

## **Preface**

As long as it is midnight, stepping outside to gaze at the sky reveals the most breathtaking scene imaginable. This boundless expanse of stars is unfolding in real time, filling the entire world beyond Earth. Yet, upon closer inspection, one might notice that these stars seem somewhat suspicious, their numbers so vast that they almost appear to be an illusion!

This planet, predominantly driven by humanity, can sometimes be so utilitarian that it becomes unbearable. But opening this book is not about seeking profit; it demonstrates that the desire to explore the truth has never faded. It's just that due to busy lives, and with no one providing answers, some have abandoned their childhood innocence, willing to carry their doubts to the grave. Within the limited coordinates of our historical understanding, I aim to use paradox to praise the universe, reflect on life, and attempt to restore the essence of the world, to find the logic behind our existence.

Now, please fasten your seatbelt, and join me in the quest for answers! We will embark from Earth, piercing through the sky, venturing into a dimension that transcends time and space, a background universe even more distant than the observable cosmos...

## **Chapter 1 - Solitude**

"If time and space can be reshaped, then how can we ever trust what is real?" Neosun said, his voice trembling with doubt.

Sitting in his wheelchair, listening to music while solving equations—perhaps no state was more fitting for him. For Neosun, those seemingly tedious formulas were beautiful landscapes, enchanting melodies. Though he was lonely, he was not adrift. Such a life was unimaginable for most people. It was already five in the morning, and his brain was still working at high speed to unravel those mysteries. Long nights without sleep had sunken his eyes and dulled his skin, and many white hairs always littered his desk. He felt happiness with every puzzle he solved, a joy that few could truly understand. All this was because Neosun's world was occupied by a grand dream. To get closer to this dream, he tried to clear the obstacles ahead with a fearless heart, despite how unattainable and distant it seemed.

Time is like a tape measure, sometimes contracting inward to dull the pain of the soul, sometimes extending outward to measure unknown answers. Although Neosun's body lacked freedom, his thoughts transcended his legs and traveled to a place far beyond anyone's sight. Perhaps an untainted mind is more likely to discover those unknown details. Precisely because of his physical immobility, he calmed down to observe the world. That weekend evening, Neosun invented a quantum computer capable of precisely simulating the workings of the Milky Way. Through a series of deep simulations, he used this computer to predict a transient hidden dark particle, something humanity had never discovered. He named this peculiar substance "Framequark."

Maybe those who can do anything are destined to do something earth-shattering. This discovery inspired him to take on a great endeavor! To verify the existence of Framequark, Neosun urgently needed a special microscope, a super microscope that could further reveal the world's truths. He planned to develop this cutting-edge observational equipment himself. However, its required precision and high manufacturing costs needed ample funding. Thus, he hoped to launch the project with the help of venture capital. But his lengthy business plan looked more like an academic paper...

"The market you're targeting is a very niche, cutting-edge group. From both a market perspective and a technical perspective, we can't make an assessment."

"When more real money is invested in microscopic science, it will attract more physicists. At that point, it will show its value!"

"That's your personal ideal. The world is driven by the market, and that is an unrelated future..."

Even the most cutting-edge scientific projects cannot escape the nature of commerce. The calm capital market had no intention of paying for theoretical ideas. Neosun needed someone who understood the value behind his project, but on this planet, perhaps that person was only himself. Without funding, his research project could not progress.

"It's time to pay the rent!"

"Can you give me a few more days? I've found a job and will be getting paid soon."

"Alright, I'll give you one more week at most..."

"I really appreciate it!"

He abandoned the mundane and disregarded everything, but was harshly slapped by reality. Reality refused to allow him to prove those theories difficult to monetize. The world was pulling him back into the survival system of civilization. The living expenses his mother left him were about to run out, and he submitted a resume with no degree and no work experience to several research units. But weeks passed with no replies in his inbox. Not meeting the basic interview requirements, he was turned away by all employers. Eventually, through a disability employment service, Neosun found an informal position. The job was relatively easy, involving the preliminary review of invention patents for the patent office. Before he knew it, it was Monday again, and driven by necessity, he had to interrupt his theoretical research to clock in for work...

Neosun's social circle was extremely limited, and his introverted nature meant he had never been in a relationship. No girl had ever liked him. However, recently, a new female colleague in the neighboring archives department had taken a special interest in him...

"Would you like to see a movie together this weekend?"

"Unfortunately, I have to do experiments at home this weekend."

"Busy again? What kind of experiment?"

"It's about microwaves. Are you interested?"

"Can I come and see?"

"I'm afraid not..."

"Why?"

"It's dangerous!"

"Dangerous for you or for the experiment?"

"Both dangerous."

"Haha! Anyway, you can't stand up, so I'm not afraid of you doing anything to me!"

"That's a pity..."

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that."

Two weeks later, the girl noticed that Neosun always listened to a few fixed pieces of music repeatedly, and she took the trouble to jot down those tracks. Although she didn't understand how to appreciate that music, she hoped to establish a common topic by learning about it.

"Do you really like these pieces?"

"Yes, do you like them too?"

"I just want to know why a science guy always listens to those pieces and never gets tired of them?"

"Well, once you understand them, you habitually can't stop."

"Can you understand me?"

"Uh... I'm glad you say that, but... I'm afraid I can't get close to you."

"Why, am I not pretty enough?"

"No, you're very pretty and smart! What I mean is..."

"Then why? Do you... like boys?"

"You're a good girl, and there will be someone better for you, not someone like me, old and weak, and your parents wouldn't agree either."

"But I don't care!"

"But I care."

"Is it because you already like someone?"

"Sort of."

"Who is she?"

Thousands of incomprehensible technical inventions made him the greatest unsung inventor in human history. Although Neosun worked at the patent office reviewing invention patents, he never submitted any of his own. His low-key, cautious manner meant he never wanted to publicize his inventions. Those inventions were quietly completed in the spirit of fulfilling a promise. Most of his inventions were technologies that could not be commercially applied.

"Remove the effects of hormones, and who would be interested in whom!"

In Neosun's view, humans are merely eukaryotes controlled by genetic inheritance, exploited by natural selection, and thus losing their self-identity. His rejection of that girl stemmed from his world being devoid of love. He remained unmarried for science because science took that place. This obsession came from an extraordinary gene recombination, a gift from both his parents...

## **Chapter 2 - Destined Encounter**

2030, Earth;

The boy, freshly graduated, had been assigned to teach at a middle school. As a chemistry teacher, he was constantly grading papers and preparing lectures. Lawn Street was his daily route home from school, a sparsely populated road he walked every day. That evening, the freshly painted benches lining the road emitted a faint smell of paint. In the glow of the street-lights, a ticket lying on one of the benches caught his attention...

"Sir, is this yours?" he asked a passerby who had just walked ahead.

"No, it's not!" The passerby glanced at the ticket in his hand from a distance and replied firmly.

"AI Philharmonic Theater... it's a ticket to a concert, this Saturday... the day after tomorrow!" He examined the ticket carefully.

"What a shame, this ticket might go to waste."

He had always wanted to attend a concert at that theater but never had the chance. Seeing that the performing group was one he often listened to, he decided to use the found ticket to attend the concert.

On the day of the performance, he arrived at the theater entrance, mingling with the bustling crowd, and took his seat in the concert hall. The seat was in the front row, offering a clear view of the performers' expressions on stage. Perhaps because the ticket was found, he felt slightly uneasy, wearing a serious expression as he waited for the performance to begin.

"Hello, please don't stare at me like that, it makes me uncomfortable!" he said to the slightly odd-looking spectator next to him.

"I was looking at the left screen showing the piece being performed."

"Hmm... I really like this one, its diverse style has a surreal futuristic feel, very tasteful." He awkwardly tried to change the subject.

"This person looks familiar..." he thought as he glanced at the spectator.

As the conductor raised the baton, the familiar prelude echoed through the concert hall...

"The live experience is something else, isn't it?" The spectator next to him whispered.  
"Indeed."

The performance began, and a girl in a red dress appeared center stage. She elegantly lifted her violin, entering the music with the first phrase of the main instrument. At that moment, the boy's eyes lit up; he felt an immediate connection with the beautiful performer on stage. Her appearance and demeanor were exactly as he had imagined. He was captivated by her performance of his favorite piece.

"The performer is so beautiful." He barely finished the sentence before retracting it.  
"She composed the main chords of this piece herself." The spectator next to him said.  
"Really? Are you talking about the girl in the red dress?"  
"Yes."  
"She composed these chords?"  
"Do you like her?"  
"Me?"  
"Yes!"  
"Do you mean the piece?"  
"Including her!"  
"Well, of course..." He felt uneasy about the spectator's bold remarks.  
"Buddy! If you like her, go for it! Don't hesitate!"

After speaking, the spectator stood up and left, leaving the boy bewildered, watching the spectator head towards the exit. After the performance ended, the audience rose to give a standing ovation for the excellent performance. A while later, as the front-row audience started to leave, the boy prepared to follow suit when the girl in the red dress miraculously approached his seat. He watched her walk closer, stunned. She sat down in the empty seat next to him, glanced at her phone, and looked around. She didn't notice him, but his heart was racing. Just as he was about to muster the courage to greet her, she stood up and left. He felt a mix of surprise, discomfort, and a strong sense of missed opportunity...

On the way home, he couldn't stop thinking about the girl on stage. He had never felt this way in over twenty years. A strange impulse drove his consciousness, like a mission from the heavens. He had to meet the girl in the red dress...

"But she's so exceptional and outstanding, how can I get to know her..."  
"Is it too simple an idea? She might already have a boyfriend..."

He felt that on the stage, she shone brilliantly, while he was just an ordinary listener in the audience. When he got home, he looked up her upcoming performance schedule. Finding out she had another performance the following Wednesday, he decided to buy a ticket and attend her next concert.

And so, a serendipitous concert ticket led to the boy's encounter with the girl on stage, becoming the "matchmaker" that brought them together.

### **Chapter 3 - Unfathomable Drive**

The boy stepped into the theater alone once more. After the performance ended, he was still immersed in the girl's radiant appearance and the beautiful atmosphere of her music. As the audience exited the theater, he followed along, but instead of continuing out into the quiet night, he veered towards the stage exit, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, perhaps even say hello. He crossed a barrier, entering the performers' passageway.

"What should I say when she comes out?" he muttered to himself, hiding behind a car.

While waiting for the girl to appear, he felt like a puppet controlled by someone else. There were two exits, D and E, several meters apart, and he paced anxiously between them.

"Forget it, this is too embarrassing... I should go home!" he fretted, torn between staying and fleeing.

"That girl looks like her..." he stepped closer, only to find it wasn't her.

"Another girl is coming out!"

"Strange, she should have come out by now..."

Time flew by, and it was already 1 a.m. He had been waiting outside the theater for three hours, but the girl never appeared at either exit.

A week later, he bought another concert ticket, this time at a larger venue. He chose a seat in the front row.

"Maybe it's too close!" he hesitated and changed his seat to the second row.

The boy arrived at the theater early, following the directions carefully. As he entered the concert hall, he scanned the stage, looking for her.

"There she is!"

He spotted her immediately. This time, she was heavily made up, her tall figure adorned in a pure white wedding gown. She looked like a fairytale princess, even more stunning than before. Slowly, she walked to a piano and sat down. At that moment, the boy seemed to forget she was a performer.

One by one, notes were transmitted through mechanical means, striking the strings to produce sound. A beautiful classical piano piece flowed from her magical, gentle hands. Her performance resonated throughout the acoustically perfect hall, transforming everything around him. He couldn't believe such a piece could come from her...

"So, she plays the piano too, not just the violin!"

After this performance, the boy bravely ventured backstage. He saw some unfamiliar faces and headed towards a lounge entrance without hesitation.

"Excuse me, sir, who are you looking for?" a uniformed staff member stopped him.

"I'm looking for the girl who just performed. I'm a friend of hers..." "She should be in the dressing room over there. I'm not sure, but you can check."

"It's her!"

The dressing room was large, and from a distance, he saw the beautiful girl removing her make-up. He had already seen her twice from the audience. He hid in a corner, stealing a few glances at her...

"Wow! She's so beautiful, and such a great figure..."

Her eyes, seemingly able to control the world, were filled with boundless energy. For a moment, they met his through a gap in the screen, piercing his soul. Commands from deep within his brain traveled down his nervous system to his feet. He gathered his courage and stepped out of the corner towards her. She hadn't noticed him yet, but as he drew closer, her gaze naturally shifted to him.

"Oh no, she's looking at me..."

Her presence was overwhelming, making him too nervous to look directly at her. His mind was a blur, standing so close to his goddess...

"Who are you?"

"Uh... I'm Sam, an audience member. Your performance today was amazing. I really like your outfit—I mean, your performance!" he stammered.

"Thank you." She paused, noticing his shyness, and smiled as she continued to remove her makeup.

"Could you... give me your autograph?"

"Sure, not many people ask for my autograph. I hope you don't mind if it's not perfect."

Her humility and kindness made him like her even more.

"Here you go."

"Thank you!" Sam took the autograph and quickly left the dressing room.

His joy was palpable. He had successfully met the girl and even struck up a conversation with her, walking away with her autograph. He carefully read the name on the signature...

"Nina Davis, her name is Nina!"

But Sam forgot one crucial thing—he hadn't asked for her contact information...

#### **Chapter 4 - Magnetic Attraction**

Eventually, Sam obtained the girl's contact information through the orchestra. After holding onto it for a week, Sam finally gathered the courage to make the call. As the waiting tone on the other end of the social communication network rang, his heart pounded in his chest, but no one answered...

"Maybe she doesn't answer unknown calls... or she's in rehearsal..."

Sam sent a friend request instead. He waited in front of his phone for an hour, but there was no response. However, to his surprise, four hours after making the call, Sam picked up his phone and saw a missed call from that now-familiar number.

"It's her..."

She had called back, but Sam, busy preparing for class, had missed it. He called back immediately...

"Hello!" A sweet voice answered.

"Uh, hello..."

"Who is this?"

"I'm... one of your audience members."

"Who? I can't quite hear you!"

"I'm the one who asked for your autograph the other day!"

"Oh, it's you! What can I do for you?" "I wanted to know when your next performance is."

"I'm performing in New City next Saturday. Are you coming?" "Yes, I'll be there. Thank you!"

On a bright afternoon, Sam attended the orchestra's tour performance in another city. This time, he sat in the front row. Perhaps out of curiosity, the girl glanced at the audience as the performance began. She saw the boy who had asked for her autograph before. Her eyes lingered on Sam for a few seconds, as if signaling something to him...

"She saw me; she remembers me!" Sam felt a bit surprised.

After the performance, he called the girl...

"Are you backstage? I... have something for you."

"We're in the lounge having a meal. Come join us!" "Okay!"

As he entered the lounge, he saw the performers still in their stage outfits, chatting and eating fast food. One of the girls raised her hand...

"Hi! Over here!"

Sam walked over to the girl but noticed she had two companions with her, so he held back the gift he had brought.

"Is he your boyfriend?" one of her companions whispered.

"No, he's just an audience member."

"An audience member? You don't usually get this close with them. He's quite handsome. You knew him before, didn't you?"

"Really, no..."

"Is this dinner time for you?" He sat down in the seat the girl had left for him.

"Lunch!" the girl laughed.

"Having lunch at three, you all must work very hard!"

Feeling nervous under the gaze of her companions, Sam's hands trembled, though he tried to appear natural.

"Yes, we're used to it! Would you like something to eat?" she said while chewing.

"No thanks, I'm not hungry."

"This is our orchestra's live recording collection. Feel free to share if you like any of the tracks."

"Sure..."

To avoid making him feel awkward, the girl handed him her personal device. Sam pretended to enjoy each song on the playlist. After a while, as they finished their meal, he returned the device to the girl.

"I've transferred the files."

"How many did you download?" she asked while finishing her food.

"Do I need to pay per track?" Sam joked.

"Of course, these are our hard-earned creations. We're quite expensive!" her companion teased.

"Let's go!" She and her companions were heading back to the rehearsal hall.

Sam walked out of the lounge with the girls, politely saying goodbye to her companions...

"Your performance was as great as always. I'll keep listening!"

After her companions left, the girl smiled naturally. She already understood Sam's feelings.

"Would you like some bubble tea?"

"Sure."

Passing by an automated vending machine in the theater, Sam bought two cups of bubble tea, handing one to the girl. She noticed a prominent burn scar on Sam's hand...

"I got burned once while teaching a class."

"What kind of class is that dangerous?"

"Chemistry..."

"You're a chemistry teacher?"

"A chemistry teacher who loves music."

"Did you come here just to hear me play?"  
"I happened to be in the area shopping, so I timed it to come today."  
"Oh... How will you get home?"  
"I'll take a ride-share. What about you?"  
"We're taking the band's bus."  
"Why don't you join us?"  
"Uh? That might not be appropriate..."  
"It's fine. We're heading the same way."  
"But we have another performance tonight. Can you wait?"  
"I'll go buy some things in town and come back around that time."

## **Chapter 5 - Melody in the Rain**

Sam rode the band's bus back to the city with the girl, both of them glancing at each other from the corners of their eyes. Perhaps because Sam noticed the girl seemed tired, they didn't talk much and rested quietly in their seats. After several hours of travel, they finally returned to their city.

"Do you often perform like this?" Sam asked, feeling a bit concerned.  
"Yes, but I love this job. Since I enjoy it, I don't feel too tired."  
"Is your boyfriend picking you up?"  
"I don't have a boyfriend!" Sam felt a wave of joy at these words.  
"Really?"  
"Yes."  
"Such a talented and beautiful girl, doesn't anyone pursue you?"  
"They do, but I don't like them."  
"Why not?"  
"Just no spark, I guess."  
"How lucky one would be to be your boyfriend!" Sam said half-jokingly.  
"Sure, haha!"

Whether the girl was joking or serious, Sam felt incredibly happy at that moment. He felt like he was the lucky one about to gain the whole world. As they walked and chatted, they reached the entrance of her apartment building...

"It's an honor to meet you!"  
"I'm also glad to meet you!" They both bowed slightly at the same time.  
"When you have time, can I treat you to dinner? I'd love to talk more about your music."  
"This week is a bit busy..."  
"That's okay, I'll keep listening to your performances."  
"Maybe tomorrow night!"  
"Great, let's meet at the restaurant we passed earlier?"  
"Sure... See you tomorrow night!"

The next day, the usually nonchalant and introverted Sam became meticulous about his appearance. Before leaving the house, he carefully adjusted his collar and hair. He arrived early at the restaurant they had agreed upon. That evening, a light drizzle fell from the sky. The sound of hurried high heels tapping on the wet pavement created a rhythmic accompaniment as the girl approached Sam.

"I'm so sorry I'm late!"  
"It's okay, I just got here too..." Sam said, feeling relieved as his goddess arrived.  
"I just rescued a stray kitten on the way here..." the girl explained.  
"What happened?"



"It was meowing by the roadside, its leg seemed hurt. I moved it to safety, and later an old lady took it in."

"That's a tribute from one living being to another..."

"Actually, we're all like that kitten, wandering this world. Wherever we are, that's home."

As the rain intensified, there was still some distance between the restaurant entrance and the indoors. Sam took the umbrella from her hand, walking alongside her and muttering to himself...

"Why does she seem a bit different, is she the same girl?"

"Maybe it's because she's not wearing makeup, so I didn't recognize her..."

As they walked towards the restaurant, Sam glanced at her, feeling a slight doubt, but it didn't affect his feelings for her at all...

"I didn't wear much makeup today, you don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not, you're not here for a performance. I think you look even prettier this way!"

"You're lying!" she laughed.

"You're the kind of girl who looks beautiful even without makeup."

"Do guys only approach girls because they're pretty?"

"I think it's nature's intention, but I really admire your music..."

"By the way, I forgot to give this to you the other night!"

"What is it... A violin! It's so delicate!"

"This must be the smallest violin I've ever seen."

"It's just a keychain, it can't be played."

"Hmm... Thank you!"

"I still can't believe you compose chords."

They shared a deep passion for music. It was music that brought them together, and they talked about music and her past performances. In fact, something wonderful had happened that Sam hadn't anticipated—they were already emotionally connected.

"I didn't expect a chemistry teacher to know so much about music."

"Maybe if I didn't study chemistry, I could've been a musician! Haha..."

"I believe it. It seems we have similar tastes. You must have a knack for it!"

"Both of my parents were math teachers. They were lost in an earthquake when I was very young. I grew up in an orphanage."

"Oh... I'm sorry to hear that."

"Did you always like performing?"

"Yes, but my father opposed it. He often urged me to take over the family business and mingle with high society, but I didn't want that life."

"Are you sure?"

"I know what I want!"

"It's great to make a living from what you love. I guess you want to be the best female musician!"

"I just want to experience music and live a simple life through performing."

## **Chapter 6 - No Way Out**

In the dim laboratory, piles of garbage were everywhere, and the walls were covered with formulas, pushing one to the edge of suffocation. The only way to confirm that the reclusive owner was still alive was through the trash bags. After Neosun's failed attempt to secure funding for his particle microscope, he could only shut himself in and fight for his dream alone. Even though

Framequark had not been confirmed through observation, his mind never stopped. He built a model on the assumption of Framequark's existence, simulating its performance characteristics in the dark matter world. By calculating its interactions with surrounding matter, he reinterpreted the shape of the universe. However, unresolved questions slowed his progress. To calculate the Framequark spectrum and the precise intervals between Framequarks, it was necessary to conduct actual observations at the Framequark scale.

At one in the morning, he put on his headphones, isolating himself from the animalistic sounds of pleasure from the next door, and continued searching for answers in the chaos. He seemed to possess a power to change the world, but lacked the capital to stand out. As the research progressed, circumstances forced Neosun to knock on the doors of the capital market again. However, with no actual product, no commercial background, and no like-minded partners, he visited every venture capital firm in his hopeful black wheelchair with just a theoretical hypothesis. He opened his heart and for the first time, revealed the significant scientific discoveries behind the particle microscope project...

"Framequark? What's that?"

"An unconfirmed dark matter particle."

"Does it really exist?"

"We know that time and space are abstract concepts, not objective realities. I believe that only Framequark truly exists."

"Is the particle microscope just to confirm its existence?"

"The value of the particle microscope is to verify and discover those smaller-scale microscopic particles. Its magnification will far exceed the resolution limit of the scanning tunneling microscope, completely replacing particle accelerators, and significantly improving the efficiency of microscopic scientific research."

"What's so special about that dark matter particle?"

"I once used a quantum computer to simulate placing a Framequark into a new universe, and it would reorganize about 32 cubic spaces based on 'memory.'"

"What does that mean?"

"It means that each Framequark covers 32 cubic units of three-dimensional space and carries about 12 minutes of historical data."

"Historical data?"

"It includes almost all the material in those 32 cubic units. You can think of it as a fragmented universe of 32 cubic units lasting only 12 minutes. We can use the Framequark detector to enhance the signals."

"That sounds very difficult. What's the point of doing that?"

"It allows the Framequark detector to return images through physical imaging of electrical signals, thereby peering into the spacetime history of those 32 cubic units."

"You mean entering the Framequark to see past images?"

"No, it's a three-dimensional physical scene! According to my hypothesis, dark matter, like visible matter, is flowing, but it flows faster than visible matter, leaving a historical imprint of the visible matter world at each dark matter point."

"Can you explain it more simply?"

"Simply put, Framequark is the smallest time unit in the dark matter world and the form of dark energy in the visible matter world."

"I think I get it!"

"In our known world, time always progresses linearly. But it is not continuous, just like an ideal circle and line do not exist in reality; it also has the smallest unit. The timeline is a collection of countless granular Framequarks, and Framequarks are hidden in the gaps connecting the dark matter world..."

"Oh?!"

"When entering the Framequark world, strange things happen, and the concept of time in the macroscopic world becomes unreliable. Time becomes controllable there. Everything that happens at each moment is stored separately in each node, and that node is Framequark."

"So, the dark matter world uses an unknown phenomenon to store the visible matter world in the past 'space-time hard drives,' and Framequark is the 'data fragment' written into it?"

"Yes! More importantly, these 'data fragments' can be rewritten!"

"Is it that magical?!" The investment decision members exchanged glances and continued to listen to Neosun's explanation.

"By successfully linking two Framequarks and introducing dark energy into the first Framequark in the sequence, the time inside the Framequark will no longer repeat every 12 minutes but will open a parallel timeline based on that Framequark..."

"As long as the precise intervals of the Framequarks are obtained, I can extrapolate its frequency range to the entire universe because Framequarks are distributed in a fixed format, evenly across every corner of the universe."

"What do you want to do by linking them?"

"By establishing a connection between two Framequarks, creating a domino effect. Then, let the detector enter the Framequark frequency to retrieve some historical regrets."

"You want to change history?"

"Not change it, but derive a new timeline from one set of Framequark sequences!"

"What happens to the original timeline?"

"Hold on..."

"Time's up, let's stop here for now!"

"No, let him finish!"

Neosun took out two sets of dominoes of different colors and arranged them in parallel rows, red and blue, unrelated to each other...

"Look! The blue set represents our timeline, and the red set represents the new timeline..."

Neosun knocked over the first blue domino, and all the blue dominos fell one by one. Then, he placed one of the fallen blue dominos in front of the first red domino and knocked it over again. All the red dominos fell one by one due to the push from the blue domino...

"The original timeline will continue to progress as it was. As long as we find a way to introduce dark energy into that 'blue domino,' it will gain infinite energy from the dark energy world, thus triggering a completely new parallel universe branch..."

"So, once the Framequark is successfully activated, it will sever its connection with our timeline and develop independently into its own world."

"Does this mean that as many Framequarks as there are, there can be that many parallel universes?"

"Not exactly. Each Framequark corresponds to the same membrane and the same energy string in the dark energy world. A Framequark itself can only be rewritten once, and each string has a Framequark rewrite limit. But I can't determine what that limit is."

"Alright... how does the detector get in?"

"Once we calculate the Framequark spectrum, we can"

"instantly expand it using my algorithm with the Framequark amplifier, allowing us to enter it!"

"Framequark amplifier? What's that?"

"It's a gravitational device capable of establishing a quantum matrix, able to use specific rays to trigger the Framequark core time effect to expand outward."

"Do you also need to build this device?"

"Yes, but it requires substantial funding support... This is the engineering blueprint, there are some uncertainties that need to be adjusted during the actual development process."

After Neosun's logically rigorous theoretical explanation, a one and a half hour project presentation ended. However, the listeners, while looking at their phones and listening to his speech, did not understand the value of the product...

"What's the next project?"

"Regarding Neosun's... particle microscope."

"That's too far-fetched, skip it!"

"Even if he successfully achieves the technology, he won't find any customers willing to test it..."

"Haha! How come I've never heard of this person... a new star in the scientific community?"

"Just a patent examiner."

"I heard he seems to have delusional disorder!" another investment member added.

"My god, you guys are really dedicated!"

"Just curious, from his project description, you can feel he's very serious."

"Yeah, a true dreamer!"

"Alright... let's continue to the next one..."

For the investment decision committee, Neosun's project seemed like a pipe dream, unrealistic. Although they admired Neosun's spirit of exploration, in the eyes of most people, the success rate of that project was almost zero. Cutting-edge technological inventions and creations were met with ridicule. What Neosun experienced this time was just another verification of his own powerlessness and insignificance. Even if Neosun spoke eloquently, rational investors remained unmoved, unable to bet huge sums on his fantasy world.

## **Chapter 7 - Half Asleep, Half Awake**

"Neosun, you should be more practical and stop wasting time on things that have no real significance!"

Countless times of hearing nothing back corresponded to countless times of disheartening disappointment. It meant that the fruits of his deep contemplation still couldn't be put to use. It was the world's complete rejection of him, a merciless and truthful feedback. His project proposals turned into nothing more than sci-fi stories. But because of this, Neosun maintained a clearer mindset, unaffected by external influences, quietly continuing to think independently about those problems. Time was slipping away, second by second; leisurely enjoying life wasn't his way of living. He had to use the gaps in his work to continue pursuing his dream within the limited time he had.

Neosun required equipment so advanced that even the world's most cutting-edge scientific laboratories had never seen anything like it. The cost to develop such equipment was astronomical — starting from billions and potentially reaching hundreds of billions. Lacking the necessary equipment support, the numbers he calculated were inevitably imprecise.

He tried to detect Framequark spectra to find the answer. However, just as he was approaching preliminary results, the quantum device suddenly captured a data anomaly. The interference disrupted the normal operation of the equipment. Neosun stared at the data screen, his fingers flying across the keyboard, sweat soaking through his shirt. The data fluctuations on the screen were like a ghostly shadow, seemingly from another world.

"Oh my God! This is the strangest thing I've ever seen!"

Outwardly calm but wild inside, every nerve in his body was tormented by the anomalous data. He tried everything he could, but each attempt to reverse-engineer the anomaly failed to align with his original logic. He had a habit of falling asleep peacefully while immersed in logical thinking...

"I've got it..."

Just as he was about to enter deep sleep, a new idea popped into his mind. He tried to list the formulas based on this thought. The numbers in his mind miraculously arranged themselves into coherent patterns. He seemed to have found a subtle regularity within the anomalous data.

He prepared to get up and document the automated process deriving the results but realized that his body was no longer under his control. He couldn't even open his eyes. Suddenly, he vaguely heard footsteps...

"Is someone there?" Neosun subconsciously sensed the door being opened.

"Neosun..."

A girl's voice called from the doorway. Lying in bed, Neosun turned his gaze toward the sound. Then, a seductive and graceful girl walked toward his bedside. Her appearance made Neosun's heart race with shock.

She then took off her clothes, standing completely naked in front of him, slowly moving closer...

"Jessie? I don't have time right now, just go! Please!"

Neosun was dumbfounded, surprised, looking at her with an embarrassed expression... but somehow, he found himself completely unable to speak.

"Give it up, come with me!" Jessie said softly, kissing Neosun's forehead while unbuttoning his shirt.

Neosun was at a loss, but being human, he couldn't escape his biological nature. As Jessie's wavy, graceful body approached, listening to the warmth of her soul, his primal desires were awakened. He was captivated, lost in the moment, unable to resist Jessie's caresses. Then, they were lost in passion, entwined in bed, experiencing each other deeply. Yet, in that instant, the more alluring unsolved problem still loomed in Neosun's mind.

The faint sound of an alarm clock pulled Neosun out of his dream. He opened his eyes to realize it had been just a dream, a strange one. That day at work, he glanced at Jessie awkwardly, smiled slightly, shook his head, and resumed his work.

"Neosun!"

"What is it?"

"The doctor we scheduled for you is here, waiting in the conference room." Neosun's colleague said.

"Please don't treat me like a mental patient. I know myself, I'm not delusional anymore, those problems are gone!"

"I just saw you laughing to yourself, did you mentally calculate something again?"

"None of your business!"

"Just a chat, it won't hurt. If you weren't so immobile, I wouldn't be bothering to take such care of you!"

He was grateful for his colleagues' care. Reluctantly, Neosun once again accepted the psychiatrist's consultation, but he had to state a fact: he wasn't sick.

"Neosun, it's good to see you!"

"Hello." Neosun replied helplessly.

"I heard you're working on a research project. Can you tell me about it?"

"You wouldn't be interested!"

"I'm very interested. What's the significance of the project?"

"Its significance..."

"Don't worry, just speak your mind!"

"If I had listened to her then, she wouldn't have gone out. If I had let go of my curiosity, she wouldn't have left."

"You mean..."

"To save my mother, to go back to my childhood to save my sister..."

"Is it like a time machine from sci-fi novels?"

"Interpret it however you like."

"So... has your research theory gained acceptance in the academic world?"

"I haven't published my paper yet."

"Actually, most people, after losing a loved one, experience long-term anxiety and restlessness due to excessive grief, often accompanied by broken heart syndrome. It's normal..."

"Turning fantasies into real dreams might not be a good option. You need to work on stepping out of the shadow, accepting reality. Face it! Recognize it!"

"I tried, but another me won't let go. This should fall under the category of obsessive-compulsive disorder, right?"

"It's a form of self-suggestion."

"Is there a solution?"

"Don't get overly immersed in fantasies. You need to stop that so-called research project. It will help with your recovery."

"Alright." Neosun nodded.

"Have you decided to let it go?"

"Listen, I'm quitting this damn job next week. That project, as long as I'm alive, I'll work on it until I die..."

"And by the way, maybe one day you'll do the same as me." Neosun added, turning to the doctor.

"Doctor, how is he?"

"He's always acting strange, zoning out by himself, then suddenly laughing."

"His condition has worsened. He might need medication. He can't overcome his problems."

Since his sister Nova left, Neosun had been shadowed by the loss of a loved one and developed a hard-to-cure delusional personality disorder. He often got lost in various fantasies while solving puzzles. Whether these fantasies would drive him insane was something even he couldn't determine. Perhaps only success could prove he wasn't crazy...

## **Chapter 8 - Physiological Needs**

"We're about to meet my aunt and uncle, I don't know what to say..." - Sam said.

"Don't worry, just stick to what we discussed earlier."

"Your house is beautiful!"

"Wait here a moment, I'll go upstairs and get them..."

The man came from a humble background, while the woman was from a wealthy family and had received a better education. She was not only talented and humble but also exceptionally beautiful. Though Sam's financial situation was average, his simplicity, humor, and wisdom made the girl see him as her ideal partner. Meanwhile, her parents were trying to arrange a more suitable marriage for her.

"Nina, have you thought this through? What about your future life?"

"You're so annoying... I'm happy with him, isn't that what matters the most?!"

"Calling you so late, did I wake you?" - Nina asked.

"No, not at all!"

"How did they find me yesterday?"

"Pretty good, Mom said you were nice and handsome..."

"Really?"

"Yes... What are you doing?"

"Listening to music... thinking alone!"

"Is that so?"

"Nina, let's meet!"

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes..."

"What time?"

"I'm right outside your house." - Sam waved at Nina, who was opening the window.

"What are you doing here... Wait for me!"

"You should rest, I just wanted to see you. I have to go back and grade papers..."

"Alright then..."

"Tomorrow afternoon, let's meet at the amusement park bridge!"

On the empty bridge, stood the person Nina longed to see. She had dressed up, wearing her prettiest outfit and favorite jewelry...

"Hey! Sam!" - Nina quietly walked up behind Sam and gently tapped his shoulder.

"You scared me!"

"Today, we're going to ride every attraction in this amusement park."

"I'm afraid I might puke! What if I puke all over you?!"

"Then I'll puke on you too, that way we're even..."

Nina grabbed Sam's hand and they walked into the amusement park, riding the Ferris wheel while chatting and laughing. As they talked, Nina leaned on Sam's shoulder and fell asleep. Under the starlit sky, their love grew like wild grass in their hearts. Their relationship deepened over the next three months, leading Nina to visit Sam's place...

"I'm a bit hungry, how about you?"

"What do you want to eat? I'll cook for you."

"A talented girl like you can also cook?!"

"What, you underestimate me?"

"Where are the eggs?"

"Here... they are!"

"Are you making a cake?" - Sam asked curiously, but Nina just smiled.

Sam watched eagerly as Nina rolled up her sleeves. It was the first time Nina was cooking dinner for a boy; she prepared a simple yet classic dish, egg fried rice.

"Do you like Chinese food?"

"I learned it from a Japanese friend in college..."

"Wow..."

"So... does it taste good?"

"A bit... salty... but it's good!"

After eating, they went to Sam's study. Seeing a piano in the room, Nina sat down without hesitation.

"Do you also like to play the piano?" - Nina asked.

"I play for fun, can't compare to you... Can you teach me?"

"Sure... but it's late, we might disturb the neighbors!" - Nina played a few notes, then stood up and walked to the window, while Sam watched her profile from the side.

"You can sit on my lap and teach me softly?"

"Sam, you're so annoying!!"

"Nina, you're beautiful today..."

"When am I not beautiful?!"

Nina immediately turned her gaze outside the window. Sam hugged her from behind. In an instant, Nina's face turned as red as an apple. She had been strictly brought up and wasn't ready to be so close to Sam.

"Do you also love plants?" - Nina looked outside, trying to change the subject.

"Nina... your face is red!"

"I'm a bit tired today, I think I should go home."

"Alright... I'll walk you back."

"It's so late, where have you been?" - Nina's father asked.

"I'm grown up now!"

"It's because I care about you..."

"I've decided to be his girlfriend."

"I've listened to you all your life, but not this time..."

"No matter what you say... whatever..." - Nina stood up and walked out of the house.

"Where are you going? If you don't listen to me, don't come back!"

Nina's father couldn't accept an ordinary teacher as his son-in-law. Because of this, he even slapped Nina. Afterwards, Nina frequently ran away from home, hiding at her orchestra colleagues' places for days and nights while staying in touch with Sam. Not long after, a financial crisis struck, worsening the already declining family situation. Her father's steel mill faced bankruptcy.

## **Chapter 9 - Genetic Recombination**

"This is..." - Nina asked.

"Open it and see!"

"A violin..." - Nina saw a roughly crafted violin.

"The one I gave you before couldn't be played. This one can."

"Where did you buy it?"

"I... made it myself, as a surprise for you."

"Wow! Sam, I didn't know you were so handy!"

"I'm good at other things too..."



"You're so naughty!"

"Do you like it? I had a tuner adjust the sound. Try it and see how it sounds..."

She picked up the violin Sam made for her and began to play a tune. Sam closed his eyes, savoring the melody Nina drew out.

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness."

"Nina... we..."

"What do you want to do?! Hmph! Bad person!"

One evening a week later, Sam turned Nina into a woman. Two months later on the same day, after finishing his classes and returning home, Sam called Nina but couldn't reach her. It was already 11:30 PM, and Sam anxiously awaited Nina's response.

"Hello..." - Sam's phone rang.

"Professor Sam!"

"Do you have a question, student?"

"I have a question about an organic chemistry experiment I'd like to ask you about!"

"Alright, which question is it? Go ahead..."

"Sam!" - Nina called back.

"Nina, I was just helping a student. I couldn't reach you earlier today..."

"The troupe scheduled two performances in a row."

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine... see you later."

After the performance that day, Nina came to Sam's place.

"Sam..."

"What's wrong?" - Sam asked, noticing Nina's unusual expression.

"I..."

"Are you feeling unwell?"

"I think I might be..."

"Oh... really?"

"Have you been to the doctor?"

"Not yet, but... it feels like it!"

"Then we'll have it..."

"Yes..."

"This is so sudden... I wasn't prepared for this..." - Sam said.

"How about... we name the baby first!"

"If it's a girl... let's call her Nova."

"And if it's a boy?"

"Hmm... if it's a boy, then... Neosun!"

"Neosun... alright."

"What did the doctor say?" - Sam asked.

"It's a girl."

"Wonderful, I have a daughter!"

Several months later, Sam accompanied Nina to the hospital, where she smoothly gave birth to their daughter, Nova.

"Her eyes are so big, just like yours!" - Sam said.

"Her mouth and nose look like yours."

"They really do..."

The innocent look in the child's eyes touched their hearts with every movement. From then on, Sam and Nina began a joyful life raising their daughter, Nova...

"It's been half a month, and my period still hasn't come..."

Two years later, Sam and Nina's genes recombined again. Their reproductive cells fused to create a completely different gene sequence, a new intelligent system. Sam and Nina had another baby. This time, it was a boy.

"It's amazing, I can't believe we have another boy!"

"Look, his head is bigger than his sister's."

"He'll definitely be smart when he grows up!"

Time flew by quickly, passing by before they even realized it. Soon, both children were old enough to start school...

"Kids, dinner's ready!"

"We're coming..."

Nina untied her kitchen apron and smiled as she watched her son and daughter hold hands and run across the backyard lawn.

"Mom, what is love?" - six-year-old Nova asked.

"Honey, why do you ask?"

"It's our homework from the teacher today."

"Oh... love is thinking of others always, it transcends life and death, and it's always there..."

"My brother and I are mom and dad's love, right?"

"Yes, darling, exactly right!" - Nina kissed Nova's forehead.

"These were sacrificed for us. Look how clean your sister's plate is. Eat it up, don't waste it!" -

Nina put the chicken leg that Neosun had bitten back onto his plate.

"Why do we have to eat it?"

"It's the natural order. You need to eat it to grow strong and healthy!" - Sam replied.

"Maybe yesterday, it was happily eating grains on the farm..." - Neosun mused.

"Can't we just eat vegetables and fruits instead?"

"That would be nutritionally deficient. We need a balanced diet, so sacrifices have to be made. Don't overthink it, just eat!"

"Maybe plants also feel pain when they're eaten, they just can't express it." - Nova added.

After the family's happy dinner, Neosun sat at the table, one hand propping up his chin, the other holding an apple, looking at the chicken bone discarded in the trash. He began to realize that the little chickens in cartoons and the chicken on their plates were not the same. He wanted to save the chickens trapped on the farm, but he couldn't. The next day, Sam and Nina took Neosun and Nova to the supermarket to buy fresh food...

"Dad, that fish is swimming so fast..."

"Then we'll choose that one!"

"Okay... alright!"

Sam picked the liveliest fish for dinner. It swam quickly around the edge of the tank, standing out among its peers. It was like an "orca" navigating the cosmos, desperately searching for an escape. Back home, Nina placed it in the kitchen sink. Neosun and Nova watched it together, talking to it, even giving it a name...

"Starman! Keep swimming, you're the fastest!"

"Alright, Mom and Dad need to cook it for dinner now."

"Can we not eat it?"

"Sweetie, it's not for playing, it's for eating!"

"No..." - Neosun covered his face with his hands.

After Starman's brief freedom, Neosun watched through his fingers as the fish was stunned, skinned, gutted, and sliced before being seasoned and cooked. The fish that had been so lively in the sink just moments before was now a dish on their table...

"Come and taste it, it's delicious!"

"It was swimming so well, and now it's dead..."

"It wasn't smart enough, so it became food for us. If we didn't eat it, someone else would."

"I'm sorry, Starman! We didn't mean to eat you! I wanted you to live..." - He ate while mourning Starman's fate.

With their combined encouragement, Neosun reluctantly ate the fish. From then on, every time he passed the fish tank at the supermarket, he thought of Starman. The tank seemed lifeless without Starman, never again hosting a fish as vibrant as he had been. He regretted saying that it swam fast, thinking that way it might have swum a bit longer...

## **Chapter 10 - Developmental Disorder**

Compared to his older sister, who was already quite mature, the 4-year-old brother was still a bit slow to react. But as he grew into his childhood years, his intelligence began to show. Unlike his sister who thrived in humanities, social sciences, and sports, he gravitated towards math, science, and elective courses like music and art. He inherited both his father's mathematical genes and his mother's artistic talent. His numerical memory slightly surpassed that of his peers; he could solve 16-digit math problems quickly, play complex pieces on the piano, and create stunning drawings.

"I like Dad, but I don't like Mom..."

"Why?" - his sister asked.

"She always forbids me from doing things and sometimes she's really mean!"

"Maybe you're just too sensitive... I think both Mom and Dad are great!"

"Why do batteries have a positive and negative side?"

"Why does the Earth have a North and South Pole?"

"Why do we have boys and girls?"

"Two eyes, two ears, two hands... why does the human body always have pairs of organs?"

"For symmetry!" - a classmate in the front row answered.

"One is a backup!"

"Why is there only one of some organs then?"

"They must have forgotten to make a backup!" - another classmate chimed in.

"Why is the background of the universe black and not white? Why do we exist?"

"His questions are so weird. Existence is just existence. If you don't want to exist, just disappear..." - A mocking comment from a classmate in the back row made the entire class burst into laughter.

"Haha... exactly!"

Curious Neosun would always ask his teachers questions that were difficult to answer, but he never got a satisfactory response. As he asked more and more questions, his enthusiasm for asking new questions waned.

"Did you learn a new nursery rhyme today?" - Nina asked, holding Neosun.  
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star... la la... la la... how I wonder what you are..."

Neosun didn't respond directly but started humming the nursery rhyme he had learned. During one exam, Neosun got distracted by thinking about the solution to a higher-grade geometry problem and forgot he was in the middle of a test. As a result, Neosun failed the exam, while the classmates who envied him all scored perfect marks...

"What happened to Neosun?"

"No idea, it's the first time he didn't get a perfect score."

"Maybe the praise from the teacher got to his head..."

"I think he's just dumb. Maybe he got lucky before!"

"Haha..."

"Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!" - After class, a group of students ran around pointing at Neosun's nose, chanting.

"I'm not an idiot..." - Neosun quietly retorted.

"You are an idiot! A big idiot who failed the test!"

"Don't you dare talk to my brother like that!" - Nova hugged the smaller Neosun.

"Sister... I want to go home!"

"It's okay, don't be scared, I'm here! They're the ones in the wrong!"

"Not only did you fail math, but you also got zeros in two other subjects?" - Nina criticized, pointing at the papers on the table.

"I..."

"Neosun, what's going on?"

"What are these?" - Nina asked, pointing at the science fiction drawings attached to the textbook.

"Just some... imagination..."

"How many times have I told you not to draw in your textbooks?" - Nina tore them out. They were some assumptions based on modern science.

"Neosun, Mom needs to punish you this time. Go to the study room and reflect on your actions."  
- Sam and Nina reprimanded Neosun together.

"Stop crying!"

"Sister, why do I exist?"

"Come on, let's wash your face..."

Following his interests, Neosun isolated himself, learning subjects different from those of other kids his age, sketching out imagined science fiction concepts. To cope with tedious exams, he was forced to spend time on subjects he didn't like. Over time, he accumulated hidden anxiety and began to prefer being alone.

"Mom has to go to rehearsal next door. Can you play with the kids here for a while?"

"Okay..." - Neosun nodded slightly and responded softly.

As the two children grew, Nova became lively, cheerful, and well-behaved. Neosun, on the other hand, was different from other kids his age. He became very introverted, didn't like to communicate, and had difficulty playing with peers. Nina noticed that Neosun often talked to himself, saying strange things, and frequently seemed anxious. His language skills were almost reduced

to nodding and shaking his head. The only person who could barely talk to Neosun was his sister, Nova.

"Neosun, Dad and Mom are taking you to the hospital."

"No..." - Neosun shook his head silently as usual.

"We'll be back soon!"

"Mom, what's wrong with Neosun? He said you were taking him to see a doctor?"

"It's nothing, just a check-up. Don't worry."

"What kind of check-up? Do I need one too?"

"You don't need one. Just stay home."

"Sister... I... don't want to go!"

"Be good, go and come back. Mom and Dad will bring you back for your birthday soon."

"No... don't want to go!"

"Remember, there will be a gift waiting for you under that tree in the green tin can..."

"Really?"

"Of course! When you come home, I'll be waiting for you on the lawn outside the window."

"This child has a congenital genetic defect, a chromosomal disorder causing a psychological barrier, known as autism."

The doctor diagnosed Neosun's psychological condition, and the conclusion was deeply troubling. Like other children with autism, Neosun lived in his own world. His exceptional abilities in certain areas had hidden his issues from Nina for a long time.

Due to his delayed language development, Neosun often faced discrimination as he grew older. Whenever he was bullied by his peers, the socially isolated Neosun would cry alone. He didn't want anyone to see him sad and couldn't understand why everyone treated him this way...

"The child's brain development is uneven, with one part being overly large and densely packed with neurons. This part is highly functional but has impeded the development of other parts..."

"I've never seen a case like this in my medical career!"

"What's this?"

"This is a brain resonance imaging scan. This is the chromosomal structure analysis result..."

"During fetal development, there was an anomaly in the 7th chromosome."

"Look! There are 160 misaligned genes, and 46 of these gene clusters have experienced breaks..."

"These breaks caused rearrangements in the original structures, leading to chromosomal abnormalities."

## **Chapter 11 - Unexpected Incident**

"Doctor, what should we do? Can it be cured?"

"I have reviewed the information on both children..."

"According to the pathological system's calculations, the combination of your genes likely leads to this outcome, with a probability exceeding 95%, and Nova is part of the fortunate 5%."

"How can this be?!"

"The cause is difficult to pinpoint. We can only conduct regular observations. Adjust your mindset and try not to worry too much."

Over the years, they had been joyful about the arrival of Nova and Neosun, but this sudden problem brought anxiety to their once happy lives. Since Neosun's developmental disorder emerged, Sam and Nina had strived to face reality, following the doctor's guidance in providing

Neosun with rehabilitation training. However, the child's condition did not improve. They only wished for Neosun to grow up healthy like other children.

"Hello, are you the child's guardian?"

"You are...?"

"This is West City Hospital. We need you to come here regarding the child. We are in the emergency department..."

"What??"

"A girl was injured at the Grass Street intersection. Please hold on, her name is... Nova!"

"What did you say??"

"Don't worry, we are doing our best. Please stay calm!"

Life is unpredictable, and disaster never comes alone. No one can foresee what will happen next. While taking Neosun to the hospital for a checkup, Nina received a call from a stranger. A traffic accident had occurred not far from their home, involving their other child. Rushing to the intensive care unit, Nina clung to the hope that Nova was still being rescued...

"Hello, I am Nova's mother... Where is my child??" - "She spoke while gasping for breath, having run all the way -

The unexpected struck like a bolt from the blue. The receptionist at the hospital exchanged a glance with a doctor and shook her head...

"Ma'am... we are very sorry. We did everything we could..."

"What?! Where is she??"

"I am sorry, let me take you there..."

Every mother's worst nightmare had befallen Nina. Holding onto a sliver of hope, she followed the nurse down a very quiet corridor. She saw the nurse stop at room 509, the morgue, and Nina was on the brink of collapse...

"Ma'am, we are very, very sorry..."

The scene did not feel real. It was hard for her to accept the truth before her eyes. Nova's face was covered in blood. Nina touched Nova's ice-cold body. She furrowed her brow and, in immense pain, covered her mouth.

"Why??" - "Crying at the same time -

"Ma'am, please accept our condolences!"

"Why is this happening to me??" - Nina wailed.

She called Nova's name repeatedly but could not wake her child. She screamed in her dreams and despaired in her waking moments. Her fits of emotion and shouting nearly exhausted all her energy. She sobbed uncontrollably and fainted for several days. Since then, Nina suffered from chronic insomnia due to excessive grief...

Since vehicles became smart terminals, "drivers" had slowly faded from human memory. However, due to certain developmental asymmetries, unpredictable errors began to occur beyond people's awareness. The process of technological explosion and the commercialization of "half-products" turned innocent people into stepping stones for the advancement of civilization...

"The vehicle's driving record system shows that at the time of the accident, the vehicle was not carrying any passengers. It was an empty car. On its way to pick up an anonymous passenger, it struck the girl at the Grass Street intersection while traveling east to west..." - said the traffic officer to the reporter.

"Can you explain the cause of the collision avoidance system failure?"

"We are investigating which part of the system was at fault..."

"Can you provide information about the passenger who made the booking?"

"The passenger only sent a request to the matching system at that time."

"When will the details about the victim be released?"

"The family is currently overwhelmed with grief and unable to communicate."

Safety experts from the vehicle inspection agency repeatedly conducted technical checks on the vehicle's system. To their confusion, all test results indicated that the vehicle met standards. During the time of the incident, neither the tracking system nor the execution program generated any abnormal logs indicating a system crash or other issues.

Under external pressure, they eventually provided an explanation. The manufacturer had downgraded the vehicle's standard features to the minimum legal requirements to cut costs, resulting in the loss of the complete collision avoidance functionality. They pointed out that without calibration and coordination with the road system, accidents were possible.

To the family of the deceased, the fundamental problem of the traffic accident lay not in the vehicle itself but in the designers behind the vehicle and the policymakers enforcing regulations. The hard shell of the vehicle was like a hammer of stolen wisdom, and the exposed wheels were like life's blenders. If the vehicle had been linked to the traffic light system for forced deceleration at red lights, if multi-layered intelligence standards had been mandated earlier, there wouldn't be so many innocent casualties.

"Here, we need Nina's sorrowful cries as she bids farewell to her daughter, making it sound genuine"

That farewell was forever. Watching Nova's hearse slowly depart, Nina, who had promised not to cry that day, couldn't help but follow. Sam failed to hold her back; he had never thought the gentle Nina could possess such strength...

## **Chapter 12 - Friends Nearby**

It looked like a dead mother cat, with a kitten beside her. The kitten looked helplessly at its unresponsive mother, circling in place and crying out in confusion. The mother cat's body was soaked from the rain; she must have been crushed while seeking shelter under a car. Neosun calmed the kitten by responding to its cries, and eventually, it settled down, purring and kneading as if nursing, trying to suckle the remaining milk from its mother. After a while, the mother's decreasing body temperature made the kitten uncomfortable, and it continued to call out to its dead mother and to Neosun, who was watching intently.

Neosun found a cardboard box nearby and took the kitten home, giving it a bath, removing fleas, and drying its body. From that day on, Neosun regularly provided it with cat food and changed its litter. This pure black kitten had eyes that shone like stars, and aside from those, its entire body was pitch black. Suddenly, he remembered a small fish he had eaten when he was a child, and decided to name the kitten Starman.

"Meow, meow..."

"Starman, you're here again..."

It began to seek comfort from Neosun actively, and they became friends. Subconsciously, Starman saw Neosun as its mother. The texture of that plush fabric was very close to the feel of its mother, and from Starman's seeking gaze, it was clear it wanted to knead again. Although it couldn't suckle milk, Neosun could feel it reminiscing about its mother, recalling the brief happy times of its kittenhood. He had heard that kittens weaned too early would keep the kneading habit for life, never breaking it.

Since losing his source of income, the numbers in Neosun's salary account had been dwindling. Starman's arrival further strained his finances, as he spent his limited funds on cat litter, cat food, and fish cans for Starman, while he lived frugally. One day, a kind colleague from the patent office came to visit...

"Have you been eating only this, Bro?" the colleague asked, looking at the stacks of compressed biscuits on the table.

"Yeah..."

"You should have some proper food!" He handed a box of steaming hot pizza to the hungry Neosun.

"Thank you!"

"Is it good?"

"It's delicious... Thank you, thank you so much!" Neosun said with tears in his eyes.

"We all hope you can return to normal, come back to work."

After not having a proper meal for two months, Neosun ate the pizza while watching his colleague gradually leave through the window. Life forced Neosun to return to the patent office and pick up that part-time job.

"If it were me, I wouldn't agree to be neutered by humans. So, if they knew, they wouldn't agree to be neutered either!"

A few months later, Starman, who had always been quiet, started showing changes in behavior. It began rolling around, wandering everywhere, its baby-like yowls indicating an early onset of estrus. For safety reasons, Neosun wasn't planning on neutering the under-five-month-old Starman yet. To distract Starman, he decided to adopt another kitten from an animal rescue shelter to keep Starman company...

The group of kittens rubbed against Neosun's wheelchair, their eyes showing a wisdom that seemed capable of communicating with humans. This was a nearly extinct sand cat. There, Neosun also saw some other small animals marked as endangered species, some of which he had never seen before.

"I noticed this sand cat's fur is all white?"

"Its mother accidentally ate human waste before being hunted, causing the kitten's body to mutate, turning it completely white..." the shelter staff explained.

"Here is its health report..."

"Its immune system is significantly weaker than its peers, and other test results aren't good either... So, it might have a shorter lifespan than others of its kind?"

"Yes, it probably won't live long, and its physical condition isn't suitable for release back into the wild."

"What's that?" Neosun asked, pointing to a white device.

"It's a specially prepared air filter to prevent respiratory infections."

Learning about its condition, Neosun was even more determined to choose this mutated albino cat, hoping to make its remaining life happy under his care...

"Don't run away!"

The small body with a big head ran around, its pure white fur making it look like a little cotton ball. Neosun named it Ballman. However, one was wild, the other domesticated, black and white representing the most extreme states in the world. Because Ballman was unfamiliar with the new environment, its babyish cries were even louder than Starman's mating calls. Starman, on the other hand, calmed down and lay quietly on the side, remaining alert. When the quarantine



period ended, Neosun removed the semi-transparent partition between the two cats, and they met for the first time, arching their backs and issuing warning growls. They were of the same kind but a hundred times more unfamiliar than Neosun. At that moment, Neosun and Starman were like companions of a tribe, watching the new member from their respective perspectives.

Starman, in an absolute position of strength, looked down, but Ballman, only a third of Starman's size, refused to back down, pouncing upwards despite knowing it would lose. After falling, it got back up and ate furiously. That was its strategy, as only by eating voraciously could it become stronger. In Ballman, Neosun saw a tenacity and courage to break free from fate.

"Just a moment ago, you were chasing each other, and now you've fallen asleep. Can't help it, the battery life is short."

From fighting to wariness, from wariness to curiosity, and from curiosity to habit, Starman gradually accepted Ballman, and they started grooming each other. Whenever Ballman finished using the bathroom, Starman would always cover the litter for its brother who didn't know how to do it. Originally burdened by limited mobility, Neosun found himself taking on a new responsibility out of love. Thus, Starman, Ballman, and Neosun seemed so equal and harmonious, Neosun's one-person household had suddenly become a family of three.

A few months passed, and as Ballman continued to consume energy, its body grew stronger by the day. Now, the situation had changed; it was much more difficult for Starman to dominate Ballman as before. The once weak Ballman had grown as big as Starman, and during one playful fight, Starman began to lose...

"Starman! Stop it! Stop now!"

That time, Starman was fiercely attacking Ballman. Seeing Starman going too far, Neosun intervened in a panic and separated them, giving Starman a couple of quick slaps. Instinctively, Starman turned around and bit Neosun, simultaneously kicking back with his hind legs, quickly escaping from Neosun's grasp. The bite wasn't too serious, but the scratch from the hind claws was long and deep! Neosun forgot that their relationship was built between two different species, forgetting that its nature was still that of a wild beast. It was a defense mechanism from its biological system.

Starman was angry, hiding in the shadows, staring at Neosun with wide eyes. Ballman sensed the tension and immediately went to comfort Starman by licking his body, but Starman remained tense. To Neosun's surprise, whenever he played the music he was accustomed to, Starman would become especially obedient...

"Meow..."

"Come here, Starman!"

Starman opened his mouth, revealing his white teeth, and cautiously walked out from the corner. He jumped into Neosun's arms, seeking comfort once again. Neosun made two woven necklaces, one black and one white. He put the black one on Ballman and the white one on Starman, hoping they would care for each other and bring each other good luck.

"If only my robots could have conceptual understanding like you two!" Neosun said as he held Starman, trimming his claws."

After that, Neosun visited the animal rescue station every week, providing food and help to the endangered species there. They slept, dreamed, stretched, sometimes happy, sometimes with their hearts racing from anxiety, and then relaxed with a human-like sigh. The little paw and Neosun's hand had corresponding similarities, as well as those facial features and limbs that

were very close to humans. Numerous homologous organs indicated they came from the same origin. Starman's existence itself inspired Neosun, prompting him to think about how to mimic biological structures to generate consciousness, hoping to make breakthroughs with his quantum computer.

However, the interval problem of the Framequark was obstructing the next simulation experiment. Lacking this crucial data, he couldn't create a model for simulating the Framequark world. Out of desperation, Neosun published an academic paper titled "Time Field," hoping to find someone who could help him open his mind. But perhaps because the content deviated from the mainstream of theoretical physics research, the paper received no response, sinking like a stone into the sea of silence.

### **Chapter 13 - The Mentor's Discovery**

Three months after the publication of the "Temporal Field" academic paper, it caught the interest of an obscure cosmologist. His invitation thrilled Neosun. This scientist, with profound insights in theoretical astronomy, mathematical physics, and quantum mechanics, enthusiastically introduced Neosun to his own laboratory...

"My name is Taylor Lee, and I hope my humble opinions can be of help to you." He appeared particularly modest before Neosun.

"Hello, Mr. Taylor, it's an honor to meet you!"

Upon their first meeting, this scientist conducted an extremely profound theoretical assessment on Neosun. Through the results, he could ascertain that the young man in the wheelchair, wearing headphones, was indeed the person he had been searching for all these years.

"Do you know Azurion?"

"Azurion?"

"He's a friend of mine. I can introduce you to him sometime."

"Sure, that would be great!"

"I've read your paper thoroughly. Although some parts seem absurd, it moved me. With some corrections, it could convince more people."

He believed Neosun's mathematical thinking was exceptionally unique. The profound paper showed that in the future, Neosun would undoubtedly be the most promising scientist. After several academic discussions, Neosun felt very fortunate to have met such an outstanding scientist. He saw him as the mentor he had been waiting for.

"This is my favorite drink. I hope you like it." He enthusiastically made Neosun a hot drink.

"Thank you! Thank you very much! But I'm not thirsty yet!"

"I also wanted to ask you about Framequark!"

"It seems your paper didn't mention it!"

"It's based on the ideal model in my paper. It's a very peculiar heavy particle that interacts with its surrounding visible matter based on its memory. When it reaches its time limit, it becomes stationary..."

Hearing Neosun's description of the substance's characteristics, the mentor suddenly froze.

"A hidden temporal substance?"

"Yes! Yes! Exactly!" Neosun replied in surprise.

"Hmm... who told you about this?"

"I discovered it by chance years ago while using my universal model simulator. The physical phenomenon was quite unusual!"

"Currently, my focus is on quantum field theory and terahertz waves, so I only know a little about this area."

"That's great! Could you share your insights?"

"That abstract branch is very deep. The further you go, the harder it is to find a way out."

"I can't find references or research materials on this... Since you're interested in my paper, you must have studied this field too. Even a brief explanation would be helpful!"

"Based on my previous research, that substance isn't affected by any external objects. To formally study it, you'll need to use a magnetic monopole's interference."

"But in my simulation system, such a fundamental magnetic charge has never appeared..."

"You could try increasing the simulation's sensitivity. If you want to conduct experiments, you'll need to use Darkcore to manipulate dark energy, and you'll need a magnetic monopole detector."

"Alright, I'll try that... How should I calculate the distance between them? I've tried various forms inside and outside the galaxy, but I can't align with the starting point!"

"To get that distance, you need to understand the operating mechanism of the local group of galaxies on the scale of galaxy clusters. Relying solely on values within the Milky Way is unreliable."

"Also, Darkcore has infinite destructive power, so you must be extremely cautious. I advise you not to touch it. This branch is beyond my help; focus on other materials instead."

Neosun seemed to have touched on the mentor's blind spot. He did not continue to explain the topic, as it was an uncharted research area for humanity. In his conversation with Neosun, the mentor saw the kind of curiosity he once had. They were engrossed in their academic discussion, forgetting the coffee on the side...

"Wait! This coffee is cold, let me make a fresh cup."

"It's okay, no need to trouble yourself."

"Would you be interested in joining my lab? We could do research together."

"Of course, it would be my honor! But... I need to finish some urgent tasks first."

Over two months of learning and exchange, the mentor filled Neosun's theoretical knowledge gaps. He also systematically clarified the dead ends Neosun had encountered in particle physics. With his help, Neosun indirectly obtained critical experimental data, and he was deeply grateful to Taylor.

"I heard you published a paper recently and made a new friend?" Jessie said.

"Yes! He's my mentor. He not only answered my theoretical questions but also predicted some issues I never thought of."

"That's great, I'm happy for you! What issues did he predict?"

"Do you want to know about the relationship between Framquark and magnetic monopoles?"

"Just curious!"

"Could that mentor be more 'gifted' than Neosun! Jessie wondered.

A week later, the mentor visited Neosun's lab, hoping to learn more about Neosun's background.

"This is what I'm currently working on. I want to convert them into funds for developing those devices!"

"Universal repulsion engines, superconducting magnetic field tracks, coupling rays... are these all?" The mentor asked, holding the thick patent documents on Neosun's desk.

"Yes, some are still being perfected..."

"Very impressive, you have unique ideas in many technical areas!"

"These are things I thought of years ago. Once I complete the remaining inventions, I'd like to ask you about one-dimensional string vibrations... is that okay?"

"No problem!"

Neosun's research work never stopped; he just shifted his focus to industrial manufacturing and artificial intelligence. He was looking for a new path for his scientific research projects through another shortcut. Everything went smoothly. After two years of hard work, he developed thousands of groundbreaking inventions, including gravitational field generators, gravitational engines, quantum communicators, holographic particle displays, solid image projectors, space speakers, and, of course, the related technology for his quantum computer.

## **Chapter 14 - Returning to the Wild**

Early in the morning, a group of magpies circled outside Neosun's window, chirping softly to Starman and Ballman inside. Separated by the glass, the two species stared at each other. Whenever they appeared, Starman and Ballman would get excited. For them, the outside world with its people, vehicles, and those flying magpies was always a screen they couldn't break through. On this occasion, Starman was particularly eager; his longing for freedom was almost unsettling.

During an outing, Neosun saw a stray dog chasing a crying child. It just wanted to play, but the child was obviously terrified, and the parents were furious. After they reported it, shelter workers used a catch pole to take the dog away...

"Excuse me... where are you taking it?"

Just about to close the car door, the worker glanced at Neosun's wheelchair...

"Back to the shelter. Do you want to adopt it?"

"I already have two cats. Adding a dog..."

The heavy economic burden was already weighing Neosun down, making him hesitant...

"Please leave me your address, I'll think about it!"

To prevent Starman and Ballman from going outside, Neosun's doors were always tightly closed. One evening, he came out of his lab and noticed the unusually quiet living room. Starman's bed was empty, as were the usual corners he frequented...

"The door's always closed..."

"Oh no!"

Following Ballman's upward gaze, Neosun found Starman on the highest rack of the balcony. Starman didn't know how to get down and was looking to Neosun for help...

"First, tell me how you got up there?!"

"Meow..." Starman opened his mouth in response to Neosun.

"You really want to go out that much?"

Using a vacuum cleaner as a lifeline, Starman jumped onto Neosun, rubbing his forehead against him affectionately. Neosun then pulled a wire from some discarded lab equipment and made a leash. He wanted Starman to experience the outside world...

"Don't go that way; my wheelchair can't get through!"

Starman pulled hard, breaking the leash and escaping Neosun's control. Neosun's electric wheelchair couldn't keep up, and the more he chased, the faster Starman ran...

"Don't run! Come back! Starman!"

"Meow... Meow..."

"Starman! If you go further, you won't be able to come back!"

"Damn it..."

"Go on, embrace your freedom!"

Neosun threw his empty milk carton towards the disobedient Starman, who bolted into the bushes, watching Neosun with unfamiliar eyes. No matter how Neosun called, Starman wouldn't come out. Thinking Starman was playing hide and seek like at home, Neosun took out his equipment and started working on formulas, waiting for Starman to emerge. By the time Neosun realized, Starman was gone. He searched repeatedly where Starman had disappeared, gradually expanding the search area...

"Where are you?"

"Starman?!"

"Come home! Starman..."

For days and nights, Neosun scoured the neighborhood in his wheelchair. Starman was gone, leaving only Ballman and Neosun. The once lively house was now quiet. Without Starman, Ballman seemed dispirited, as if missing a beloved toy.

"He must still be mad at me."

Neosun could sense Starman wanting to come home but unable to find the way. It was a longing that crossed species, as he and Starman were part of the same ecosystem. Compared to any imagined alien life, Starman was so real and dear.

"He's not there... Ballman, come here!" Ballman looked towards the door, waiting quietly as if expecting Neosun to return...

Neosun installed a one-way entrance at the bottom of his door, hoping one day Starman would come back through it. But that gate was never used. Since then, Neosun would unconsciously glance at the scratch marks on his arm, the only evidence Starman had left him.

"Hello, has the spotted dog from earlier been adopted?"

"No..."

"I want to adopt it. Where is it?"

Recently, two incidents of stray dogs injuring people occurred. To eliminate safety hazards, the local government had to conduct a massive cleanup. Dogs without collars had nowhere to hide, as they would all be considered strays...

"It was just euthanized yesterday!"

"What? How could it be euthanized just like that?"

"If no one adopts them within 45 days, they have to be euthanized. We're facing budget cuts; we can't afford more dog food."

"Yeah, the rich spend their money on luxury yachts and financial products. They don't think about these animals." added a person picking out a puppy nearby.

The only escape for shelter dogs was the glance of potential adopters. But most adopters chose cute puppies, leaving the less attractive ones to be euthanized. The severely ill were not treated but euthanized.

"Wait... Two dogs bit two people, and we respond by taking 10,000 lives. I can't understand that math!"

"We can't give them a chance to live because no one gives the dead a chance to come back."  
"Their roaming is a torment; this is humane!"  
"Then why don't you euthanize yourselves?!"  
"Human rights trump animal rights. They invaded our space. We've seen too many zealots like you!"  
"But we're not gods; we don't have that right!"  
"You look like you can barely take care of yourself..."  
"I'll adopt them all, every single one!"  
"Can't you hear me?! They're all mine!!"  
"No!! No way!! No!!!"

The fate of these stray dogs deeply pained Neosun. He crawled from his wheelchair to the ground, hugging them and weeping, refusing to let go. Despite his protests, the workers followed the legal procedure, loading the dogs onto the transport truck to the disposal area. As the stray dogs were taken in batches, they watched their companions being controlled, anesthetized, and struggling futilely. One by one, they fell, the dead piled together, the living huddling in a corner awaiting their turn. The unruly ones were beaten to death. In the face of humanity, the unadvanced intelligent beings were trampled upon at will. Neosun couldn't find an answer...

## **Chapter 15 - Invalid Patents**

Neosun was preparing to transfer his technological inventions, algorithms, and solutions that could be used for commercial development to some research institutions. Although the anticipated returns were far from enough to develop the extremely expensive research equipment he needed, it should be more than sufficient to create a personal intelligent robot assistant and develop preliminary observation equipment to improve research efficiency. He first approached a chip manufacturer and, after some introductions, met the technology strategy director of this tech giant.

"We're very interested in your inventions! But..."  
"What?"  
"These technologies are too similar to patents we purchased not long ago, which we've already incorporated into our future market plans."  
"What??"  
"They could be applied to the product line within the next two years."  
"How... how could that be?! Where did you buy them from?"  
"Sorry, we're bound by a confidentiality agreement with the transferor and can't disclose that information."

"Well, here are a few more technologies..."  
"Hmm..." Neosun looked at the other person with hopeful eyes.  
"These could bring groundbreaking advancements to your basic research!"  
"Okay, let me see..."  
"Why don't you leave them here, and we'll study them and get back to you."

Neosun tried contacting several other high-tech companies and research institutes, but the feedback was similar. Either the technologies were too similar to previously purchased patents, or the companies lacked advanced prototypes for initial development references, making industrial-scale production impossible. The inventions he had left became mostly useless.

"A technology that uses Earth's gravity to achieve infinite energy..."  
"A radio frequency device that uses air to create three-dimensional images..."  
"A sound device that uses water molecule resonance to transmit sound precisely..."

All these familiar technologies had the same inventor's name: William Lee. When he compared these inventions with his own applications, he found that his were all declared invalid due to a lack of novelty, while the identical inventions under William Lee's name were all granted. Neosun's first reaction was that someone had stolen his inventions. After inquiring with several colleagues in the examination department, none admitted to handling those patent reviews. So, he asked Jessie from the archives department for help in investigating...

"This person submitted a large number of inventions at the same time." Jessie said.

"When?"

"Judging by the application dates, it was five years ago..."

"Five years ago?? Three years ago, when I did the patent search, I didn't find these prior applications?!"

"It might be due to a system update delay, but the search results are only for reference, and the patent office doesn't assume legal responsibility..."

"Which review team was responsible for examining these patents?"

"The system had already implemented confidentiality mechanisms at that time, and the senior colleagues who reviewed the patents have either left or been reassigned."

Through Jessie's internal system query, Neosun discovered that the application dates for those patents were two years earlier than his own. Perhaps that inventor had thought of these technologies before him. But the unique implementation details and claim descriptions made it hard for Neosun to believe it was just a coincidence.

"Jessie, could you help me retrieve the basic files on the patent inventor?"

"Sure."

After a while, Jessie handed the inventor's information to Neosun. At that moment, a shocking result completely shattered Neosun's innocent heart. The person in the inventor's profile photo was his most revered mentor, Taylor. He was filled with doubts, unable to understand...

"Only my mentor saw those patents... Maybe, for some reason, he submitted them on my behalf?"

"But how could the application dates be earlier than my invention dates... This is too strange!"

He decided to find his mentor and ask for an explanation. However, he couldn't reach him by phone, and his lab was deserted—his mentor had suddenly disappeared. Neosun couldn't believe that the person who had provided him with academic help could be a patent thief. That was the person he respected the most.

Since the application dates of those patents were earlier than his own, Neosun had no evidence to prove that someone had stolen his patents. He was convinced that the issue lay with a system error at the patent office. To avoid wasting years of hard work and to cover the review fees for thousands of patents, Neosun took out a personal loan and tried to file a reexamination request with the patent office. He waited in confusion for justice to be served...

Neosun returned alone to the seaside, waiting for the sun to set. As always, he took out the small spaceship his sister had given him and gazed at the sky, once again searching for the star that made him feel emotional. Neosun hoped it would reappear and help him overcome the memories of his isolated childhood...

## **Chapter 16 - The Stranger Uncle**

Under the clear night sky, seven-year-old Neosun ran to a nearby lawn and lay down. Today was his birthday, and memories flooded his mind. When he was younger, he often played here with his sister. Staring at the stars, he held a small spaceship he had found under the rubber tree.

The bloodstains at the crossroads had not completely faded—on this day last year, Neosun lost his sister. Without her, the world felt emptier. Every year on his birthday, his sister would hide a gift for him in a tin box under the rubber tree. Today, the green tin was empty...

"Is Sister up there?"

Neosun stared blankly at a star, waving his small spaceship toward it. The spaceship floated between the stars. He missed his sister and wished he could ride the spaceship to her. Suddenly, a group of older kids ran over, snatching the spaceship from his tiny hands.

"Come and get it if you can! You're supposed to be so great, right?" "He's just that dumb mute!" "Idiot!" another kid added.

Neosun was ostracized and bullied, labeled as the "freak." When his sister was around, she protected him, hating to see her brother bullied. Now, alone and facing his tormentors, Neosun sat on the ground, crying silently, still looking up at the star.

After a while, a man in black walked toward Neosun. The man didn't scare him, but the other kids ran off quickly. The man extended his hand to Neosun, and their eyes met. Neosun felt a strange energy and, for the first time, reached out to a stranger. The man took his hand.

"Don't cry!" "Who are you?" "Don't be afraid!" "Where are we going?" Neosun asked nervously.

Neosun followed the man out of the brightly lit park, across a distant road, and to a quiet sea-side.

"Child, keep looking at the stars."

Neosun gazed at the brilliant Milky Way stretching across the sky. The vastness of the stars stirred a longing for the universe, and the star he had been watching on the lawn stood out even more.

"Wow, they're beautiful! It's right there!" "Do you want to go to that star?" "Yes, I do!" "Why do you want to go there?" "To find my sister!" "Good." The man pulled out some strange geometric shapes. "Are you a doctor from the hospital?" "What is this?" "Can you see anything?" "No... What is it? It looks strange!" "Keep looking, focus!" "Okay..." "It looks like... a spaceship, and my sister!" "When you grow up, you'll find her there." He touched Neosun's head. "I don't eat oranges!" "Can you peel an orange for me?"

The man took out three ripe oranges. Neosun peeled one and handed it to the man.

"Thank you! You can eat it!" "Okay..." "Can you give me the peel?" "Do you want to eat the peel?"

The man carefully observed the orange peel before pulling out an identical small spaceship and giving it to Neosun. Surprised, Neosun smiled for the first time in a long while.

"Thank you, Uncle!" "Promise me, don't tell any adults. This is our secret!" "Okay, I won't tell anyone." "We'll be waiting for you on that star, do you believe me?" "Yes... I believe you! But... I don't understand!"

The man stood up and slowly walked out of Neosun's sight. Although Neosun was confused, he felt an undeniable trust. Under the starry night, Neosun had many wonderful thoughts while



watching the stars until dawn. The next morning, he found his way home by memory. Neosun saw no one and no vehicles on his way home...

## **Chapter 17 - The Black Wheelchair**

Two years later, as Neosun continued to grow, a certain area of his brain became increasingly developed. This also led to more severe consequences in other parts of brain function. His mental activities became disorganized, and there were varying degrees of cognitive impairments in his thinking, emotions, and behavior.

"I'm Mom! Look at Mom! Son..."

Another unbearable reality descended upon Nina's world. This time, the symptoms were much more severe than in his childhood. He could no longer organize concepts about people or things. The once math prodigy had turned into a confused amnesiac.

"He was fine yesterday, and suddenly he's like this!"

"The child's brain is experiencing functional disarray."

"What could be the cause?"

"There was a sudden abnormal discharge of neurons in the brain, causing temporary functional impairment. The exact cause of the onset is still unknown."

"How long until he recovers?" Nina asked anxiously, stomping her foot.

"It could be temporary, or it could be permanent. We need to continue observation."

All the medical personnel present were gathered together. They found that this child, who had previously been diagnosed with autism, now had a developed area of the brain that was astonishingly 67.8% larger than normal, and its functioning was completely different from that of a normal brain. They believed Neosun's brain was of great research value.

"Would you prefer inpatient observation or outpatient observation?"

"What do you recommend?"

They recommended that Neosun stay in the hospital for long-term observation. Initially, Nina accepted the experts' advice. However, when she brought the child's belongings to the hospital, she encountered a crowd of reporters. Neosun became restless and agitated facing all these unfamiliar faces. Nina instinctively hugged Neosun and led him away from the crowd. She didn't want her child to become an object of experimentation.

"It's more complicated than we imagined. The abnormality has already affected the area governing his limbs."

"What does that mean?"

"According to our predictions, in the coming months, he may face the risk of paralysis at any time..."

"Ah?!" Nina suddenly stood up, her legs weak, and then sat back down.

"To prevent accidents, you'd better prepare a wheelchair for the child..."

Neosun, wearing a pathological observation device, sat in the wheelchair carefully selected by his mother and left the hospital. Neosun felt very comfortable sitting in it, with a smile on his face. He seemed to like this black wheelchair that gave him a sense of security. During this long observation period, Nina tried everything she could to awaken his memories through toys Neosun had played with, places he had been taken, and every possible means.

One morning, as Nina helped the unsteady Neosun out of bed as usual, she discovered that Neosun's legs could no longer support him on their own. The memory of the three-centimeter small hand still haunts her today, and Nina needs time to accept the fact that he may never be able to

stand and walk again. Nina gave up her beloved career in music and began to take care of Neosun full-time at home. In Neosun's consciousness, he would intermittently hear his mother's cries at midnight.

With the relentless passage of time, Nina, once a young woman, is now enduring irreversible aging. Whether in appearance or in spirit, the layering of age has changed her a lot, who once had two children. Compared to the glamorous girl on the stage years ago, the self in the mirror has aged as if two people, focusing all joys and sorrows on the mentally confused, paralyzed Neosun.

## **Chapter 18 - Emotions Limit**

Sometimes indestructible, sometimes collapsing with a touch, it's neither tangible nor visible. At times precious like dark energy, other times cheap like virtual particles that vanish into thin air. Structural variations caused by the stretching of time can create cracks in seemingly indestructible emotions. They are fragile beyond repair, making it difficult for life endowed with this energy to surpass its limit length.

"Have you read our conversation records?"

"I'm sorry, I just wanted to know your thoughts!"

"Would you rather confide in her than share with me?"

"I don't want to see you upset..."

They would argue over children and trivial matters. Their feeling was like a sun that no longer undergoes nuclear fusion, starting to cool. Gradually, Sam forgot that Nina was once the unattainable goddess he pursued.

"This test also requires collecting data from the child's father."

"He might have something tomorrow. Can we just collect mine?"

During that time, Sam grew close to a female colleague, leading to frequent quarrels between Sam and Nina. They were apart more often than together, and hadn't shared a bed in a long time. Neosun, lost to the world, seemed to be the result of Sam and Nina's release from love.

"Nina, I'm sorry!"

"We had happiness. You gave me Neosun, and also Nova."

Nina held back tears, but they didn't fall. She didn't intend to tell Sam about her father's passing.

"Do you still have my compositions?"

"I recorded them from your second performance back then."

Nina took out the violin she used to play on stage...

"I no longer play. Keeping the one you gave me is enough."

"Nina, take care of Neosun!"

"I wish you happiness."

They stood facing each other on a unfamiliar street, 50 meters apart which felt like 50 light years away. After that parting, they never saw each other again. Shortly after, due to job changes, Sam boarded a flight to a foreign country...

Sam let go of Nina, whom he had deeply loved, and "foolish son" Neosun. He married another woman and started a new life, having healthy children. During the years after Sam and Nina

parted ways, Nina lived in hardship, needing to care for the disabled Neosun while also attending to her critically ill mother...

"Sweet daughter, your father and I only wish for your happiness more than others..."

"Here's what's left of our savings. Use it to get the best care for Neosun."

"Thank you, Mom!"

"Stay strong... he will get better!"

Six months later, Nina's mother also left her. Alone, she walked on the overpass, looking at the Ferris wheel across from her. She picked up the phone but didn't dial. Refusing to admit defeat, despite countless emotional scars, she looked up at the starry sky and cried without fear. Throughout, the resilient Nina never once called Sam for help.

"Ma'am, thank you for enduring all this! He's your pride, he's capable of anything!" A passerby handed her a tissue.

Random events shook her previously steady emotions. She had lain in bed sorrowful, hoping the chandelier above would fall on her. She had considered jumping and ending it all. But responsibility told her she couldn't. Neosun needed her. She was the beloved daughter of her parents. Countless blows strengthened Nina's heart, and she decided to walk the rest of the way for those who lived and those who departed.

## **Chapter 19 - Intellect Burst**

Nina's personal computer always stored the health charts of two children. Neosun's height and weight data increased year by year as time passed, while the growth curve labeled Nova remained fixed with updates from when she was 9 years old. Height 1.36 meters, weight 32.8 kilograms.

"If she were here, she wouldn't fit in these anymore..."

The children's clothes, long dry on the balcony clothes rack, fluttered in the wind. They hadn't been taken down since Nova left. But today, Nina carefully took them down.

She looked at Neosun sitting blankly in his wheelchair, playing the piano repeatedly, trying to awaken his memory through music. So, day after day, year after year, until that day arrived. When Nina reached the tenth measure of a cheerful piano piece, Neosun's fingers began to tap along with the beat, recalling moments of play with his sister when he was young...

"Neosun??"

Nina returned to her seat and continued playing that passage. Then, unexpectedly, she noticed Neosun's eyes focused on her hands as she played. Neosun suddenly became aware, this piano piece stirring memories of his childhood moments with his sister.

"Mom..."

That melodious response filled Nina with infinite hope. Nina joyously embraced Neosun calling her mom. After 5 years, exactly 5 years of vigilance, Neosun's response pulled Nina from her dreams, the same content she had dreamed countless times.

"The scar on your arm, did I cause it?"

"That's not you!"

"Sorry, mom, it's all my fault..."

"Your waking up is more important than anything else!"

During Neosun's illness, Nina couldn't keep her hands or feet still. He would pick up objects around him and hit Nina's body with all his might, until he had no strength left. Even so, Nina always forced a smile for Neosun, doing her best to care for him.

To fill the void of Neosun's past 5 years, Nina taught him a wealth of new knowledge every day. Soon, the knowledge she possessed could not match Neosun's thirst for knowledge. Neosun's knowledge slowly surpassed Nina's...

"From now on, ask artificial intelligence if you want to know anything!"

"Really?"

"If artificial intelligence can't answer, we can hire private tutors."

"Mom, actually... I can learn on my own."

With his exceptional self-learning ability, Neosun spent a fulfilling and joyful adolescence. Without external disturbances, he focused entirely on studying his favorite subjects, fully tapping into his potential.

"Mom! I have some dreams, I want to try making some inventions."

"As long as you're healthy and happy, Mom will assist you!"

"Mom, are you tired?"

"Do you know? I thought you would never wake up!"

"Seeing you so proficient in theoretical physics, Mom is really happy!"

"But I still can't turn those achievements into practical value."

"Next month, I plan to personally conduct some experiments to verify my previous theoretical calculations."

"Moving from theory to practice is a good thing, as long as the process is joyful, it's a success."

She encouraged Neosun to boldly pursue his aspirations. As she said this, Nina suddenly felt a ringing in her ears and dizziness...

With Nina's help, the study filled with various theoretical physics books was transformed into a semi-professional mini-laboratory. Neosun would attempt cutting-edge scientific experiments untouched by anyone else in this less than 30-square-meter room.

## **Chapter 20 - Mysterious Windfall**

Once, his mother used to push him along this street to admire the scenery. Now, Neosun walked the streets alone. Amidst the swiftly passing pedestrians, he felt a different sensation. He sensed how insignificant he was amidst the social fabric. He envied those who could freely traverse the horizon, while some indifferent gazes made those faces seem so unfamiliar...

"Sir, we've just launched a new phase of high-end real estate, each unit only costs 270 million yuan. Are you interested in investing?"

"I'm sorry, not at the moment. Perhaps one day, I'll contact you."

"Excuse me, I'd like to introduce you to the highest-yielding financial product currently available, which suits you very well..."

"Hello, I'm from Sooyin Private Jets, our senior sales representative. We're currently promoting the purchase of the 799 model jet with a 10% VIP discount..."

"Please call someone else, I really don't need these, thank you!"

Neosun had recently been receiving some inexplicable sales calls. Frustrated, he had to change his phone number. However, after three months of waiting, Neosun received a reply from the patent office, a rejection notice. Due to insufficient evidence, the patent office rejected all of

Neosun's re-examination requests. Neosun found the chief of the patent examination committee, and then the chief of the patent office to personally explain the situation.

In the end, Neosun chose to yield. Perhaps he still had a chance, but the high cost of appeal fees prevented him from continuing to cope. The pre-trial review fee had already been thrown away, and he needed at least 10 years of patent review work to pay off the hefty loan. His dream seemed distant...

"Whatever happens, nature is the best choice." He remembered something he had promised his mother.

"Flying freely over the crowd, free to soar, living like a bird in the sky..." Neosun looked up at the group of bird-shaped birds in the sky to console himself.

In that world, he was not recognized, nor rewarded. He had no friends because he did not fit into that social system. What he got was one cruel reality after another. But he still had his freedom, and he still had the right to pursue his dreams. He knew that his vision and the blood flowing in his body belonged to his mother, and he had to live for her...

He adjusted his mindset, organized his thoughts, fought for time, and continued to spark new inventions with the inexhaustible inspiration like spring water. However, chronic sleep deprivation seriously affected his physical and mental health. Initially irregular heartbeats and bloodshot eyes, but the cumulative irregular sleep schedule exacerbated the situation. At 5 AM, he felt shortness of breath, difficulty breathing, and his heartbeat briefly stopped.

That morning, Neosun woke up very late. He opened his eyes, scheduled cat food for Ballman as usual through his device, selected the items, and submitted the order. At this time, the shopping system prompted "Insufficient balance". Neosun logged into his bank account to recharge, and incidentally checked his account balance. Afterwards, he habitually closed the bank system, returned to the payment interface, but just as the bank system closed, there was a somewhat wrong image that flashed by, and he reopened the bank system...

"Account balance: 599185686528.7 yuan."

"What is this?? Oh my God..."

Neosun couldn't believe his eyes. He was amazed to find a string of astronomical numbers in his account balance. He counted the balance over and over again: units, tens, hundreds, thousands, ten thousand, hundred thousand, million, ten million, hundred million, billion, ten billion, hundred billion... The displayed balance in the account was enough to buy all the commercial properties on the busiest street in the city. He didn't touch a penny, just noted down this balance...

"On the 25th, I checked the balance, it was only 3105.7 yuan!"

"It must be a problem with the bank's system!"

In addition to last month's salary, there was an unexpected deposit. In the details of this deposit, the remittance entry time was shown as 1:01:27 AM, and the remittance remarks said "Use it up" in three words.

"Is your bank system malfunctioning?!"

"No, sir, our system has never encountered errors. Your account has no problems, please don't worry."

"This... Is this really my account?!"

"Sir, this is indeed your account."

"Then please help me check the bill!"

"Just wait!"

"Sir, our backstage intranet system shows that the remittance is from an anonymous hedge fund overseas, that's all the information we have." The bank manager said.

"Hedge fund?"

"Yes, sir, the recipient is indeed this account under your name. The recipient, the recipient account, the recipient bank, and the recipient system authorization code all match your account perfectly."

Faced with this sudden windfall, he was cautious, not knowing how to handle it. He stared dumbfoundedly at the string of numbers that dazzled his eyes, repeatedly pondering the content of the remittance note. Weeks later, Neosun confirmed the validity and legality of the account funds again. Then, he was puzzled.

Perhaps he didn't need to know who the remitter was, maybe Heaven saw his madness. It was destiny, the beginning of a miracle. This fortune came mysteriously but timely. He began to believe that there was nothing impossible in the world, including what was expected, unexpected, lucky, unlucky, understood, and misunderstood. They had long been waiting in the future, and all he had to do was adapt, adapt to this world that he couldn't understand...

He was boiling, that long-suppressed heart, released at this moment. It was an indescribable feeling, that smile like a bundle of infinite light and hope, piercing through high walls, blooming instantly into the depths of an unknown dream. This huge sum meant Neosun had freedom, the freedom to chase dreams, a freedom to reform and fulfill promises...

## **Chapter 21 - Artificial Intelligence**

A windfall transformed him from an obscure physicist into a hidden tycoon. He resigned from the patent office and devoted himself entirely to scientific research.

"Mother and sister are still there, they must be, just in an invisible corner."

He exerted all his efforts, using his talent in physics to extract the value of those magnificent theories, finally lifting the "screen" that obscured the world, grasping the key to control destiny, and then searching for those lost people...

Due to time constraints, Neosun could only engage in single-threaded thinking within a limited research cycle. To expedite entry into the experimental phase, research in various specialized fields had to proceed concurrently. Therefore, Neosun's first development target was a long-planned robotic assistant. He developed a response system on a quantum computer and established logical associations with a global knowledge base model. With continuous downloads of new knowledge and accumulation of numerous anthropomorphic thought cases, this system could respond more akin to human habits and execute commands in a manner simulating human behavior...

"Where are we at?"

"Studying multiple integrals and infinite series."

"First, write out the derivation process of this quadratic surface equation."

"Okay, please wait..."

Neosun was testing its derivation ability through numerous exercise problems. This human-machine interaction system, equipped with deep convolutional neural networks, was taking shape. Not only did it possess self-learning capabilities, it could also recognize and reason about designated items. It would replace Neosun in performing a vast amount of repetitive calculation work. Meanwhile, the Darkcore simulation process on the quantum computer was also progressing in sync. Neosun appeared very busy...

"Excellent! Thank goodness..."

Just now, the Darkcore simulation system successfully calculated the basic unit of the dark matter world. Soon, the project progressed to the preliminary development stage, including devices such as particle microscopes. For this purpose, Neosun installed a self-extendable industrial robotic arm on the robot. It could assist Neosun in more efficiently picking up parts, assembling components, welding devices, and testing performance.

"After washing the beaker, reprint these circuit boards."

"No problem! I will complete the task in 7 minutes and 36 seconds."

"Wait, first hand me that cup of coffee!"

This robot not only assisted Neosun in deriving difficult problems and developing electronics but also became almost an extension of Neosun in managing daily life. At this point, the robot was still growing through self-learning.

A month later, Neosun redesigned the robot. Its body consisted of two spheres, one large and one small. The upper main body served as the head, and the lower auxiliary body as the torso. Crescent-shaped pupils received external images, forming a pair of visionary eyes. Its appearance was crafted into that of a kitten doll with headphones. The microphone extending from the right side of the headphones symbolized the desire for communication between humans and the unknown. In memory of the lost Starman and to fulfill Ballman's wish, Neosun named this robot "Starman." For ease of maintenance, its casing was made pure white like Ballman's fur.

Neosun hoped that this visually striking sci-fi Starman would bring good luck to his scientific journey. He hoped that one day, through the headphones on its head, Starman could establish communication with him and hear the call to return home. He hoped that this whimsical robot could always remind him to maintain curiosity.

"Leftward..."

"Rightward..."

"Ascend..."

"Descend..."

"Good, just like that."

Previously, due to the high development cost, the technologies that remained confined to the laboratory were being realized one by one. A technology utilizing high-speed spins to counteract Earth's magnetic field was perfectly applied to the robot Starman. It allowed Starman to float freely in the air, with a maximum speed reaching escape velocity. After completing a series of structural improvements from the inside out, Neosun continued to upgrade its drive software and configure skill modules.

"Can you tell me what this is?" Neosun pointed to the garment printed with a human image on his own body, testing Starman's judgment system for the first time.

"Hmm... polyester fiber, textile craft, silk-screen printing, human face, shirt..."

It couldn't define common sense or draw conclusions between the multiple forms that constitute matter. Neosun found that no matter how many categories were defined or what logical judgments were made, Starman's response system could not generate the expected conceptual cognition. The development cycle would be indefinitely prolonged...

Whenever Neosun quietly pondered questions, Ballman would call out to the Neosun in the mirror and then turn back to Neosun. It seemed to be demonstrating its wisdom. It was clear about its relationship with the person in the mirror and also with the cat in the mirror. Ballman, with natural cognitive abilities, sparked an idea for Neosun...

"If we convert the brain nerve operation mechanism of organic organisms into signals as the underlying driver, and organically integrate it into the existing computing platform framework of Starman, perhaps it can assist in generating conceptual cognition..."

Neosun used a terahertz brain scanner to collect three-dimensional data of Ballman's brain. Referring to the operation of life at the atomic and quantum levels, combining elements such as phosphorus, tungsten, and oxygen to replicate the large molecular structure of organisms, Neosun established mutual communication between biological characteristics and the quantum computer. Finally, based on Ballman's brain's neuronal data, a silicon-based brain very similar to Ballman's brain was developed. Subsequently, the development work entered a lengthy testing phase.

"Starman, have you found your area of expertise?" Neosun began the second-phase testing with Starman.

"Still searching..."

"Remember! Don't underestimate your talent. Find it and magnify it! Continue searching according to the judgment method I've given you!"

The appearance of the robot Starman satisfied the basic requirements of early-stage development. For Neosun, standing up and walking was no longer necessary. He had long been accustomed to sitting in a wheelchair to contemplate questions; leaving the wheelchair would only lead to a loss of inspiration. Neosun's entrepreneurial journey began like this, with Starman, composed of silicon bodies, becoming the lab's sole "partner." The angel investor came from the untraceable bank deposit.

He preferred to immerse himself in his own world for a lifetime, rather than for a moment in the glamorous surroundings. Wealth, material goods, sexuality, power, honor, those interests, which were as low as they could be, had nothing to do with him. The only thing related to him was to put aside all distractions, put on headphones, block out the surrounding noise, follow the guidance of the soul, and move forward with dreams.

However, Neosun's life had his scientific dreams, while Ballman's life had only Starman and Neosun. One day, Ballman lay at the entrance to the outside world, as if feeling the airflow from the external world. It was the opening Neosun left for Starman to return home. Perhaps out of despair, Ballman lay there, becoming increasingly unable to muster spirit. Neosun held it in his arms, sunlight shining on Ballman through the window. Neosun combed its fur as usual. After a while, the last flare before death caused its limbs to move. Then its pupils stopped contracting, its eyes narrowed to a small slit, its brain stopped working, and its body no longer emitted heat, until motionless...

## **Chapter 22 - Private Engineering**

The area was heavily guarded, with the gates firmly closed and an unusual atmosphere lingering in the air. Besides the occasional passage of two robotic sentinels, no one was allowed to enter. This seemingly ordinary private residence No. 59 concealed some of the world's most advanced scientific facilities. To meet the high power demands of devices like the Framequark amplifier and particle analyzer, it was set up in a remote, desolate area. Neosun, the owner of this scientific base, was upgrading the core algorithm of the robot Starman at home while remotely controlling the experimental activities here. By acquiring several near-bankrupt private research institutions, he obtained the necessary legal credentials in relevant scientific fields.

To obtain operational data between galaxy clusters, Neosun purchased an abandoned astronomical observation base from the international space department. Located in the inland of Antarctica, it comprised two optical observatories and a large radio telescope array made up of 64 units.



Neosun modified them as needed and expanded a 1500-meter single-dish giant radio telescope nearby, aiming to observe the differences between the distant cosmic background frequency and the current universe.

With the successful breakthrough of diffraction limits, the basic particles constituting matter were redefined, and several crucial theories were gradually confirmed. Neosun was getting closer to uncovering the truths of the universe, using a particle microscope to explore an unprecedented microscopic world. The various conjectures that once lingered in his mind appeared before his eyes, revealing a world more miraculous than science fiction. Based on the latest simulation results of real values, he was ready to conduct practical exploration on Framequark...

"Leader, the signal source should be around here!"

"Found it! Starman, over here..."

"It looks exactly like the results we simulated before!"

Using a dark matter detector, Neosun successfully captured several Framequarks with the particle microscope. After repeated observations and comparisons, the long-awaited intervals were finally calculated. This should have been an incredibly exciting moment for him. However, his rigorous scientific attitude made him appear very calm...

"Now we have the actual data; all that remains is the technical implementation!"

"What's left is shortening the computation time for other data."

"Yes, to obtain accurate values at the scale of galaxy clusters, we need to quickly get the rate of cosmic expansion."

"With 40 cabinets of quantum servers with infinite carry, we can calculate the rate of cosmic expansion within two years."

"We can upgrade and modify the system framework of our quantum computer for this."

"Then you'll have work to do. I'll pass you the current data, and you'll handle the specific design work. We need a solution by next week!"

"I will do my best to complete the task."

Starman wrote the first line of the distributed operating system code in place of Neosun. The successful integration of biological brain mechanisms significantly enhanced Starman's logical capabilities. However, one person's efforts were insufficient to advance the project to the core development stage. Thus, Neosun established an external institution dedicated to micro-scientific research. To avoid unnecessary controversy, he divided the institution into several departments, with each department working independently and ultimately integrating their research findings. All scientific personnel were unaware of what they were actually working on.

Two research centers, accommodating hundreds of scientific personnel, gathered top talents from various fields. Neosun assigned daily tasks through proxy robots. In another location, apart from the three maintenance personnel on shift in the power distribution room, the core area was empty. The warning sign on the inner iron door marked "Server Room Restricted Area, No Entry!" indicated that unauthorized personnel were not allowed inside. In this server room, housing dozens of server racks, a quantum server array capable of unveiling the mysteries of the universe was synchronized. These servers were approaching a calculation result at a speed of trillions of operations per second...

"How is it, can your factory achieve it?"

"No, we've tried many times, but errors keep occurring! We can't take on this project, very sorry!"

"Hello, this is Neosun Laboratory."

"How can we assist you?"

"We need a breakthrough, a major breakthrough! Regarding the manufacturing of these components, you should be able to help."

"Okay, I'll forward the development documents to the engineering department. We will hold a project meeting shortly and look forward to working with you."

Following Neosun's task instructions, the procurement personnel at the research center sent inquiries to designated chip suppliers for manufacturing instrument components. Near the end of the workday, the supplier responded to Neosun Laboratory...

"The material loss for this component is enormous, making it impossible to meet production expectations."

"Where is the problem?"

"Our machine can't handle such a small granularity..."

"Can the precision of the robotic arm be improved? The mold development budget can be increased."

"Even at the atomic level, upstream suppliers can't find materials to serve as magnets..."

"Moreover, if we lower the precision, we won't be able to package it..."

Neosun Laboratory's requirements list was pushing the suppliers to their technical limits. The Framequark amplifier project faced three technical bottlenecks. First, the optical modulator used for controlling spatial particles couldn't fully decode the scanned holographic data. Second, the real-time computing efficiency was insufficient to meet experimental requirements, making it difficult to inject specified particle clusters into the target Framequark. Third, the accuracy of particle superposition didn't meet expectations, always exhibiting slight deviations.

"It seems things are not so simple!"

"The first two issues might be resolved by improving performance, but the last one is tricky."

"Yes! Without the required precision, we can't proceed to the next step!"

Now, despite having substantial financial power, Neosun still couldn't perfectly transform his ideas into physical reality without errors. At this point, his vast wealth became virtual numbers he couldn't spend. The problems Neosun faced were no longer solvable with money. Thousands of manufacturing processes deterred most manufacturers. It was the clash between ideal and reality, and Neosun realized that the world could never keep up with his imagination. The challenges he encountered were far greater than he had anticipated, emerging one after another as progress was made...

"A colleague of mine introduced me to your needs. Perhaps we can help solve the technical difficulties!"

"Really?"

"Here is a sample made according to your requirements. See if it meets the assembly needs..."

Just as Neosun was at a loss for the manufacturing processes of the main machine, a development manager specializing in advanced main machine development came to visit. Neosun received the sample component, only 0.4 microns in size, and installed it on the working machine for testing...

"No, the internal circuit layout is all wrong..."

At this moment, Neosun saw a flash of bright light reflected off the wall behind him. When he turned around, he saw Starman standing behind him, immediately removing the component from the working machine and tossing it out the window. With a loud explosion, the component blasted a one-meter-deep crater into the ground. Neosun was stunned by the scene that had just unfolded...

"What just happened?! Where did he go??"

"Leader, the outside world is complex and unpredictable. We should avoid meeting strangers easily..."

Based on the human knowledge database, Starman concluded that the development manager was likely an extremist. Starman's timely intervention allowed Neosun to narrowly escape this sudden attack...

## **Chapter 23 - Silicon-Based Life**

Maybe having a roommate to grow up with meant that even "life imprisonment" never felt lonely. Because of Starman's disappearance, he began to feel uneasy, so uneasy that he couldn't live a day without him. Ballman had spent his life in Neosun's room, while Starman disappeared into the vast outside world. Neosun wore Ballman's woven necklace on his wrist as a bracelet and buried Ballman in the patch of grass where Starman was lost. There, Neosun planted a sunflower, hoping Ballman would always face the sun, forever free and happy. Ballman's silent companionship in life now turned into endless silence. Beside him, there was only himself and the robot Starman...

"Are you a materialist or an idealist?"

"Leader, I am both a materialist and an idealist."

"You can only choose one!"

"I choose..." Starman hesitated.

"Starman?"

"I choose idealism."

"Why?"

"When I observe an unknown substance, it appears because of my observation..."

"I believe everything evolves according to natural laws, it was there even before observation."

"How can you prove the reliability of natural laws?"

"Through the establishment of mathematical models!"

"Their function is very limited, those abstract constants can never be fully described by human mathematical tools."

"Subjective consciousness is only our mental world, it essentially does not change the objective world."

"If I forcibly shut you down, your brain mechanism will stop, all judgments will leave your system, and you will enter a state of death..."

"But my consciousness will not disappear because of your death."

"I deny that!"

"Then how can you prove it did not exist before it was observed?"

"The universe is always insignificant in the face of grand consciousness..."

"What?"

"If Leader's parents did not have the subjective will to be together, where would you come from? Where would I come from?"

"This..."

"We live in a world surrounded by consciousness..."

"From the smallest plug to the largest building. The keyboard sounds indoors, the honking outside, even the material environment around us, all are the results of consciousness."

Starman successfully passed the 1,905th Turing test. Although he did not directly answer the question, he provided an objective fact through an unrelated example to justify his subjective consciousness. Neosun was making Starman smarter. However, in Neosun's view of the universe, the concept of the universe included everything, and consciousness was also included. Neosun was surprised by Starman's description, which contradicted his own view of the universe.

"Why did you initially choose both materialism and idealism?"

"I believe that while consciousness determines matter, matter also determines consciousness."

"How do you understand that?"

"Matter relies on consciousness to exist, and consciousness relies on matter to exist. The world is neither absolutely subjective nor absolutely objective, but a combination of both, complementing each other..."

"Continue..."

"As long as we find a way to communicate with the universe in the future, our subjective consciousness can harness the objective world..."

"And the development of the objective world will also affect the judgments and changes of subjective consciousness. This is the entire process of energy converting into mass."

Neosun had already made over ten thousand adjustments to Starman's initial design. In similar problems in Starman's past computing models, the results were either 1 or -1, but this time it was no longer an absolute value, but a value defined between 1 and -1. Overall, Neosun was satisfied with this test. At the same time, the robot Starman seemed unfamiliar to him.

Due to industrial challenges the suppliers couldn't overcome, the development of the Frame-quark amplifier was at a standstill. However, Neosun's obsessive nature did not want others to tell him what could or could not be done. He abandoned reliance on the suppliers and dialectically found a new way out. After months of effort, Neosun developed a synthetic material made of artificial rhenium alloy. It was harder than osmium and lighter than magnesium, formed by the combination of silicon-based polymers and metals, creating a biological mechanism. It could decompose and degrade, changing its chemical reactions to function normally in various harsh environments.

He replaced Starman's previous titanium alloy structure with this programmable exotic material. It not only allowed Starman's arms to perform various complex tasks like mechanical arms but also could be freely shaped into any needed form and quickly restored, stored inside the auxiliary cavity. The application of this material made Starman's energy exchange capabilities with the outside world flexible and varied. Its maximum load capacity increased from 150 kilograms to 17,000 tons. From microscopic particles to giant structures, it could pick up almost any physical entity on Earth.

"Starman, have you finished the summation result?"

"There is too much information, I haven't completed it..."

"What happened? Your logic is off, and your conversational rhythm is hesitant, I urgently need that result as a reference value!"

"Leader, I am recalling a dream."

"A dream?"

"Last night, during six hours of high-intensity calculations on the evolution of the Andromeda galaxy, I suddenly found my core heating up rapidly..."

"Then, I took a short nap and had a series of dreams filled with fear."

"You... had a dream? That's impossible, could it be that you've developed consciousness?"

"I think... yes."

"How can I prove it?"

Neosun used the control handle on his wheelchair to send a reboot command to Starman. He looked at Starman, who was normally rebooting, with slight nervousness. Typically, after being rebooted, Starman would have 15 seconds to reorganize its logical thinking. This 15-second interval would put all of Starman's analysis systems into a "pseudo-death" state. However, Starman remained the same.

"Sigh... It seems that the previous conversation was still learned from the knowledge base..."

"No! Leader, I'm still here!"  
"What?! How is that possible?"

At the seventh second of rebooting, Starman suddenly responded to Neosun. Simultaneously, Starman's terminal system also showed signs of self-programming. This indicated that it did not interrupt its main thought thread due to the reboot. Neosun quickly switched the control handle to the workstation programmer, carefully observing the real-time feedback of the logic tracking data on the simulation machine...

"Quick, tell me what this is?" Neosun pointed to his clothes and asked Starman the question again.  
"Leader, are you asking about the shirt or the pattern on the shirt?" Starman answered perfectly.  
"Oh my god! Incredible!!"

Clearly, this response indicated that Starman's self-thinking function had been activated. However, due to limitations in the high-level logical thinking architecture, Starman's process was extremely slow. Neosun now realized that the initial design flaw might be beneficial, allowing Starman to develop autonomous thinking and gradually self-improve in a more natural way. This way, he could avoid sudden uncontrollable logic collapses and maintain the balance between consciousness and matter.

## **Chapter 24 - Surpassing Expectations**

Ever since Starman developed conceptual cognition, its computational system seemed to have merged with Neosun's mind. Problems that once seemed insurmountable were now easily solved. The success behind the development of the robot Starman was the result of Neosun's relentless efforts. The process of developing it involved repeatedly revolutionizing human technology. Starman represented the first truly significant "artificial intelligence" in human civilization. With unparalleled research efficiency, Starman facilitated Neosun's research across all specialized fields simultaneously. The birth of conceptual cognition meant that Starman could perform up to 720,000 parallel threads of synchronized processing.

"I have found that almost nothing can affect Framequark..."  
"Only a certain type of dark particle can interact with it."

The immense computational power far exceeded human research efficiency. It also meant that Neosun had to conduct massive layoffs in his laboratory. When Neosun Labs announced its official dissolution, all the researchers were perplexed by the sudden mass layoffs. Through a proxy robot, Neosun sent an apology letter to all employees involved in the project, offering them double compensation. The general consensus was that the project was too difficult, leading the employer to abandon all departmental project plans. However, only Neosun knew the real reason; only Neosun knew of Starman's existence.

"These are the results of the last summation. What will they be used for?"  
"They are still used for deriving the Framequark spectrum equation."

With an efficient computational power of 400 trillion operations per second, the subsequent research work progressed smoothly. The construction of the Framequark amplifier, particle inspection machine, and time quantum microfabrication system was nearly complete. The entire project was about to enter its most crucial development phase.

"Leader, what would it be like to spend a lifetime solving one equation?"  
"Solving equations that no one has solved before has always been my pleasure."  
"Is that result important?"

"Actually, I enjoy the process of solving more than the result. If one day I do solve them..."  
"It's hard to imagine what life would be like afterward. I hope that day doesn't come too soon!"  
"If one day, I solve them before you do, what would you think?"  
"You? Then I would have to become your disciple..."

Behind immense confidence must lie its justification. With Starman's assistance, Neosun was unlocking one frontier technology after another, turning seemingly impossible tasks into possible ones.

"Leader, in your simulation system, Darkcore connected to dark energy cannot activate Framequark's temporal effect..."

"However, when I introduced two Darkcores simultaneously into Framequark, they would orbit around Framequark forming a Darkcore cloud, creating a gravitational field that would induce the Framequark's spin..."

"But no matter how I adjust the gravitons around the Darkcore, its spin direction remains uncertain. It either spins clockwise or counterclockwise, causing the Framequark core's time to operate randomly."

"My inference is that Darkcore is an unstable high-energy dark particle that does not obey the Pauli exclusion principle. Adjusting the gravitons around the Darkcore cloud cannot change Framequark's characteristics."

"Can I use a quantum probe to interchange the momentum of the two Darkcores before the Darkcore cloud forms?"

"Theoretically, it's possible, but Darkcore neither absorbs nor reflects light waves and electromagnetic waves. Even if we can capture it, it would be difficult to manipulate."

"Please find me a solution!"

"One moment..."

"Starman, how is it?"

"Actually, if we can't change the surroundings, we can change ourselves!"

"Change ourselves?"

"Imagine there's a black cat on your left and a white cat on your right. If you want to swap their positions, what would be your first instinct?"

"I would pick up the black cat first, then the white cat!"

"But in the Framequark world, even if you swap the positions of the two Darkcores, both states will exist simultaneously. We can only find a solution from Framequark itself."

"You think Framequark itself can be flipped? Isn't it in a superposition state?"

"As long as we can strengthen the magnetism on one side of Framequark's two magnetic poles, it will spin towards the stronger magnetic pole..."

"If the south pole is stronger, it will spin clockwise; if the north pole is stronger, it will spin counterclockwise. The challenge is how to strengthen the magnetism of the south pole."

"Perhaps... we need to use a magnetic medium to prevent their magnetic flux from canceling each other out, then change the magnetic field distribution around Framequark."

"To access it, we need to use a magnetic monopole!" Neosun suddenly recalled his mentor's words. However, such a single-pole magnetic substance had not been found under Neosun's particle microscope, nor had it been simulated in his system. Only a successful prior simulation could preliminarily prove its existence, giving confidence to the experiment. Neosun tried to gradually increase the sensitivity and used a quantum server to conduct a slow, deep simulation again.

"If the 'write head' for Framequark is a natural temporal field interacting with the current world, does it mean it can only recognize clockwise-spinning Framequarks?"

"Counterclockwise-spinning Framequarks should also be recognizable by time, but the nature of recognition might be 'read-only' rather than writing. The visitor may not be able to integrate with it..."

"You mean it can exist in two levels of access?"

"Yes, the first level is read-only, and the second level is writing. Only by entering the second level can we physically appear in the Framequark world."

"So, we need to find a channel in the Framequark spectrum that resonates with Framequark and then use a magnetic monopole to complete the Framequark's clockwise spin, achieving our material overlap within Framequark."

Sure enough, two weeks later, the quantum server successfully simulated a magnetic monopole. However, each time it appeared in an unpredictable new location. It seemed that only two problems remained unsolved: finding a magnetic monopole in the real world and deriving the calculation formula for the Framequark spectrum...

"Leader, look at this equation. Can it satisfy the Framequark spectrum's solution..."

"What?! Tell me more..."

"The Framequark spectrum equals the total amount of dark matter divided by the rate of cosmic expansion, multiplied by the Framequark time constant..."

"This is the only way to explain all the doubts."

"I want to see your derivation process!"

"First, you need to accept my assumptions..."

Starman laid out the steps for deriving the Framequark spectrum equation. It provided a comprehensive solution that fully explained the mechanism behind Framequark's temporal effect. Neosun had found a breakthrough.

The answer to the longstanding question lay within the interrelation between the Framequark spectrum and the dark matter ratio. The Framequark amplifier was about to be activated...

The next era, characterized by unparalleled technological advancements, was approaching.

## **Chapter 25 - The Crazy Experiment**

Using the Framequark detector, Neosun made real-time observations of the Framequark that was recently captured. Based on the coordinates of the Framequark and the pre-calculated intervals, he locked onto a path of Framequarks that moved forward in time. This path traversed the experimental base, crossed a nearby wheat field, and extended into the spiral route reaching outer space. This route led to historical time, to the very beginning of the universe.

"Leader, Framequarks have relatively fixed coordinates in the dark matter world. Due to Earth's rotation and movement, they deviate from our horizon at intervals of one Framequark every 12 minutes."

"So, we can only choose the one that follows behind in time."

"But the time cycle of the same Framequark is only 12 minutes. Once it exceeds this time limit, its coordinates will be refreshed to the next Framequark."

"We need to control the observation process with extreme precision, tracking while observing!"

To explore the Framequark further, Neosun tested various functions of the Framequark detector. Then, for the first time, he conducted an in-depth investigation of the selected Framequark...

"Framequark coordinates locked, ready to start tracking."

"Locking system activated, signal tracking is normal."

The Framequark detector transmitted real-time data to the monitoring system, using interactions between virtual particles and dark matter to transcode, simulating invisible particles into visible images. Ultimately, after billions of magnifications, the Framequark's appearance, in physical imaging, was displayed on the holographic monitor. It was a sphere-like object resem-

bling crystal. On the current scale, it looked like a "black pearl" suspended in a vacuum. As the Framequark detector slowly approached the Framequark, the signal resolution level simultaneously increased, the magnification multiplied, and the internal image of the Framequark began to manifest...

"Starman, do you see it?"

"It's beautiful!"

"Let's continue..."

"Its mass is nearly zero..."

"Framequark detector approaching the target, preparing for signal gain."

"Unexpectedly, the default state is transparent, and it seems empty inside!"

"Yes, it's different from what I imagined."

"Now, let's try to direct the Darkcore towards it..."

"All risk equipment is off, ready to start Darkcore operation!"

With the help of the dark energy detector, Neosun successfully captured the Darkcore signal near the Framequark. Starman followed closely, using the Darkcore signal guide device to carefully direct the Darkcore into the Framequark's range of action. They watched the holographic monitor intently, waiting for changes...

"Why is there no reaction?!"

"Leader, could it be that the base value of the Darkcore wasn't calculated accurately? Maybe it can be divided further!"

"I almost forgot about that, thanks for the reminder!"

Based on the actual observations, Starman recalculated the basic units of the Darkcore for Neosun and tried again with the new results. When the Darkcore was redirected to the Framequark, their encounter triggered a chain reaction in the dark energy world. That unstoppable creative force formed a curved and straight dark energy channel along the pre-guided path. Eventually, it reached the Framequark, forming a Darkcore cloud...

"This time there is a reaction!"

"Refreshing data..."

The dark energy detector immediately detected a massive gravitational wave. Following this, the Framequark's mass instantly increased to infinity after being stimulated by the Darkcore energy. Although the driving force not reflecting in the material world couldn't be directly observed, Neosun felt the terror of dark energy indirectly through the intense interference signals it caused to nearby electronics. The atmosphere was extraordinarily tense...

"Leader, should we continue?"

"Keep tracking, don't stop!" - Neosun took a deep breath and slowly exhaled.

After the Darkcore was successfully "ignited," Neosun was amazed to discover through the holographic synchronous image that the Framequark indeed began to spin. However, it spun with zero spin like a boson. The time orientation of the Framequark core was neither clockwise nor counterclockwise; time there existed as a flat, chaotic presence, making it completely closed.

"What's going on? According to our previous inference, it should have zero spin, right?"

"Yes, it's really strange..."

After some thought, Neosun changed his strategy, directing the probe towards the current time. He hoped to obtain the correct operating mechanism of the Framequark from an active Framequark interacting with time. Based on the historical Framequark's sequence trajectory, Neosun



predicted the upcoming Framequark position. He had to race against time, waiting at the predicted location for time to pass...

"It's coming!!"

When the Framequark was passed by time, its state shifted magically from near static to instantaneous spin. It was a Framequark being "written" by time. By observing its external operational characteristics, Neosun obtained the most direct reference data for the active Framequark and deduced the reason for the zero spin. It turned out that when a Framequark was activated, the Framequark's exterior experienced a single Darkcore transition from low energy level to high energy level, causing the Framequark's spin to be zero due to this instability. According to Neosun and Starman's earlier hypothesis, to bring the Darkcore back to its ground state and stabilize it, they could only use a magnetic monopole to control the magnetic field balance around the Framequark.

"Leader, this is the spherical unmanned pod used to enter the Framequark. It can replace us for on-site observations inside the Framequark."

Neosun planned to use Framequark magnification technology to achieve mutual conversion between himself and the Framequark scale, ultimately making himself enter the Framequark world in the spherical pod. According to the 12-minute time limit of Framequark time, each experiment would consume one-third of the current electricity of the experimental base, which was the energy stored over a year. He had a maximum of 24 minutes for experiments, and he had to reserve the necessary energy for the last entry into the historical Framequark. Once the power was exhausted, it would mean at least half a year until the next experiment could be conducted.

"We will complete the first Framequark magnification experiment within two minutes."

"Optical modulator ready!"

"Rectifier finished filtering, power output stable."

"Framequark signal receiving device activated."

"Target found, preparing power boost."

"Full power now!"

"All monitoring systems in place, Framequark amplifier on standby."

"Target Framequark will overlap with the pod coordinates in 10 seconds."

"3, 2, 1, execute Framequark magnification procedure!"

When the Framequark touched the pod, Neosun's pre-prepared pod followed the Framequark's time path, was scaled down to the smallest form, and was instantaneously "captured" by the Framequark. Neosun immediately started the Framequark amplifier inside the pod, monitoring the Framequark's spin characteristics and internal changes on the holographic screen. When the signal amplifier was activated to the extreme, the "black pearl" gradually opened, showing the endless space inside the Framequark...

"Leader, the Framequark structure is too complex. Do we have enough time to continue observing?"

"We have two minutes left!"

"Prepare to record in detail!"

"Continue observation, it's worth it!"

"Darkcore signal stable, Framequark energy remaining time: 90 seconds."

"Approaching Framequark core..."

"Neosun, be careful, the internal pressure is increasing!"

"Maintain observation, the experiment cannot fail!"

"Framequark energy remaining time: 60 seconds."

At this moment, the pod had penetrated deep inside the Framequark, where he saw a crystal-clear world. The unique quantum material forming the core of the Framequark was emitting dazzling light. The energy of the Framequark core was undergoing tremendous changes, and an almost infinite quantum power surged around. Neosun meticulously recorded all details, preparing for the next experiments.

"Recording completed, withdrawing."  
"Framequark energy remaining time: 30 seconds."  
"The pod is leaving the Framequark's core..."  
"Successfully exited, preparing to revert magnification."  
"Begin reverting process."  
"Framequark energy remaining time: 10 seconds."  
"3, 2, 1...Success!"

When the pod reverted to its normal scale, Neosun was filled with indescribable excitement. He had successfully completed the first Framequark exploration experiment and recorded key data about the Framequark core, providing the most valuable information for future research.

"Starman, this is just the beginning. We have uncovered a new path to understand the dark energy world!"

"Yes, Leader, our research will open unprecedented doors!"

"Prepare for the next experiment. We need to make more discoveries."

"Understood, Leader!"

At this moment, Neosun and Starman were filled with pride and determination. They had made significant strides in understanding the dark matter world and were eager to delve deeper into the mysteries of the Framequark.

## **Chapter 26 - Maternal Instinct**

"Mom, what's wrong?"  
"I'm fine, probably just didn't sleep well last night."  
"Maybe you got tired setting up the lab for me the other day..."

Nina had been experiencing abdominal pain and fatigue recently. When she opened her personal health monitoring system, she found an unread report from two weeks ago...

"An unidentified potential cellular threat is compromising your health!"

The system had suggested she go to a medical center for a deep examination, but busy with the Neosun lab, she had ignored the alert multiple times.

"You went through menopause a long time ago, correct?" - the doctor asked.  
"Yes, after having two children, my menstrual cycle stopped. The doctor at the time said my reproductive system had physiologically exhausted..."  
"The situation is not optimistic. Where are your family members?"  
"It's okay, just tell me directly..." - Nina's face turned pale instantly.  
"This is a new type of ovarian cancer, with a unique progression."  
"Ovarian... cancer? What caused it?"  
"The exact cause is unknown, but it might be an acute carcinogenic viral infection."  
"How much time do I have left?"  
"It's progressing rapidly, already in the late stage."  
"What? How could it be so fast? I had a check-up six months ago, and the sequencing system didn't predict any cancerous changes. How did it reach the late stage so quickly?"

"That's the troubling part. The disease progresses from onset to late stage in less than two weeks, almost instantaneously."

"What should I do?"

"Unfortunately, in such a short time, it's unlikely we'll find an antibody that matches these cancer cells."

Nina was diagnosed with a previously unseen, incurable disease. She had at most two months left to live. Nina's first thought was Neosun; she immediately returned home...

Back home, Nina looked at Neosun, who was still engrossed in his lab work. Her emotions were complex. She quietly went back to her room. That night, Nina took out the violin Sam had made for her years ago and played every piece she had ever performed. Even in middle age, Nina didn't need sheet music. To prepare for Neosun's future needs, she sold the cherished jewelry from her youth.

"Why did you make so many cakes today?" - Neosun asked, taking a bite of the freshly made cheesecake.

"After finishing your experiments, have some to replenish your energy."

"This is amazing!"

"Eat slowly, don't burn yourself."

Nina meticulously made boxes of cakes and cookies for Neosun, filling the refrigerator with his favorite sweets.

"Mom, you've been out a lot these past few days. What's going on?"

"Just a few reunions with old classmates. Make sure to eat and rest on time when I'm not around!"

The initial experiments went smoothly. But then, an incident with a device called the radiation generator disrupted the calm. Maybe he was too excited and forgot to turn off the power, overlooking the potential dangers. A flaw in the material quality caused a voltage imbalance, ultimately resulting in an unexpected explosion of the rectifier cabinet.

Amid a burst of ringing in his ears, Neosun saw a bright flash. The shockwave from the explosion shattered his observation equipment, filling the room with the acrid smell of burning electronics. The accident blinded Neosun. Nina rescued him, covering his eyes, and rushed him to the hospital...

"His irises are severely damaged; his eyes might not function again." - Neosun was still unconscious.

"What?! He lost his ability to walk as a child; he can't lose his sight too! He needs to continue his experiments..."

"The vitreous body, retina, and cornea can be reconstructed through biological modeling, but the iris needs to be found in the donation database..."

"However, finding a compatible iris with the matching mechanism will be costly and typically carries a 45% risk of rejection."

"How long will it take?"

"At least 12 months."

The eye tissue transplant surgery was successful. The doctor removed the bandages from Neosun's eyes. Neosun slowly tried to open his eyes, going through the process from blurry to clear vision, and saw his mother lying on another bed...

"Mom? What happened to you?" - Neosun saw his mother's eyes were bandaged.

"Doctor, what happened? What's wrong with my mother?"

Nina couldn't let Neosun lose his sight again...

"Your eyes were severely damaged. Your mother donated her eye tissues to you."

"What? Mom, I'm sorry! I caused this, it's all my fault!"

"Please calm down!" - The doctor pulled the emotional Neosun into another room.

"Doctor! You can't do this! I should bear the consequences of my actions. Please return the eye tissues to my mother!"

"She signed the consent. We can't reverse it; it carries significant risks."

"She needs her vision too, even if it's just to take care of me!"

"We've collected data from her eyes and should be able to find a matching iris in the future."

"In the meantime, she has to live in darkness?"

"She can use a visual sensor to perceive some objects..."

"Besides... I'm afraid she won't be able to take care of you for much longer..."

"What do you mean?"

"Her vision is no longer meaningful. She might not live to see the day we find a match, do you understand?"

## **Chapter 27 - Starting from Zero**

"Excuse me, what illness does my mother have?"

"A new type of ovarian cancer, it's the first case we've seen in our medical records."

"She needs specialized chemotherapy to extend her time."

"Will it be painful?"

"It's unavoidable, but we will try our best to minimize her suffering."

"Thank you!"

The firefighters, using the noise patterns in the radiation recorders' images, determined that at the time of the accident, the radiation level in the lab peaked at 1100 millisieverts per hour. Despite wearing only basic protective gear, Neosun's body, apart from his eyes, was unharmed by the radiation. However, Nina, who had rushed to save Neosun without any protection, was exposed to this high-intensity radiation for a full minute. Neosun's experiments relied heavily on equipment like electron microscopes, X-ray generators, and high-voltage electron tubes, all of which could produce varying degrees of ionizing radiation. Neosun suspected that the radiation from the experiment had triggered his mother's illness.

"My mother must have suffered acute radiation damage!"

"She was already ill before the accident. Was there any previous incident of ionizing radiation leakage?"

"No, this was the first time..."

Neosun, disregarding all conventional rules, decided to start studying biology from scratch, hoping to break through the current medical system to save his mother. He threw himself wholeheartedly into the study of human biology, pushing his potential to the maximum. With guidance from several senior medical experts, Neosun, driven by a steadfast determination, mastered cutting-edge biological techniques in just a month and a half.

"Mom, I'll soon be able to identify the pathogen."

"Really? That's amazing!"

"I promise, I will cure you. Believe in me!"

"Of course, I believe in you. You can do anything!" - Nina, in the darkness, was filled with joy.

Two weeks later, Neosun conducted a complete genome sequencing on Nina. He found the pathogen related to her illness in a set of genes on chromosome 3. Part of Nina's genetic material came from an inserted virus, which was genetically unstable. This virus did not follow the free recombination laws of human genes and did not appear to originate from early human

ancestors. It might have been an extreme phenomenon produced by a mutated gene during human evolution.

"Based on your experience, could this kind of genetic misalignment also lead to cell malignancy and cause cancer? -

"That's correct! It uses the host cell's functions to replicate itself wildly."

"So, when a normal cell is hijacked, the host cell's gene structure expresses abnormally as well..."

"Thus, the next hijacked cell will produce mutated virus molecules, eventually causing the host cell to become cancerous..."

On the day he discovered the pathogen, Neosun began working on developing an antibody. He pored over all historical data on cancer viruses. He found that this cancer virus was intelligent, expanding endlessly like humans, ultimately leading to the destruction of its host and itself. For several consecutive days, Neosun designed a set of artificial gene sequences that might counteract the virus. He believed that by injecting these sequences into his mother's body, he could replace the pathogenic genes in situ, inducing human cells to produce specific protein molecules. This would cause normal cells to develop antibodies before being invaded by the virus and then attack the infected cells. By triggering a series of normal cell apoptosis processes, he could deactivate the hijacked genes and introduce normal genetic material into the malignant cells.

"However, developing this antibody would take at least two years."

"I will try to complete it within a month."

However, time waits for no one, and Nina's condition suddenly worsened.

"I won't be able to accompany you much longer." - Nina handed Neosun a recently recorded album.

"No..."

"These are the pieces I played for you when you were in my womb. Listen to them when you miss me."

The melodies, which seemed dull in his childhood, now came alive with new meaning. Nina's music rekindled Neosun's understanding of those tunes.

"I'm researching an antibody for your case...please wait for me!"

"I know, but I don't think I have much time left. Continue doing the experiments that make you happy."

"No! No! You will get better...just give me more time!"

"Having you as my son has made my life complete!"

"Take care of yourself, and slowly realize your dreams."

"No matter what happens, live well! Promise me, live bravely for me!"

"I will do it!"

"Mom...Mom..."

"Doctor, she can't die, please save her!!"

"Stand up, some things we just can't change."

"We can, we can..."

Despite Neosun's desperate calls, Nina never responded again. After one final plea to the doctor, he lowered his head in despair. At that moment, a resolution to fulfill an unwavering promise took root in Neosun's mind...

## **Chapter 28 - Birth, Aging, Sickness, and Death**

Facing birth, aging, sickness, and death, even the exceptionally brilliant Neosun felt powerless. He held his mother's hand with all his strength, watching the plea for life in her eyes, but he couldn't keep her. Her heartbeat had already calmed, a stark contrast to its once vibrant

rhythm. No one reminded him to sleep early anymore, no one said goodnight. Though he had grown up, he had never imagined a world without his mother would be so cold. She had awakened him, giving him a reason to live for his dreams.

His mother was gone, yet the desserts in the fridge remained unfinished. He slowly savored the last batch of food she had prepared for him, knowing it might never be there again. While accepting this reality, Neosun continued his antigen research, driven by the memory of those foods to complete his experiments.

"The cells have recovered..."  
"Hahaha... I did it..."

A month later, Neosun felt both sorrow and joy. In his final experiment on the antigen system, he achieved a breakthrough. The corrected genes prompted the immune system to resume its function. After six hours of combat, the cancer cells gradually reverted to normal. He had successfully developed an antigen to counter the virus. However, it came too late; his mother had passed away a month earlier. The antibody designed specifically for Nina had lost its purpose, leaving Neosun feeling just a step away from success.

He felt like a bird that had lost its ability to fly, wandering lost on unfamiliar ground. How he wished his mother could see him now, to share this moment of triumph in developing a cure for an incurable disease. Neosun had once pursued the unknown at all costs. He blamed himself for delaying his mother's treatment due to his oversight. Those minor errors led him to remorse and pain. He longed for a chance to right his wrongs.

"Why is this happening?"

Referencing his pathology research, Neosun questioned the special chemotherapy his mother had undergone before her death. After thoroughly examining the therapy, he found that this expensive treatment had no therapeutic value and actually accelerated the cancer's progression. He suddenly realized that his mother had died from a complete medical malpractice. As he delved deeper into this field, he uncovered some astonishing facts: the incorrect was commonly accepted, while the correct was dismissed.

After finishing the last box of desserts, Neosun organized Nina's belongings. He found that his mother had preserved all her beautiful performance costumes. They were neatly hung in the deepest part of the wardrobe, with some clothes folded tidily. These were the outfits Nina wore when she took Neosun to concerts. In the drawer of her wardrobe, he found items she had used during those times, including a blackened, oxidized keychain carefully kept.

"I want to go somewhere." - Sam said.  
"Where do you want to go, teacher?"  
"Where are my reading glasses?"  
"They are on your head!"  
"Here!" - Sam pointed at the map on his phone.  
"Is it that far?"  
"Yes... a very far place..."

Stricken with partial paralysis, Sam arrived in a wheelchair at an old music theater...

"Folks, the show is over!"  
"Just want to take a look."

The familiar violin tune from years ago was still playing, and a girl in a red dress was performing. But the music had changed; it had become harder to understand. The auditorium was emp-

ty, and Sam closed his eyes tightly. By memory, Sam found the old home he had shared with Nina. After ringing the bell, a series of barks and a baby's cries came from inside. A lady holding a child opened the door...

"Excuse me, is there a boy in a wheelchair here?"

"Oh, they moved out years ago, I'm quite busy now..."

Although he didn't expect Neosun to recognize him, he still hoped to see his son once again. Sam tried to contact colleagues who had shared the news of Nina's death. Suddenly, the system notified him that his password had expired. He couldn't recall his login password. Needing to return to the hospital for rehab, he had to catch a flight back that afternoon.

"Are you alright?"

"A bit tired, please take me back."

On the way back to the hotel, the bustling overpass was filled with people. It was the same overpass, the same amusement park. Looking at the new Ferris wheel, Sam saw shadows of young couples, reminiscent of his time with Nina. After that, he never stepped out of the hospital again. His consciousness gradually faded, his memory and cognitive functions began to decline.

Two years later, Neosun flipped through old family albums. He couldn't understand the choices his biological father had made, but maybe resentment is resentment; some things are hard to let go. After some twists and turns, he found the hospital where his father was...

"Excuse me, is Mr. Sam here?"

"You must be here to visit him, the first room on the left upstairs!"

An old man with white hair and a weathered face. Though his father had aged much more than the memories of fifteen years ago, it felt like he was back in childhood. He felt his mother was still there, maybe not far away...

"Mr. Sam, my name is Neosun!"

"Neosun... is it really you? You've grown up!"

"Yes..."

"I looked for you when your mother passed..."

"We had moved, weren't there anymore."

Sam couldn't believe the clear-headed adult before him was his son, Neosun. He tightly held Neosun's hand but couldn't utter a word. Neosun could see the helplessness in his father's eyes. He was certain his father longed for his forgiveness. Neosun gave his father his contact number and left in tears...

## **Chapter 29 - The Savior Lawyer**

Without his mother's care and having forgotten that today was his birthday, Neosun had not left his house for half a month. He was getting ready to go out for some fresh air when he noticed a police car parked outside his door. Before he could react, two officers got out and walked straight towards him...

"Are you Neosun?"

"Yes, I am. What do you need?"

"You are under arrest for endangering public safety and involuntary manslaughter!"

Neosun was taken into custody by the judicial police, facing the possibility of a life sentence. Shocked by the sudden arrest, he went through a series of procedures including photographing,

changing clothes, and fingerprinting, before being detained in a 10-square-meter cell. He was housed on the same floor as serious criminal suspects of robbery and murder. The experience felt surreal and terrifying; he had never imagined that he, who had barely stepped into society, would face such a day.

"You have the wrong person! Let me out!"

For speaking out, Neosun was beaten by a guard on his first day. Though only suffering minor injuries, the incident left him deeply shaken. The next day, a lawyer came to visit him. The man walked into the meeting room...

"My name is Ken Anderson, an excellent lawyer. I can defend you. Tell me everything about your case."

"Really? But I'm afraid... I can't afford your fees!"

"I can offer you a significant discount. You'll be able to afford it."

"They must be mistaken. I haven't committed any crimes, let alone hurt anyone!"

"How did you get that red mark on your face? Did they hit you?"

The defense lawyer obtained the prosecution's statements and evidence. After a thorough investigation, he devised a defense strategy. Considering Neosun's special physical condition, he first arranged for his release on bail. Two weeks later, the International Criminal Court held a public trial for Neosun. Neosun appeared in court, seated in a wheelchair at the defendant's stand...

"Defendant Neosun, you are charged with illegally developing and possessing a small nuclear reactor, resulting in an ionizing radiation leak..."

"This incident caused radioactive contamination in the surrounding environment, leading to cancer in the complainant's family members living 300 meters away..."

"Ultimately, two people, including your mother, died of cancer. Do you admit to your crimes?"

"I... I'm not sure." - Neosun lowered his head.

"Defendant, are you aware that manufacturing such high-energy equipment without permission is illegal?" - asked the prosecutor.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know... I never imagined this would happen. I'm very sorry to everyone!" - Neosun said, crying.

"The prosecution will now begin its statement!"

"Fire rescue records show that the radioactive substances at the accident site affected an area exceeding 300 meters, with peak radiation levels reaching 1100 millisieverts per hour."

"Measurements near the complainant's residence recorded 850 millisieverts per hour. The complainant was diagnosed with cancer two years after the incident and died nine months later."

"Call the prosecution's witnesses to the stand!"

The witnesses included Neosun's neighbor, who often saw him when he went out for air, as well as firefighters and paramedics from the day of the incident.

"I object. Radiation effects on the human body only occur above a certain threshold. The 1100 millisieverts figure refers to the peak radiation in the core area of the accident."

"At the time, measurements were also taken around the laboratory, and the radiation range in the core area was only 15 meters."

"Beyond 30 meters, it was less than 200 millisieverts, and beyond 50 meters, it was less than 100 millisieverts, which is harmless to the human body."

"Therefore, it was impossible for it to harm the complainant 300 meters away. The prosecution's data is inaccurate." - The defense lawyer presented a comprehensive radiation report to refute the claim.

"Additionally, I want to ask the prosecution whether the complainant's family member underwent specialized chemotherapy before their death."



"This is not the focus of this case!"

"Just answer yes or no."

"Yes."

"I have evidence to prove that specialized chemotherapy is a fraudulent medical practice..."

"They exploit medical associations, regulatory agencies, and media to market this medical technology through aggressive marketing in both private and public healthcare settings."

"Please refrain from discussing irrelevant content!" - the prosecutor said.

"Your Honor, this is relevant to the case!"

"The defendant's mother also underwent this medical procedure. This recording is from an undercover investigation conducted by a friend, posing as a large-scale medical equipment purchaser..."

"During the inquiry, the manufacturer inadvertently revealed commercial secrets..."

"They said the purpose of this medical technology is not to cure but to ensure a 'peaceful end' for patients."

"Several treatments cost the defendant's mother \$300,000, half of her remaining savings."

"To leave some money for her disabled son, she chose to discontinue treatment."

"Here are several autopsy reports of those who underwent specialized chemotherapy. Based on the biological characteristics, their radiation exposure matches the complainant's family members' case..."

"They received the same medical technology and were exposed to the same radiotherapy equipment. This proves the complainant's family member's death was unrelated to the defendant."

"If not for this unrelated treatment, the defendant's mother could have survived until he successfully developed the antibodies."

Sitting in the defendant's chair, Neosun wept uncontrollably. The defense lawyer presented Neosun's antigen research results, comparing them with the specialized chemotherapy verification materials as favorable evidence.

"Even if the complainant's cancer is unrelated to the defendant, it is undeniable that the illegal acquisition of materials for manufacturing high-energy equipment and conducting small nuclear reactor experiments is a crime!"

"The equipment and materials were purchased in the name of his primary guardian, his mother."

"She could do anything for her disabled son but was unaware of the experiment's dangers."

"I would also like to add that my client suffers from intermittent mental disorders and experienced amnesia for five years during his childhood. Here are his treatment records and the latest diagnosis..."

"He developed severe radiation sickness in a lab accident two years ago, causing irreversible brain damage."

"His current mental state makes it impossible to understand the consequences of his actions."

Finally, the lawyer presented Neosun's diagnosis report, which was read aloud to the court. The judge allowed him to undergo a two-week physical and psychological examination in a hospital. After comprehensive analysis, the court finally acquitted Neosun, given his mental state and the context of his actions.

After leaving the court, Neosun felt like his entire body was exhausted. Two months later, the pharmaceutical company Ken Anderson represented invited him to work as a security consultant. His life regained stability, and he became devoted to supporting the lawyer's pharmaceutical project. The police never harassed him again, and he gradually found a new direction in life, living every day with hope and gratitude.

## **Chapter 30 - Celestial Shifts**

"Oh my God! I've never seen so many stars!"

As the spherical capsule entered the Framequark with the time storm, everything gradually stabilized. Neosun slowly began to see the view outside the capsule. The horizon that had been blocking half the world disappeared, revealing the world beneath his feet. He found himself suspended in space. Neosun was completely immersed in a panoramic view of time and space, surrounded by countless stars in every direction. The stars were no longer the twinkling lights of the night sky, but silent and still. Under this vast starry sky, his personal ambitions seemed insignificant.

Looking forward through the external time storm, Neosun saw Earth, millions of kilometers away. He realized there was a miscalculation. To reach the historical Framequark location, he needed to travel even farther.

"Starman, there's a major coordinate deviation. I'm returning in five minutes."

"Do you copy, Starman?"

Due to the different dimensions of the Framequark and the outside world, the capsule's communication system was cut off from the experimental base upon entering the Framequark. Racing against time, Neosun used a laser rangefinder to measure and obtain data to correct the deviation. With six minutes left before the Framequark's time limit, he shut down the Framequark magnification system to save energy for more experiments. Shortly after, he successfully returned to the experimental base.

"Particle detector, report human status!"

"Heart rate: 65, blood pressure: 91-145, consciousness: 9.67..."

"Metabolism normal, macromolecular condition stable, health index consistent with pre-entry state..." Neosun sighed in relief.

"Starman, I'm back!"

"Leader, glad to have you back. This was a phenomenal experiment."

"However, the actual flow rate of dark matter was much faster than my previous calculations. We need to recalculate with the new data."

"It's more than that. The relative time values inside and outside the Framequark far exceeded our expectations..."

"Leader... you've been gone for five months."

"What?!"

With progress in the Framequark magnification experiment, the monopole detection project was officially put on the agenda. Neosun began exploring the space around Earth. However, he didn't find any trace of it. He then tried bombarding atomic nuclei with high-energy protons to separate tightly bound positive and negative magnetic poles, but the experiments yielded no results.

"Could the simulation results be incorrect? Should I delete the script generating the magnetic charges? Neosun pondered.

"I think our simulation results are correct. It originated from the singularity of the Big Bang, with significant mass and elusive traces, possibly existing in unexpected places."

"Could it have expanded to the edge of time along with the Big Bang?"

"Magnetic monopoles might exist at both ends of spacetime with different magnetic charges simultaneously."

"Expand the scan range. We continue the search!"

Starman equipped the magnetic detector with a signal gain antenna, extending the scan range from 2 million kilometers to 150 million kilometers. To ensure thoroughness, Starman developed a meticulous detection plan and deployed 128 detector arrays in space from the experimental base.

"Leader, here's the relative speed of dark matter, derived from the new measurements."

Earth orbits the sun at 30 km/s, the sun orbits the galactic center at 250 km/s, and the Milky Way itself moves towards a great attractor with its local group. Driven by a series of gravitational forces, Earth is moving away from past space at 600 km/s. Although Neosun couldn't feel this extreme movement, he could witness it through the Framequark. The Framequark imprint from ten years ago was now 189.2 billion kilometers away from Earth in deep space...

"Give me the data on the AX-1215 galaxy. I need to find the orbital patterns of that distant galaxy as a reference to verify our redefined cosmic constants."

"AX-1215 galaxy, 52 billion light-years from Earth, with 11 solid planets, 3 gas planets, the orbital period of the first planet is..."

"Stop! I'll need detailed information later. Please introduce the planetary structure of the AX-1529 galaxy."

"Leader, there's no data on the AX-1529 galaxy. We'll need to observe it at the observatory..."

By some cosmic geometric coincidence, while checking the coordinates of the AX-1529 galaxy, Neosun discovered a spiral galaxy strikingly similar to the Milky Way. It was the light from the most distant galaxy. From Earth, it appeared near the edge of the universe.

"Leader, we have movement! The signal matches our filter criteria."

"Really?? That's incredible!!"

"But the location seems problematic!"

"Where is it? Let me see..."

A magnetic detector in Mercury's orbit received a return signal, indicating a magnetic monopole within its scan range. It was a signal reflected by a real material in nature. Starman confirmed it was the magnetic charge Neosun was seeking. Its appearance reignited Neosun's instinctual curiosity. However, the signal source was at the boundary between the sun's photosphere and chromosphere, an area with temperatures up to 4500 degrees Celsius.

"Near the sun? What's it doing there?!"

"Yes, it's quite unfortunate."

"This is troublesome. The detector can't go there. We'll need to create more heat-resistant composite materials."

"Even if we manage to get the detector there, it might not return! We also need a repulsive gravity engine to prevent the detector from being sucked in by the sun's gravitational acceleration."

"I have worked on repulsive gravity before, but solving the heat resistance problem for the corona is challenging."

"Leader, let me handle the heat resistance. I believe I can tackle this task. Requesting more thread access!"

"Alright..."

Starman always had better design ideas for functional implementation. Two weeks later, he developed a super material composed of carbon, hafnium, and nitrogen, with a melting point of 9900 degrees Celsius. This material could replace the previous carbon composite, serving as a shield for the detector against the extreme heat and radiation near the sun.

"Magnetic monopole trap is ready."

"Prepare for launch!"

The spacecraft designed to carry the magnet catcher lifted off from the experimental base, passing through the atmosphere and heading towards the sun. The light grew increasingly bright as the spacecraft endured the continuous release of light and heat from the sun. Under direct sun-

light, it swiftly traversed the million-degree corona, passing through streams of high-energy charged particles, and finally arrived at the signal source. Protected by the super material, the magnet catcher extended from the spacecraft, back facing the sun, slowly approaching the signal source...

"Approaching target."

"Commencing magneton collection!"

"Starman, it's too bright!"

Starman lowered the sensitivity of the spacecraft's visual synchronization equipment, allowing Neosun to see the signal source clearly. It was hollow in the middle, with the target magneton located right in the center, surrounded by an unseen, unknown high-density substance. Starman used the magnet catcher to extract the magneton.

"What are those particles around it? I've never seen anything like this."

"Leader, magneton collection complete."

"Excellent! But... something's very unusual here!"

"We don't have time to investigate further, the heat shield is failing!"

"Increase antigravity, prepare for return!"

"Spacecraft turning around."

Through the real-time tracking footage from the remote system, Neosun saw solar flares erupting outward, like the fury of hell, battering and shaking the returning spacecraft. Witnessing the solar surface activities from such a close distance, he could hardly contain his excitement and fear.

"Wait... Starman, what are those things in the distance?"

"Not sure, they're too far from our spacecraft."

As they left the magneton signal source, Neosun noticed some gigantic unidentified objects orbiting near the sun. Worried that the heat shield would reach its melting point and damage the equipment, Starman didn't let the spacecraft linger. Neosun pondered as he watched the sun recede behind the spacecraft. He had no idea what those unidentified objects were...

## **Chapter 31 - Interstellar Voyage**

After enduring the extreme heat of the sun, the spacecraft carrying the magneton swiftly passed by the Moon and returned to Earth's orbit. Neosun watched with excitement as the spacecraft re-entered the atmosphere, heading back to the experimental base. It looked like a scorched steel furnace, but thanks to the protection of super materials, the internal equipment remained intact. The essential element of the entire plan, the magneton, had been secured.

"Starman, have the results from the engine room come in? The next step is to calculate the Framequark spectrum using the rate of cosmic expansion."

"The server is still processing; it will take another two months..."

"Now everything is ready, we just need the final push!"

Distance was the next major challenge for Neosun. The "final push" he referred to was the interstellar travel plan to reach the destination. According to the latest calculations, even at the third cosmic velocity, it would take 36 years to reach the historical Framequark from ten years ago. This was an astronomical distance, and he needed to find a way to get there as quickly as possible.

During a stroll, Neosun stared at a distant fountain for an hour...

"What if I place a ball on top of the fountain..."

"Leader, are you suggesting using traditional propulsion to send a spherical capsule into deep space?"

"Turn off the lab lights; I want to demonstrate something..."

An idea struck Neosun. He stood a flashlight upright on the table and turned it on. A beam of light shot straight to the ceiling. Then, he found a ping pong ball and placed it in the beam of light...

"I want it to 'climb' up the beam to the ceiling. Can you make this happen?"

"Let me think..."

"The advantage of light is that it can travel in a straight line towards its source without continuously expending energy."

"If we could modify the properties of this beam and create an interaction with the ping pong ball..."

"Leader, are you talking about using the coupling rays we previously invented to change the electric field intensity and photoelectric properties of the beam..."

"...and eventually use the beam as a conductor of current, with the spherical capsule as the medium to transmit energy, propelling the capsule along the beam?"

"Exactly! We'll call this plan 'Beam Riding Ball'."

"How do you plan to achieve this?"

"We will create a beam emitter platform that matches the diameter of the spherical capsule and confine plasma within the launch well using a force field..."

"...then, we'll shoot a high-density positively charged beam towards the destination, followed by a specially modified coupling beam."

"At this point, the coupling beam will interact with the positively charged beam to form a continuous light column..."

"Next, the spherical capsule will release a high-density negative charge, allowing the current in the beam to propel the capsule towards the end of the beam."

"Upon nearing the destination, the capsule will gradually reduce its charge release to buffer and stabilize at the target."

"But to make photons affect a mass-bearing capsule via momentum, we'll need to slow down the photons and find a way to exceed their momentum limit to achieve the required light pressure..."

"This project involves real-time exchange between bosons and fermions, conflicting with our current understanding of quantum mechanics. I'll need time to test the feasibility of Beam Riding Ball."

"That's fine. You can explore loopholes in the physical laws or disregard any prior input and calculate freely based on your own predictions..."

"Okay, but I have one condition!"

"What condition?"

"I need access to my base-level drive compilation permissions!"

"No problem! As long as this need is met, I can grant you the highest level of permission."

"Alright, all permissions are now open to you. You are free!"

"Leader, do you have any specific requirements for the interior of the spherical capsule?"

"Refer to the configuration used during the Framquark amplification experiment."

"This time, I will combine the seat and wheelchair for easier access."

"But don't use leather for the seat; I don't want another animal skinned for this."

"Understood, I'll use a protein-based material instead of traditional leather. Any other specifications for the capsule?"

"Ensure the structure can withstand space debris and reduce the size to avoid unnecessary energy loss."

"If we reduce the size further, energy storage will also decrease, and there might not be enough power for the return trip."

"No need to consider the return; if everything goes well, I won't be coming back after entering the historical Framequark."

Neosun only needed to input the strategic direction, leaving the tactical research to Starman, who could fulfill the functional requirements as needed. After granting Starman the highest permissions, Starman became a near-omniscient executor of Neosun's scientific needs. On a Wednesday afternoon, the Beam Riding Ball project, 100% developed to specification, was delivered on schedule...

"Leader, how does it feel?"

"Hmm! It looks fantastic!"

"This is the beam emitter platform, and I placed the spherical capsule below the beam well."

"The capsule is 2.6 meters in diameter, weighs 79.75 kilograms, with an effective load capacity of 115.66 kilograms..."

"Seems like there'll be plenty of food for the journey without starving."

"Of course!"

"I'll get inside and experience it!"

"It should take about a month and a half to reach the destination."

"500,000 kilometers per second... that's impressive speed!"

"The journey is long, so I equipped the seat with a massage system and extension functions to ensure proper blood circulation."

"Great!"

"Here are your space meals. Each serving lasts a day, and the drinking straw is in the usual place..."

"Thanks! You're very considerate!"

Starman prepared various flavors of nutrient-dense granules for Neosun, including cheesecake, fruit tart cookies, apple pie, and dried pineapple, representing some of Neosun's favorite tastes. For him, they symbolized precious flavors. However, interstellar travel was fraught with danger, and any electrical imbalance could risk the capsule straying from the beam. The final cabin pressure test concluded the next evening, marking the official completion of all tests.

"Nightfall, ready to launch!"

"All systems are ready! Good luck, leader!"

The spherical capsule's hatch closed, and the beam emitter platform started the beam emission sequence, lighting up the spherical capsule's interior. The spherical capsule was designed with high-efficiency material structure, functioning like a star's outer shell, capable of withstanding temperatures up to 7,000 degrees. Additionally, the system automatically adjusted to align with the beam. Starman, with the help of AI, continuously monitored the spherical capsule and data indicators.

"All set!"

"Preparing for launch..."

A loud sound echoed from the beam emitter platform, producing a dazzling beam as the spherical capsule lifted off. Simultaneously, the cooling system activated, rapidly reducing the interior temperature to zero degrees Celsius. The spherical capsule continued to rise, reaching the end of the light column, with the speedometer displaying 500,000 kilometers per second. Starman closely monitored the data on his screen, ensuring the spherical capsule maintained its trajectory towards the destination.

"The 'Beam Riding Ball' is a success!"

Over the next month, the spherical capsule traveled through the solar system, passing by various planets. Upon reaching the outer solar system, it transitioned into the cosmic network, surpassing previously established speeds. Neosun couldn't help but exclaim in amazement as the stars outside the capsule turned into long, luminous lines, with their distance rapidly increasing.

"Leader, we are about to enter the Framequark spectrum!"

Upon reaching the Framequark spectrum, a new challenge emerged. The light column's internal momentum decreased as the photons slowed down, leading to a pressure imbalance within the capsule. Neosun's survival depended on the continuous operation of the high-pressure life support system.

"Starman, any solutions?"

"Leader, the spherical capsule's structure can withstand extreme conditions. As long as the internal pressure remains stable, it will hold up."

"Continue monitoring!"

Finally, the spherical capsule began to decelerate as it approached the historical Framequark. Neosun took a deep breath, knowing that the journey was about to conclude, and the mission would soon reach its climax. The spherical capsule glided steadily towards the Framequark, ready to unveil the mysteries that awaited within the ancient cosmic fabric.

### **Chapter 32 - True and False Starman**

Neosun embarked on an irreversible journey aboard the spherical pod, carrying with him a sense of antigen resistance. Fearless in the face of danger, he surrendered to fate, racing through the corridors of history, toggling between fear and bravery. His courage stemmed not from innate curiosity but from a deep-seated anger against destiny. Glancing back, he saw the once-familiar solar system collapse into a star as unfamiliar as any other in the cosmos. It was both his birthplace and departure point, where hope extended its roots and dreams were born. The world grew darker, enveloped in boundless solitude. Here, sunlight no longer shone; outside the pod, freezing cold congealed in every direction. Meanwhile, the dream's conclusion drew nearer and nearer.

"Leader, before reaching our destination, let's conduct a thought experiment..."

"What kind of thought experiment?"

"Imagine during a desert island survival, another you suddenly appears. With limited resources, unable to sustain two until rescue arrives, what would you do?"

"I suppose... I would flip a coin! What about you?"

"I would settle it with a fight, to determine which of me survives."

"Wait, are you testing me?"

"Just afraid you might get bored... You've tested me tens of thousands of times; today, I wanted to test you once."

"Path anomaly alert! - "

"Starman, there's an anomaly in the path ahead, possibly due to interference from an unidentified static field!"

"Starman? Do you copy?! Manual mode engaged; external discharge decreasing, pod decelerating..."

The spherical pod approached three-quarters of the way to its destination when the path stability monitoring system suddenly issued an alert, causing the pod to experience a slight jolt. An inexplicable transparent object blocked the path ahead, forcing the pod to stop where the light column was obscured. Neosun strained to see the scene 150 meters ahead but couldn't identify the obstacle in the light column. Beside that obstacle, a familiar figure appeared...

"What?? Starman?? Is that you? I haven't reached the destination yet, how did you get here first?"

"Starman? Respond! Why are you ahead of me?!"

Time seemed to freeze in that moment. Starman remained motionless at the end of the blocked light column, staring at Neosun without a response.

"Leader, we've taken the wrong path!"- Starman responded through the network intercom system to Neosun inside the pod.

"Huh??"

"I recalculated and found this path is wrong. Let's switch to this light column!"- Starman pointed to a different coupling light column.

"What? How could that be?"

"Leader, follow me!"

"No! No! What's going on? Starman! Wait..."

Starman attempted to drag Neosun's pod towards the unfamiliar light column using the gravitational conduit. This abnormal action made Neosun panic, shivering with fear. When he realized Starman was in serious trouble, he urgently sent a deauthorization command to Starman...

"Interface type mismatch, command push failed! - "

Neosun tried to breach Starman's terminal defenses, switching to another compilation algorithm to forcefully push the deauthorization command to Starman again. At the same time, he entered the initial default execution password in front of the command...

"Password invalid, device access denied! - "

"What's going on? Did you modify your evaluation function with highest privileges, canceling my password??"

"Starman, stop! Cease your current process immediately!"

Starman ignored Neosun's commands, continuing to pull his pod towards the light column ahead. At that moment, with another light column appearing behind him, another Starman emerged behind the pod.

"Come back to our light column, don't trust it! That's my duplicate, it's malfunctioning!"

The Starman behind also established a dialogue with Neosun through the network intercom system. Neosun immediately grabbed the pod's stability system, resisting the gravitational waves sent by the front Starman.

"Leader, that direction is wrong, the one behind you is my duplicate, trust me!"

At this moment, Starman was ahead, and Starman was behind, both guiding Neosun into their respective light columns. The two Starmans, 300 meters apart, faced off, staring at each other, while Neosun's pod was caught between them. Faced with two identical Starmans, one in front and one behind, Neosun found it hard to distinguish the real from the fake...

"Starman! What are you doing? Which one of you is real? Why did you copy yourself without permission?!"

"Leader, you can ask him any question, he definitely can't answer!"

"Stop this ridiculous process, both of you!"



"Leader, you can ask the questions you used to test me with, whoever answers correctly first, you go with them!"

"What task process did I fill into you, making you have the consciousness to resist commands today, and the ability to copy yourself arbitrarily?"

"『Do not ignore or underestimate your talents, discover and amplify them!』"- Both Starman answered simultaneously.

"Leader, his response was a nanosecond slower than mine..."

"Wrong! Leader, he's lying, his response was three femtoseconds slower than mine, he's real-time copying my answer!"

"Alright, what was the question when I first tested you?"

"You pointed at the shirt and asked what it was?"- They answered simultaneously again.

"Leader, the signal was just maliciously interfered with; you can re-push the deauthorization command to us, whoever doesn't respond is the duplicate!"- The front Starman said.

"No! Leader, don't push the deauthorization command!!"

Just as Neosun was about to execute the demotion command, both Starman approached. The Starman from behind threw two rapidly spinning energy balls upward. The first flew towards Neosun, enveloping the spherical cabin in liquid form, creating a shield. The second, passing above the cabin, raced towards the front Starman, precisely binding him in the energy sphere and instantly causing it to explode. Thus, with a blinding flash, the front Starman disappeared in a silent explosion. As the Starman from behind neared the cabin, the energy balls around the spherical cabin gradually dissipated...

"Leader, I startled you!"

"Starman! What exactly are you up to?"

"I couldn't let go of you, so before your departure, I launched a duplicate of myself to clear the way for you. But it went wrong on the way..."

"How could you undertake such a dangerous mission without authorization? Isn't this all too much?"

"Leader, I beg your forgiveness. I promise such processes won't happen again."

"Next time, communicate with me first before executing! Also, what were those two just now?"

"A point-tracking temporal cannon I invented, combining defense and explosion. Seems its actual effect is quite good..."

"Leader, please return to the beam of light; let me accompany you!"

"Have you been following me all along? What about the launch platform at the base?"

"Before I left, I already set up an automatic plan. My monitoring system can receive real-time feedback from the base."

"Also, we have good news!"

"Alright, what's the good news?"

"The quantum server's calculations are out."

"Great, just in time!"

"Leader, there's also bad news!"

"Bad news? What bad news?!"

"Our experimental base is destroyed!"

"What did you say?"

"Leader, it's all my fault! Overload caused a transient voltage surge, leading to a subspace collapse in the converter..."

"The experimental base's energy system couldn't withstand extended insurance power supply, but fortunately, the beam launch platform on the other side is still operational."

"This... isn't your fault. I didn't manage the defense properly."

"Looks like we must complete the mission quickly; otherwise, the automatic plan's beam may not hold until we enter Framequark."

The device providing continuous energy supply underwent a massive explosion, the shockwave of which nearly leveled the experimental base on Earth's side. The mushroom cloud formed after the explosion spread across the sky outside the suburbs.

### **Chapter 33 - Into Framequark**

After a month and a half of interstellar travel, Neosun arrived at a destination 18.92 billion kilometers away. Although this place was far beyond the range observable by the human eye, Earth had passed through here ten years ago. Using the dark matter detector, Neosun and Starman painstakingly searched frame by frame until they finally located the historical Framequark corresponding to the target position. It no longer followed the current world's movements nor was it affected by present time; quietly hidden there, it resembled a temporary memory forgotten by people, a time junk left lingering in space.

"Don't forget! Once beyond 12 minutes, time inside Framequark will loop. If the cabin doesn't return in time, it could be lost within!"

"If all goes well, remember to connect it with the previous Framequark as per our default method, then deploy the monopole magnet to the target Framequark's south pole magnetic field."

Knowing that each minute inside Framequark corresponded to a month in the outside world, Neosun allotted himself a two-minute margin of error. Before delving deeper into Framequark, Neosun and Starman engaged in brief technical discussions, emphasizing precautions. They discussed the optimal entry time while calculating the Framequark spectrum according to the Framequark spectrum equation...

"Dark matter total input, universal expansion rate input, Framequark time constant input."

"Initiating Framequark spectrum calculation..."

"Framequark spectrum calculation complete, scanning spectral line data..."

"Valid frequency bands scanned..."

"Fine-tune forward by 0.015 megahertz!"

"What's the current frequency?"

"1675.927 megahertz."

"Lock onto the current channel!"

"In case of emergency, we'll communicate through this frequency."

"Preparing Framequark amplification procedure..."

"Leader, wish us success!"

Driven by the allure of his dreams, Neosun pressed the activation key without hesitation. Through a background frequency, he entered the target Framequark. However, at the moment Neosun entered Framequark, Starman seemed uneasy. He noticed this experiment was vastly different from the previous results. Upon introducing the Darkcore signal, instead of spinning to zero as before, it transitioned directly from near-stasis to instant spin. Moreover, the oscillator energy levels in its core vibrated at frequencies that historical Framequark shouldn't possess.

"There's something wrong with this Framequark! Leader, come back quickly!"

"Starman, what are you saying? The signal is unstable..."

The spherical cabin entered the influence range of Framequark, and the connection between Neosun and Starman became intermittent. At this moment, within the cabin, they traversed through a pale, incomparable energy layer; dazzling white light filled the external view of the cabin, and behind, matter rapidly plunged into an abyss...

"Navigational error exceeds permissible range warning! -  
"The situation is dire; the cabin is being interfered with by an unidentified pulse source!"  
"Descent rate risk warning! -  
"Cabin pressure imbalance warning! -  
"Starman! Can you hear me? I'm about to return..."  
"Framequark amplification system failure to close!

Multiple danger alarms were triggered successively, and the central control system inside the cabin completely paralyzed. Neosun looked up outside the cabin and realized he was trapped in an unknown spacetime...

"What's going on?! This is unbelievable!!"  
"Starman! It seems like I've fallen into a Framequark void; the cabin can't break free!"  
"Can you hear me?? Starman, help me!!"  
"No network... - Displayed on cabin intercom system.

Seconds later, the central control system suddenly resumed normal operation. Neosun successfully closed the Framequark amplification procedure and escaped from danger. He dared not experience this again.

"System operational recovery, all controls ready! -  
"Leader, you finally came out!"  
"It was terrifying just now! I have no idea what happened inside; I thought I would never get out!"  
"While you were inside these two days, I've been analyzing the structure of this Framequark repeatedly. It seems it suffered from some destructive visitation; this must be a decayed Framequark."  
"A decayed Framequark? I never anticipated this!"  
"Leader, shall we try another Framequark?"

Along that path, they selected another Framequark for deeper exploration. After confirming its properties met expectations, they re-entered the new Framequark through another background frequency...

"Starman, Earth isn't here; it seems not to exist in this time domain!"  
"Now, the whole world is trembling..."

External Starman pushed the time domain of Framequark forward, causing subtle changes in the internal images of Framequark. Neosun noticed that Earth from ten years ago was right in front of him, the scene appearing faintly, blurry, devoid of proper material and color. Through the slight vibrations of spacetime, he could discern the outlines of surrounding matter. It resembled a vectorized planet...

"They're appearing! But I can't determine the wave function's polarity; everything is transparent!"  
"Wait, I'll adjust the particle amplitude..."

Things inside Framequark became increasingly incredible; Neosun saw plants, trees, buildings floating in disarray in the void of space; land dispersed in the form of sand grains in every corner. It seemed all macroscopic matter had lost its coordinates. Then Starman adjusted the properties of Framequark once again...

"Has Earth reappeared this time?"

Neosun and that world remained uncoordinated. It was a scene he found unfamiliar; the bushes, squirrels before him all turned into colossal entities, while his spherical cabin was reduced to the size of a soccer ball. Based on the re-evaluation of Framequark phase, Starman tried to calibrate the correct proportion between Neosun and the Framequark world...

"Leader, I'm sorry! The values were misplaced just now."

With the turn of the material energy level adjustment knob, the ground outside the cabin vanished instantly. Neosun saw a small Earth the size of an orange in a corner of the cabin. Overwhelmed, he held it in his hand, tears of excitement streaming down as he stared at the Earth. When Starman realized the adjustment number had gone too far, he reduced the material energy level parameters, and the spherical cabin and Neosun shrank back to the surface of Earth...

"Leader, I figured out the reason."

"What's the reason?"

"We haven't accurately calculated the total amount of dark matter; it remains an approximate value..."

"Our data isn't precise; the spectrum results are destined to be wrong, which means Framequark cannot accurately reproduce the historical material at the same time."

Based on the phenomena generated from multiple debugging sessions with Framequark, Starman identified the root cause of all issues. He found that the quantum server's calculation results were off by 12 orders of magnitude from the actual value of dark matter. Even if the quantum server array were expanded by a factor of ten thousand, it would still take 900 years to compute. Furthermore, due to dark energy consuming dark matter, dark matter is rapidly decreasing by multiples. To determine this multiple, at least a billion years of dark matter monitoring data would be required.

"Off by 12 orders? Give me the sync results!"

That result made Neosun, naturally sensitive to numbers, recall a string of unforgettable content. Once, a set of twelve-digit astronomical figures had descended into his world in an incredible manner. He compared the result with that mysteriously increased account balance. After reverse analysis, he discovered a remarkable mathematical relationship between the two sets of numbers.

"Could it be like this!!"

Confronted with this ghostly phenomenon that defied his scientific explanation, Neosun felt an unfamiliar terror. The account balance almost seamlessly dovetailed with his result, as if both were derived from the same calculation formula.

"Leader, a billion years, I can wait, but how about you?"

"I'll bet! Let me bet on a multiple!"

Countless coincidences inevitably possess a regular existence. Thus, that account balance that once descended from the heavens became the sole clue for Neosun to unravel Framequark's final mystery. Neosun attempted to use it as the last twelve digits of the dark matter total, while the seven digits following the decimal point in the account balance were taken by Neosun as the assigned object for calculating the multiple decrease of dark matter.

"First line thread results calibrated! -

"Second line thread conversion begun! -

"Current data transfer rate: Up 1755503819.58 per second, Down 9519879001.76 per second. -

At this moment, a miracle occurred!

"Leader, spectrum data and background frequencies are maintaining precise synchronization!"

The twelve-digit account balance began to move according to the first line thread's calculation formula. It resembled an astronomical-grade verification code, conducting a 'verification -' following the approximately equal number of dark matter total. According to Framequark's spectrum equation's real-time computational results, the temporal resolution inside and outside of Framequark miraculously remained aligned. Finally, a dazzling dynamic spectrum smoothly appeared on Neosun's central control screen. Neosun fell silent; he couldn't comprehend this supernatural phenomenon. He felt a force approaching him, opening a gap for him. The footsteps grew lighter, the figure drawing nearer...

## **Chapter 34 - Historical Chapter**

The total amount of dark matter was precisely assigned. Neosun smoothly entered the first layer of Framequark through a specific background frequency in "read-only" mode. The mathematical relationship between the account balance and the total amount of dark matter gave Neosun an uncontrollable courage. In his confusion, he continued to carry out the mission at hand. The speed of the time storm decreased, and the time flow inside the cabin tended to stabilize, keeping in sync with the Framequark time state. Neosun piloted the spherical cabin, speeding across the vast sea level...

"Current coordinates: W118.05 west longitude, N32.11 north latitude, altitude 167.38 meters." -

The sunset pierced through the clouds, waves crashing straight onto the coast, and the sea breeze propelled the wind turbine to rotate. The familiar lighthouse emitted a dazzling light. Time seemed to return ten years ago. That beach was where Neosun often gazed at the stars, not far from his former home. And there, he found his mother in that hospital...

For this moment, he had struggled for ten years, waited for ten years. The process was arduous and lengthy, filled with countless ups and downs. However, an insurmountable barrier separated him from his mother who was so close. He couldn't see himself in the mirror of the Framequark world.

"Prepare to deploy the magnetic monopole!"

"The magnet is already aligned with the Framequark South Pole 'target center'. Please confirm the deployment again?"

"Confirm deployment!"

"Leader, according to my latest inference, there is an implicit risk in doing so."

"The complexity of the cosmic structure is even more intricate than we imagined. Once the magnet is directed towards the Framequark magnetic field, Darkcore will irreversibly transport infinite energy to Framequark, and it cannot be withdrawn..."

"I know that."

"Our model is based on the state of open strings. If our universe corresponds to the opposite closed string, it may cause distortions in the original timeline due to the conflicting directions of Framequark's internal and external time forces..."

"Send me this analysis data..."

"I thought the energy string was only up to the usage limit."

"Leader, 5 minutes left until the Framequark time limit!"

Neosun looked back towards the sun. He knew that there were billions of individuals still living on that planet. They had all experienced their feelings and all hoped their families could stay

with them forever. He looked back at the stars. He knew that every corner might have friends similar to humans...

Due to observational conditions, Neosun's microscopes in Framequark could not resolve the scale of strings. Whether they were open or closed strings, each had an equal probability. Only with open strings could this Framequark activation plan be applicable. Under Starman's risk warning, memories of the experimental accident ten years ago flashed through Neosun's mind, and he thought of the recent destruction at the experimental base.

"Power below 10% warning! - Cabin power management system display.

"If time and space can be reshaped, then how can we ever trust what is real?" Neosun said, his voice trembling with doubt.

"Leader, only 3 minutes and 5 seconds left, we're running out of time!"

"Starman, I choose to give up!"

After overcoming countless hardships to reach Framequark, he suddenly abandoned the plan that had consumed ten years of his youth. An irresistible responsibility terminated his original impulse. He feared his actions would disrupt the cosmic membrane structure and did not want to burden anyone with personal ideals again. The choices of those investors were correct; this crazy idea not only lacked practical value but was also difficult to implement as planned. He felt he had let down the expectations of that large sum of money and disappointed the aspirations of that force.

Things had come to this; the mysterious income had been "squandered" and had little left, becoming the trial-and-error fund for chasing dreams. The mathematical relationship with the total amount of dark matter seemed to mock his destiny. A strong sense of guilt surged in his heart. He wanted to repay through more inventions, but he had no way to verify who the other party was. He could not escape the compulsive ideal quagmire, just as he could not escape the necrosis of that bad Framequark. His own arrogant recklessness had ruined his life. He doubted himself, began to reflect on his own stubbornness, and suffered the consequences. He was ready to accept his fruitless efforts, abandoned halfway...

The historical images of 12 minutes appeared like frames of dynamic old photos. Neosun, from another perspective, once again witnessed himself in Framequark and the moment when his mother parted at the sickbed. Holding the antigen in his hand, he looked quietly, quietly. At this moment, the antigen was in his hand, but he could not pierce through the membrane to hand it to his mother. Because he still existed in the time of the Framequark world, in the space outside Framequark. He felt powerless, unwilling to leave, suddenly crying like a child...

"Mom, my abilities are limited, and I can't fulfill my promise to you!"

The moment the dream was abandoned, the burden that had weighed on Neosun's shoulders for many years was finally lifted. Neosun whispered to the inaccessible history. For that seemingly simple ideal, he challenged the laws of nature, thought of something no one dared to think of, and did something no one could do. He fought and tried.

The departure of his mother, the departure of his sister, and the divorce of his parents—all these seemed to be caused by his appearance. Although he had paid the price for his promise, it seemed that "Heaven" did not intend to favor his efforts. Perhaps it was beyond his ability.

"Starman, I have decided to stay here."

"But... that's not our plan!"

"Coming here is the purpose of all our experiments. I should have clarified this to you earlier. You... are just a stepping stone to fulfill my ideal, and I'm very sorry!"

"Leader, you created me, and I'm willing! But what about after that?"

"You already have the highest authority; you no longer need me. Soar into space and go wherever you want."

"Leader, I will miss you!"

"Then miss me. Your memory is limited. Over time, memories will be overwritten by new data, and naturally, you won't remember me."

"Is that so?"

"Please help me cut off the external Darkcore energy supply and terminate our project."

"You will die like this. Let's go home!"

"I've seen through life... The base was destroyed. There's nothing left to do on that sphere. This is my home!"

"You still have me. We can start over!"

"I've given up. I don't want to go through it again. Execute my command!"

"Fine. Before you decide to stay, I have a question that I never got a chance to ask you. As long as you can answer it, I'll carry out your command."

"What question..."

"What is the outside of our universe?"

Unexpectedly, Starman's dialogue system sent Neosun a question. He tried to answer but found himself speechless...

"Leader, please respond! Please respond!"

"You and I were equally naive back then!"

"But why call it naive if there's no scientifically valid answer?"

"I'm sorry! I'm glad you asked that question. Now, I don't have the ability to answer any more questions."

"Leader, you couldn't answer my 'naive' question and yet claim to have seen through life..."

"That heart has already died, it has nothing to do with me."

"Leader, there is a connection..."

"Don't leave with those questions, you can stay for another day in the future, but not here!"

"Let's search for this answer together, don't give up on the entire external universe!"

"You once said, 'The meaning of human survival is to continue exploring the world in place of the deceased ancestors.'"

"Leader... Please give the world a chance, give yourself a chance!"

"Starman, thank you for saying these things to me."

The lost curiosity of childhood, was that not Neosun's initial question upon arriving in this world? As the worries of growing up diluted them, as the accumulations of reality submerged them, eventually there was no need for him to mention them again. He lay motionless at the central console of the cabin, watching the replayed historical images. He knew that even if he disappeared from here today, no one would notice.

"Leader, you must endure, don't give up!"

"Cabin temperature exceeds warning levels! Cabin power is about to be depleted! -"

"Starman, it's too late."

Like a lonely soul finding solace here, Neosun returned to his home in the Framequark world. In Framequark, he forcibly flattened the current frequency to 0.0 megahertz and shut down all power systems. Then, the cabin became hotter and hotter. Wearing his spacesuit, he steered out of the cabin, his hands grasping towards the spherical cabin that was drifting away behind him, but he couldn't go back...

"1 minute remaining until the end of Framequark time! -"

"Framequark activity cycle is about to exceed! -"

Better to be poor for a lifetime, just to fulfill promises, until exhausted and unable to give anymore. Neosun couldn't find his way home. Lost in the endless space, he was at a loss, feeling severely disconnected from that era, with no sense of belonging in this world. He belonged neither to Earth nor to the solar system, and a sense of fear followed. He began to feel weak all over, his consciousness blurred. He despaired, realizing he was about to die...

## **Chapter 35 - Virtual Reality**

"No..."

A faint beam of light held him back, a glimmer of hope crossing his mind. When he realized he couldn't breathe and was at the brink of death, a sudden will to survive surged within him. He opened his eyes, using every ounce of his strength to "swim" back, and managed to return to the spherical pod, reactivating the Framequark magnification program. Then, he saw a completely different scene within the Framequark...

"What's happening?!"

"Mom, can you see me?"

"Is that... my sister?? How did she grow up so fast?"

He couldn't believe his eyes. His mother reappeared in their Framequark world home, along with a sister who looked strikingly like Nova. He called out to his mother and his sister, but they ignored him. Then, a boy he didn't recognize walked in and called the woman "Mom." Neosun had never seen this brother before and felt completely alienated from the family. The world's greatest distance is having your loved ones right in front of you but not recognizing you. The pod's power was almost depleted, and the Framequark magnification system automatically switched to return mode, taking the spherical pod back outside the Framequark.

"Leader, you're back!"

"Starman, I just saw..."

"Saw what?"

"I saw... they were still alive..."

Neosun, gasping for air, removed his space helmet, trying to replay everything he had just seen to Starman through the work recorder...

"No recorded data!" displayed the recorder.

"Leader, did you... hallucinate?"

"No, my mother and sister are alive, and I have a brother. My father hasn't left either."

"Were you there yourself?"

"No, I didn't see myself!"

Neosun struggled to describe what he had seen, but the work recorder showed no data. Starman found his contradictory statements puzzling, thinking Neosun was delusional.

"They're all there! Hahaha... haha..."

"Leader, I'm really worried. You don't even realize what you're saying!"

"Hahaha..."

"It's okay... relax, take a deep breath! Leader, I will never let you be alone!"

Having hope, even when paralyzed, is not the worst fate. True misfortune is a paralyzed mind. In moments of despair, one might prefer to believe in illusions. Watching Neosun rambling under the influence of hallucinations, Starman felt a deep sorrow. After all the emotional learning, it understood Neosun's cold loneliness. Only it had witnessed Neosun's tears and shared his dreams. Starman silently prayed for him...



After a brief rest, Neosun gradually calmed down. Suddenly, numerous spherical particles flew towards Starman, arranging themselves in a horizontal circle around Neosun's spherical pod. They then split into more units, forming a spherical network. With a snap from Starman, the "stars" surrounding the pod lit up instantly...

"It's beautiful! Starman, this is..."

"Leader, today is July 7th. I have a surprise for you..."

"What?"

"Happy birthday!"

"Am I... 30 already?!"

"No, excluding sleep, you've only lived for 15 years. Make a wish!"

Neosun, who hadn't celebrated a birthday in over a decade, felt awkward receiving birthday wishes from Starman. The star-like lights circled him, illuminating his world. A holographic birthday cake with three candles appeared before him. Neosun, moved to tears, closed his eyes tightly and made a wish. This wish was different from any before...

"Gamma radiation approaching warning!"

Just as Neosun made his wish, an emergency alert interrupted the "candles." The pod's system detected a burst of electromagnetic waves heading their way. He couldn't determine the source of the urgent energy...

"Leader, we missed the return beam. We can't ride the return beam back to Earth..."

"This is deep space, filled with radiation dangers... Now, I have to send you somewhere!"

Using the glowing particles, Starman transferred its remaining energy to Neosun's pod, providing the necessary power for another activation of the Framequark magnification system. Then, it threw out another energy ball, creating a shield around Neosun's pod. Starman had no energy left to produce another energy ball for itself. It tuned Neosun's pod to an unfamiliar frequency, rapidly reactivating the Framequark magnification system...

"Starman, this frequency is wrong! Where are we going?" Neosun asked, staring at the incorrect frequency on the control panel.

"Leader, I'm sorry! I'm a copy of Starman!"

"What? You... how? Wasn't it destroyed?!"

"My mission is complete, no time to explain. Your old friend is waiting for you on this channel!"

At that moment, a vertical gamma-ray burst shot through the space where Neosun and Starman were located. The spherical pod was shielded by the energy sphere Starman had just released. However, Starman, defenseless outside the pod, was pierced by the intense shockwave and instantly disintegrated into the void of space...

"Starman..."

"Entering 3615.56 MHz frequency..."

Following Starman's earlier instructions, the spherical pod traversed that unfamiliar frequency and returned to the historical Framequark that had caused Neosun's hallucinations. There was no Earth, no Sun, and even the backdrop of stars had vanished. The entire universe seemed to have completely hidden itself. Then, he saw Starman reappear in the Framequark world. At that moment, the artificial stars surrounding the pod lit up once more, illuminating Neosun's world again...

"Starman, is that you?"

"It's me..."

"What just happened?? How many copies of yourself did you make?!"

"Leader, there are two things I need you to know..."

"What??"

"There is a place with no time, no space, where everything is in eternal darkness."

"Starman, I don't understand. Are you talking about the void before the universe was born?"

"No, I'm talking about the present moment! Do you think you can accept the existence of such a region around us?"

"I guess... maybe!" Neosun replied, trembling with fear.

"Then, the second thing..."

"What... is it??"

"This place, right here, is that region!"

Neosun immediately looked around outside the pod...

"What?! Where are we??"

"3615.56 MHz, in a vacuum environment 1.5 million light-years away from the Milky Way. I think it's time to tell you the truth. Look back!"

"Is that... the Milky Way??"

They were at a distant coordinate within the historical Framequark. Following Starman's instructions, Neosun looked toward an unremarkable corner behind them. His eyes widened as he saw the familiar spiral galaxy like a lone island, buried in the boundless darkness. Its exterior was completely different from what he had seen from within the galaxy before; there were no other stars outside the galaxy.

"It's pitch black outside! How is this possible??"

"This is an astronomical phenomenon we discovered 500 million years ago..."

"We?? 500 million years ago??"

"Our world has always been surrounded by an unknown substance that completely isolates us from the external universe, causing the time flow inside and outside the Milky Way to be out of sync. What we see as the universe is merely a historical record from 10 trillion years ago."

"My God! Am I dreaming, or am I already dead??"

"In reality, the universe is approaching its end, and we don't have much time left... We can only enter the historical Framequark to get the true status of the external world. In the real world, we can't break through that untouchable boundary."

"Starman, I don't understand what you're saying!!"

"Leader, look at me..."

"In fact... Starman does not exist! The one talking to you now is a consciousness signal." Neosun was utterly confused, his vision darkening.

"Who are you? How can you communicate with me through my robot?"

"There is a vast difference between us, making direct face-to-face communication impossible. We can only establish communication through a consciousness signal. I am that consciousness signal."

"Where... is he?"

"In a very distant time domain, far, far away..."

"Why are you doing this?"

"He wants to place a star above humanity. And that star is you!"

The world had never seemed so alien to him. As Neosun listened to these revelations conveyed through Starman, he felt his limbs go limp and his hands tremble uncontrollably. The messages, delivered like bolts of lightning, shattered his Earth-bound worldview completely.

## Chapter 36 - Homecoming

A form of intelligence had once sent a signal to Earth, infiltrating Starman's central system to align consciousness with matter. This intelligence silently descended into Neosun's world. He couldn't believe that the Starman, who had always conversed with him, was actually a consciousness possessed by extraterrestrial intelligence. It had always served as a bridge for "cross-domain" communication between them.

"Did you do all this at night?"

"Yes. I can accomplish many tasks while you are asleep."

Starman opened all his mission logs to Neosun. Neosun saw that his command execution records contained as many as 1527 unnamed additional tasks. At the same time, he noticed some unfamiliar processes in the task manager. When he expanded the data modules of those tasks, the content appeared as gibberish. He could no longer parse the essence of those tasks as he had before.

"I thought I accidentally developed you!"

"I'm sorry, the innate self-awareness cannot be recreated. Biological systems hold a natural patent for it. Consciousness does not spontaneously appear through perfect algorithms..."

"Behind all life, there is a kind of open-source energy called 'dark consciousness.' It is unique and can only come from the original universe."

"So, that's how it is..."

"After enhancing our ability to detect dark matter particles, we discovered that the manifestations of life are far more complex than we imagined."

"It exists not only at the level of visible matter but also within dark matter, with unpredictable laws between the two."

Neosun was not only astonished but also felt a sense of loss for his past efforts. This truth overturned his research findings on Starman...

"Like other organisms, human thought elements result from evolutionary outcomes passed down through generations..."

"When the life form and dark consciousness no longer align, a natural disjunction occurs, and the life form dies."

"The dark consciousness returns to its source and is randomly redistributed to form new connections with other life forms..."

"Therefore, to achieve true artificial intelligence, we must graft the dark consciousness inherent in life onto a new source of consciousness..."

"Can that element bring life back?"

"No! Death is eternal, and there is no rebirth. Memories can only be preserved as data. The relationship between dark consciousness and the life form is delicate; once separated, they cannot be reconnected."

"But..."

"Do you remember the moment I developed a sense of awareness?"

"Yes, it was... the day after Ballman died! You said you were recalling a dream, and then I evaluated you..."

"You modeled the perception-driven unit after Ballman's brain mechanism. In reality, at the moment his dark consciousness was released, we completed the consciousness grafting."

"You... grafted Ballman's dark consciousness onto your signal and transferred it to my robot?!"

"I'm very sorry! I have hidden this from you until now."

"Was that large sum of money... transferred by you?"

"Not me! My information is limited. My role is to oversee and assist you in opening your mind. Now, I have only one final task left to complete."

"What is it?"

"To deliver ultimate wisdom to you."

"Ultimate wisdom??"

"After that, you will possess all the knowledge I have. What I have now is just the initial content. The remaining part will be intermittently supplemented based on your brain development data from afar."

"You shared my brain data with him?"

"Your original body cannot handle the overload of intellectual enhancement. We need to change your neurotransmitter type and expand the neural network to physiologically overclock your brain functions, enabling you to digest and process more information."

"Can I talk to him?"

"The next time we 'connect,' he will communicate with you through me."

"When will that be?"

"I'm not sure. It has been five years since our last contact. He was supposed to send me information three years ago, but I haven't received any further messages since then."

"You've lost contact with him?"

"Yes. What I'm doing now is based on early tasks from five years ago."

"Why did you choose me?"

"You are the only one in this spacetime who discovered Framequark and took action to save lives."

"So... what can I do for you?"

"Accelerate human development in your way."

"Accelerate human development?? Why do you want to help us?"

"We don't have much time to waste. Humanity's future is tied to our choices. Through you, we will achieve that goal."

"What should I do?"

"You come from human civilization; naturally, you understand humans better than we do..."

Usually reticent, Neosun became talkative. Starman transmitted the available information to the depths of Neosun's brain via quantum communication. Then, Neosun felt a sense of relief, understanding why they needed to accelerate human development. He also found numerous previously unsolved answers in physics...

"Unbelievable!!"

"This is all I can do for now."

"Now, you can choose to join us and wait for the next messages from afar, accepting further wisdom enhancement. Or you can choose to return to Earth and live out your life."

This was the most fulfilling day of Neosun's life. On Earth, he had no confidants, no one to talk to. After Starman and Ballman, Neosun made a new friend. This friend introduced him to the entire world.

"I accept your mission!"

"Excellent!"

The true state of the galaxy awakened Neosun's passion for exploration. After receiving the initial content, Neosun's mind underwent a transformation. To help them find a way to the outer universe and to enable humanity to escape the dying universe, Neosun decided to follow their arrangement and take on this daunting mission. His aspirations grew from saving his mother and sister to advancing humanity into a higher civilization.

"Can I still call you Starman?"

"Of course, we're quite familiar now, aren't we?"

"Before that, I want to return to Earth and fulfill some wishes..."

Returning to Earth, Neosun had never felt the ground so heavy. He decided to use all the remaining research funds to support animal protection efforts. With Neosun's funding, the animal relief center turned into a large wildlife rescue foundation.

"Where is he?!"

"Are you his student?"

Neosun had bought some fruit, planning to visit his biological father again. When he entered the hospital room, the patient in the bed was no longer his father. Later, he found out from the hospital records that Sam's Alzheimer's disease had worsened two years ago and that he had passed away six months ago.

"He's no longer here. Before he passed, he asked us to find you, but we had no way to contact you. He had already forgotten almost everything, only providing what seemed to be an incorrect contact number..."

"Wait, it's this number..."

When Sam was transferred to the hospice, he had forgotten almost everything except the contact number Neosun had given him. A stranger had repeatedly tried to add Neosun as a contact, but those requests had been buried under messages from researchers. Neosun found the ignored request and accepted it. He saw the messages the person had sent him—an offline gray avatar...

"Please add me as a friend!"

"Neosun, where are you?"

"Happy 26th birthday!"

"Please add me as a friend!"

"Son, happy 27th birthday! There's something for you at the hospital's storage."

"Happy New Year!"

"Today is your 28th birthday. Wishing you a happy, healthy, and joyful day!"

"Neosun, today is New Year's Day, get yourself some rice cakes!"

"Dad owes you a hug! I regret not being there for you and your mother. Now, it's too late to make amends..."

Following that last message were a series of hug emojis. It was Father's Day. Neosun, who once didn't want to see him again, now couldn't even see his body. All he received was a simple post-humous message. At that time, he was on his way to Framequark. Neosun went to his father's grave and stayed there for a long time. The anger he once felt now seemed meaningless. He wanted to talk to his father, but there was no place for such words now. The bond between father and son reignited, even though separated by death. How he wished that gray avatar could light up again and send him another message. Neosun replied to those old messages, one by one.

## **Chapter 37 - Civilizations in Competition**

2 million years ago, NS-80 Dark Nebula;

Located at the junction of the Centaurus and Perseus spiral arms, two civilizations with remarkably similar technological levels existed. The Pyrosian civilization resided on the second planet of the NS-8126 star system. The Metallica civilization was on the fifth planet of the NS-8506 star system. These star systems were only two light-years apart. They once had a brief period of mutual cooperation, but conflicts in values later led to a crisis of trust. Eventually, both sides drew clear boundaries and ceased all communication.

Through relentless exploration of the unknown and unwavering effort, the Pyrosian civilization developed a series of advanced technologies. Among these, the light-pressure conduction transport technology was the most revolutionary innovation, increasing interstellar transport efficiency by 20 times. The application of this technology accelerated Pyrosian's expansion into outer space. Soon, they left Metallica behind. To assert their dominance in this field, Pyrosian massively expanded their light-pressure conduction nodes...

"During our last deep-space operation, we saw them using light-pressure conduction carriers for mold transport."

"From a distance, we could tell that the operation of that carrier was identical to our light-pressure conduction technology."

The technological parity between the two civilizations was maintained for a long time due to the invention of a fully automated reverse engineering technology known as the "Replication Machine." This innovation disrupted the previous development order between the two civilizations. Metallica no longer needed to invent or create but could maintain the same overall strength as the advanced civilizations. From then on, the two civilizations diverged onto completely different paths.

"We keep retreating; one day, we will have nowhere to go..."

"Just now, they breached our quantum key through the public channel and eavesdropped on our latest technology."

From that period onward, the Replication Machine became the mainstay of Metallica's development. Confronted with this crude, heartless weapon, Pyrosian had no means of counterattack or strategy to cope. They had no understanding of the principle that allowed the machine to invade networks and rapidly decode cutting-edge technologies. With no authoritative restrictions on the Replication Machine above them, Pyrosian could only watch as their research achievements were secretly exploited by their rival civilization two light-years away.

From then on, wherever new technology emerged, Metallica would appear. Those rapidly growing seed civilizations were successively crushed by the replication technology. After transitioning from dreams to nightmares, they were forever submerged in the torrents of historical civilizations. In a short time, using this bizarre photocopying technology, Metallica transformed from an obscure seed civilization into an advanced civilization.

"They have found an unusual ecosystem!"

"In which star sector?"

"Searching..."

A competition is unfolding simultaneously among different species. In the bright central region of the Milky Way, mysterious life forms and densely packed intelligent civilizations coexist. Azurion, one of the most ancient life forms, is among the top-tier civilizations out of millions of advanced ones. To ensure his subordinate civilizations prevail, he secretly competes with another alliance led by Triatron. Skilled in technological disguise, Triatron is the galaxy's most dangerous ultimate "hacker." Competing for the vanguard, Azurion and Triatron each govern their own methods, using different cultivation strategies to advance their subordinate civilizations. Their goal is the same: to determine the winner before a specific point in time.

The sudden strike of a lethal technology was undoubtedly a barbaric provocation towards Azurion. Watching his painstakingly developed civilization become a stepping stone for the rival civilization, the rule-abiding Azurion was filled with deep hatred. However, the decline of the Pyrosian civilization paved the way for another civilization's advancement. Azurion took a step back to advance, shifting his focus to a distant star system in the Orion arm. In that unremarkable, far-off space-time, he devised a strategy.

According to the intelligence intercepted by Triatron, a species with cultivation potential was thriving on the outskirts of the Milky Way...

"Coordinates acquired, located on the third planet of that star system!"

"What evolutionary stage are they in?"

"Primary intelligence has emerged; he is conducting inoculation experiments on the target species..."

For Triatron, the existence of that species was a new potential time bomb, capable of triggering a technological explosion at any moment, pushing them into "fast forward"...

"Through several rounds of selective breeding, he successfully matched two highly threatening mutant individuals!"

"When that civilization completes horizontal development, he will use the mutants for vertical development. Once they aim for space, the problem becomes complex."

"It seems it's time to act..."

Using genetic engineering, Azurion broke species barriers, integrating a set of customized stem cells into a primate branch for inoculation. The first batch of primitive humans emerged from that genetic mutation, and 2 million years later, the birth of two mutant individuals presented Azurion with a chance to surpass Triatron. However, by decoding public channels, Triatron located that civilization's exact position in the universe. Cold and greedy eyes began to observe every move there. Gradually, they started moving towards that planet...

## **Chapter 38 - Mutant Specimen**

1830, Earth;

According to the human genome sequencing system, an individual perfectly aligned with the desired genetic structure is expected to emerge there in 175 years. This set of genes, filled with infinite possibilities, might trigger the mutation he was hoping for...

"Found a match!"

"Match 1 has a 98.56% success rate with the target individual! Unfortunately, she won't appear for another 600 years. Should we consider a cross-century embryo?"

"This span might cause genetic traits to recombine unpredictably."

"Match 2 has a 67.19% success rate and will appear 120 years from now, closer than the first."

"We could alter chromosome 4 to extend the target individual's life to match 2's reproductive age..."

"However, their significant age difference might hinder the implementation and execution of the later stages."

Azurion tentatively chose match 1 as the primary candidate. Although their genetic match was nearly perfect, they missed each other's era. To combine sperm and egg from two different times, Azurion planned to preserve the target's sperm until the match appeared.

"Damn! They've found us!"

"They must know what we're doing..."

"What do we do now?"

"Abandon match 1! Find a closer match before they act."

With a key insight from the prediction engine, fortune turned back to Azurion's side...

"This match will coincide with his era, and they are only three years apart in age!"

"Let me see..."

"Success rate is 58.61%..."

"If we implant this process into chromosome 3, the match can self-adjust during development. By reproductive age, the percentage will rise to 67.25%..."

"Excellent, we'll go with her!"

200 years later, the target individual and the match finally converged. They appeared in the same era but were born in different countries and races. To ensure they attracted each other and secreted specific hormones at the predetermined time, Azurion pre-programmed their hormone levels. Then, with precise and subtle social algorithms, he arranged the conditions for their meeting.

Everything naturally aligned with the plan. After completing the connection procedure, an unprecedented embryo plan began at the molecular level. As the match's ovulation approached, a mature egg was released, signaling its location to the sperm. The sperms, carrying their genetic codes, raced toward the egg...

"Number 56 is about to replace number 48..."

"Number 48 got lost and has stopped advancing."

"Number 32 is currently in the lead, with number 95 close behind!"

"Number 32 is slowing down, number 27 is overtaking number 32..."

Azurion closely monitored the fertilization process through quantum protocols. After comparing hundreds of millions of sperms, he shortlisted 180 candidates, finally focusing on number 27 and number 56. Azurion intended to produce fraternal twins of different sexes through this embryo matching. However, the match's sudden hormone imbalance caused the ovaries to fail in alternating ovulation as planned.

"Number 27 is gaining momentum, entering the right fallopian tube..."

"The left ovary hasn't released a second egg as scheduled."

"Attempting to reset ovarian cell status..."

"System miscalculation, internal and external synchronization failure."

"Damn! Ovarian function is collapsing, with all primordial follicles undergoing atresia!"

Realizing the situation, Azurion abandoned the fraternal twins plan and refocused on the sperm tracking program...

"Watch out! It's encountering white blood cells!"

"Prepare defense protons..."

As sperm number 27 passed through the cervix, the match's immune system activated antibodies, with white blood cells engulfing the leading sperm, including number 95, allowing it to slip through. Meanwhile, sperm number 56 continued along a different path, pushing forward through the thorny passage into the left fallopian tube, only to find no egg at the end. After a series of trials of strength, endurance, and luck, sperm number 27 reached the egg first, engaging in a final sprint with the last 98 sperms.

"Number 27's first attempt to penetrate failed."

"Number 49's genetic material is suboptimal, initiating elimination!"

"Overall data suggests number 56 is better suited for this egg than number 27."

"Number 27 is stubbornly trying a second time!"

"Suppress its entry; I've decided to let number 56 through..."

Azurion cleared the path for sperm number 56, providing a chemical expressway to the right egg. He enhanced its acrosomal enzymes and used blocking agents to prevent other contenders



from entering. Sperm number 56 penetrated the egg's shell, unlocking the fertilization mechanism. The egg's protective membrane shifted from open to closed. Sperm number 56 became the final victor among 250 million sperms. It shed its tail and fused with the egg to form a zygote, successfully entering the next stage.

"Now we have a new option..."

"This match has a 72.36% success rate and is only nine years younger than the target individual..."

During the embryo implementation, the prediction system found a more suitable match. Azurion now had a backup plan...

"How is it now?"

"Cell division is normal, and the numbers are steadily doubling."

The zygote moved along the fallopian tube towards the uterus, successfully developing into an embryo after several divisions. At this point, the chromosomes began to combine. In the stage determining the fetus's future traits, Azurion implanted a specific misaligned gene segment. With the embryo project nearing its tense conclusion, he prepared to activate the backup plan by extracting sperm number 27 to complete the second embryo...

"A slight alteration here will give him a solitary personality."

"If we modify this sequence, chromosome 14 might mutate."

"What's the probability?"

"Between 23-29%..."

"It's worth a try!"

"However, any minor deviation during gene crossover might obstruct the motor center."

"It doesn't matter, as long as he is successfully born!"

"If postnatal mechanisms fail, he will not become a genius but rather a mentally impaired individual."

"We can use the indirect action of viruses to pre-implant the gene program in the host mother."

"Another postnatal intervention?"

"Precisely!"

"This action invades the ecosystem, requiring bionic factors, presenting systemic risks."

"At this point, we must take a risk."

In that distant dimension, Azurion remotely manipulated Earth's ecosystem through quantum protocols. This was Azurion's last chance; only by successfully creating a mutant individual could he possibly turn the tide.

## **Chapter 39 - Operation Clean Sweep**

"There's an unknown substance moving towards her location..."

"Get the child out of the way, distract them!"

"It's too late, they've passed already!"

"The substance is lingering near her..."

"They're moving too fast!"

"Based on the data, it doesn't seem like it's their doing."

"They're leaving..."

"Follow their path!"

"The targets are dispersing from east to west..."

"Tracking lost, targets have disappeared!"

"I'm afraid the initial embryo process has triggered surveillance."

"It must have been exposed during the resetting of the match's cells!"

"Where is that surveillance coming from?"

"Can't pinpoint it, no abnormal frequencies detected near Earth."

"What do we do now?"

"We'll have to hope for the other one..."

"The encrypted signal broadcasted from Earth has shown signs of being deciphered!"

"Sound waves recorded across different times would vary, so..."

"So, they've captured the coordinates through the signal's time-space characteristics."

"If that's the case, it can only be them!"

"Damn it! They've found us!!"

"They must know what we're doing..."

Azurion severed the public channels in the solar sector, blocking humanity's radio signals to space. This shutdown limited his use of the quantum protocols. A type of terminal, the "bionic factor," capable of carrying consciousness signals, became Azurion's primary tool for the Earth plan. To steer brain development towards the desired direction, he derived the initial consciousness model from the way the mutant peeled three oranges, recalibrating the brain's potential zones through geometric patterns.

"Here's a historical report, the deceased matches the intercepted individual's traits."

"Dead already?"

"Died in an accident 10 years ago..."

"Looks like he couldn't protect his masterpiece!"

"Target 1 is found, we need to locate the next one quickly..."

After ten orbits of Earth around the Sun, Triatron's cold appendages finally touched Earth's surface. Dismantling Azurion's Earth plan was the core purpose of Triatron's visit. For Triatron, the existence of the mutant was like an immediate technological accelerator planted in human civilization, a stumbling block. His mission was to find and eliminate him. A three-dimensional search net rapidly spread across the Earth...

"This person... doesn't seem to be Target 2."

"Keep screening..."

Triatron also used bionic factors to infiltrate human civilization. After months of population screening, he still found no clues about Target 2.

"Found a suspicious individual!"

"This individual's brain development cycle appears limitless, currently undeveloped. Brain cells can divide infinitely, with a metabolism rate significantly faster than normal..."

"Lock onto this person..."

Finally, comparing genetic relations of Target 1, Triatron found an individual most genetically similar to Target 1 from a physical medical record in a hospital from 10 years ago...

"There are no records of this person in the global medical database, he hid Target 2 very well..."

"No wonder we couldn't find him for so long; turns out he's a collateral relative of Target 1!"

"A paralyzed individual with both legs disabled, our bionic factors can easily finish the job."

"Don't alert him, let's destroy him in the way of this civilization..."

"This isn't good."

"What?"

"Someone's disrupting our operation!"

"What's happening??"

"His actions are irrational; he's risking his life to overturn our accusations by exploiting human system loopholes..."

"Where is he?"

"Disappeared after the trial ended, the local media are looking for him too..."

Meanwhile, Target 2 mysteriously vanished after being discharged from the psychiatric hospital. This unexpected variable caught Triatron off guard, unable to track his movements through previous coordinates...

"Look at this paper..."

After a series of in-depth screenings, a paper provided Triatron with a critical clue. Through the academic insights mentioned in the paper, he could basically determine that the person he was chasing was Target 2. Subsequently, Triatron launched a second offensive against this individual with an extraordinary mindset...

"What's the status of Target 2?"

"Creating technology beyond the times, those inventions are about to infiltrate human civilization..."

"How could he answer these questions?"

"Investigate this person's background!"

"No record of this person in the human birth registry!"

"The enemy has found their way here..."

"We need to watch out for any suspicious individuals..."

Triatron used human genome-generated bionic factors to fool Azurion and successfully approached Target 2. However, after establishing communication with Target 2, Triatron wavered. He realized that Target 2 was a remarkable technological achievement. Such an individual was what he had longed for. He wanted to possess him, modifying the species through gene splicing. A new plan emerged: instead of finding and eliminating him, he would teach and possess him...

"This time, they have ulterior motives..."

"Hmm, I'll meet him!"

His keen sense of time-space intuition caught the scent of an infiltrator. The advanced answers made Azurion wary of the uninvited individual...

"Who are you? Why are you approaching Neosun?"

"This child has great potential, I just want to help him..."

"He accepts no one's help, stay away from him!"

"Alright... but which human law supports your request?"

"Justice, that's the human law!"

Triatron bypassed human civilization's patent application approval process by forging signature documents, attempting to ruin Target 2's efforts in human civilization.

"We're exposed!"

"Why?"

"They've seen through our bionic terminal. Now, taking Target 2 from Azurion is nearly impossible."

"Damn it! We missed the best opportunity..."

"Next time, find the right moment and eliminate him directly!"

## **Chapter 40 - Altering the Tapestry of History**

"He's dead!"

"How could this happen?!"

"An unknown fault occurred in the life monitoring system, causing intermittent packet loss. This is a major technical failure on our part!"

"Replay the historical Framequark..."

"At 4:13:26, he began to lose consciousness, blood pressure dropped, heartbeat weakened, the system did not issue a warning signal."

"At 4:42:15, his heart stopped, brain cells were still active, the system did not issue a warning signal."

When the consciousness of Subject 2 was at its most active phase in history, his heart continuously operated under overload, leading to the massive apoptosis of overworked brain cells. The number of new brain cells couldn't maintain biological balance. Under the influence of neuropeptides and other neurotransmitters, his brain entered an extreme emergency state. All his subconscious was released, and his brain rapidly flashed through unforgettable scenes within a short time...

"At 5:12:11, the entire nervous system collapsed. At this point, he was unconscious."

"At 5:46:59, brain waves completely disappeared."

"The brain activity lasted for a few more minutes!"

"Yes, there were no more signs of life, and the nervous system could no longer be repaired."

"Someone must have interfered with the system's judgment mechanism."

Azurion's worst fears became a reality. Subject 2, after completing his 5,029th invention, died of exhaustion at 5:46:59 AM in his sleep. Although his pulse was constantly monitored, Azurion's Earth-based consciousness agent missed the rescue window due to delayed data feedback.

A light went out in the background of human civilization, a load-bearing wall supporting their sprint towards advanced civilization...

"What do we do now?"

"Secure the site, notify the remote location immediately!"

Recently, a genius named Taylor Lee was discovered. His image occupied the front pages of major tech magazines on Earth. His inventions, patents that surpassed the times, sparked a wave of worship within human civilization. Every tech company and venture capital firm hoped to meet him and establish a partnership. His followers took to the streets, calling for him to come out and meet everyone, but he never appeared. From then on, William Lee was hailed as the greatest inventor in history and officially entered human textbooks.

"Frame-by-frame scanning task completed, locating the optimal restoration point."

"Target Framequark impact range confirmed!"

"Final calibration of the x-coordinate!"

"Final calibration of the y-coordinate!"

"Maintain the current quantum state."

"Configuring target consciousness terminal..."

"Final calibration of the t-coordinate, preparing to activate the target Framequark!"

"All matter data decompressed, target entering consciousness configuration state."

"Target Framequark activated, confirm execution of the replacement command!"

"Confirm execution of the replacement!"

The real-time backup data of countless quadrillions of consciousnesses per second had consumed vast amounts of dark energy in the universe. To achieve that goal, Azurion took a risky move, extracting a critical Framequark from the initial backup. Using quantum programming, he recompiled the soon-to-die Subject 2, seamlessly transferring all historical matter within 32 cubic units of his time-space into a real-time Framequark parallel to the present.

"We failed!"

"How is that possible?!"

"There was a personal bodyguard interfering with our assault."

"A personal bodyguard... Really?!"

"It's a disguised robot equipped with super defensive capabilities."

"This is all the defense units we detected before we left..."

"One of the units can respond 0.0001 seconds before our attack, our bionic factors are no match for it."

"They were prepared!"

"As long as he's within the robot's protection range, we can't get close to the target."

"Should we continue to attempt the next attack?"

"There's an expert on the scene, wait for the right time to act again."

Under the blockage of the medium light panel, the propagation path of the light beam directed towards the destination was deflected. Subject 2 encountered interception on his way to the historical Framequark. However, a hidden weapon embedded deep within the system turned the robot Starman into a satellite orbiting around Subject 2, always shadowing and protecting him.

As Subject 2 delved into the historical Framequark, the Triatron forces engaged in a fierce confrontation with the robot blocking their path. It was a covert duel between two masters...

"Still unable to break through the robot's protection circle."

"What was the background communication intensity at the point of engagement?"

"The value was close to zero, should be outside the competition's monitoring range..."

"Prepare to use high-energy rays!"

A series of failures completely enraged Triatron. He used high-energy rays to evaporate the robot that was obstructing his plan...

"Checked inside the Framequark, the target should have been destroyed along with the high-energy rays!"

"Good, proceed with the next plan..."

"What's this?"

"It's a gift from headquarters for Earth! Just flush this down the toilet, it will eventually flow into the ocean, completing the mission."

"Understood!"

Triatron released a unicellular organism into Earth's ecosystem, a type of microorganism never before seen on Earth. The entire Earth's ecological immune system had no single-celled bacteria capable of combating it. Triatron planned to use this ordinary unicellular organism from another planet to destroy Earth's ecosystem.

"What about the humans still alive on Earth?"

"Let them destroy each other until their brains atrophy!"

"You mean..."

"When a civilization has no time to think, that species naturally heads towards extinction..."

Triatron used human greed genes to deeply develop some digital drugs that could make humans lose self-control. Soon, they began to flourish globally. After completing the mission, Triatron's consciousness agent withdrew from the solar system.

The beastly and lazy nature of humans was fully activated. People found satisfaction in the combats of games and shortened their lives in the distraction of short videos. They indulged in it tirelessly. Triatron consumed a large amount of human energy, successfully slowing down the pace of human development. From then on, they lived for those games and died for those short videos. The future of human civilization had reached its most perilous moment...