

## A Bio 209

Chapter 209: eT tU mOtHeR?

What would it be for an unmovable object to meet an unstoppable object?

Ale had seen a few of those memes going around on the internet, most of them depicting [SuperForce] and [Chrysalis] images, and most of those always depicted a [Chrysalis] with a comical depiction of her arm broken.

Ale really liked those Memes and may have helped spread a few of those more than they would have been spread organically, mostly thanks to her career as a variety streamer (It paid very well), why was this important right now?

Well, Ale had a horde of human-shaped enemies rushing towards her, and as for her defense?

She had a tendril growing a few centimeters from her hand that had clapped against the floor for dramatic effect. Why had she done that? She could almost imagine the original Main Core saying something sassy like:

'Host, there was no reason to create such a sound that would incite the horde against us.'

And, really, main Core would be correct, hell, even Alexandra would say something like that more likely than not, Ale really wondered what Alexa was doing with the older woman at the moment since she hadn't heard from either for quite some time.

Perhaps they were enjoying popcorn while looking at the consciousness stream that Ale was broadcasting? It was very possible.

But no, Ale had done this for an important reason.

Impact!

She may or may have seen an animated series about a blonde shorty whose power involved clapping and slapping surfaces; what did he do with those powers?

He reorganized matter and created weapons and buildings and, in a nutshell, manipulated his environment to his advantage; who wouldn't love that? Also the red coat was a nice touch, a mechanical arm? That was just Ale's [Arm-mament]!

He also had a non sentient servant(Brother), really, it was basically Ale!

And this stupid thing wasn't moving...It wasn't working as Ale had hoped!

[Main Core, why is it not moving as scheduled?]

[Notice, tendril construct is behaving as predicted, currently seeking new Biomass to increase its range.]

It...was seeking more Biomass? But by the moment it arrived the first one Ale would be swarmed into oblivion...

It would be... nonoptimal, but she couldn't grow it on the material from the floor, or it would grow out of control...unless...

[Core! Dump as much Biomass from the Banked Storage to feed this stupid thing down its throat!]

Core:

.....This entity does not have any 'Throat' and if it had been done as advertised, it wouldn't have ended in this-

"Just feed the stupid thing!" Ale hissed aloud when the mob of nonhumans was as close as three meters away from her.

All she heard before it happened was a sigh, and then, she felt a great weight crush her hand, and then...only meat.

Meat wherever she turned to see, five tendrils as thick as her torso growing from where her hand had been, trashing and spreading all over the place, that and the sound of crushing meat and bone; weirdly enough, she didn't hear the sound of blood spilling into the floor.

Or well, not enough to what she had thought would come, most of the nearby human/zombies had already been eaten by her tendrils.

[Main Core? Where is the blood?]

[Notice, blood is being absorbed by the tendril biomass as its spilled.]

The tendrils? Oh right, Ale had seen the design, it was optimized to absorb all Biomass that it came into contact with, then the little blood that Ale was hearing being spilled?

[Notice, It is the blood that is being sent farther away from the tendrils from the pressure the tendrils are generating, it is being used to lure on the farther Humans away from the tendrils, so it is directed.]

[These things have intelligence?!?!?!?]

[Notice, they have a primitive onboard intelligence to monitor and ensure the following of the directives set up by the host.]

[That doesn't sound like primitive! They are actively hunting!]

[Notice, one does not need a high degree of intelligence to attract these primitive enemies, as the intelligence assigned to the enemy drones is flawed.]

[Drones?]

[Update, sending blueprints to Stream of Consciousness.]

Ale was half stunned by the upload that came next, mostly because Main Core had said that they were the ones doing the upload...But in front of Ale, there was a blue box hovering in her line of sight.

Notice:

Updated blueprints:

-Male:

-Kid Stage

-Teenager Stage.

-Adult Stage.

-Elder Stage.

-Female:

–Kid Stage.

–Teenager Stage.

–Adult Stage.

–Elder Stage.

Decrepited Blueprints acquired.

Update to functionality of blueprints. Acquired greater variety on flesh puppets.

New Blueprint phenotype acquired.

Flesh Puppet.dll

Notice, this new phenotype does not hold a functional brain. It is capable of holding a Consciousness Stream with some modifications, do you wish to implement such modifications? In case that you desire to use in that way a new Consciousness Stream must be acquired.

....Flesh puppets? Not Humans?

Either way, Ale for now accepted the prompt, or they would not be able to use any of those blueprints, since if the brain was not able to hold a consciousness Stream, then they would have no way to pilot those bodies, and that would mean a moot point to this.

\*Crunch\* \*Slurp\* \*Crush\*

The sound was something to listen in, and if anything it made Ale hungry...actually why was she hungry?

[Host donated part of her Biomass to the construct.]

What?!?!

Why?!?!!? Ale...had said to Core to shove as much Biomass....dang it.

[Can we transmit some of that Biomass back here? Before it gets send into growing more I mean.]

[Notice, sending new command...Amount of Biomass to be requested?]

[Just enough to get me into my healthy weight and maybe enough for a meal? Say...around 200 extra grams?]

[Request sent...]

Ale didn't have to wait long, for before she could even think about if it would be listened to "Hnngggg...." She felt the rush of Biomass and some extra minerals, vitamins, and a few extra flavoring and nourishment agents rush into her organism, the feeling...

Well, a girl could get addicted to the feeling of pleasure that spread across her body, but the memory of Alexandra's face blushing whenever she drank those hideous white cans made Ale shudder, she...did not like the face the older woman made of silly abandon whenever she drank that hideous liquid.

Even if the older woman seemed to be enjoying herself whenever she drank that hideous liquid. Either way, Ale...would remember that.

[Set a note, all the Biomass that these things want to send my way is to be sent into the Banked Storage first.]

[Noted...sending query upward....]

[Note accepted.]

....Goddamned Core, she may have been the one to set up it like this...Who was Ale deceiving? The stupid blue marble in the sky was the one who set it like that. Probably in an attempt to make Ale want to turn into a debauchery machine and want to indulge in the blissful feeling of gorging herself on that, probably to make it look like she had lost control and get her eliminated.

She had not forgotten how Core wanted them to die, and how she had killed the original Main Core...Or well, their version of him anyway. Leaving them with...this version that held no personality or sass. Ale didn't mind the missing sass if she was to be honest, but she still wanted the original Main Core back if possible, she doubted it would ever happen.

Not since both she and Alexandra had decided that it was better to not explain it to Alexa quite yet if she wasn't mature enough to notice the fact that Main Core was gone...Well, then explaining that their main source of power wanted it dead would not go well.

But that was that, and Ale had more important things to deal with, namely, the writhing mass of flesh tentacles that was spreading all over, a quick check on the data feed showed her that the growth was exponential, more mass fed into the tendrils, more tentacles that grew, and with each kilogram of Biomass, these seemed to adapt and grow even more.

Some developed fleshy mouths filled with sharpened fangs and went ahead to rip and tear apart the zombies with great abandon.

As far as Ale knew from the original blueprint, these tendrils should have no hunger or feel pleasure from the taste of human meat; there was no reason for them to develop in this way, and yet she could see it.

Some started growing eyeballs that sought and searched for targets at some point in the last few seconds. It was...quite frankly, horrifying to see and expectate, not that Ale particularly found it like that since she was enjoying it from the other side.

She did notice a few of those eyes turning to look at her, but as soon as they tried to move into her direction they recoiled far away as if they were hurt from attempting to move into her direction, so at least the locks were working as intended.

The same could be said of them moving in the direction of Beatrice, even if the reaction seemed to be more pronounced.

Why was it more pronounced in Beatrice's direction? Shouldn't they fear hurting their progenitor more? Or had been the built-in safeguards more sturdy when dealing with Beatrice?

Fricking Core, Ale would not stand for this blatant favoritism!

But that was besides what she needed, at the moment she was more focused in dealing with all the zombies that were coming.

"fEeD uS mOtHeRrRrR....." Excuse me what?

"What?" Ale said aloud when she heard that weird voice.

"gIvE uS fReEdOmMmMmM....." The voice spoke once more; Ale turned to look in that direction and found that there was a mouth, a mouth had grown just around twenty centimeters away from her hand, the one that had been the start of the uncontrolled mass of tendrils.

And it grew a pair of red eyes to booth, staring straight at Ale, the disfigured mouth was speaking to Ale, and it was, honestly, quite disgusting to look, it was even drooling all over the place.

"ReLeAs Us....LeT uS fEeD....." The voice spoke once more.

Ale nodded at the voice, it's eyes started to shine in malicious light and Ale could feel it, the thing was trying to separate itself from Ale, it wanted to separate itself from Ale and start spreading.

Ale could feel it fighting against the directives she had set up for the thing, which meant that it was probably wanting to separate from Ale's orders so it could attempt to devour her too.

The thing was not able to do that, since there was no centralized AI Core stuck on it, the directives were set upon its base design, it was more of a natural reaction and less of an order.

Unlike how they did the Saintsworths with P4, Ale was not dumb enough to put a stupid check list, and went ahead and encoded her limitations upon the base design, even if the construction of the blueprint was done by Core.

Ale could trust the design would hold, if that thing released itself it would grow out of control, spread all over as fast and viciously as it could. It was designed to not have a centralized nerve center (Sinte that was to be Ale), so if she was going to guess, it would be nigh impossible to destroy unless you could vaporize every cell in one go.

Really, it would be the end of this city for all the [Humans]...Besides Ale and Beatrice that is.

"I got the message Core," Ale said sighing as she stood up from her place, her hand was raised and all but a single tendril kept stuck to her hand, the creature was doing its best releasing all the tendrils from Ale's hand as fast as it could.

It really thought it could get what it wanted...

"Absorb the resulting biomass back into the Banked Storage, and strip it of any nascent Consciousness Stream or intelligence it pretends to have," Ale said sighing.

The creature didn't seem to react or anything, so Ale was...not really sure if it really had any degree of intelligence.

But soon enough all the mass of flesh started to shine as the Nanites got flushed with Ale's mana, the mana meter went down and up all the way around a couple times as the mana within the flesh was redirected to Ale to fuel this transformation only for a few seconds later for the flesh to start to disappear in motes of blue light.

"tHaNk YoU mOtHeR...wE WiLL FeAsT....uPoN tHiS wOrLdDdDdD...." The thing said before fully disappearing into the void.

"....They will not corrupt my Banked Biomass or anything will they?" Ale asked to the void while flexing her fingers and making sure there was no mass left of the tendrils.

Now there were barely any zombies left around.

Core:

Negative, the Biomass of tendrils had no Consciousness Stream by itself and was emulating the functions of one by the use of all the gray matter that it got access to while it feasted uncontrollably and irresponsibly.

The time for it to develop a Consciousness Stream was estimated at 532,045 years with the amount of Biomass available within this area.

The timer would go down the more Biomass it acquired; it is estimated that if it managed to acquire all the Biomass within Terra Nova, it would develop an independent Consciousness Stream within 214 years.

A new type of Humanity derived from a singular hive mind would then be born within 20 years after that event. Host would then be one of six surviving guaranteed humans.

Plus, any other Core User who managed to evade the tendrils of Biomass long enough.

"One of six guaranteed, huh..." Ale said, nodding as she walked towards the spot that Beatrice had been hiding, no longer needing to go around in a long circle since there were barely any zombies remaining, and those remaining didn't go far away from the center of the room where the hatch was. "I assume Beatrice is one of those six, Alexa should be one...I doubt you are counting me and Alexandra, so that means...There are four other [Humans] that you, the NDO system deem important..."

That was...more worrying than anything, Ale would need to speak seriously with Alexandra, they needed to engineer a way to either kill or devour one of those fast enough that the NDO couldn't stop them.

Surely there was something in those [Humans] that could help them deal with Core...

But for now?

"Beacon of Justice?" Ale said as she walked beside the girl, the room behind her? Clean and devoid of any sign of Zombies or the flesh monster that had been before.

Nanites were the ultimate cleaning weapon after all.

"I dealt with most of them, left you a few so you can practice." Ale said to the girl who was covering her ears and closing her eyes.

Ale... didn't understand how she had ignored all that ruckus.

"Really?!?!" But the girl sprang up faster than Ale could imagine was possible, as if she heard her clearly.

"Did you hear anything? Or see anything?" Ale asked, narrowing her eyes and preparing her arms to shift into the [Arm-mament] in a second's notice.

Damned be the warnings from Core.

"No?" Beatrice said shaking her head, "My Core helped me shunt away to noise and sight, it said something about being it for my own sake, like you said Master!"

....Damned Cores.

They really are the bane of Ale's existence.

"Well, it was right." Ale said, nodding with a sigh, "Anyway, time to show me what you got...Since when you attacked me, it looked quite useless against me."

"That's because it was you, Master!" Beatrice grumbled, "They all know you can't defeat an old master hidden in the shadows. But against these? It will be as if I was stealing candy from a baddie!"

...That...that was not how the saying went.

