

A Bio 159

Chapter 159: Ale is back for business

The world was frozen, and now Alexa had but a few seconds to decide how she wanted to move forward, now that P4 had returned to whatever place it was they would need to return to controlling the body.

Right now it was about to take a step forward while running towards the exterior, the sports hall was filled with enemies and among them the most dangerous was Meli-Meli, more so since P4 had made them promise to not kill their emotions. So now Alexa was reduced to merely having Main Core try to stabilize the hostile mana instead of letting it brush against her without anything to get purchase on.

Really, it was easier when they could let P4 run around being unaffected by it, but P4 had given them evidence of why that wasn't meant to be. So Alexa could only complain and seethe!

Or cope and seethe, whatever it was one did in this situation!

"[Warning, less than 47 attoseconds before an input is needed.]"

And Main Core was warning at her, so Alexa decided.

"Prepare to come outside Ale," Alexa said turning to the mean one, "I'll control our body till we are outside the range of vision of Meli-Meli, then you can have fun running around."

That was what Alexa decided.

"Are you sure? We can let Alexandra deal with this, she may have an easier time dealing with the adults." Ale answered, pointing to the naggy one.

"We may need to give some explanations, especially since they seem to have issues with how P4 dealt with the hostiles. Not that I understand their standing, but I should be able to weave an explanation with some time..." The naggy one said.

But that wasn't the point, that wasn't the point at all!

"No, it must be hers," Alexa said shaking her head. "She needs time out too."

At that, neither the mean nor the naggy one had a refusal to that, and Alexa nodded her head proudly at that; really, Alexa was too good for them.

"...thank you," The mean one said.

Yeah, Alexa was too good to them, even though she was the mean one and bullied her, here it was Alexa taking care of her! Now she needed to find some time for the naggy one too, maybe she could go and eat outside and leave her in an alleyway with a couple of servings? That way she could go and visit Sam or something?

Alexa would need to think more about this.

“[5 attoseconds left.]”

“Well, I gotta go!” Alexa said and ran to the door, not that she needed a door to exit her mindscape, it was her mind, all she needed was to focus on returning to her body, it was as easy as that!

So the first thing that Alexa did was return and get all comfy on her body, rerouting her neural pathways from the setting that P4 used, one of full manual body control; why would someone want to micromanage how much their heart beats per minute? Why would anyone ever want to micromanage how much O2 was thrown into their bloodstream?

That was the way to madness.

No, Alexa would leave those as the original blueprint had them, automatic and to react on their own, she didn’t mind having a few tampering here and there, like controlling how and when her body was flooded with adrenaline, for example. That was useful to have, she could control when and how she went into her Hyperdrive mode easier that way.

She didn’t need her body reacting on its own to danger, she was the danger!

She was darkness and the void incarnated!

She was the maw that roamed on the night eating the mangos of everyone!

She was-

"Easy there," She was being hold by the scruff of her blouse since she forgot that P4 left midstep and missed her recalibration process. "Do you want a lift after all?"

So [Gabriel] had to swoop down and catch her so she didn't fall, not that she would have fallen, Alexa would merely slide gracefully on the polished floor and simply move from Alexa sports edition to Alexa slug edition!

Now with more cuteness included!

"Al-" Alexa was about to say her name (As all cute things did) when speaking, when a quick angry prompt from the mean one popped on her face, telling her that she wasn't supposed to say it, she was wearing her Mask after all! "Ahem...*Saved!*, Rhapsody is fine!"

And Alexa ended up saying, declaring proudly how she had saved it by saying * Saved ! * like how they did on her favorite Magmo 4koma comic/Manga/Mango!

She didn't knew why people called it 4koma, while others complained that it was manga or comic, it was drawing in four cute squares! It wasn't rocket science!

Alexa didn't know what rocket science was, but she assumed it was also cute, like her favorite comic.

"....You fixed your brain then? Look this way." [Gabriel] said while pulling Alexa high and looking at her Mask, "...Blue eyes again, that is one weird way of confirming it, but then again, the eyes are the doorway to the soul and whatnot."

The eyes were what?!?!?!

Alexa needed to protect her eyes then!

"[Note, there is no evidence that the eyes have such a function, there is evidence of the eyes changing and showing alterations when someone uses Core Powers.]"

...Oh right, the [Humans]'s eyes always seemed to change when they used their powers, was that why [Gabriel] used glasses? Smart, Alexa would see about getting glasses too, they looked cool.

No wait, Alexa wasn't supposed to be Cool, she was supposed to be cute!

Then....at least the mean one couldn't use them either since she was the one supposed to be pretty, and the mean one was supposed to be beautiful too! Hah! No one got glasses!

"Yes!" Alexa nodded sagely, "We fixed the issue, it shouldn't become a problem, also I got scolded for it..."

Alexa was still annoyed at that, "So it shouldn't become a problem again. We will try and see if it really was that bad, but that will need to wait until the next...sleep cycle."

Alexa almost said Maintenance cycle, that was a no-no, she couldn't let them know when she was at her weakest! They would never find out that Alexa was at her weakest while sleeping!

"...right....Well, prepare for anything we are about to breach," [Gabriel] said and shot against the wall for good measure an extra pair of his [Bolter Rounds]; really, these were weirdly big Nail-like bullets.

Alexa now had a clearer blueprint of the [Bullets] from her [Gun] type weaponry, so she could see how these were really impractical, these consumed more energy to fly at their target than needed. But then again, it was part of [Gabriel]'s Core Power.

So if it worked for him, it worked.

Nonetheless, the four new rounds hit against the wall where the previous rounds had hit, making all but obvious the fact that the wall was breached. Alexa couldn't see the other side of the rubble as there was too much dust.

"Do you want me to fly you out?" [Gabriel] asked turning to Alexa.

Alexa was really enjoying the feeling of merely flopping around while she was being carried over, "No, I need to do a thing." Alexa still felt annoyed at having to do this; she had promised to do it, so she would do it.

"Okay, if we get separated, we will rendezvous at this location," [Gabriel] said, sending a data stream to her Mask, Alexa got a new popup from the Mask with a map and a blinking dot for a target.

So she merely nodded, not that she would use that data, since it would be the problem for the mean one.

"Roger roger," Alexa said nodding her head again while saluting on the air.

"Dropping you, 4,3,2..." And without saying the one, Alexa was dropped, this time, however, she was prepared.

The first thing she did when her feeties touched the floor was kick strongly against the wooden floor and jump forward, she took this chance to regulate her speed and momentum, she couldn't barrel at high speed against the cloud of dust, she could hurt herself!

But on a second thought...it wouldn't be her the one to deal with the outcome would it? She wasn't going to get hurt...

"Alexa...no..." And the panicked voice of the mean one was a siren song to Alexa's ears...

“Max speed forward!” Alexa said with glee on her voice, at the same time she quickly went across Core’s options, she couldn’t depend on Main Core for this, while his changes of her body were fast, they weren’t instantaneous and she would need all the speed possible for this.

She couldn’t risk a wrong shift, and she hadn’t done one of these while moving at these level of speeds, her internal chemical balance were out of control since she herself had barely returned, there was some damage on her neural pathways too...

So, really, a refresher was good.

Core:

Execute shift?

Y/N

“Yes!” “No!” Alexa and the mean one answered as one as Alexa flew straight into the cloud of dust.

Core:

Shifting....Alexa Saintsworths -> Ale Saintsworths.

Ale was grateful to Alexa more than she could ever admit, like Alexandra she was painfully aware of what she was, and what she wasn’t.

What she was?

She was a figment of a little kid's overstimulated imagination, something that started as a joke, a game. An accident brought by the irresponsible use of words from a woman who wanted nothing but to help and save those that she saw as hurt and damaged.

She was right, to some degree.

A normal [Human] would probably have what she diagnosed Alexa with.

Alexa granted them...some degree of freedom from time to time, even if not much before the girl had promised them more.

Ale had used that to indage what Eleanore said they were, what a System was. And while the data said that how they acted matched, it also matched with DID. Not that there was much difference, the only difference Ale found was that one allowed the fragmented personalities within the body to interact to some degree while the other didn't. At least from her surface-level research.

And even that was up to air, not enough data, not enough reliable tests and studies. Some people claimed to have the multiple personality disorder, or well, to be a System just to get around social issues. Others that actually had it wanted nothing with the stigma and acted as normal people, and even when confronted they claimed to be normal.

Ale barked a laugh at that statement, as if being normal was better, it was stupid really.

Like being thrown into a dust cloud with barely any preparation as her body formed and her clothes adjusted.

"[Notice, a quick analysis of the accoustics granted by the Nuzzler Armor sensors detected we are in the outside of the building.]"

At least she was on the outside and not stuck to a wall, imagine waking up to being thrown into a wall, that would suck.

"....Rhapsody?" [Gabriel] said raising one of his [Guns] and pointing it at Ale.

Oh right, he had been interacting with Alexa, and now instead of Alexa there was Ale, not only taller but instead of wearing the sports uniform, here it was Ale wearing her body armor.

"Yes." Ale answered, nodding, "I decided that it would be good to use the dust cover to change into something a little more comfortable to move around in a combat setting."

And it was better combat-wise since the armor gave her extra protection, and it also increased her vectors to attack; while it didn't give her weapons per se, it gave her metal armor to her body.

So now instead of only depending on her [Arm-maments] she now had kicks and shoulder strikes that would be more powerful, besides it was also the fact that she had a greater body mass to project her attacks.

“Sending a hand-shake to Rhapsody’s Mask as per Mimic Protocols,” [Gabriel] said pushing his left hand against his Mask while hovering above Ale.

“[Receiving handshake...parsing it to Mask, monitoring reaction...logging interaction, preparing to emulate for future uses....Allowing data transfer to continue as normal.]”

So many hand-shakes done virtually, perhaps there was something more to it? Either way, Ale was happy that Main Core had taken that, not that it had affected her in any way.

“...Okay, you are the real one; please tell me if you are going to do that; Mimic Protocols are in set for a reason; we can’t have one of those sneaking into our base,” [Gabriel] said sighing as the [Human] zombie wave walked through the dust cloud.

Ale hadn’t paid too much attention to the memories regarding them, she hadn’t had the time to deal with that, not after what had happened when P4 had come forward and when the backlash of what Alexa had needed to do hit them.

That had all but confirmed the fragility of her own mortality. Why was that?

Simple, the mere fact that she had been labeled as mere data instead of an integral part of the Consciousness Stream. The proof that her own existence was a simulation made up by Alexa’s subconsciousness.

There were questions about if the alternate personalities born within Systems were alive or not, there were questions about if the alternate personalities born from the DID were alive or not, less so about

those actually since the [Human] treatment usually consisted of fusing the offshoot personality with the main one.

But finding out that you were a program that could be deleted, turned off and even modified? That was one new level of existential dread to be had.

And the fact that they could be turned on without much effort and without any damage? Unlike Alexa, who had been badly hurt and damaged...

Ale never had expected to feel like that at the sight of a badly wounded Alexa, because she had been badly damaged, their mindscape was a mess, the image that P4 had showed them didn't surprise her as much as it did to Alexa for that reason.

When Ale and Alexandra woke up, they had seen the damage, great cracks all around, and the body of Alexa filled with cracks and wounds, in comparison to her, Alexandra and herself, Ale. Where normal without any damage.

And that was a whole new can of worms to deal with, she would need to speak seriously with Alexandra and Main Core about it... Actually...

“Alexa?” Ale sent inwardly.

“It is me! Alexa!” The boisterous answer came back almost instantly, “Do you miss me already? But Alexa will not falter! This is Ale’s time! Alexa decided so, so it must be!”

“....How much of my thoughts can you see?” Ale asked, unbothered by the childish antics of the little girl.

“Hmm....not much, before Alexa could see everything, but right now Alexa can only see what the mean ones wants to share.” Alexa answered, and Ale got the impression that the little girl was puffing her cheeks, annoyed at her, “Alexa wants to peeeeeeeeek.”

Ale knew that Alexa didn’t meant that of course, she had a renewed sense of self, she knew what was hers and what was shared with Alexa. And that Alexa was able to break those walls if she so desired.

And so, what Ale wanted to share would be shared...and nothing else.

“Do not show it to her,” Came the message from Alexandra.

“I know.” Ale answered, they would not show to Alexa what they found, even if the little girl sweared that they were all real...

Even if Alexa really believed it, they knew better. They now were painfully aware of what they were...

They were mere simulations, and so, they needed to make sure that they would do their best to protect Alexa from that, it didn’t matter how much Alexa willed or wanted them to be more. The truth of the matter was very painfully obvious to them.

Just by the fact of their names.

Not the names they introduced themselves with, but their real Names.

Ale Saintsworths.subper

Alexandra Saintsworths.subper

And finally....

Alexa Saintsworths.per

Ale and Alexandra were mere offshoots of Alexa and nothing else.

“What’s the matter, Rhapsody?” [Gabriel] said bringing Ale out from her dooming, “We need to move unless you want to remain here to have another fight with V-8?”

Ale could use that to blow some stress yes, “Let’s go. I’ll race you to the safe-house,” Ale answered with some mirth to her voice, she would rather leave here so they could have some time off alone to de-stress.

Perhaps she could find some hobby to kill time? Before the Maintenance cycle, that is.

This one would be more.... fruitful to them.

“Are you sure we can do it without Alexa?” Ale sent inwardly, using a private message to Main Core.

“[Host has approved it, she will use the time off to play in a dream. She is thankful that you two are willing to take the brunt of the maintenance service.]” Main Core answered.

Ale couldn’t help but laugh at that, was Alexa this dense?

“Of course she said that,” No, she probably suspected something amiss.... But even like that she was willing to give them some time alone, perhaps this was her own way to deal with the revelations that P4 threw their way?

Even so, Ale was grateful. And would use the time wisely.

“Let’s go old man,” But first she had a race to win, [Gabriel] may think that he had advantage since he was flying, but nothing was faster than a cat on a hunt.

And Ale...Ale had the Nuzzler Armor Mk1 on her side.

