

2686 — *The Age of Illuminatus*

The Dawn of a New Humanity

In the wake of war, Earth was a mere shadow of its former self. The **4th World War**, a brutal clash between machine and hive, had turned the globe's greatest cities into graveyards. When the dust settled, humanity had lost billions. What remained were ruins, silence, and the slow, desperate struggle to rebuild.

From the ashes rose the Allies, scrambling to avert a global famine. Their focus turned to **Asia** and **Africa**, continents ravaged beyond recognition by the cataclysm. Then, in **2160**, the first World Congress was convened under the fragile banner of unity. There, leaders did what generations had only dreamed of—the abolishment of ownership of atomic and nuclear weapons. It was a victory, achieved with the blood of nations.

Yet for the survivors, this was not the end. It was the beginning of a hopeful new chapter.

Ari Miller, the superintelligence, was newly elected **Chief Executive of the Anglo Federation**, one of the two superpowers still standing. He emerged as a beacon of order in a chaotic world. Determined to hold civilization together, focused on reuniting the globe, even as anarchy swept across much of Asia and Africa. The **Héxié Hivemind** had been shattered by **Mindkiller**, but its remnants lingered, dangerous and unbound.

Working with the **UNSC**, Miller moved quickly to contain the fractured minds of Héxié, keeping them within six tightly governed city-states—**Beijing**, **Tehran**, **Dar es Salaam**, **Riyadh**, and **Cape Town**. Each was overseen by a different member of the council, save for Riyadh, which had come under Turkish control. Through his 2nd to 4th terms, Miller remained a driving force in the World Congress, laying the foundations of a new era. Trade, health, food—he touched every sector. His first ambitious project was an engineering marvel: the **Intercontinental Rail Network**. Designed to physically connect the continents and forge a sense of shared destiny, it symbolized a world striving for unity, even as it remembered what division had cost.

But not everyone embraced this vision.

Turkiye, rising anew after its reconquest of **Mecca**, carved a different path. The return of the holy city sparked a spiritual awakening across the Muslim world. Turks, Egyptians, and their allies began to see themselves not as relics of the old order, but as guardians of unaltered, **biological humanity**. As Miller's influence grew, so did theirs—often in opposition. The battlefield had shifted to diplomacy, and the war was one of ideals, especially when Miller proposed **Solidarity**.

Years after the war's origin at **Komet Base**, scientists confirmed what many had whispered about in disbelief—it was no mere ruins. It was a key. A codex of astonishing complexity, filled with alien knowledge: faster-than-light travel, gravity manipulation, the secrets of exotic matter. The world's leading minds threw themselves into its deciphering, and before long, the race to wield its power began.

Arkemedes, a tech behemoth within the Anglo Federation, emerged victorious.

So in **2181**, Ari Miller stepped onto the world stage once more, this time before the United Nations General Assembly. With a voice that resonated across continents, he unveiled the future—**Higgs Technology**.

Higgs-tech was unlike anything the world had ever seen. Up until that point, humanity had just tiptoed toward the stars—modest missions to nearby systems, dreams restrained by physics. But with this breakthrough, the door to the cosmos was flung open. Travel across light-years became not just feasible, but practical. Star colonization no longer required generations—it could be achieved within a single lifetime.

And yet, the most extraordinary revelation wasn't speed, it was **consciousness**.

Higgs-tech offered **transcendence**. Human minds could leave Euclidean geometry and enter the **4th dimension**—an ethereal plane where thought and matter blurred, and time unraveled like string. Miller called it *The New Enlightenment*. He believed this was the ultimate destiny of mankind: to evolve into beings of pure energy, to exist across all iterations of the Universe, united by a single ideal—**Solidarity**.

The proposal shattered the illusion of consensus.

Turkey, Egypt, and a resurgent coalition of new African states recoiled. They rejected the very notion of a world government, seeing in Solidarity not

progress but domination. Meanwhile, the Anglo Federation's closest allies, particularly Europe, lobbied fervently to realize a unified Earth under the UN's banner. Bharat stood uncertain, its voice wavering with each session of the World Congress.

In **2198**, the vote was held. The dream of a global government collapsed. Outrage rippled through its most passionate advocates. They demanded recounts, revotes, anything to rewrite the outcome. But Miller silenced them.

He accepted the result without hesitation. His message was clear: the age of coercion was over. Enlightenment could not be forced, it had to be chosen. And so he opened the doors **freely**. *Arkemedes* might have been a private institution, but the knowledge it held now belonged to all. Anyone, from any nationality and creed, in either physical or virtual reality, could step forward and seek transcendence—so long as they passed a rigorous test of moral and ethical character.

At the dawn of the **23rd century**, Ari Miller and his family were the first ones. They left behind the three-dimensional plane and entered the fourth, becoming more than human.

As decades passed, Higgs-tech revolutionized not just science, but civilization itself. Bharat was able to develop their own version, soon followed by Japan. Colonists now soared across the stars, settling planets and moons once beyond reach. Scientific enclaves mined worlds, grew new societies, and recorded every discovery. But Earth had long known it was not alone.

First contact came in **2253**. A European mission stumbled upon a star ruled by reptilian beings of great intellect and cultural refinement, named **Saurions** by them. The species lived only in their system, yet their Dyson swarm proved they were highly advanced.

Unlike the terrors of fiction, these aliens came not as warriors but as philosophers. They welcomed humanity. Gifts were exchanged, histories shared. Soon, emissaries from every nation visited the Saurions, forging bonds of peace and curiosity. Hope bloomed: perhaps the galaxy held allies, not threats.

For a while, it did.

By the century's end, the Saurions remained humanity's only neighbor. Meanwhile, the **Homo Illuminatus** multiplied. Transcendent humans, once rare, now numbered in the millions. Though most withdrew from lower-dimensional existence, many returned through avatars—walking gods of science, philosophy, and art.

To Miller, and to most of Earth, they were shepherds of peace. To ensure none abused their vast power, he personally governed their actions. Transcendence became sacred, granted only to those tested for wisdom and humility. Selection was done by lottery, a yearly ceremony monitored by the Anglo government. Tens of millions across star systems dreamed of becoming 'Lumian'.

A religious fervor took hold of Western nations, a drive to transform their societies to the core. A dream of Utopia, the Solidary may not be with all humanity, but it will flourish among kin—the **Politeia**.

Born in **2286**, it became the beacon of Solidarity, a republic not of borders, but of ideals: democracy, wisdom, and freedom. Its people, Politeians, were visionaries. They pioneered megastructures, built artificial habitats in deep space, and sculpted cosmic beauty. Their crowning achievement was the **Astroway**: a vast network of wormholes forged from the 4th dimension, linking distant stars in an instant.

The **24th century** dawned as a golden age. Earth's ecosystems flourished once more. Populations stretched across Orion. And the Saurion alliance deepened into a brotherhood of knowledge.

Then came the greatest test of the human will to live.

Contact with the **Hexadopus** was made in **2335**, when Bharat's Saptarishi Research Mission ventured into the Orion Arm's edge. What they found was a storm. The Hexadopus were conquerors. Their message was chilling in its simplicity: ***assimilate or be civilized***.

No one knew how vast their empire was—estimates ranged from 200 to over 1,000 stars in the **Perseus Arm**—but their intent was unmistakable, to grow incessantly. Earth had perhaps some years to prepare. The UNSC mobilized at once. Fleets were constructed, thousands of ships launched monthly. Nuclear weapons were redeployed under Council control. Humanity would not go quietly.

The first engagement occurred at the **Curie system**, 400 light-years from Sol. A garrison of **2,600** ships met the enemy. The battle was cataclysmic. A million perished. Humanity lost. Survivors fled. Evacuation protocols in the nearest systems began.

For two decades, the war dragged on. Mankind lost system after system. **9 billion** dead, 24% percent of all colonists. When **6,000** Hexadopus warships breached the outer Oort Cloud, there was but one line to hold.

And so, Miller made the fateful call. Every Illuminatus heard it: *abandon pacifism, rise and protect our kin*. At the gates of **Enceladus**, a million demigods answered.

Not a single enemy survived, millions of Hexadopus were wiped out in a matter of hours. The Lumian warriors tore the fabric of space-time apart, crushing entire fleets and disintegrating their fragile organic bodies. As the other humans witnessed in both awe and horror, the tides of war turned on a whim. From the higher dimension, the Illuminatus collapsed planets into black holes, and conjured powerful solar storms to burn their fleets. Suddenly, it all stopped.

Orion was quiet again, humanity won. ***Invade, and be annihilated***, was Earth's final answer.

Enceladus marked more than a victory—it was a **revelation**. The galaxy saw what Politeia had become: not merely a republic, but a **hyperpower**. With their unmatched strength laid bare, there was no question who held dominion over the stars.

Miller returned to the World Congress. More than a century had passed since his last appearance. He stood before an audience of strangers—leaders who had only read about him, who had never known his presence until now. And who, above all, were afraid.

Yet, Miller came to assure them.

He spoke with clarity and compassion, promising to never allow the Illuminatus to raise arms against humanity. Their role, he said, was to guide, not to dominate; to protect them. And so, a covenant was born: ***The Earth Pact***. Under its tenets, every member of the United Nations—across every system—pledged to defend the integrity of humanity and Sol itself.

The only time an Illuminatus would be permitted to kill was in defense against an alien invasion.

Civilization, though scarred, regrew stronger. From the ashes of conflict, Politeia thrived, spreading its ideals across billions of physical citizens and trillions more in virtual existence. It wasn't just a society; it was a **philosophy**, a complete reimagining of life.

On Earth, cities receded. Nature returned. Indigenous peoples, once marginalized, now lived freely on a planet where urbanization was no longer king. Only **5%** of humanity lived on the natural Earth; as the rest moved into two types of states: **metropolitan** and **suburban**.

Metropolitan states were monolithic wonders—towering arcologies joined by high-speed transit, each one a world of its own. Hundreds of millions lived in these cities without want. Poverty and disease had become memories. Freed from the burden of labor, citizens devoted themselves to the higher callings of art and science. They could traverse planets or simulations at will, holding instant knowledge from light years away at their fingertips.

Suburban states, by contrast, were slower and quieter. These were the lands of the remaining biological citizens, fewer with each passing year. Agriculture still existed here, and medium-sized cities offered every modern convenience, though not the splendor of the Metropolis. A cultural gap widened. To many rural minds, the arcologies seemed like glass towers of aristocracy—brilliant, perhaps, but distant.

Democracy, too, had evolved.

Gone were political parties. Instead, representatives gathered in fluid coalitions based on the issue at hand. Sovereignty was entrusted to the **Wise Council**, a triarchy composed of three presidents: one each for the Solar System, the Orion Sector, and Virtual Reality. One had extensive authority within their domain, but could not interfere with the others. National issues were settled by majority vote among them. Earth remained the heart of it all—the sole seat of power.

New York City soared from the fires of the 4th war. Where nuclear wrath had once flattened Midtown, monuments now stood defiant. At the center of the green National Mall blazed the *Flames of the Republic*, beneath the watchful gaze of the *Lady of Democracy*. Nearby stood the halls of nations and the Politeian Capitol, embraced by the spires of the arcologies.

Politeia led a **global mission**: the defense of rights and the preservation of the planet. They conducted changes to the *Charter of Human Rights*, guaranteeing housing, healthcare, and freedom from hunger for all beings. To enforce it, the **United Nations Well-being Foundation** was formed, absorbing global health and social agencies, backed by Politeia's endless resources. Its reach stretched even to far away systems.

A new world order began to take shape. Non-Earth colonies gained parliamentary voices. In **2412**, the World Congress evolved into the **UN Parliament**. Yet again, not all welcomed this unity.

The Turkish Sphere and the Free Nations of Africa viewed the developments with suspicion. Ankara initially resisted joining the new parliament, but saw a **strategic** opportunity. Bharat, the power with most planets, had drifted from the West. As new crises brewed in the **25th century**, old rivalries resurfaced.

Higgs-tech was tightly guarded by Politeia, Bharat, and Japan—until the power struggle began. Bharat, overseeing **63** colonies, faced rebellion. The **Vimukti Front** demanded independence. **26** planets rioted, home to billions. Politeia urged diplomacy; Bharat demanded loyalty.

The UN Parliament was torn. Bharat lobbied for military action. Politeia opposed it. Then Turkiye made their move: **give us Higgs-tech, and have our vote**.

The deal passed. War began.

Thirty years of civil conflict followed. Bharat's navy crushed insurgents system by system, while the **Red Sea Accord** etched their dream into the stars: a vision of **true humanity**, liberated from Sol's artificial grip.

Back home, the Wise Council weathered storms of protest. Radical nationalists and pacifists alike called for the expulsion of Turkiye and Bharat from the Earth Pact, to serve as a basis for intervention. But the Council stood firm. They would not abandon principle for vengeance. They would simply observe.

During this fragile time, the Illuminatus grew in prominence.

Lumians entered government, carried by the mythic glory of Enceladus. To many, they were **divine**. Politeian Christians, still the largest religious group, saw transcendence as a path to God. Many Lumians remained

devout, describing angelic visions and divine geometry in the fourth dimension.

Christianity transformed fundamentally under transhuman philosophy. A centuries long journey, led by a succession of ecumenic clergy. The Great Schism was healed. Catholic, Orthodox and some Protestant denominations joined the fold. From the **Holy Synod** in St. Peter's Basilica, an pentarchy of Popes, elected by the Sacred College, now led a reborn **Church of Christ**, a light for over **14 billion** faithful.

Still, Politeia was not paradise.

Beneath the awe and progress, a fracture widened. Biological citizens felt displaced, their traditions rewritten by a post-biological world. Their faith had changed beyond recognition. Their political parties dissolved. Their way of life, labeled a threat to the environment, was slowly erased.

So what if their material needs were met? It was a golden cage.

Legislation, education, medicine, even culture—it no longer belonged to them.

And the silence, heavy and growing, waited to be broken.

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The final blow came in **2540**—five centuries after the Singularity—when the **Holy Synod** made a controversial proclamation: Ari Miller, architect of Solidarity, was declared a **living saint**. The announcement reverberated across the galaxy, igniting what would come to be known as the **Third Schism**.

On the capital planet, millions rejected the Church's legitimacy. They poured into the streets, their voices raised in protest. What began as theological dissent quickly swelled into a political and cultural revolt. For the first time in generations, biological and suburban synergic humans of all creeds and traditions united in opposition.

At first, New York's response was measured. Protests in the suburbs had always flared and faded. Traditionally, biologicals would vent their frustrations, demand the impossible, and eventually settle for moderate reforms once tempers cooled. But this time was different.

The **Free Will Movement**, galvanized by Turkiye's persistent defiance and ideals of a *true humanity*, refused to fade. Independence was no longer a fantasy—it had become a rallying cry.

To the Praesidium, the idea of an autonomous biological nation existing beside the hyper-developed metropolis was unacceptable. A neighboring state incapable of eliminating poverty or safeguarding the environment posed too great a risk to the ideals Politeia had spent centuries cultivating.

Each failed settlement pushed activists further toward radicalization. They knew that the Illuminatus, bound by Miller's decrees, would not intervene. They tested the republic's limits, confident in its diplomatic heart.

That is until a line was crossed.

Milites Crucis, Catholic fundamentalist terrorists, merged with the Free Will radicals. What followed was a plan unlike any in recent memory: a coordinated assault on four cities—Chicago, Starport, Moscow, and Rome—during the **2556 Summer Olympics**. Electromagnetic bombs specifically targeting android citizens killed nearly **4,000** and injured thousands more.

For the first time since the Hexadopus invasion, the Capitol's foundations trembled.

Fear rippled through the nation. In response, emergency powers were granted to the 19th Praeses Terrae, **Casimir Ivanov**. Surveillance networks expanded. The annual transcendence ceremony was suspended. The flame of Solidarity, long thought infalible, wavered in vengeance's shadow.

Behind it all, one question echoed through the halls of power:

What happens when gods feel fear?

The Illuminatus, above conflict for generations, now turned inward. Many called for compassion, restraint, for an examination of the roots of rebellion. But among the younger Lumians, urgency gave space to fury. Miller remained silent, watchful from the higher plane as the republic faced its greatest moral trial.

In the following months, Free Will strongholds emerged across suburban regions. The Metropolis closed its borders. The **Five Eyes** mobilized, desperate to locate terrorist leaders before a full blown civil war erupted.

But Milites Crucis was far more sophisticated than expected. With advanced cyberwarfare capabilities, they disrupted satellite systems, masked communications, and concealed their command structure in plain sight. Ivanov faced mounting pressure. Yet, his advisors warned: overreach could fracture the republic even further.

They needed precision. One clean strike.

So a desperate gambit was made.

With the Wise Council's blessing of radical Lumians, they turned to the forbidden: to peel back the veil of the third plane. Using the 4th dimension, they unraveled the planet's geometry, scanning Earth with accuracy unimaginable. It violated Miller's most sacred commandment: that no Illuminatus shall turn their powers upon humanity.

But the alternative was worse: the collapse of utopia.

And so, it was done.

Terrorist cells were found and dismantled within days. Milites Crucis was crushed across Earth and beyond. Free Will leadership was captured by the hundreds, their trials before the Supreme Court broadcast as a warning to all.

Politeia survived. But it had changed.

Suburban states were placed under strict oversight for decades. Rural schools were restructured. Media was curated. While speech remained free, dissenters learned quickly to speak only in whispers. The golden cage, once a metaphor, had become reality.

Then Miller finally acted. He descended in judgement upon the disobedient Lumians. With terrifying wrath, he dismantled their surveillance construct and banished them from Euclidian reality. Among the oldest Illuminatus, unease settled in, as they considered a dangerous truth: that hubris might lead them to a paternalistic and supremacist path.

The Church remained strong, but not whole. Miller's sainthood distanced them from traditional Christianity. A thousand biological congregations surged, each claiming the true faith. Mainstream believers venerated Miller. Others named him the Antichrist. Across the stars, a tempest of faith raged—wild, hungry, chaotic.

By the dawn of the **27th century**, rebellion was quelled. The Free Will cause had withered, though not without legacy. Select biological enclaves were granted limited autonomy, in exchange for total environmental and technological regulation from the Metropolis.

400 years old, Politeia had wavered war, schism, and sedition. As it expanded across the stars alongside the rest of humanity, its stance remained unchanged: to defend civilization, to protect the rights of man. It welcomed all who sought refuge from poverty and conflict.

Unlike leaders of past world orders, they kept distant from the bloodied struggles of other powers to maintain colonial rule—so long as the sanctity of Earth and Sol remained preserved.

To build utopia in a universe that never promised it seemed like an impossible task, but the heralds of the New Enlightenment were determined.

Politeia vowed to try. Forever.