figure would likely surpass the current estimate.

"Do we know what caused it?" Yoel asked the secretary.

"At the moment, we aren't sure," the secretary replied. "However, the losses we incurred during the fall seemed to be concentrated in areas where most of our known investments were located. As a result, we suspect some of our known enemies, but our primary suspicion is on the Morgans."

"Why would you primarily suspect the Morgans?" Uria asked after hearing the secretary's reply.

"If they attacked to recover from their previous losses, then it is understandable," Rina interjected, offering her reasoning. Her comment earned her a side-eye from ArieH, and if looks could kill, it would have been her third death today.

Immediately after Rina gave her opinion, the meeting secretary resumed her statement. "The entity that had the largest losses in our hedge funds is Hedge Fund One, which lost more than half of its value due to mistakes made by the team in an attempt to reduce losses," she explained.

Arieh, hearing this, lowered his head in embarrassment as Hedge Fund One was under his control.

The secretary, indifferent to his reaction, pressed on. "This is followed by Hedge Fund Seventeen, then Funds 43, 10, 4, 23, 8..." She went on to list all the funds until each one had been accounted for, and then moved on to other losses that had been incurred.

When the secretary concluded her report, the family head, who had remained silent throughout the meeting, finally spoke up. "What is the cause of different funds experiencing varying losses?" he asked.

The secretary promptly responded, "It all boils down to how the teams managing those funds reacted to the crisis."

The family head's eyebrows furrowed as he processed the information. "So, you mean to say that our largest publicly known fund, Hedge Fund One, lost more than half of its value simply because the team in charge panicked and made poor decisions? Who is responsible for overseeing that fund?" he questioned.

"Father... I mean, family head... I assure you, I will ensure that such a problem does not repeat itself," Arieh responded, his voice laced with nervousness. He was acutely aware that any misstep in handling this situation will have dire consequences for his future.

"Why weren't you prepared before the crisis occurred? Will you always wait until something goes wrong before implementing any countermeasures?" the family head questioned, his tone conveying feelings of disappointment.

"No, sir. I always strive to simulate various crises in order to be prepared. However, the specific situation we faced was not accounted for in our crisis manuals," Arieh tried to provide a justification for not being fully prepared.

Rina interjected, seeking to expose his lack of preparedness. "So, you're suggesting that despite simulating different market crises, you failed to develop countermeasures for an immediate market fall?"

Arieh attempted to shift the focus away from himself by pointing out that others also experienced losses. "Everyone incurred losses. Why are you singling me out?"

Rina countered, highlighting the severity of Arieh's losses compared to others. "But you're the only one who lost more than half of your funds. While others may have been less prepared, their losses were limited to around 25 percent. As the leader of our largest publicly known fund, your significant losses indicate a lack of readiness on your part."

Arieh, on the verge of losing his temper, attempted to respond "You..." but caught himself and regained control. However, his outburst had already occurred.

"Enough," the family head said, commanding everyone's attention and putting an end to the ongoing banter. The room fell silent as all eyes turned towards him, awaiting his decision.

"Since the losses were a result of the team leaders' lack of preparedness, everyone will face consequences proportional to the extent of their losses," the family head announced, his calm demeanor sending shivers down everyone's spines. The attendees knew that the more composed he appeared, the more serious the situation was.

Without hesitation, the family head continued, "As you incurred the largest loss, your punishment will also be the most severe. You will be relieved of your position and demoted to your previous role." The weight of his words sank in as the family head's gaze fell upon Arie, leaving no room for negotiation or appeal.

Turning his attention to Rina, the family head addressed her directly, "With his demotion, the position is now vacant, officially reinstating the competition for my successor. To ensure fair competition, you will be reinstated as a board member and assigned to a company of similar size to the one Arie will be transferred to."

The family head shifted his gaze to the center of the table, his voice carrying a sense of finality. "The remaining member's punishments will be announced one week from now, once the full extent of the losses has been tallied. On the same day, we will also discuss the countermeasures and plans for recovering from the loss. You have one week to prepare strategies for the recovery." With that, the family head promptly stood up and left the meeting room officially ending the meeting.

### Chapter 139 George Realizing & Causing Turmoil

"Find all of those who had substantial gains during the crash and bring the list to me. I want to find out if it is either luck or if they knew about our plans ahead of time" George gave the order to the presenter when he realized that their gains were not up to their expectations.

"But sir, if they were privy to our plan, they would have likely employed a similar strategy of using multiple accounts for their trades. Consequently, it will be an arduous and time-consuming task to identify them, if we can even find the evidence at all," the presenter replied, unafraid to provide his rationale, fully aware that if he simply accepted the task and failed, he would face severe consequences.

"I am not concerned about the duration required to locate them. Their actions resulted in our anticipated gains of over a trillion being diminished to a mere 700 billion, with more than 300 billion being taken away from us. Do you think I care about the time and resources needed to find them? Just get it done," George ordered sternly, his tone leaving no room for any response other than compliance.

"Yes, sir," the presenter replied obediently before exiting the meeting room, allowing the family, and board members to have a private discussion among themselves.

"Why do you believe that someone had knowledge of our plans?" Aubrey inquired, curious to understand what his son had observed from the presentations after the presenter had left.

"Based on our calculations and numerous simulations, we had a comprehensive understanding of the events that were expected to unfold, and we made appropriate preparations. When the market crash occurred, everything transpired as planned, from the substantial loss of around 4 trillion to the subsequent recovery after a brief pause.

However, the significant deviation came in the form of our gains. Our projections indicated that our gains would surpass the trillion mark, but they fell short and amounted to only around 700 billion.

This suggests that either our calculations contained an error or an unforeseen factor intervened. The most influential factor that could account for such a substantial deviation from our expectations is the possibility of someone else being aware of our plan and taking measures to claim a share of our winnings," George elaborated, outlining his reasoning to the others.

"That's true. Ensure that you investigate the cause of the deviation and retrieve what was taken from us. However, let's not forget to celebrate the victory in the present moment. A win is a win, so let's celebrate it first before shifting our focus to uncovering the source of the issue," George emphasized, reminding everyone to appreciate and acknowledge their success before delving into the investigation.

Upon hearing his father's words, George composed himself and responded, "Yes, father. I intended to celebrate the victory, especially knowing that we managed to inflict damage on the Rothschilds as planned." He made a conscious decision to set aside his anger towards those who exploited their actions for personal gain, saving it for later consideration.

"Good," Aubrey said, a smile gracing his face. He then shifted his gaze towards the other board members in the room, who had remained silent throughout the father-son exchange. "Let's reconvene for another meeting after the celebration," he announced, effectively concluding the day's meeting.

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Universal simulation.

"With the Morgans no longer in our path, it's time to escalate the revolutionary movements," Aron remarked to Nova.

[What do you have in mind] Nova asked excitedly.

"When Felix approached him to seek his assistance in acquiring the telecommunications companies, didn't we assure Adolf that gaining control over the internet would also provide us with the capability to monitor it?"

[Ooh, I see where you're going with this,] Nova responded with enthusiasm. [You want to leverage our control over the internet to manipulate Adolf into arresting the other revolutionary leaders. By eliminating their leadership, their groups will become leaderless, ultimately paving the way for Alexander's group to take charge.]

"Exactly," Aron confirmed. "Not only that, but it will create a sense of chaos and unrest in numerous cities, compelling Adolf to deploy military forces to suppress the protests. He won't want the protests to persist until the day of the event. By using him to send soldiers to these cities, we can strategically position our forces to take control of the local governing bodies in the cities when the time is right. It's like killing two birds with one stone."

[Should I also prepare to intensify the turmoil by spreading the news of their arrests immediately after they occur, or should I let it unfold naturally?] Nova asked.

Aron paused for a moment, contemplating Nova's suggestion. "I think it's best to let it unfold naturally for now," he replied, carefully considering the potential implications. "Allow the news of their arrests to spread gradually and organically. We want the impact to reverberate throughout the revolutionary circles, creating a sense of uncertainty and instability. It will further disrupt their cohesion and solidify Alexander's group as the dominant force to follow."

Let's adopt a wait-and-see approach and leave that option for contingencies, in case the public's reaction doesn't align with our expectations," Aron suggested, recognizing the importance of not trying to control every aspect of the situation.

[I will make the necessary preparations in advance,] Nova responded, revealing her intentions to develop alternate plans based on various potential reactions from the public.

"You do that, and I'll inform Felix about the plan," Aron said as he logged out intending to call Felix and discuss the details of their plan, assessing whether Felix would be able to execute it himself or if they needed to assign someone else to carry it out in his stead.

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"Can you handle it, or should I assign someone else to take care of it?" Aron inquired, seeking confirmation from Felix after explaining the task he wanted him to undertake.

"I'll handle it, no need to worry about me. In fact, it's better if I take care of it," Felix assured Aron. "By being the one to carry out this task, it will appear as if we are making efforts to regain his favor after the mishap of providing free internet data to the citizens for an extended period, which caused him some losses. It will help create a perception of us trying to mend the situation."

"I'll arrange for someone to accompany you, just as a precautionary measure in case anything unexpected happens," Aron informed Felix.

"Sure," Felix replied, and after a brief further conversation, they concluded the call.

Immediately after ending the call, Aron dialed John's number.

"Yes, sir," John responded promptly upon answering the call.

"I need you to send someone to accompany Felix tomorrow when he goes to the presidential palace," Aron stated directly, as he was sure that John would want that too.

"I will dispatch him right away, sir," John responded promptly.

With that, Aron ended the call and immediately logged back into the universal simulation.

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A week later.

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(Turmoil in Eden)

Eden, a land once filled with hope and aspirations for change, now finds itself caught in the midst of a shocking upheaval. The visionary leaders who had passionately championed the cause of the people and fought for their rights have been confronted with an unexpected twist of fate. Just a fortnight prior to the eagerly awaited annual celebration, anticipated to be a grand platform for their protest, all but one of these revolutionary figures have been apprehended, leaving the populace stunned.

The arrests were executed with remarkable secrecy and precision, catching the revolutionaries off guard and plunging the movement into disarray. The sudden absence of their revered leaders created

a void that seemed insurmountable, and the people of Eden were left grappling with the profound implications of this abrupt turn of events.

In response to the arrests, a tidal wave of protests erupted, resonating throughout the vast majority of Eden's cities. Squares and streets became the bustling epicenters of these demonstrations, drawing together citizens from all walks of life who were united in their desire to voice their grievances. The sheer number of protesters was a resounding testament to their unwavering resolve: the people of Eden were no longer willing to further tolerate the stifling of their fundamental human rights.

As the protests gained momentum, Adolf, the dictator presiding over Eden, found himself confronted with an arduous predicament. In a bid to quell the escalating unrest and reinstate a semblance of order prior to the commencement of the celebratory events, he made the controversial decision to deploy military forces across various locations throughout the nation. This deployment intensified the atmosphere, thickening it with tension and unease as the people and armed forces stood in stark opposition to each other

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After reading the news article about the turmoil he had participated in causing, Felix said "Looks like the beginning of the end has begun." as he realized that the revolution was nearing with each passing second.

## Chapter 140 The Beginning Of The End

Two weeks later.

"Do we really have to go?" Lilungulu asked his father as he got into their car.

"Yes, we must. If His Excellency Adolf doesn't witness sufficient attendance at the event, our lives will become even more challenging," January, Lilungulu's father replied as he ignited the car's engine and departed from the garage, commencing their journey.

As their car traversed the streets of Edenia, the capital city of Eden, they observed the glistening roads that had been diligently cleaned throughout the preceding week in preparation for that day.

"They have completely eradicated any remnants of destruction and littering that resulted from the protests following the arrests," Lilungulu said.

"This time, I had hoped that the protests would continue until their release, or perhaps His Excellency would postpone the festivities for another week, but the serenity and cleanliness of the

streets convey a different message, thanks to their presence," January said, pointing towards the soldiers patrolling the streets.

"I've heard that over twenty thousand soldiers have been mobilized, with eight thousand of them stationed in Edenia. They have been patrolling the city for the past three weeks, ensuring everyone behaves," Lilungulu commented, his use of the term "His Excellency" tinged with mockery. "Do you think he would cancel the parade? Not even a nuclear war would make that happen."

His father chose to ignore Lilungulu's mocking tone, recognizing that they shared similar sentiments. Instead, he simply stated, "However, there seems to be a distinctiveness to their mobilization this time."

"What is it? I don't see anything different. They're just soldiers doing the opposite of what they're supposed to do," Lilungulu asked, seeking clarification.

"Usually, when the military is mobilized to handle protests, there are reports of deaths resulting from the violence inflicted by the soldiers.

However, for the past three weeks, there has been no news of deaths at all. Instead, there have been reports of mass arrests only.

Surprisingly, those who were released stated that they did not face the usual torture during their detention, despite the poor conditions of the holding facilities," January explained.

"I believe it's due to today's celebration," Lilungulu interjected, pausing briefly before continuing. "Perhaps he wants to avoid being the sole high-ranking participant on his own celebration day."

"What do you mean by that?" His father asked.

"I mean, the protests themselves have already caused a significant decrease in the number of international guests attending the event. Now, imagine if deaths were reported amid these cancellations. The remaining guests might cancel their attendance as well to avoid further scrutiny and backlash on their own sides," Lilungulu elaborated, providing a detailed explanation.

The conversation between father and son persisted as they reached their destination.

After parking the car, they alighted and started walking towards the main street, where the celebration and parade were scheduled to take place three hours later.

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Three hours later.

Luxury cars, heavily guarded and adorned with opulence, began to arrive one by one, carrying international guests to the venue.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of Russia, Mr. Sergei Lavrov, arrived, followed by the Chinese Minister Wang Yi, Cuban Minister Bruno Rodríguez Parrilla, Belarusian Minister Vladimir Makei, Venezuelan Minister Elías Jaua, North Korean Minister Ri Su-Yong, and numerous other dignitaries. Each guest was promptly guided to their assigned seats on the magnificent and extravagant stage.

Five minutes later, a convoy of luxurious and armored cars arrived, coming to a halt. Two individuals emerged from the most extravagant car, impeccably dressed in suits, opening the door for Adolf to step out.

As he emerged, his fervent supporters erupted into ecstatic cheers, prompting him to wave to them as he made his way towards the stage. Despite having met all of the guests during the previous week, Adolf greeted them as if it were their first encounter.

After exchanging pleasantries, he returned to his seat. As he took his place, a synchronized firing of cannons resonated, marking the commencement of the ceremonies.

The flag bearers started their march towards the flagpole, arriving precisely at the 43rd shot, symbolizing the dictator's age.

With the flag securely fastened to the pole, everyone in attendance stood as the military band initiated the national anthem.

The soldiers stationed at the pole began to hoist the flag, synchronizing the pace so that it would reach the top precisely as the anthem drew to its conclusion.

"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed citizens, loyal followers, and esteemed guests," Adolf began his speech immediately after the national anthem concluded and the applause subsided.

"Today, as I stand before you, I am overwhelmed with profound pride and gratitude for the unwavering support you have bestowed upon me and our illustrious nation. Together, we have conquered adversities, fortified our determination, and paved the way towards a resplendent future."

His speech persisted for half an hour, weaving a tapestry of promises, achievements, and aspirations. His words gracefully floated in the air, casting a potent spell that stirred the hearts and minds of his devoted subjects.

As soon as the speech concluded, the conductor's baton descended, setting the musicians in motion. The band filled the air with a symphony of harmonious melodies, captivating the audience's senses.

Simultaneously, a distant rumble grew gradually louder, capturing everyone's attention. All eyes turned skyward to witness a breathtaking spectacle.

The fighter jets of the air force soared above, their graceful maneuvers leaving trails of vibrant colors behind, accentuating the azure backdrop. Helicopters whirled elegantly in the air, adding to the awe-inspiring display.

When the airshow concluded, and without a moment's pause, Air Force General Christopher Hartman bellowed, "MARCH!" Instantly, the soldiers standing at attention began their synchronized march, their disciplined steps resonating with precision and strength.

Arrayed in immaculate uniforms, each soldier brandished their weapons. Keen observers would notice a meticulous detail—the gleaming shine of these arms as if they were newly unboxed for this momentous parade.

In the wake of the marching soldiers, the air resonated with the growl of engines as a formidable convoy of tanks and armored vehicles rumbled through the streets.

The parade continued its majestic procession, weaving its way through the heart of the city. Flags fluttered in the gentle breeze, while cheers erupted from some enthusiastic onlookers, adding to the atmosphere of grandeur.

As the final tank rumbled past, the dictator Adolf stood atop the platform, a glint of contentment in his eyes.

He delivered his closing remarks, bidding farewell to the jubilant crowd before descending from the stage.

With the ceremony coming to an end, he made his way towards his awaiting car, intending to depart for his presidential palace.

Amidst the commotion and amidst the supporters' cheers, an unexpected sound pierced the air. "Bang!" A shot was fired, its trajectory ricocheting and striking a guard who had been dutifully holding the car door for Adolf.

Reacting swiftly, the remaining guards sprang into action. Without hesitation, they grasped Adolf by the neck, forcefully guiding him into the car as they surrounded him before shutting the door behind him. Wasting no time the car started moving the moment the door was closed.

The situation mirrored itself for the other foreign ministers as they, too, were hastily ushered into their cars. Without concern for those in their path, the vehicles accelerated forward, each diplomat racing in a vibe of to each their own.

While the diplomats' cars raced and vied against one another on their way to the airport, their respective security teams that were stationed at the airport adopted a contrasting approach. Instead of engaging in a competition, they chose to collaborate.

In a remarkably efficient display of coordination, the security teams swiftly assumed control of the airport, seamlessly surpassing the airport security personnel. They skillfully secured the perimeter, while maintaining a vigilant watch over the surroundings as they waited for their respective ministers..

After a 20-minute wait, the first minister's car arrived at the airport, swiftly followed by the other diplomats' vehicle. Without any delay, the security teams sprang into action, rushing towards their own diplomats' cars.

Swiftly opening the doors and forming a protective shield around the diplomats, covering them with their jackets and ballistic shields.

Wasting no time they began moving towards their respective planes which were already powered on and ready for departure, only waiting for their passengers.

Once on board, the planes swiftly initiated their departure procedures and began moving towards the runway. The runway, devoid of any other aircraft, bore testament to the temporary control exerted by the short-term security team.

Having taken charge of the airport, they had also assumed control of the air traffic operations. They postponed all scheduled takeoffs, ensuring that no aircraft was on the runway during this critical period.

Additionally, incoming planes were directed to enter a holding pattern, circling in the air until they received clearance for landing.

One after another, the planes began to take off. The only factor causing a delay between their takeoff was the required distance to avoid wake turbulence.

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Inside one of the departed planes.

"Report!" Sergei Lavrov, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, exclaimed once the airplane had taken off and he was certain of his safety.

"Coup d'état, sir. The city is in turmoil, so we don't know who is behind it yet," answered one of his guards.

"Why didn't we have any prior knowledge of this? Are our assets in the country just playing around?" Sergei asked, his anger evident as he found himself at ground zero when it all began.

"There was no indication whatsoever. But whoever he is, he is powerful," the guard answered.

"What makes you say that? If he is powerful he would have chosen another day, not today where there are almost ten thousand guards in the city. Did you contact Moscow to inform them about the situation? " Sergei answered back.

"We attempted, but no communication can go out or come inside," the guard reported back.

"What do you mean by that? You were able to coordinate operations between the security team with me and those at the airport. How is it possible that you failed to establish contact with Moscow?" Sergei asked in surprise.

"It appears that those responsible for this coup deliberately left our frequencies open to facilitate our safe evacuation but intentionally blocked outside communication to prevent our countries from learning about the coup and potentially sending assistance to Adolf," the guard explained.

"SHIT, they are cunning and powerful," Sergei exclaimed as he came to the realization that those orchestrating the coup were aware of their encrypted frequencies yet deliberately left them open to facilitate their escape. Furthermore, they possessed highly advanced technology capable of blocking all forms of communication from leaving the country. "It's a complete communication isolation. Even we wouldn't be able to achieve such a feat on such short notice," he added.