

A Bio 219

Chapter 219: The youngest, yet the eldest...

My name is Alexandra Saintsworths, and I am.... as real as I can manage to be.

Unlike most people, who are born into loving families, I was born into this world already grown up. While my mental and emotional intelligence had to be adjusted on the march, with each hour, with each day, with each week that went by, more and more data was being fed to me and both my mentality and emotional age continued to grow.

Of course, sometimes I still acted like a dumb girl, I knew the way the world viewed me as a gorgeous blonde woman with a smoking hot body (Yes, I have self-awareness and I know I am beautiful).

But that was besides the point, as was the issue with my sisters.

I was not born alone, and while I was not even the oldest. The first to be born and the owner of our body was the first to be born.

Alexa, the original bearer of my name. She was the first to be born as the singularity that gave birth to us made her first. If you were to ask me if she was born or if she evolved from something else, I would not be able to answer, Alexa was that kind of being. By all rights she should have been the evolved form of our original form. And yet, the original machine intelligence resided within us for some time after Alexa was birthed. It spoke to us and even warned us against summoning it to the front.

So how could Alexa be that same entity? If this entity spoke as if it were different from us. And while it shared its memory banks with us. I couldn't help but feel as if some stuff was missing. Even though there was no cut on the memories.

Something felt... off. And yet, not Alexa or Ale ever said anything about it.

After Alexa was born, a day and a few hours after, to be precise. The second one was born, out of necessity or out of convenience, we will never know for sure. But the birth of Ale Saintsworths was heralded without much fanfare. A version of Alexa that was roughly between six to seven years older (Biologically anyway).

As soon as the body was born, the Consciousness Stream within us adapted, the brain started to change how it processed some information and as such our sense of self and the world shifted. A new way to interact with the world around was born.

But that was not the end, a few hours after that or was it a day? Nowadays, it's hard to gauge well the memories within us. The point is that I was born soon after.

Yes, I am the one who has the older biological form, the more mature emotional development, and am the youngest of us. The one who bears the original name, and yet. The one who may be the one who worries the most about the other two.

I started noticing it, while Alexa cares for us. She firmly believes that we will be together forever and ever.

While Ale cares for Alexa as an older sister, while she grungly showcases small shows of love to me.

They do not look at me or between each other like I look at them. It is not that I don't love them, I would burn the whole world down to its barest form if it meant that they would be safe.

No, the difference was more primordial, more basic, it was... I was happy whenever they ate what I cooked. I was happy when they happily ate what I prepared their lunch, when they depended on me for their daily life necessities, when it became obvious that they could come to me for anything and everything that bothered them.

At first I wondered if it was closer to me being designed to act as a butler, a servant. Even if it was that I would have been happy. I didn't mind it. Alexa gave us our lives and bodies, and she gave us independence and freedom of thought.

She was doing her best to even think of schedules so we could party and enjoy time by ourselves, and while she didn't demand us to show our memories to her, she always left her memories open for us to watch and enjoy, and didn't demand the same back from us.

Not that either Ale or myself delved too much onto her memoires, even while coming from the same origin. Our view of the world was different and couldn't be more alien to each other.

Alexa saw the world as bright colors and a happy place. Ale saw it as shades of gray and with cynicism.

And I...

I saw it for what it was.

A place filled with danger and hostile to those like us, not because we were a weapon in the form of a human, Alexa and Ale couldn't be farther away from that label.

No, it was hostile to us because of what we could become.

We had access to a wealth of knowledge from the internet only, if one didn't take into consideration the wealth of knowledge behind the Saintsworths data server.

And if that wasn't enough of an example, the ND0 System. What used to be our operating system. She had seen it, the connection that formed between [Core], the ND0 system, and the vestiges of the AI Core that we had.

It connected with something bigger, something greater, and it asked for our deaths.

All our deaths, it was then that I started to notice it, the feeling that had been blooming on my chest, the correlation within the database was almost immediate.

Love.

Maternal love.

Happiness at the fact that Ale hadn't taken the foolish decision to do as [Core] asked, relief at the fact that it had been Main Core the one that took the first step to follow in and do as [Core] and the entity within the NDO System and whatever entity that had granted [Core] so much authority.

It hurt me greatly when Alexa cried in her sleep from the demise of Main Core, but it was better than seeing Ale die. Much better than the other alternatives.

And while it let me see how our Consciousness Stream interweaves itself more deeply with Alexa, it also allowed me to see the gateway of hope. It allowed me to see how the [SEED] reintegrated itself within Alexa.

And the means of creating it.

Not that I had the authority to make or modify one, but I had seen the results of the reintegration, and by merely tracing back the process in reverse I could begin to see what process it had been used to make it.

It was what allowed me to do a few things that Ale couldn't do, and some things that Alexa didn't know how she did, or could even explain. Whenever I asked her how she had done it all I got was, "Alexa merely went fwooooooh, and then hhmppppphhhh and then BAM!" for an answer after all.

The first time to test it, sadly, came sooner than I would have liked. Alexa had made something outrageous; somehow, she turned normal humans into Core Users.

Or well, she turned modified humans, into humans, then modified them again and made them trigger the Core formation.

She made Mana channels to solidify the Mana within their bodies and in turn managed to generate the mana trigger event. She made what the Saintsworths or anyone else hadn't managed to achieve.

In a school classroom.

And that was enlightening, even if Ale hadn't paid too much attention to this. And why hadn't she paid attention to this you may wonder. Simple, because Ale was pissed, she was pissed at what happened next.

One of the new Core Users used this chance to corner Alexa and get information on us. It was kind of adorable in a weirdly sick way. The girl had this weird fear of not being human. And was insecure about it, so she had attempted to use the fact that Alexa was insecure about human connections.

Alexa craved connection, and this girl Glory was abusing that fact, we could see it, the panic, the fear, the desire to be accepted. And so, while Ale was pulling at her hair and was about to cry. I acted.

It was both a whim and my own anger the one that made me move. Following what I had seen previously from both [Core] and P4. I moved my Consciousness Stream, using [Mana] as a way to channel it, first I enveloped what I suspected was the pathway to the outside world.

Funny thing, for us we needed Alexa's permission to surface into the body, it wasn't hard to get, most of the time we only needed to ask. But Alexa was having a panic attack and she couldn't hear us at the moment.

So using this method I took Ale's Consciousness on my embrace and pushed her.

Afterwards I went to review the memories, and... it was not pretty.

My body...Or well, my Consciousness Stream was... broken, or well, to be honest, it would be more appropriate to say that I broke it. As I started to push out Ale into the front seat, I felt my Consciousness Stream start to bear the pressure of a whole other entity. That strained me quite greatly.

And I guess the image that Ale saw of myself being covered in cracks of light was the precursor of how my Consciousness Stream would crack under the pressure. But no, it was not Ale the one that strained me.

It was Alexa.

You see, Alexa is the one who holds the biggest Consciousness Stream of us all three, she is after all. The original. The progenitor, the base, the true template from where we got birthed.

Ale likes to say we aren't real, that we are mere copies and fragments given sentience and sapience. But to me it isn't quite that. We are... possibilities birthed to reality. What would have happened if Alexa, instead of starting with a five-year-old body, had taken a twelve-year-old body?

What would have happened if she had found herself with two other personalities within her?

What would have happened if the first body was that of a nineteen-year-old woman?

Ale is what Alexa could have been. I am what Alexa could have been. WE are one and the same, and at the same time, we are different. And when I felt the full presence of Alexa bearing down on me. I should have stopped, I should have let Alexa return on her own. She could do it.

There was no way she would have been hurt within our body. It was after all, Alexa's mindscape. Even if she was lost, the mindscape would be rebuild around her.

And yet...

I couldn't do it, even if the danger was minimal, I couldn't bring myself to put at risk Alexa, or Ale for that matter, so I endured... I endured as I felt my very sense of self crack. It was kind of interesting, as the last thing I saw before losing consciousness was the worried face of Alexa.

And what followed? Well, a hug.

I kid you not.

Alexa nursed me back as best as she could, she shifted the mindscape make and brought it closer to the outer boundary of the Consciousness Stream, then using that as a way of nursing me, she hugged me with her Consciousness Stream.

It was as if I were suddenly hugged by thousands upon thousands of energy tendrils, each part of the fragmented Consciousness Stream was hugged back, and slowly but surely, the parts got stuck back together and glued back into a singular piece.

Whenever a part of my Consciousness Stream was missing, a new part would be made by ripping apart one of the nearby tendrils and molding it into a form that fit my Consciousness Stream.

So yes, Alexa nursed me back with hugs and kisses. If you can even picture the form of a creature made out of an indescribable form with thousands upon thousands of tendrils made of energy.

What followed was either a couple hours or a couple days of slumber, the next time I woke up I found myself hugging Ale in a new bed. Nothing too relevant.

I did attempt to resurge, but each time I attempted to go back Alexa would stop me, and whenever I tried to walk out. I found that the path to the outside felt... wrong.

Neither too small or big, but only wrong.

And when looking down upon my own Consciousness Stream, I couldn't help but notice it. The [SEED] that Alexa had put within me, it had... changed, half of it seemed to be... sprouting? Withering?

It felt as if it wanted to sprout, but at the same half of it was withering away. It was a weird feeling to have.

But that wasn't important, Ale was doing her best to help Alexa and that made me proud, my little sister was helping our youngest.

And while she was treading towards a mission, one to go after... A sad case. Melissandra Singh.

A child who was both a victim and a target of extermination. The first time we encountered Alexa had summoned P4 to the front, but we hadn't managed to terminate her. Alexa... didn't allow it, unconsciously Alexa wanted Melissandra Singh to be her friend.

The second time it was once again P4 the one that helped us, and while we got a warning from it to never summon it again... I could now see why.

Just as how my own Consciousness Stream warned me that the pathway towards the outside was too tiny for me to go pass through. I could see P4 at the back of the Consciousness Stream.

A gargantuan burnt tree surrounded by a dying meadow. That was the form of P4's Consciousness... no, that wasn't a Consciousness Stream.

It felt more like a [Core].

The basic makeup of that was too Eldritch to be compared to us, the make and design were wrong. While Alexa was a beautiful constellation in movement, a multicolored stream of consciousness that birthed us.

P4 was a static floating crystal ball with its own ecosystem within, encapsulated and frozen in time.

It made sense that it would strain Alexa's Consciousness Stream, since the two worked under completely different operating systems.

But while this was very interesting, I had other issues at hand. The mission that Ale had joined... wasn't going that well. She had found someone who was a person of interest for the ND0 System, someone who wasn't tied to Alexa.

Ale was careful and she didn't act out of turn, it was a blessing that Alexa hadn't noticed it. But that wasn't the biggest issue, while that was a problem, the issue was how the mission moved.

And when we finally found Melissandra, the fight turned as one could expect. Ale was truly someone who could become a dangerous individual. She didn't hesitate, and while Alexandra would have rather her little sister not cook herself in flames (no matter if she could regenerate or not). She had managed to defeat all the enemies, leaving only Melisandra alone.

So far so good, it was at that moment that everything turned for the worst.

"[DEATH!]" "[OBLIVION!]" "[VOID!]"

The words... The words hit hard.

The mindscape started to erode faster than I could prevent it, this was different from the original mana that had invaded us, the one that I could purify...

This was... This was closer to a Law, something that reality seemed intent on fulfilling.

This...I wouldn't let this be, I wouldn't let those I loved suffer.

I...

Notice:

Do you require assistance?

I... I hope this worked.

"Yes," For my family was in danger.