

BIOLOGICAL 56

Chapter 56: Fake Identity (1)

Erik joined the others at the gym's perimeter, ready for the running exercise. His enhanced strength made the physical exertion easy, a change that didn't escape Professor McAllister's notice.

The contrast in Erik's movement and agility from the previous day to now was stark, almost like comparing day to night.

The professor watched Erik, noting the young man's increased bulk and more defined musculature.

Erik's clothes even seemed tighter, a clear sign of his physical growth. While such rapid development was unnatural, the use of substances derived from mana-infused plants was common in their world.

One such substance was a body-stimulating serum capable of permanently enhancing physical attributes.

Professor McAllister suspected Erik might be using this serum, though he wasn't sure how the young man had gained it.

"Erik, come here!" he called, seeking to understand more about this sudden change.

Erik jogged over, his expression one of mild reluctance. What did the teacher want now? "Are you using body-stimulating serums?"

<Ah... Fuck...> Erik thought, caught off guard.

"Uh... Yes, sir! How did you figure it out?" Erik said, fabricating an answer.

He noticed a look of suspicion in his teacher's eyes. The question implied the professor had indeed noticed his physical change.

"How did you get it? Such drug should cost millions of New Dollars." Professor McAllister had a very confused look on his face.

"I got it from... my father!" Erik said.

"Your father's back? Did you inform the military? A hero like him deserves a proper welcome!"

"No, sir, he hasn't returned."

"Then how did you receive the serum?"

"A delivery person brought me a package yesterday, and I used it at home," Erik persisted in his deception.

"Are you telling the truth?"

"Yes, sir..." Erik said, hoping his lie would hold.

As the young man reflected on his training sessions, he realized he might have been displaying his newfound physical prowess a bit too openly.

His recent level-ups had enhanced his abilities, and the changes were noticeable. Most people, aware of his status as an awakener, attributed these changes to his awakening.

However, Professor McAllister, with his sharp intellect and extensive experience training many individuals, could discern between natural progression and something more unusual.

"All right, go back to train..."

But the puzzle pieces didn't quite fit together. While Erik's physical transformation might be explained away as the result of a body-stimulating serum, his rapid advancement in fighting techniques was another matter.

His skills had evolved a lot in just a few days, mirroring the progress of several months of rigorous training.

His proficiency had increased to where he was almost ready for sparring matches, a progression that seemed implausible.

The teacher knew he had to report this to Principal Harris.

Refocusing on his training, Erik resumed his routine. Following the running laps, he moved on to weightlifting, then practiced his martial arts techniques as his peers engaged in sparring around him.

<If only the system could give me martial arts proficiency through the Data Injector. I wouldn't even need this training. Too bad it can't, and I still have to put in the effort. >

After an hour of intense training, the familiar sound of a notification echoed in Erik's ears.

[QUEST COMPLETE]

Erik's face lit up with a look of satisfaction.

"I have something to do," Professor McAllister said. "Lock up the gym and put the training equipment back where it belongs when you're done."

"Yes, sir," Anderson Worthington said, nodding. Meanwhile, Amber walked over to Erik.

"Do you want to join us? We're planning a trip to the eastern district."

"Not today," Erik said. "I've got a few things to handle at home. Maybe another time? Would that be alright?"

"Yeah, that's fine, but we're still heading out!"

"Oh, I didn't mean you shouldn't go," Erik clarified, realizing how his response might have sounded.

"Okay then," Floyd said. "We'll see you tomorrow." He walked away, then turned to look at Erik. "And try not to be late this time!"

Amber and Gwen followed Floyd, leaving Erik alone with his thoughts. He had plans for the rest of the day.

Training was on his agenda, but he also wanted to address his financial concerns using the biological supercomputer. The most sensible approach to avoid complications, ironically, meant heading to the eastern district as well.

<They just had to go to the eastern district today, uh? >

With his plan in mind, Erik made his way to the train station. His aim was clear, but not without risks. Robbing ATMs was a workable solution, but it came with its own set of potential problems—being seen, the threat of being robbed himself, and other unforeseen risks.

His goal, however, aimed higher than mere ATM theft. He sought a more lucrative opportunity.

Arriving at the train station, he boarded the train bound for the eastern district. Upon arrival, his first stop was an internet café.

"I'll be using this alone," Erik informed the clerk as he rented a computer. He then connected his biological supercomputer to the device.

<System, can you create some fake identities and open bank accounts in their names for my use? >

[YES, I CAN CREATE NEW IDENTITIES. DO YOU WISH FOR ME TO PROCEED?]

<Yes. Also, create the bank accounts. Then the last question, but I bet you can do this. Can you predict financial markets' fluctuations? >

[FINANCIAL MARKETS ARE NOTORIOUSLY UNPREDICTABLE. INVESTMENT DECISIONS ARE OFTEN EMOTIONALLY DRIVEN AND INFLUENCED BY VARYING INFORMATION. SUCH FACTORS CAN CAUSE SIGNIFICANT STOCK MARKET VOLATILITY. NEVERTHELESS, THROUGH PATTERN ANALYSIS, I CAN PREDICT MARKET TRENDS WITH A 95% ACCURACY RATE.]

<What?! 95%?! That's almost like foreseeing the future! >

[BE AWARE, THE REMAINING 5% REPRESENTS A CONSIDERABLE RISK DUE TO MARKET INSTABILITY. ARE YOU WILLING TO PROCEED DESPITE THIS RISK?]

<I'm not truly risking anything. Just redistribute one cent from various bank accounts all over the world; their owners won't notice a thing. We can then use this capital for investments, providing a plausible source for our funds. >

[ACKNOWLEDGED. INITIATING CREATION OF A FAKE IDENTITY. ACCESSING NEW ALEXANDRIA'S GOVERNMENT DATABASES. IDENTITY SUCCESSFULLY CREATED. HERE ARE THE DETAILS:]

[NEW ALEXANDRIA IDENTIFICATION]

[PHOTO

| FIRST NAME: ERIK.

| LAST NAME: SLINN.

| DATE OF BIRTH: 08 / 11 / 3020

| AGE: 20

| BIRTH CITY: NEW ALEXANDRIA.

| BIRTH NATION: FRANT.

| OCCUPATION: FINANCIAL ADVISOR.

| CURRENT RESIDENCE: NEW ALEXANDRIA.

| Street: 225 STREET. EASTERN DISTRICT.

| City: NEW ALEXANDRIA.

|Postal Code: NA21837

| SEX: MALE

| HEIGHT: 170 cm

| WEIGHT: 65 kg

| EYE COLOR: BROWN

| HAIR COLOR: BLACK

| BRAIN CRYSTAL POWER: VENOMOUS MANA QUILLS

| Unique Identification Number: NA1562469731

Erik's eyes widened in surprise. <Whoa! You even created a fake photo! But my birthday is the same. The only thing that's different is the year. >

[TO MINIMIZE CONFUSION, SOME DETAILS MATCH YOUR ACTUAL DATA, PARTICULARLY YOUR NAME. GIVEN THE CHAOS WE'RE ABOUT TO CAUSE IN THE CITY, IT'S LIKELY PEOPLE WILL TRY TO CONTACT OR MEET YOU. HAVING SOME GENUINE DETAILS ALIGNED WITH THE FAKE IDENTITY WILL BE HELPFUL. YOU'LL AT LEAST WON'T FORGET THE NAME.]

<Hey, I'm not an idiot! >

[USER'S PAST ACTIONS HAVE SOMETIMES SUGGESTED OTHERWISE.]

<Son of a—! Alright, alright. Just take it easy, Erik. >

Another notification then appeared.

[BANK ACCOUNT CREATED. ACCESS CREDENTIALS INJECTED.]

Erik felt a sudden, mild headache.

<A heads-up would have been nice! >

[STARTING THE FUNDS TRANSFER.]

<Make sure it's untraceable! > Erik reminded the biological supercomputer.

[UNDERSTOOD. UNTRACEABLE TRANSFER. PROCESS COMPLETE. BALANCE: 1,000 NEW DOLLARS.]

<For fuck's sake! > Erik was astounded by the amount. He never saw them at the same time. <I can't keep doing this. Statistically, someone's bound to notice the transfers. The last thing I need is an investigation.

>

[THE TRANSFER WAS UNTRACEABLE. IN THE EVENT AN INVESTIGATION STARTS, THE SOURCE OF FUNDS AND THEIR DESTINATION WILL WILL REMAIN CONCEALED.]

<That's good, but I don't want to stir unnecessary trouble. >

[UNDERSTOOD. SHALL I START WORKING ON INVESTMENT FORECASTS?]

<Yes, please. Invest in the most promising stocks as soon as you can! >

[UNDERSTOOD. STARTING INVESTMENT PROCEDURES.]