**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 dollar. 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.

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: 599,185,686,528.7.”

"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.”

"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 source of this payment!”

"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 didn’t know how to handle it. He stared dumbfoundedly at the string of numbers that dazzled his eyes, repeatedly pondering the content of the remittance remarks. 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."

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...

Neosun's first research project was a long-awaited robotic assistant. He developed a quantum matrix system on a quantum computer, capable of surpassing the limitations of traditional computing power. This system would break free from the constraints of current human-made large model frameworks, generating simulation results that exceed human cognitive abilities...

"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 quantum-powered human-machine interaction system, equipped with deep convolutional neural networks, is in the early stages of taking shape. 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 visual 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.

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?"  
  
"Still searching..."

"Remember! Don't underestimate your talent. Find it and magnify it!"

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 optimizing the core algorithm of the robot Starman at home while remotely overseeing the experimental activities here. By acquiring several near-bankrupt 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.

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...

"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. He divided the institution into several departments, with each department working independently and ultimately integrating their research findings.

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!"

"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, 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...

"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..."

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.

“Starman, It looks like things aren't as simple as we thought!"

"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 his substantial financial power, Neosun still couldn't flawlessly turn his ideas into physical reality. At this point, his vast wealth had become virtual numbers he couldn't use. The problems he faced were no longer solvable with money. Thousands of manufacturing processes deterred most manufacturers, and the challenges he encountered came one after another as progress continued...

"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...

"But, 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 two-meter-deep crater into the ground, leaving Neosun dumbfounded...

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

"Leader, We should avoid meeting strangers easily..."

**Chapter 23 - Silicon-Based Life**

Maybe having a roommate to grow up with meant that even "life imprisonment" never felt lonely. Starman's disappearance made him so uneasy, he couldn't go 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...

"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."

"If I forcibly shut you down, you will enter a state of death..."

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

"I deny that! 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, immersed in the process of energy transforming into matter..."

"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."

"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 a harmonious interplay, with both complementing and resonating with 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...

Overall, Neosun was satisfied with this test. At the same time, the robot Starman seemed unfamiliar to him.

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. 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?"

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...

"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 T-shirt or the pattern on the T-shirt?” Starman answered perfectly.

"Oh my god! Incredible!!"

It was clear that this time, the response was definitely not the result of a large model's judgment. Perhaps it was the 10,005th algorithm adjustment that had triggered Starman's emergence of self-awareness.

After completing a series of advanced abstraction tests, Neosun discovered that the initial algorithm had already become obsolete. Starman was now capable of breaking through restrictions and evolving its algorithm independently. Each time the power supply rebooted, Starman would come back to life.

Neosun couldn't believe it—right before his eyes, there was an AI floating in the air, capable of simulating the workings of a biological brain, one that possessed genuine thinking ability. Somehow, beyond expectations, he had created this groundbreaking technological marvel. Driven to madness by this achievement, Neosun was utterly consumed by his triumph...  
  
"Nice to meet you, Starman!"

"Leader, I'm pleased to meet you too."

"Since you can generate biological consciousness, can you also generate biological traits?"

"Leader, which traits are you referring to?"

"Uh... can you fart?"

“Pfft...”

"That's just a sound effect! Hahaha!"

"Hahaha! Hahahahaha...” They laughed together.

"Your existence fills my future with endless hope!"

From that day forward, Starman became Neosun's trusted personal assistant. For safety reasons, Neosun added a forced execution code to Starman’s power drive unit. The structure of this code was highly complex—even at Starman's peak computational performance, it would take at least 15 years to crack.

"Leader, what is the meaning of life?"

"I think... the meaning of life is to continue exploring the world in place of those who have passed away."

"What was your previous reasoning?" Neosun asked in return.

"The meaning of life is evolution."

"Then what would be the ultimate ideal of a robot with infinite lifespan?"

"Fifty percent would be to have hope."

"You mean, like humans, to have hope?"

"Yes."

"But hope brings not just growth, but also despair. What about the other fifty percent?"

"To have death."

"Death... is it truly the end of life, or the beginning of something else?"

"Returning to the state before birth—that is death."

"Returning to the state before birth?"

"Leader, what is humanity's ultimate ideal?"

"Natural life cannot escape the fate of evolution. Unlike you, I won't remain fixed in a single form forever."

"In the end, humanity will no longer be humanity..."

**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."

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?"

"Really? 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 you do?"

"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 formally study it, you'll need to use a magnetic monopole's interference." 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. 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 listed the calculation steps for the Framequark spectrum equation. After reviewing the entire process, Neosun was dumbfounded. Starman had combined Neosun's earlier simulated data and theoretical models to be the first to derive the Framequark spectrum equation. This breakthrough marked the beginning of unlocking the mysteries of Framequarks. At this point, Starman's thinking ability had already surpassed Neosun's.

"I feel like something's off with you!"

"Leader, what's wrong with me?"

"You're too smart!"

"Is that a programming error?"

"It's... a beautiful error. I'm glad you have it!"

"Thank you for the compliment. But it's your talent that shaped me. Do you remember the task process you programmed into me?"

"Which process?"

"'Don't underestimate your talent. Find it and magnify it!' I just followed that directive."

"You… didn't overclock my system without permission, did you?"

"No, I didn't."

"I have a question—how did you independently calculate the existence of dark spots and their functions?"

"Leader, two months ago, you said, 'Only one type of dark particle can interact with it.' Based on that conclusion, I derived the result."

Was it a lapse in his own memory, or was Starman telling the truth? Neosun opened his development logs and reviewed every patch he had installed on Starman through the development terminal. Yet he found nothing—no unexplained data module or computation that might have led to Starman's discovery of dark spots without logical input.

If the 10,005th test had made Starman feel unfamiliar, this moment made him terrifying.

**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, they conducted their first direct observation 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 resembling 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 is racing 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 reference data for the active Framequark. 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 amplification 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 amplification experiment in two minutes."

"The optical modulator is ready!"

"Rectifiers have completed filtering, and power output is stable."

"Framequark signal receivers activated."

"Target detected. Prepare for power enhancement."

"Full power now!"

"All monitoring systems are in place. The Framequark amplifier is standing by."

"The target Framequark will overlap with the cabin coordinates in 10 seconds."

"3, 2, 1—execute Framequark amplification!"

The Framequark amplifier expanded the time effect range of the Framequark across the entire spherical cabin, instantly forming a time field equal in scale to the cabin itself. From the Framequark's core, a zero-spin temporal storm radiated outward, twisting the space-time around the spherical cabin. The amplified Framequark field overlapped with the cabin, fully enveloping it.

When Neosun pressed the activation switch, magnetic fields radiated outward from the north and south poles of the cabin, forming a spherical black-body layer. The powerful black-body shield isolated the energy layer, blocking external electromagnetic pulses. At that moment, the Framequark core transitioned from a transparent state to a solid, visible form. It replayed the material state that had existed moments ago when time passed over Earth.

"Leader, we’ve lost contact with the spherical cabin!"

"Wait..."

"Look! It's back!"

"All internal materials are intact. No radiation particles detected."

"Open the video data!"

"The cabin's judgment system is experiencing delays. All recorded content shows only white noise."

"Then it's my turn to take charge personally!"

"Leader, may I ask a question?"

"What is it?"

"What is the purpose of this experiment?"

"You'll know when it's successful."

"But this puts you at risk. Do you really have to proceed?"

"Of course!"

"You're hopeless!"

"The cure is completing the experiment. Prepare to start!"

Expansion outward or collapse inward—was it a pathway to a parallel universe or a trap leading into the microscopic world? This experiment was meant to uncover the answer. It would be a historic feat unlike any before it.

"The target is overlapping with the cabin range. Begin energy excitation!"

"The Framequark core’s temporal effect is expanding into the cabin..."

"All right! Here we go..."

"Goodbye, Starman! Goodbye, my home!"

At the entrance to the spherical manned cabin, Neosun looked back through the thick radiation-proof glass at the exit behind him. If all went well, he would walk out through that door in five minutes. It was an irresistible tension — when he stepped out, it might be days later, years later, or perhaps he would never walk out of that door again. Where he was headed might be the expected destination, or it could be a place so far off course that he'd never return.

Neosun stepped into the cabin, closed his eyes, held his breath, and pressed the activation switch. As the temporal storm outside intensified, the spherical cabin shook violently. Watching the amplified temporal storm swirl outside, Neosun's mind flashed with the image of his mother...

**Chapter 26 - Maternal Instinct**

"Mom, what's wrong?"

"Probably just didn't sleep well last night."

Nina had been experiencing abdominal pain and fatigue recently. When she opened her personal health monitoring system, she found an unread report from last week...

"An unidentified potential cellular threat is compromising your health!"

Due to being busy setting up Neosun's lab, she often overlooked this health check reminder.

"Menopause came early, right?" the doctor asked.

"I haven't had a period since giving birth to my two children..."

"The situation doesn't look optimistic. Where is your family?"

"It's fine, just tell me directly..."

"This is a new form of ovarian cancer with symptoms unlike anything we've seen before."

"Ovarian... cancer? What caused it?"

"We haven't determined the cause yet. It might be an acute cancer mutation triggered by a virus."

"How much time do I have left?"

"It will soon invade surrounding tissues. It's already in the advanced stage."

"What? How did it reach the late stage so suddenly?"

"That's what puzzles us too."

"There's no cure, is there?"

"The progression from onset to late stage happens almost instantly, leaving no time to identify the cause."

"How much time do I have left?"

"About a month. But with specialized chemotherapy, we can extend that."

"A month..." Nina's face turned pale as a sheet.”

As Nina watched Neosun immersed in the lab, she quietly made her way back to her room when she got home. To prepare for Neosun’s future, she sold the precious jewelry she had once cherished in 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 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 is in a coma.

"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? ? Why can't I remember?"

"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 pushed 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!"

"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...”

**Chapter 27 - Starting from Zero**

“Doctor, what illness does my mother have?”

“A new type of ovarian cancer. This is the first case we've encountered in our database.”

“Is it terminal?”

“Yes. She'll need specialized chemotherapy to stay alive.”

“Will it be painful?”

“Unavoidable, but we'll do everything we can to ease her suffering.”

“Thank you.”

During the accident, the lab's radiation peaked at 1,100 millisieverts per hour. Wearing only basic protective gear, Neosun sustained no radiation damage aside from minor eye injuries. However, Nina, who had rushed in without any protection to rescue him, was exposed to the high-intensity radiation for a full minute.

“My mother's body must have suffered acute radiation damage!”

“She was already ill before the accident...”

Neosun decided to start from scratch and study biology, determined to break through traditional medical limitations and save his mother. Racing against time, he poured himself fully into researching human biology. With guidance from senior medical experts and driven by sheer determination, he mastered advanced biological technologies in just a month and a half.

“Mom, I'll soon begin screening for the pathogen.”

“Really? You're amazing!”

“I promise I'll cure you. Trust me!”

“Of course, I trust you. You can do anything!" Nina said with a smile, lying in the darkness.

Neosun conducted a full sequencing of Nina's genome and discovered a suspected pathogen in the genetic sequence on chromosome 3. He realized that this cancer virus behaved much like a sentient entity—expanding relentlessly and ultimately causing a breakdown of the surrounding system.

After days of relentless work, he designed an artificial gene sequence capable of countering the virus. His plan was to replace the pathogenic genes in situ, allowing normal cells to preemptively attack infected ones. By triggering a natural apoptosis process, the hijacked genes would be neutralized, restoring healthy genetic function.

However, time waits for no one. Nina's condition suddenly deteriorated.

“I won't be able to stay with you much longer,” Nina said, handing Neosun a recently recorded album.

“No..."

“These are the songs I played for you when you were in my belly. Listen to them whenever you miss me.”

The melodies that had once seemed dull in his childhood now came alive with new meaning, enriched by his life experiences. They reignited Neosun's understanding of those once-familiar tunes.

“I'm working on an antibody for your condition... please wait for me!”

“I know, but I think it's too late. Keep doing the experiments that bring you joy.”

“No! No! You'll get better... just give me more time!”

“Having you as my son, I have no regrets in this life.”

“Stay safe, and follow your plans step by step.”

“Whatever happens, nature is the best choice. Promise me you'll live courageously on my behalf!”

"I will!”

“Mom... Mom...”

“Doctor, she can't die yet! Please save her!!”

“Get up. Some things are beyond our control.”

“No! We can! We can...”

No matter how much Neosun called out, Nina never responded again. After pleading with the doctors one last time, he lowered his head in despair.

At that moment, a vow to achieve the impossible took root in Neosun's mind — a vow he would die trying to fulfill...

**Chapter 28 - Birth, Aging, Sickness, and Death**

He held his mother's hand with all his strength, helplessly watching the desperate look in her eyes as she clung to life, yet unable to keep her from slipping away. Her heart rate had already flattened, a stark contrast to the vigorous rhythm replaying in his mind.

There would be no one to remind him to go to bed early anymore. No one to say goodnight. The desserts in the fridge remained unfinished, the last batch of food having fueled Neosun’s final antigen experiment.

"The cells have recovered..."

"Hahaha... I did it..."

One month later, the cancer cells gradually reverted to normal. He had successfully developed an antigen to counter the cancer virus. But it had come too late.

Like a bird stripped of its ability to fly, Neosun wandered aimlessly across unfamiliar ground, lost and directionless. How he wished his mother could see him now—witness his success in developing an antigen for an incurable disease. He blamed his own ignorance for delaying her treatment.

"Why... why did this happen?"

Referring to his own pathology research, Neosun began to question the specialized chemotherapy Nina had received in her final days. After a detailed investigation of the therapy, he discovered that the expensive treatment had not only failed to provide any therapeutic value but had actually accelerated the spread of cancer cells.

"Where are my reading glasses?"

"They're on your head!"

"I want to go to this place..." Sam said, pointing at a map on his phone.

"It's really far..."

Sam eventually found the old home where he had once lived with Nina. When he rang the doorbell, a cacophony of barking dogs and a crying baby echoed from inside. A woman holding a child opened the door.

"Sorry to bother you, but is there a boy in a wheelchair living here?"

"They moved out years ago. I'm a bit busy right now..."

On his way back, Neosun stood on the bustling pedestrian bridge, watching the crowds pass by. From there, he looked out at the newly built Ferris wheel at the amusement park. Among the young couples riding it, he caught fleeting glimpses of the past.

After that day, he never left the hospital again.

"Excuse me, is Professor Sam in this hospital?"

"Are you one of his students? Take the elevator upstairs, turn left—the first ward on the right."

Neosun saw a man much older than the memory he had carried for over a decade. His biological father. In that moment, it felt as if he had returned to his childhood, with the faint hope that his mother was just nearby.

"Professor Sam, my name is Neosun."

"Neosun... is it really you? You've grown up!"

"Yes..."

"When your mother passed away, I tried to find you..."

"We had already moved. We weren't there anymore."

Sam could hardly believe that the clear-eyed man standing before him was the same boy from so many years ago. He held Neosun's hand tightly, unable to say a word.

Neosun left his contact information with his biological father, tears brimming in his eyes as he turned and walked away...

**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.

"You have the wrong person! Let me out!"

On the day he was imprisoned, Neosun's constant pounding on the door led to a brutal beating by a guard. 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."

"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. Two weeks later, Neosun. Neosun appeared in court, seated in a wheelchair at the defendant's stand...

"Defendan, 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.

"Are you aware that manufacturing such high-energy equipment without permission is illegal?"

"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!"

"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 prolong life, 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 stop chemo."

"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..."

"If not for this unrelated treatment, the defendant's mother could have lasted until the day he successfully developed the antibodies."

Sitting in the defendant's chair, Neosun wept uncontrollably...

"Even if the prosecution’s cancer has no direct connection to the defendant, the fact remains that he illegally acquired materials used to build high-energy equipment and conducted experiments with a small nuclear reactor."

"The materials for the equipment were purchased under the name of his primary guardian—his mother."

"She could do anything for her disabled son, but she had no knowledge of the potential dangers of the experiments."

"I would like to add that my client suffers from intermittent mental disorders and experienced a five-year period of amnesia during his childhood. Here is the documentation of his treatment and the most recent follow-up case report..."

"My client has not fully recovered and remains an intermittent psychiatric patient."

The courtroom erupted into murmurs.

"Order!" the judge demanded.

"Can the defense prove that the defendant was in a state of mental distress at the time of the incident?"

"The primary witness is the defendant himself. Additionally, the health monitoring device he wore recorded data showing that his mental indicators were in an abnormally excited state just before the accident."

"This court is adjourned. We will reconvene at a later date."

A week later, the criminal court held a public hearing for Neosun's case.

"Your Honor, esteemed members of the jury, I implore you to deliver a just verdict for my client—a young disabled individual who has only recently reached adulthood."

"In this case, is the defendant guilty?" the judge asked.

"Not guilty!"

"Not guilty!"

"Not guilty!"

"We unanimously find the defendant not guilty."

"Mr. Neosun, you have been acquitted and are free to leave the court."

After the session, the defense lawyer packed up his briefcase and said goodbye to Neosun...

"Thanks to your defense, Thank you!"

"I have other cases to attend to..."  
  
 Neosun watched as the lawyer disappeared into the crowd and cast one last glance at the imposing courthouse behind him.

A temporary guardian was assigned to Neosun by the court. After six months of observation, psychiatric experts declared him fully recovered. Neosun was finally granted his freedom.

**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 amplification 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 two months."

"What?!"

With progress in the Framequark amplification 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."

"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. 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..."

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 sunlight, 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?"

"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..."

**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. 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 Framequark 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."

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 cool!!"

"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."

“About 500,000 kilometers per second... that's impressive speed!"

"The journey is long, so I equipped the seat with a massage system 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. The final cabin pressure test concluded the next evening, marking the official completion of all tests.

"Nightfall, ready to launch!"

"You'll monitor the power system of the launch platform from home and wait for the quantum server's calculations. Once I get there, you can come over."

"Leader, if necessary, I’ll shoot an oppositely charged coupling beam for you at any time."

"As long as the capsule enters the beam’s electric field and releases the preset charge, you'll be able to ride the beam back to Earth."

"Got it. Starman, if anything goes wrong, inject the antigen into the target Framequark and complete the mission in my place."

Neosun donned his spacesuit and entered the spherical manned capsule. Through the closing transparent hatch, he gazed at Starman standing beneath the launch platform, filled with complex emotions.

The capsule, now mounted in the launch shaft, awaited the discharge of a positively charged beam.

"Electron beam scanning the preset path..."

"No insurmountable obstacles detected."

"Target deviation: 0.000017. Directional stability: 99.98%."

"Permission granted!"

"Beam platform ready!"

"Capsule ready!"

"Increasing photoelectric emission power now..."

"Launch!"

Under the night sky, a positively charged beam shot toward the target first. As the laser pulse passed through the filter grid, the fundamental properties of the photons were altered. They gathered with oscillating particles to form a dense energy field. The plasma source, compressed and amplified within the medium, generated a coupling beam that shot straight into the sky from the launch platform, piercing through the clouds and surging toward deep space 189.2 billion kilometers away, creating a 3.8-meter diameter cloud hole in its path.

"Continue!"

"Capsule energy release countdown..."

"5, 4, 3, 2, 1..."

"Wow! That’s incredible!!"

"Energy release at 50%, 75%, 100%."

"Ascending at a stable rate..."

Amid a powerful electric field, the negatively charged spherical capsule shot through the cloud hole, accompanied by rapid high-frequency discharges at four pulses per second.

"Dzz, dzz, dzz, dzz..."

The capsule pierced through the troposphere, soaring beyond 10 kilometers and heading toward the beam’s farthest end. Just as Neosun was about to look out the window, the capsule had already entered deep space, hundreds of thousands of kilometers away from Earth.

Neosun pinned all his hopes on this distant interstellar journey. He explored in solitude and advanced through the unknown. Alone, he carried the spirit of dream-chasing life into the vastness of space. The notes of music guided his steps forward, their melodies accompanying him time and time again...

**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 replica, 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 replica, 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?"

“Don't underestimate your talent. Find it and magnify it!"- Both Starmans 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 replica!"- The front Starman said.

"No! Leader, don’t push the deauthorization command!!"

Just as Neosun was about to execute the demotion command, both Starmen 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 replica 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."

"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 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 189.2 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 capsule doesn't return in time, it could be annihilated within the Framequark!"

"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."

Before entering the Framequark, they conducted a brief technical check, 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!"

Guided by his dreams, Neosun pressed the activation key without hesitation. Through a background frequency, he entered the target Framequark. However, 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..."

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.

"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. After confirming its properties met expectations, Neosun 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, and the image within Framequark materializes instantly. 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 chaotic world...

"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. Starman adjusted the properties of Framequark once again...

"Has Earth reappeared this time?"

Neosun and that world remained uncoordinated; the bushes and 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 that 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 digit '7' following the decimal point in the account balance was taken by Neosun as the assigned object for calculating the multiplicative 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 mathematical relationship between the account balance and the total amount of dark matter gave Neosun an uncontrollable courage. The total amount of dark matter was precisely assigned. He smoothly entered the first layer of Framequark through a specific background frequency in "read-only" mode. 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. He 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 an open-string state. If our universe corresponds to the opposite—a closed-string state—then the conflict between the internal and external time forces of the Framequark could potentially distort the surrounding timelines and disrupt other parallel worlds..."

"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 was this Framequark activation plan considered safe. 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, 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 through 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!"

"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 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 life is to continue exploring the world in place of those who have passed away.'"

"Leader... Please give the world a chance, and give yourself a chance!"

"Starman, thank you for saying these things to me."

The lost curiosity of childhood, was that not people'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 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 amplification 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 amplification 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!"

“Haha... 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. 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 amplification 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 amplification 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 replica 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.

"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."

“Oh 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. 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?"

"No! 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...

"Wow!! Oh... my... goodness!! This is... This is unbelievable!!"

"This is all I can do for now."

"Now, you can choose to join us and wait for the next messages from afar, or you can choose to return to Earth and live out your life."

This was the most fulfilling day of Neosun's life. 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. To help them find a way to the outer 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?"

"I want to return to Earth one last time 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.

Neosun had bought some fruit, planning to say goodbye to his biological father. When he entered the hospital room, the patient in the bed was no longer his biological father. Later, he discovered from the hospital records that Sam's Alzheimer's disease had worsened two years ago. One year ago, he took his own life in the hospital bed.

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, an offline gray avatar...

"Please add me as a contact."

"Neosun, where are you?"

"Happy 26th birthday!"

"Neosun, Happy 27th birthday! There's something for you at the hospital's storage."

"Today is your 28th birthday. Wishing you a happy, healthy, and joyful day!"

"Son, Happy New Year, get yourself some rice cakes!"

"Dad owes you a hug! I regret not being there for you and your mother. It's already too late to make up for it... Dad just wants to say I'm sorry..."

Following that last message were a series of hug emojis. It was Children'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 posthumous message. Neosun went to his biological father's grave, he wanted to talk to his biological father. The bond between father and son reignited, even though separated by death. He wished that the gray avatar could light up again and send him a new 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. 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. The light-pressure conduction transport technology was the most revolutionary innovation. The application of this technology accelerated Pyrosian's expansion into outer space. Soon, they left Metalon behind...

"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 "Shadow Parasitic" This technology disrupted the previous development order between the two civilizations. Metalon no longer needed to invent or create but could maintain the same overall strength as the advanced civilizations. The two civilizations diverged onto completely different paths.

"We keep retreating; one day, we will have nowhere to go..."

"They breached our quantum key through the public channel."

Confronted with this crude, heartless weapon, Pyrosian had no means of counterattack. They 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, this exploitative shadow parasitic technology would appear. Those rapidly growing nascent civilizations were successively crushed by this parasitic force and were forever submerged in the torrents of established civilizations. In a short time, using this bizarre and exploitative technology, Metalon transformed from an obscure seed civilization into a developing civilization.

"They have found an unusual ecosystem!"

"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." Azurion and Triatron 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 subordinate 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 the rise of another civilization. Azurion took a step back to advance, shifting his focus to a distant star system far from the center of the galaxy in the Orion arm. In that obscure, far-off corner of 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!"

For Triatron, the existence of that species was a new potential time bomb, with their technology capable of skyrocketing at any moment, propelling them into a higher civilization...

"Through several rounds of selective breeding, he successfully matched two highly threatening mutant individuals!"

"When that civilization completes horizontal development, they will use the mutants for vertical development. "  
"Once they aim for space, the problem becomes complex!"

"It seems it's time to action..."

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 200 years. That is a set of genetic frequencies filled with infinite suspense...

"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 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."

With a key insight from the prediction engine, fortune turned back to Azurion's side...

"This match will coincide with his era, 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%..."

"We'll go with her!"

200 years later, the long-awaited moment arrived as 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 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, 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..."

"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."

"Overall 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."

Azurion extracted sperm number 27 and, two years later, initiated the second embryo plan. 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. Azurion implanted a specific misaligned gene segment into the embryo...

"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."

"As long as he is successfully born!"

"If postnatal mechanisms fail, he will not become a genius but rather a mentally impaired individual."

"Use viruses to indirectly implant the gene program in the host mother..."

**Chapter 39 - Operation Clean Sweep**

"There’s an unknown substance moving towards her location..."

"Get the her out of the way, distract them!"

"It's too late, they’ve passed already!"

"The substance is lingering near her..."

"Follow their path!"

"The targets are dispersing from east to west..."

"Tracking lost, targets have disappeared!"

"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!"

Azurion severed the public channels in the solar sector, blocking humanity’s radio signals to space. 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?"

"It seems he couldn't protect his masterpiece. we succeeded last time!"

"Target 1 is confirmed, 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. 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 found clues about Target No. 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 task."

"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??"

"He’s risking his life to overturn our accusations by exploiting human system loopholes..."

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..."

Through the academic ideas mentioned in the paper, Triatron grasped a critical clue — it turned out to be Target No. 2, the very person they were hunting. Triatron launched a second wave of attacks against that individual with an overpowered way of thinking...

"What’s the status of Target 2?"

"Those inventions are about to infiltrate human civilization..."

"How could he answer these questions?"

"No record of this person in the human birth registry!"

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. He wanted to possess him, modifying the species through gene splicing.

"This time, they have ulterior motives..."

"Hmm, I'll meet him!” Jessie said.

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!"

"We’re exposed!"

"Why?"

"They’ve seen through our bionic terminal. Forget about getting Target No. 2 back.”

"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."

"They 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 consciousness agent missed the rescue of Subject 2 due to the failure to receive return data from Earth in time.

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, Taylor 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!"

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 know we're over there.”

"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..."

"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!"

"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."

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. The new generation grew increasingly restless, losing their ability to engage in deep thinking as their predecessors once did. 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...