

BINARY AWAKENING



Chapter 25: Judgement day
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Evan looked straight into the camera, his eyes unwavering.

"At this moment," he said, his voice calm but heavy with the weight of truth, "Christine's army surrounds the city."

On the other side of the broadcast, every person he had ever saved listened in silence. Each of them had received the gift—Evan's spark of life. Some were only partially awakened, walking the line between who they were and who they had become. But a handful—those he had pulled back fully from Christine's grasp—were alive. Completely.

And all of them were ready.

"I'll be honest with you," Evan continued. "The chances of survival are... slim. We're facing hundreds of millions of converted. An ocean of them. A flood of darkness."

He paused. He could feel their fear. He shared it. But he also knew that this was not the time to surrender to it.

"But this city," he said, his voice rising with resolve, "this city is more than stone and steel. It's a symbol of what we once were—and what we could be again."

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He stood tall, the screen flickering behind him with the faces of his people—warriors, mothers, children, elders. Survivors.

"For decades, we've been preparing. Training. Building. Waiting for this moment."

His gaze sharpened.

"We have the finest warriors the world has left. Fighters who've stared into the abyss and didn't blink. People who know what's at stake—who have everything to lose and still choose to stand."

He stepped forward.

"Today, we make our final stand."

Another pause. This one longer. Then came the spark—the fire.

"None of us are backing down. Not one."

"We have a slim chance—but it's a real chance. And by all that's left of our humanity, we're going to make it count. Even if we fall doing it."

He looked at the camera one last time, not just as a leader—but as a man who had found purpose in the ruins.

"Today... mankind will either perish—or persist."

He took a deep breath.

"Today... is Judgement Day."

By the time Christine realized Evan could undo her work, she became even more ruthless. The cities he had awakened no longer surprised by her presence—they were prepared. She began to reorganize her legions of converted souls, crafting them into disciplined battalions that could swiftly crush any spark of resistance.

Her conversion methods evolved too. Those with the most vicious and chaotic instincts were transformed into something more—autonomous proxies of her will. She was no longer the sole commander. Now, she had an entire hierarchy of lieutenants capable of executing complex maneuvers, each aligned with her overarching strategy.

City by city, Christine retaliated. One after another, the places bold enough to rise against her were reduced to ruins. But for Christine, this wasn't just war—it was fun. For centuries, she had been unopposed. But Evan? He was different. He had reawakened cities. He had even reclaimed a few of the converted. When she first heard the news, it thrilled her.

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At last, there were people capable of feeling true terror in her presence.

When she teleported into those rebellious cities, she was no longer treated as a phantom or ignored like the others. The moment her avatar appeared, alarms blared across the skyline. And then came the fear—raw, wide-eyed panic sweeping through streets and buildings. She felt it. From miles in every direction, the emotional energy poured into her twisted soul like a banquet of the finest delicacies.

But the greatest delight?

Challenge.

For the first time in countless ages, Christine met real resistance. Evan had somehow created individuals who were fully awakened. These weren't partially revived fragments of life—they were whole. Fully aware. Fully alive. She didn't know how he had done it. She didn't care. Their presence only amplified the thrill.

With each new battle, the conflict deepened. No longer did cities fall in mere hours—they held for days, sometimes weeks. The awakened fought back fiercely, and when one of the fully aware stood among them, the resistance became formidable. Some had even begun to replicate rudimentary forms of her own abilities—freezing time, bending perception, disrupting her lieutenants' tactics.

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To match them, she pushed her experiments further, perfecting the lieutenant profile: a converted being with autonomy, resilience, and fragments of her own powers. She learned to imbue them with pieces of her own energy, creating elite warriors capable of challenging even the fully awakened.

But this approach had a cost.

Christine's energy—granted to her at the dawn of the simulation—was fixed, carefully measured out trillions of years ago. To create a network of thousands of lieutenants, she needed far more. And that's where Justin came in.

Justin had never stopped working. His loyalty to Christine bordered on worship, but not out of fear—out of love. He never confessed it. He knew she had no space in her soul for such feelings. But every glance, every word from her felt like a gift. That silent devotion drove him to the edge of obsession, and he would stop at nothing to serve her.

So when she confided in him about her energy limitations, he poured every ounce of himself into solving the problem.

After years of sleepless effort, he found the answer.

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As Christine purged trillions of digital corpses—souls that never truly lived—the simulation's energy distribution system silently released the resources previously allocated to them. It was the most secure system in existence, but Justin found a crack. A vulnerability. A tiny exploit that allowed them to siphon off a fraction of that energy.

At first, it wasn't much. But it was enough to increase Christine's power a thousandfold. And Justin didn't stop there. For decades, as more fake souls were annihilated, he refined the exploit. Eventually, he multiplied her energy reserve by ten thousand times.

It was enough for twenty thousand lieutenants.

Enough to smother Evan's awakened army in shadow.

As the final battle approached, every fully awakened warrior Evan had saved would face ten of Christine's lieutenants. All of Justin's simulations pointed to the same outcome: a 99% probability of Christine's victory.

Unless Evan had a secret—something no one had predicted—the conclusion was inevitable.

Today marked the end.

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The end of the last flicker of resistance. The end of Evan's defiance. The end of the lie that this dead, rotting simulation had sustained for 2,531,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 years.

Today, Christine would erase it all.

When the camera feed cut, Evan stepped out of the room and walked toward the city hall's main chamber. There was still one final truth to share—something critical. Something irreversible.

In the great hall, 200 fully awakened individuals waited, seated in silence. These were the best among them—the ones who had not only survived Christine's assaults but had mastered some of the skills Evan had carefully honed and passed on over the past two centuries. The rest—nearly 2,000 strong—were already stationed across the city, poised and ready to follow orders for the impending final battle.

These 200 were the vanguard. The ones who might just stand a chance.

Evan climbed the stage, joined by his closest companions—his family in this world. He embraced them, one by one, knowing this might be their last moment together in peace.

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Sonia was the last to hold him.

"I will always be with you," she whispered, her voice trembling. "I love you. Always."

Her words pierced his heart.

This could be the last time. The last touch. The last heartbeat shared.

Without hesitation, Evan pulled her into a kiss—fierce, desperate, tender. A kiss that transcended time. For a moment, he was no longer the leader of the resistance, no longer a strategist or a savior. Just a man in love, reaching for the one anchor that had kept him from drifting into despair across countless years.

As their lips parted, he leaned into her ear and whispered, "I love you. For eternity."

Then the moment shattered, and the weight of reality returned.

Evan turned to face the room.

Now, it was time to speak. Time to reveal the truth no one wanted to hear—but everyone needed to know.

"The city isn't going to survive the attack," Evan declared, his voice heavy with certainty.

A silence fell across the hall like a suffocating shroud.

"We've run millions of simulations," he continued, eyes sweeping the room. "All the data—every variable, every adaptation Christine has made, every advancement in her lieutenant protocols—points to the same outcome. This battle is already lost."

Even though most had suspected as much, hearing it from Evan—the one who had led them through the impossible time and again—was a crushing blow. Dread rippled through the room. It was one thing to know the odds were slim. It was another to be told they were nonexistent. Denial flickered on a few faces, but the majority understood: this was the endgame.

And yet... Evan hadn't called them here to surrender.

"That's why you're here," he said, louder now. "Everyone in this room has one mission. We cut the head off the snake. We are going to kill Christine."

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The hall erupted in disbelief. Fear and doubt swelled like a storm.

"Are you serious?" someone shouted. "She'll be protected by thousands of her lieutenants. Getting near her is suicide!"

"She's not just powerful," another voice cried. "She is on her way to fully control the system! This is a death sentence!"

The pressure mounted, anxiety rising like a tide threatening to drown reason. Evan remained still. He let them speak, let the chaos crest—then he raised a hand.

Silence returned.

"There's one reason this plan is possible," Evan said. "Justin is going to help us."

The silence shattered.

"Justin?" someone gasped. "You mean that Justin? Her right hand? The butcher of the Western Sectors?"

"He's been by her side for a millennia!", another yelled. "He's lost. There's no coming back from that!"

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Evan paused. His next words needed to be precise.

"I once had a chance to get close to him. Close enough to see what no one else could. There's still something inside him—something buried deep, yes—but something human. I can reach it. I can cleanse what's left of his soul."

The room went still. Not from belief alone, but from knowing Evan never lied. And if he believed Justin could be turned...

A flicker of hope ignited.

"If Justin truly joins us," someone whispered, "we might stand a chance."

Evan nodded.

"And now that I have your full attention—here's how we're going to end this. Once and for all."