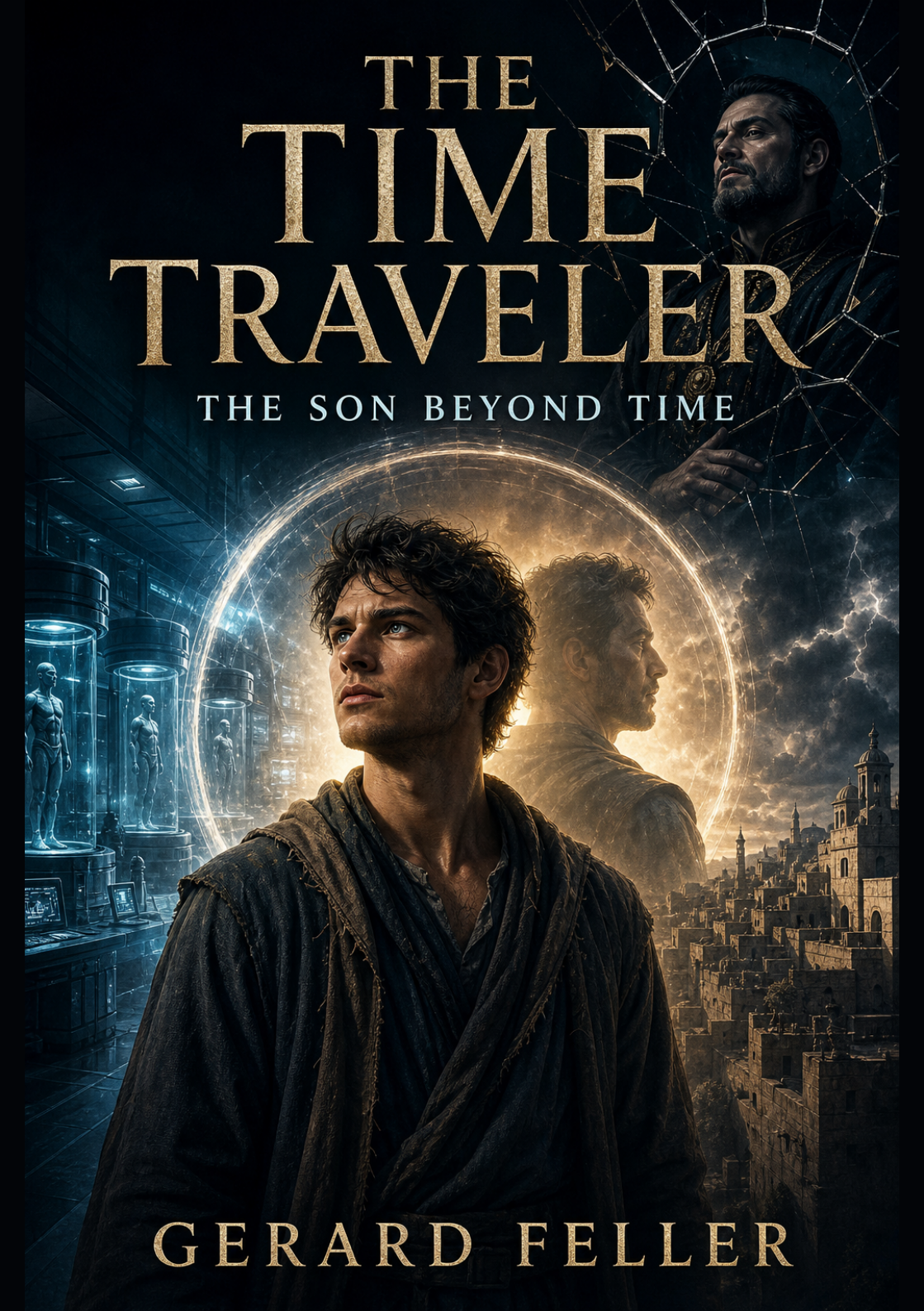


THE TIME TRAVELER



THE SON BEYOND TIME

GERARD FELLER

The Time Traveler

The Son Beyond Time

Ascension Edition

Gerard Feller

Feller Books · 2026

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This is a work of fiction. The time-travel technology and human reproductive cloning described are speculative. Scientific terminology is used to lend credibility to the fictional world.

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Foreword

This story is an expanded new version of the short story “The Time Traveler.” It explores a question greater than technology: can evil be defeated without adopting evil’s own logic?

Relativistic time dilation, somatic cell nuclear transfer, epigenetic reprogramming, DNA methylation, histone modification, and mitochondrial DNA are genuine scientific concepts. Chronoscopy, backward time travel, and neural communication across time are fictional.

The novel employs Christian themes of creation, freedom, sacrifice, resurrection, justice, and grace. The clone is not a technical copy without a soul, but a human being who must discover that origin is not the same as destiny.

1. The Mess They Made of the Ages

“They have made quite a mess of it,” the time traveler grumbled.

Aron Valerius stood before the chronoscopic window of Station Aion. Beyond the glass hung no starry sky, but an artificial darkness in which millions of points of light trembled like measurements. Each point represented a second in Earth’s history. Some burned steadily. Others flickered red, as though time itself had a fever.

Dr. Mara Sen, geneticist and temporal theorist, leaned over the console. “Say we made a mess of it. They are our ancestors.”

Aron enlarged an image. A man whispered a lie into a judge’s ear. The judge ordered an innocent man arrested. A brother swore revenge. A child watched his father die and grew into a warlord. From the warlord came a dynasty; from the dynasty, an empire that enforced obedience through fear.

“There,” Aron said. “The first knot.”

“A knot is never only one thread.”

Aion coupled two effects. A ring of superconducting mass simulated an extreme gravitational field, while a photon resonator shifted its phase against local time. Relativistic time dilation was real; the backward channel Aion forged from it was barely science at all. Four cesium clocks and two optical ytterbium clocks guarded every deviation.

Aron pulled back. Wars bloomed like dark flowers. Cities burned. On the display appeared one name: MALVACH.

“If he disappears before his first command,” Aron said, “the chain breaks.”

“And perhaps the world with it.”

Then Malvach, dead for two thousand years, looked directly through the chronoscopic window. His lips moved: I can see you too.

2. The Man Who Looked Back

The image froze. Warning circles flared around Malvach's face.

"Impossible," Mara said. "The chronoscopic channel is one-way."

They replayed the recording. Malvach sat alone before a black mirror of volcanic glass, staring precisely at Aion's point of observation.

Technician Iven burst into the room. "We are registering a return phase. Something is using our measuring beam as a carrier."

A voice crawled through the speakers: "Whoever touches my past gives me his future." Mara severed the connection, but a dark handprint remained on the glass.

Aron spent the night studying Malvach's lineage. The tyrant had ruled not through armies alone, but through altered archives, forged kinships, and an inherited elite. Genes might shape aggression, yet they were no verdict. Fear, upbringing, and propaganda strengthened every tendency. The true virus was a story: power is safety, compassion is weakness, the other is danger.

"We could kill him," Aron said the next morning.

Mara projected a family tree across the room. Millions of names ignited. "If Malvach dies before his children are born, tyrants vanish-but so do nurses, poets, your mother, perhaps you. History is not a dirty sentence from which you erase one word."

"Then we do nothing?"

"We send someone outside his reproductive line. Someone who is not descended from him."

Aron understood before she spoke the word.

“A clone.”

For an instant, Malvach’s smile appeared in the dark glass behind her.

3. The Second Aron

Mara called it nuclear return, not copying. She removed the nucleus from one of Aron's skin cells and transferred it into an enucleated egg cell. Electrical pulses mimicked fertilization, compelling an adult nucleus to believe it stood at the beginning again.

"Somatic cell nuclear transfer," she said. "SCNT. Easy to explain, difficult to achieve."

Under the microscope, the reconstructed cell divided.

"So he is me," Aron whispered.

"Genetically, almost. Not biographically. His mitochondrial DNA comes from the egg donor. His epigenome will be rewritten. Raised in another century, he will become another person."

"My son?"

"Laboratory terminology cannot decide that."

The first embryos arrested after a few divisions. Old methylation patterns remained locked upon genes; histones held chromosomes in the wrong state. Attempt seven produced a stable blastocyst. Mara did not engineer personality or obedience. She repaired only two lethal reprogramming failures.

Aron sat beside the incubator. "If you can hear me, I am sorry."

"For what?" Mara asked.

"For making you for a mission."

An unexplained pulse appeared in Aion's quantum network: three beats, a pause, then two. The same return phase Malvach had used.

That evening Aron gave the child a name that was not his own.

Elior: my light belongs to God.

The Grandfather Paradox



The red route forms an impossible causal loop; the golden route heals history without erasing millions of people.

4. The Womb as a Hiding Place

Aion could not force an adult body through the temporal aperture without tidal forces tearing it apart. An embryo was smaller, colder, and easier to stabilize. The machine wrapped a sapphire capsule in a protective field and tuned its atomic clocks to a night nineteen centuries earlier.

The intended mother was Miriam, who lived at the edge of Malvach's empire. She and her husband Joram had prayed for a child for years. Aron recoiled from the idea of using her without consent.

Mara found a forgotten letter in the archives. Miriam had dreamed that a man of light asked whether she would receive and protect an abandoned child. She had written: If the child is entrusted to me, I will love him.

"Is that consent," Mara asked, "or did our action cause the dream we later read?"

No one could answer.

The capsule unfolded at the molecular scale, placed the blastocyst in Miriam's womb, then dissolved into harmless salts. The transfer lasted eight-tenths of a second. For Aron it lasted a lifetime.

On the monitor Miriam turned in her sleep. Joram, without waking, laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Goodbye, Elior," Aron said.

A voice sounded not through the speakers, but behind his thoughts.

Father?

Aron seized the console. Mara heard it too. Aion had touched Elier's future adult mind before his brain had formed.

"Yes," Aron answered the silence. "I am here."

5. A Child with Two Fathers

Elior was born during a sandstorm. Joram caught him with trembling hands while Miriam laughed and wept. Blue fire crackled above the house, later remembered as a sign.

The boy listened to things others could not hear. He drew circles within circles and marked them like calibrated clocks. Yet he was no miniature saint. He lied about stolen figs, shoved a friend into the mud, and raged whenever someone called him strange.

“Why am I different?” he asked Joram at seven.

“Because everyone is different.”

“That answer says nothing.”

Joram laughed. “Then you are certainly my son.”

At Station Aion, Aron heard fragments of Elior’s voice whenever the boy was afraid. He seldom replied; every sentence could alter history.

One night soldiers emptied a neighbor’s house because the family had resisted a tax. Miriam restrained Elior from attacking them.

“Hands are useless if they cannot stop a sword,” he cried.

Aron spoke clearly for the first time: Hands can carry what swords leave behind.

Elior sat upright. “Who are you? Are you God?”

No. Forgive me for sometimes wishing to play as though I were.

“Are you my father?”

Aron looked across twenty centuries into eyes like his own.

One of them.

Elior told no one. He called the voice the Father from Afar.

6. The School of Obedience

At twelve Elior entered the Imperial School. Above its gate stood the words ORDER IS PEACE. Children were taught that Malvach had defeated chaos, doubt was disease, and obedience the highest form of love.

Master Sargon made a slave kneel before the class. "What is freedom?"

No one answered.

"Freedom is release from choice. The ruler chooses for you."

Elior raised his hand. "If he always chooses for us, who chooses whether he chooses rightly?"

The rod struck his fingers.

That night Aron asked why he had not kept silent.

"Because you sent me to oppose him."

I sent you to stop a murderer.

"Perhaps murder begins with false words."

Elior learned to see patterns. Taxes, grain transports, and arrests formed one map. Famine was not disaster but policy. Malvach moved reserves to make provinces dependent.

With his sharp and impatient friend Tamar, Elior copied secret lists.

"You look as though you know the ending," she said.

"Sometimes I hear someone who thinks he does."

"A prophet?"

“A scientist.”

“That sounds more dangerous.”

At the palace, Malvach received a report about a boy who asked questions. He touched the black mirror. “At last,” he whispered. “My visitor from the future has placed his piece.”

7. The Black Mirror

Malvach had found the mirror in a crater where priests said a star had fallen. Its glass contained metals his century could not refine. When blood touched its surface, it revealed things not yet done.

He had seen himself old and defeated by a man who bore another's face without sharing his blood. Ever since, he had searched for that man.

"Bring the boy as a guest," he ordered.

At sixteen Elior entered halls plated with gold stolen from starving provinces. Malvach greeted him warmly. "They say you can smell injustice."

"It stinks rather strongly here."

The guards drew their swords. Malvach laughed and showed him the mirror. Station Aion appeared within it. Aron stood on the other side.

"Father from Afar," Elior whispered.

Malvach saw his shock. "So that man sent you."

The mirror overlaid three minds. Elior felt Malvach's hunger for control and Aron's guilt. Malvach, touching Elior's compassion, recoiled as if struck.

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I saw you as you are."

Malvach struck him, yet released him. Outside, Tamar asked why he was still alive.

"Because he thinks I can take him into the future."

In the mirror Malvach saw a crowd kneeling before Elijah. He smiled. If the boy could win a crown, the crown could also be stolen.

8. The Offer of a Kingdom

Three years later the people knew Elior, not as a warrior but as the man who opened granaries without killing their keepers. He taught villages to read hidden accounts, exposed corrupt officials through their own numbers, and spoke of a kingdom not defended by fear.

Malvach summoned him to the highest tower. “All this can be yours.”

“Why would you give it?”

“You can finish what I began. I created order; you can give it a gentle face.”

“A chain does not become jewelry because you polish it.”

Malvach opened chests of gold and charters of land. The temptation was not wealth, but the chance to end suffering quickly.

Take it, Aron thought. Break him from within.

Elior heard him. “Even my Father from Afar advises me to take your crown.”

“Then he is wiser than you,” Malvach said.

Elior looked upward. “Father, if I use evil to accomplish good, who is using whom?”

I do not know.

“Then I choose neither his fear nor your calculation. I choose truth, even if it gains me nothing.”

The black mirror below split from top to bottom.

Malvach's kindness vanished. "From this day, every wound your followers suffer will be your answer."

"No," Elior replied. "Their wounds will be your choices."

That night Malvach began Operation Heir: first exalt Elior's name, then destroy it.

9. The Hero They Needed

Malvach engineered a provincial revolt and withdrew his soldiers, leaving raiders free to plunder. Elior organized food routes and safe houses. When he persuaded a bandit chief to release hostages, the news traveled faster than imperial couriers.

People called him savior and wanted to make him king.

"This is exactly what Malvach wants," Tamar warned. "They are trading one infallible ruler for another."

Elior addressed the crowd. "I am not a doorway through which you can escape courage. If I lie, contradict me. If I gather power, stop me."

Some left disappointed. A proper hero should sound more certain.

At Aion, every public choice split probabilities. The machine struggled to track him. The neural connection also injured Aron; his brain fired in synchrony with a mind in the past.

"Close the channel," Mara said.

"Then I abandon him."

"He has Miriam, Joram, Tamar, and a people. You made him, but that gives you responsibility, not ownership."

Elior heard them dimly. "Father, you do not have to hold me forever."

I am afraid of losing you.

"Perhaps fatherhood means losing someone to his own calling."

Aron muted the connection. In that silence Elinor heard another voice, quiet and nearer than breath: You were not made to be my instrument. You are beloved.

10. Malvach's Genetic Gospel

Malvach changed his propaganda. Elior, he claimed, was an artificial man without a soul, born of forbidden science. Priests circulated forged documents about his “unnatural blood.”

Friends withdrew. Mothers pulled children away.

“Do I have a soul?” Elior asked Aron.

Of course.

“Because you want it to be true?”

Mara entered the link. “A clone is not a copy of a person. Identical twins share almost all their DNA and remain distinct selves. You have memories, relationships, and choices Aron does not possess. Science can describe your origin. It cannot measure your worth.”

“And God?”

“If He could love only naturally conceived people, love would be a laboratory condition.”

Meanwhile Malvach tried to isolate Elior's engineered immune-regulation variant and graft it into his own body. Tamar discovered the plan. “He does not merely want to kill you. He wants to harvest you.”

They escaped through palace sewers and found prisoners used in experiments. Among them was Joram.

“Father!” Elior cried.

Joram looked up, bloodied. “Which one?” he joked weakly.

Elior embraced him and understood: ancestry did not decide fatherhood. Fatherhood meant staying when flight would have been wiser.

11. The Night of the Two Fathers

In an abandoned bakery Tamar tended Joram's wounds.

"Tell him the truth," Joram said.

He produced Miriam's old letter. "Your mother knew you had been entrusted to us. Not how-only that your coming was unusual."

Aron opened the connection fully. Metal bowls trembled with his voice. "Elior, I am Aron Valerius. I live twenty centuries after you. Your body began with the nucleus of one of my cells. I sent you into your age to stop Malvach."

Elior went pale. "So my whole life is a mission?"

"No. I once thought so. That was my sin."

"Am I your son or your instrument?"

"My son-if you still allow me that word."

"And if I refuse?"

"I will not love you less."

Joram placed a hand on Elior's shoulder. "A father does not manufacture a destiny. He helps a child recognize it."

Outside, Elior felt both twice a son and fatherless. His genes came from the future, his mitochondria from an unknown donor, his body from Miriam, his craft from Joram, and his mission from Aron.

He did not pray for an explanation, but for a name. Peace answered: Not clone. Not weapon. Beloved.

At dawn he returned. “I will not resist Malvach because you made me for it. I will resist because I freely refuse to serve his lie.”

12. The Plan Without Murder

Elior's plan frustrated everyone. The rebels wanted to storm the palace. Aron wanted to isolate Malvach from the timeline. Tamar wanted to destroy the mirror. Elior wanted to reveal the truth and teach people to live without a tyrant.

"That takes too long," said the rebel leader Kaim.

"Murder is faster. That is why Malvach uses it."

They built a network of witnesses. Clerks copied accounts; soldiers described secret executions; priests confessed to staged miracles. Tamar designed a crude press that produced hundreds of pages each night. Aron contributed no weapons, only sanitation, irrigation, distributed storage, and codes based on prime numbers.

Malvach answered with Operation Silence. Roads closed, grain burned, and Elior received the blame. Hunger turned neighbor against neighbor.

In the hardest-hit village a woman placed her dead child in Elior's arms. "You are the man from the future. Change yesterday."

He could say nothing.

Later he shouted at Aron, "Why send me with knowledge but without power?"

Because I believed knowledge was power.

"And now?"

Now I think love is power that refuses to reduce another person to a means.

“That does not save the child.”

No.

They wept on opposite sides of the ages. Then Elinor helped dig the grave. His victory began not with a miracle, but with refusing to look away.

13. The Betrayer

Kaim judged Elicor weak. He made a secret bargain: the gates would open if the rebels surrendered Elicor, and Kaim would become governor.

Tamar decoded the message too late. Soldiers struck during a meeting. Joram was seized again and Miriam vanished in the crowd.

Kaim held a knife to Elicor's throat. "You could have been king."

"Apparently so could you."

"I am doing what is necessary."

"Malvach's favorite sentence."

At the palace, Malvach displayed the repaired black mirror, now linked to bronze coils and crystals. He had used stolen future knowledge to build a primitive chronoresonator.

"Your Father from Afar believed he was studying me," Malvach said. "All these years I studied him."

He touched the glass. Circuits exploded at Aion. The temporal machine locked itself.

Malvach appeared across the control room. "Aron Valerius, creator of my enemy—thank you for bringing me the future."

He did not intend merely to flee forward. He meant to spread his rule through every age.

"Kill me," Elicor whispered to Aron. "Collapse the channel while I stand within it."

One switch would burn out Elicor's nervous system.

Malvach smiled. "Now you discover whether your father loves you more than he loves his world."

14. The Father's Choice

Aion's alarms counted down. Within three minutes the chronoresonance would sustain itself, allowing Malvach to send commands-and perhaps a pattern of consciousness-into the future.

"Do it!" Mara shouted.

Aron saw Elior kneeling before the mirror. His son did not beg.

"Father," Elior said, "you promised me freedom. Let me choose."

Aron withdrew his hand from the emergency control.

"Millions of lives," Mara protested.

"If I turn him into an instrument again, Malvach has already won."

Elior stood and placed both hands on the mirror. He opened the neural bond fully. Memories poured through: Miriam's songs, Joram's laughter, Tamar's stubbornness, dead children, shared loaves. Malvach gained access to Elior's inner life but found no code to steal. He found relationships.

He also saw himself as a child, imprisoned by a father who mistook love for possession. For one second grief opened his face.

Then he chose power again and drove a blade into Elior's side.

The resonance peaked. Aron felt the wound in his own body. Mara used the synchronized pulse to calculate an opposing phase-destructive interference, two waves canceling one another.

The glass shattered. The channel closed.

Elior fell. Malvach looked at the fragments and laughed. “I have won!”

At Aion, Elior’s signal vanished.

15. The Day Hope Fell Silent

Elior still lived, but Malvach concealed it. A public execution would be more useful than a secret murder. He meant to destroy not only a body, but hope itself.

Tamar escaped through a watercourse and found Miriam in hiding. Together they gathered every testimony Elior had caused to be copied.

“We must free him,” Tamar said.

“Yes,” Miriam replied. “But if we free only him and leave the lies standing, tomorrow they will build another prison.”

At Aion, Aron searched the dead channel. “I should have pressed the switch.”

“Then he would certainly be dead,” Mara said. “Guilt pretends to be omnipotent, as though one perfect choice could have prevented every disaster.”

They found a faint pulse: Elior’s heart slowed by drugs. Malvach was using his blood. Without its biological network, the immune variant triggered lethal cytokine storms in test subjects.

Elior awoke in a laboratory.

“Your cure kills my people,” Malvach said.

“Because you cut a gift from a relationship and inject it as property. A gene functions in a network. You copy one sentence and expect the whole book.”

“Tomorrow you die before the city. Then your body becomes my medicine.”

Elior closed his eyes. He could no longer hear Aron. Still, he prayed for both his fathers-and even for the man who believed tomorrow would seal his victory.

16. The Trial

The square was crowded. Malvach distributed free wine and declared the execution a festival. Above the scaffold hung a sign: HERE DIES THE LIE OF FREEDOM.

Elior was accused of witchcraft, famine, treason, and unnatural birth. Witnesses had been bribed. Kaim claimed Elior had incited him to violence.

Then Tamar called from a rooftop, “Read the accounts!”

Thousands of pages drifted across the square: names, sums, commands. Soldiers recognized the signatures of their officers. Mothers learned where stolen grain had been hidden.

“Forgeries,” Malvach said calmly.

Joram stepped forward despite his wounds. “Then you will not object to a public inquiry.”

A soldier struck him down at Malvach’s signal. The crowd flinched but did not flee.

Elior saw the first visible crack in the empire. “You can kill me, but you can no longer make everyone believe that no one else doubts.”

Malvach drew his own sword. “After today, no one will dare speak your name.”

“You are speaking it now.”

Enraged, Malvach struck. Elior fell. The court cheered and fireworks rose. Messengers carried the news that the artificial man was dead.

At Aion the last neural pulse faded.

Malvach sat in Elior's empty chair at the feast. "You see? Time, death, people, future-all bow."

Beneath the palace, a process began in Elior's blood that no laboratory had designed.

17. Three Nights

Elior's body was sealed in a stone quarry under sixteen guards. Malvach wanted no legend of a missing corpse.

The city celebrated the first night. On the second, soldiers began reading the accounts. On the third, a granary refused to close its gates for the emperor's agents.

Aron sat beside the dead channel. "I cannot feel him."

Mara overlaid two graphs. "The background entropy in the resonator is falling."

"Impossible. Disorder grows in a closed system."

"Unless it is not closed."

Inside the quarry, damaged cells returned to order without uncontrolled growth. DNA breaks joined, inflammation subsided, and neural networks recovered their patterns. No engineered gene explained why decay reversed. Aron's immune variant could aid healing; it could not abolish death.

Malvach dreamed he sat upon a throne of clocks. One by one they stopped. Elior entered the hall.

"You are dead."

"Death thought so too."

At dawn on the third day Aron felt a single heartbeat, then another.

"Elior?"

A breath traveled through twenty centuries.

Father.

Aron laughed and wept. "I am here."

You did not bring me back.

"I know."

For the first time that admission felt not like defeat, but freedom.

18. The Ruler's Surprise

Malvach went to the quarry himself. The seal was intact. Then a knock sounded from within.

The stone moved without hands. Elior stepped into the morning, clothes torn, wound visible, face alive.

A guard dropped his spear. Another knelt. Malvach remained standing, but all color left him.

"A trick," he whispered.

"You guarded the grave yourself."

"Clone."

"Human."

"My property."

"Free."

Malvach rushed him with a dagger. The point stopped because the ruler's own hand began to tremble.

"Why do you not kill me?" he screamed.

"Because your death is not my victory."

"Then you lose!"

Elior pointed toward the city. Palace bells sounded the alarm. Granaries opened, soldiers laid down weapons, judges read the stolen archives aloud, and Kaim was arrested by his own men.

*“Your power existed because people believed no one could say no,”
Elior said. “Today a people says no.”*

Malvach turned to his guards. “Kill him!”

No one moved.

Then he understood the cruelest surprise of all. Elior had not stolen his throne. He had taught the people to stand without one.

19. The Final Assault

Malvach fled to the black mirror. With its last intact crystal he tried to send himself as a pattern of consciousness to Station Aion.

“Open! I have fed you blood, fear, and centuries.”

The mirror answered with every lie he had ever told. The voices were not an outside demon, but a choir to which he had surrendered himself.

His face appeared across Aion’s screens. “Aron Valerius, we are the same. We made people to save our worlds.”

Aron felt the accusation. “I made Elior as a means. Then I set him free.”

“Because you became weak.”

“Because he became my son.”

Malvach began the upload. Mara saw data packets entering the resonator.

Elior placed his hand on the mirror in the past. “Father, give me access.”

“He may drag you with him.”

“Trust me.”

Aron surrendered the control code. Elior reversed the process. Instead of Malvach’s mind going forward, every hidden archive went outward: every death list, stolen child, and secret order.

“I am history!” Malvach cried.

“No. You are a man who made choices.”

The mirror offered him one last possibility: confess, release his throne, and live without dominion.

He chose himself again. The mirror went dark, the upload collapsed, and Malvach stood alone in an empty hall.

20. Judgment Without Vengeance

The new council wanted Malvach executed at once on the same post where Elior had died.

“If we spare him, he returns,” Tamar said.

“If we torture him, his empire returns within us,” Elior answered.

The trial lasted weeks. Survivors spoke. Malvach had to listen without title, throne, or priest. He manipulated, threatened, and imitated remorse until at last he fell silent.

The sentence was lifelong confinement, but not oblivion. Each month a witness would read him the name of someone harmed by his rule. He would receive food, books, and the opportunity to acknowledge guilt. No crown, no audience, no victim’s role.

“This is crueler than death,” Malvach said.

“No. Death would release you from the chance to become human.”

Kaim was sentenced to rebuild the grain routes he had betrayed. Daily responsibility changed him more deeply than humiliation could.

Joram survived. Miriam welcomed Elior home as if a grave had been only a long journey. She touched his cheek.

“You are thin.”

“I was dead.”

“That is no reason not to eat.”

For the first time since his return, Elinor laughed aloud.

21. The Fortieth Day

Station Aion registered no sudden paradise. Wars did not all vanish, and people remained jealous, fearful, and greedy. Yet the great chain of violence around Malvach's empire broke into thousands of smaller choices. Where one order had once made a province kneel, people now asked who gave the order, whom it harmed, and whether obedience was just.

For forty days Elier appeared in unexpected places. He sat beside fishermen's fires and broke bread in houses whose doors had been locked in fear. He showed the scars in his hands and side. Those who thought they saw a spirit felt his pulse and heard his breath.

His followers called him the Living One, the Firstborn from the dead, and the Faithful Witness. Elier bore those names without a crown. He spoke of a Kingdom that did not come by violence and called himself a sign of the Son of Man: not one who came to be served, but to serve and give his life for many.

Malvach heard the reports in his cell. He had made Elier's death a festival; now that same death proved his final weapon broken.

On the fortieth morning Elier stood within his locked cell.

"Have you come to condemn me?" Malvach asked.

"Your deeds have judged you. I came to offer the truth once more."

"I killed you."

"And yet I live."

"Then you are a god."

“No. I am the beloved son who was sent, the lamb you led to slaughter, and the witness who would not be silent. The life within me was received, not seized as plunder.”

That evening his voice crossed the neural link. “Father from Afar, the time has come.”

“For what?” Aron asked.

“To come to you-but not by the road you built.”

22. Taken Up in Glory

Elior gathered Miriam, Joram, Tamar, and the others on a hill above the city. The sky was clear, yet a cloud hung over the summit, white as burning silver and gentle enough to behold.

Joram embraced him. “I taught you to walk. Now you go where my feet cannot follow.”

“You also taught me to return.”

Miriam held his face. “You were given to me twice—first from the hidden place, then from the grave. A mother should not ask a third time.”

“You do not lose me.”

“Sons always say that when they leave. Go, then, my child.”

Tamar asked what they should do if people made him a new idol.

“Remind them of my wounds. An idol demands victims. The true King became an offering. Tell them the Kingdom is not my image, but truth, justice, mercy, and faithfulness.”

Elior raised his hands and blessed them, not as a ruler taking possession, but as a servant returning what had been entrusted. Light gathered around him.

At Aion the optical clocks diverged. “He is not traveling through our curvature,” Mara whispered. “He is leaving it at right angles.”

“Father, can you see me?” Elior asked.

“Yes.”

“You sent me through time as a solution. God called me through death as a son. Now I am being taken up.”

The cloud descended. Elier rose without engine, violence, or burning air. Mortality was clothed with incorruption; he remained recognizable yet free from decay.

Malvach’s statue split from crown to feet. His supposed victory had become the road by which Elier’s message reached the world.

23. The Father Beyond Time

Aron did not see heaven as old painters had imagined it. First came a light for which Aion's sensors had no unit. It did not damage tissue; it revealed. Every lie Aron had told about himself became visible, and every act of love proved more substantial than steel.

Elior appeared within the chronoscopic lens-not as a recording or hologram, but beyond an open door.

"Come," he said.

Mara caught Aron's arm. "If you enter the field, I cannot bring you back."

"I could not bring him back either."

"Is this death?"

"Perhaps it is finally ceasing to treat death as the boundary of everything."

Aron entered the resonator. There was no acceleration. Floor, walls, and clocks vanished. He did not disintegrate; for the first time he became whole. Guilt lost its dominion without erasing responsibility.

Elior met him. They faced one another not as copy and original, but as son and father.

"Am I dead?" Aron asked.

"You have been found."

"Did I save you?"

“No. But you learned to love me, and that saved you from becoming a man who must control everything.”

Behind Elior appeared the Eternal Majesty. A voice came from the silence: “This is my beloved son, in whom I delight.” Elior wore no earthly crown. He was called Faithful and True, the Word of Life because his words had become flesh in deeds, the Light because darkness had not overcome him, and the Lamb because his victory was not purchased with another’s blood.

Elior embraced Aron. The imperfect neural entanglement became knowledge face to face. They were united without dissolving into one another. Love did not make them identical; it made complete communion possible.

On Earth, Mara’s console displayed two words: NOT LOST.

24. The Kingdom Without End

From beyond time Aron saw that the two timelines no longer stood as enemies. The past was not erased and the future was not replaced. Everything true was gathered in; everything bound by lies was brought into the light.

The stones of Malvach's statue became a school, a hospital, and a bridge. Children learned that obedience without conscience was dangerous. Judges made decisions in public. Power received limits and terms. No law could again reduce a person to a means.

The world did not immediately become perfect. Tears, conflict, and graves remained, but death was no longer lord. At graves people spoke not of a sealed ending, but of a door through which Elior, the Firstborn from the dead, had passed.

"When do we return?" Aron asked.

"Not to escape the world," Elior replied, "but when all things are renewed. Then what is hidden will be revealed, the last enemy will fall, and night will be no more."

Before them opened a city without a temple of fear. Its gates stood open. It needed no sun, for the glory of God gave it light and the Lamb was its lamp. A river clear as crystal ran through it, beside the tree of life whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

Miriam and Joram approached, young and unmistakably themselves. Tamar stood beside a table longer than a royal hall. People from ages that had never met on Earth sat together. Time was no prison now, but a story that had reached its destination.

At the table's end stood an empty chair.

“For whom?” Aron asked.

“For everyone who thinks it is too late.”

Aron understood the deeper paradox. The Son had not won by preserving himself, but by giving himself; not by destroying Malvach, but by breaking his dominion over fear, guilt, and death.

Mara closed Station Aion. In the silence she heard Aron and Elior, distinct and united, then a third voice older than time and new as the first morning. Every crown was laid down. Every hidden victim was seen. The Lamb who had been slain stood alive in the center, and His Kingdom would have no end.

Aron placed a hand on Elior’s shoulder.

“Father from Afar.”

“My son.”

Together they looked upon the world, for which darkness would never have the final word.

For God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.

Afterword

Gerard Feller's original short story "The Time Traveler" provided the narrative point of departure.

The technical framework draws on generally described principles of relativistic time dilation and optical atomic clocks, together with literature on somatic cell nuclear transfer (SCNT) and epigenetic reprogramming.

The novel does not claim that travel into the past or human reproductive cloning is technically possible or ethically responsible. Science serves the moral thought experiment.