

A Bio 58

Chapter 58: ...what kind of mess is this? Why is P4 the one to fix Alexa's mess?

[Teach] looked around noticing that all the students seemed to look enthralled at her, all of them except for Alexa and Melissandra, that is.

"[Notice, fix of emotional instability available. Do you wish to proceed with normal emotional state assigned to this growth stage?]".

Main Core prompted at her.

"What happened? Alexa? Is everything okay? Melissa?" [Teach] asked once more, her eyes seemed somewhat unfocused.

"Not yet, start recording current body status and adjust as needed, we don't need the full suite of emotions. At least not those that make me more...volatile." Alexa sent back, she wanted to keep some of her [Emotions], at least for now. The ones she was feeling at the moment seemed to be somewhat more complex than what she was used to feeling.

"Teach! I wanted to help Alexa! I promise!" Melissandra started speaking, "Tell her to let me help her! She doesn't let me help her!"

Melissandra started crying as she spoke and even attempted to move forwards [Teach].

"Stop." Alexa said coldly, her hand darting and getting hold of Melissandra's shoulder, "What am I feeling?"

Alexa was half sure of what she was feeling of course, she had [Main Core] monitoring her brain chemistry and hormonal levels all across her body, ready to detect the closest change.

"Why are you angry Alexa? Did Melissa said something?" [Teach] asked worried, it seemed as if the [Woman] wasn't sure how to react at the moment, worried about the students that weren't speaking. Worried about Melissandra...worried about Alexa.

"[Anger], [Hunger]....[Curiosity]." Melissandra answered in the same tone, her voice tinged with [Mana]. "Why? How can a [Good Feel]... how can that feel so...[Evil]."

Evil?

"[Teach], as she isn't disclosing what happened, I will give you a brief [Report]. From what I can see you are the highest [Authority] within this [Testing Chamber]." Alexa started pulling at Melissandra back so she wasn't near [Teach]. "[Human Designation: Melissandra Singh - Child Stage] is actively using her [Core Powers] to manipulate the [Emotional] and [Mental] state of those within this [Test chamber]."

[Teach] had started nodding at the first part, except when Alexa mentioned the [Mental] aspect. That made her face go white.

"I noticed this as she started [Twisting] my [Perception] of the [World]. She made me not only [Feel] things that are [Alien] to me, but also tinged them with her own [Wishes]. She made it so I would not

only feel [Indebted], but also would [Priorize] her over my own [Prime Directives.]” Alexa continued elaborating on the report. “How should I act within this [Test Chamber] against [Hostile Elements]?”

Alexa really wanted to know the answer to that, for she had no guidelines here. In her previous [Den], she would have just [Terminated] the hostile element if possible and [Neutralized] them when that option wasn’t available.

[Eleanore] and [Haephestus’ Forge] seemed to move with the idea that [Civilians] should be respected and that their [Life] was valuable. A ridiculous statement as far as Alexa was concerned, perhaps her more [Stable] versions would see that as obvious. Alexa was sure her normal [Child Stage] version wouldn’t think too far into it at least, her [Teenager Stage] may try to keep them somewhat alive, and he [Young Woman] would even consider the [Meat Bags] around as something to keep safe.

But the Alexa that was standing right now at this very moment?

“Probability of getting away with Terminating all possible hostile units?” Alexa only saw them for what they were. [Meat Bags], [Skin Suits] to be used and discarded.

“[Host was seen entering this area, current amount of CoreUsers that could be attributed an attack against this area are unknown, chances of this being attributed to host are above 70%. Risk to host livelihood is above the set threshold. Action denied.]”

“Melissa did? But she only normalizes emotions....” [Teach] said as she turned to look at Melissandra, “I would know it, I have been checking on her because....no wait...I did? Or not? I had...What?”

[Teach] started mumbling, “I decided to check on her because her parents weren’t coming...But something came up? Why? Why was it more important to check if everyone did their homework? Why wasn’t relevant if Melissa came wearing a hoodie? We are in the middle of a heatwave...Why wasn’t it important that she fainted on her way to class?” [Teach] started to claw at her face as she kept repeating the same word over and over, each time sinking her fingers deeper and deeper.

[Why]

“Because [Human Designation: Melissandra Singh] made it so.” Alexa said, her hand making sure that Melissandra didn’t release herself. “She made it so your [Curiosity] toward certain things was increased...just as she is trying to make my [Curiosity] increase and my [Hunger] diminish.”

“WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY!” Melissandra changed, “I just want the [Bad Feels] to go away! I want Mama and Papa back!”

“Melisssa? Meli-Meli? Please...tell me...you didn’t...You are a good girl right? You are one of the best girls we have. yOu never make tRoUbLe for mE” [Teach] spoke, her words going all over the place.

“Main Core? Probable reason within instability of speech of Human Designation: Teach?” Alexa prompted inwardly.

“[Unstability in brain chemistry after high doses of altered Mana Waves may have caused either a backlash or dependence.]” Main Core answered.

So [Teach] was now dependent in Melissandra’s Core Power? That could be...problematic.

“[It is possible to normalize Brain Chemistry of Human Designation: Teach Baker.]”

“Way of normalizing?” Alexa said aloud as Melissandra continued struggling.

“Come and help me [Friends]!” Melissandra said aloud and as one, the other [Kids] started moving mechanically.

Alexa didn’t see much of a problem with that, and instead continued listening to [Main Core].

“[Introduce a tendril within target’s brain and forcibly normalize brain chemistry, Nanite Swarm Mk 1 should be able to interact with Mana Waves made from Melissandra Singh Core Powers.]”

“Only Mk 1?” Alexa asked aloud as she released her hand from Melissandra Singh’s shoulder, the girl ran at the back and all the other [Kids] stood in front of her.

“I JUST WANT TO HELP MAMA AND PAPA!!” Screamed the girl. Alexa ignored those pleas, as they had started to sound annoying, as if repeating the same thing while screaming would make it happen magically.

“[Nanites of the MK1 Generation have shown to be able to interact with Mana Waves, they are the ones that are currently keeping host in the same unchanging emotional state.]” Main Core answered.

“...I still have emotions?” Alexa wondered. She had noticed some....weird hiccups in her mental state but had attributed them to not working with the complete brain chemistry intact.

“[Host has limited emotional availability, as Brain seems to need some emotional access to function.]” So the [Brain] required some emotions to work? What would happen without them then?

“[Not having any emotion at all was deemed dangerous to host long term survival, as Host wouldn’t want to continue striving toward fulfilling prime directives.]”

...Fine.

“[Teach] I will use my [Core Powers] to try and fix you.” Alexa stated cleanly, Melissandra continued screaming something at the back, probably something about wanting a happy life or something useless like that.

Was it ‘I want Papa and Mama’ or something like that? Alexa paid it no attention at all.

“I am just telling you since we have deemed that your current status isn’t viable for the continuation of this [Testing].” [Teach] continued clawing at her face. Alexa could see parts of the [Bone Structure] in one of her sides and plenty of [Biomass] stuck under [Teach] ‘s nails.

Was she attempting to [Dig out] her [Mental State]? That didn’t seem like something that could work.

"I, i, I, i, I, i, I, i, I, i...." [Teach] continued speaking gibberish, but Alexa didn't pay more attention to her either, instead she walked towards [Teach] and put a finger into her forehead.

"aaaAAAAIIIIeeeeEEeeeeEEExxxxxAAAAAAA???¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿¿"

"[Target seems to be unstable, constant exposure is needed as any disruption to the procedure could leave heavy metals within target, leaving metal dust within target may be a danger to long life.]" Main Core sent into Alexa's mind.

So she needed to make sure her finger never left [Teach]?

That was easy, Alexa only needed to...Only needed to....Tch. "Main Core? Disconnect all possible emotions, and introduce a set of orders for me to follow in case I don't react and turn into.... an unresponsive state. We need to check if it is viable for me to work while my [Brain] doesn't react. Initiate a self-activation order for a full body reconstruction in case of self-termination." Alexa prompted inwardly as she pulled her hand back.

"[Order received....comparing against main list priority.]"

"[Order doesn't violate any prime directive.]"

"[Order doesn't put host at high risk.]"

"[Risk to self preservation deemed currently at 42%.]"

“[Risk to self identity at 80%.]”

“[Identity of self wasn’t set aside as a priority.]”

“[Risk deemed acceptable.]”

“[Initiating backup of Self....5%....13%...27%...40%....69%....96%.....100%.]”

“[Backup saved into Core.]”

“[Terminating all chemical reactions linked to Emotions. Initiating orders, starting puppeteering program.]”

“[Bio-Weapon P4 Re:Start.]”

“[NDO System check up....All systems online.]”

“[Welcome back P4, The Saintsworths Conglomerate will always be there for you.]”

She evaluated all the possible hostiles within the [Room]. A quick headcount from her...senses returned one VIP target with mild damage to its exterior armor and some leaking internal fluids.

At the back she could see 20 non-confirmed hostile targets plus another VIP target, only different. While the VIP she had in front of her was deemed a target for [Protection] and [Confirmatino of orders], the one at the back was one for [Analyzis] and [Possible Combat].

Her orders had been logged in her system and they were clear enough.

"First," P4 said as she pulled her hand backward. The delivery method had been chosen, and while it was...[Suboptimal], it was what she had. She didn't have enough time to devise another one or the privileges to move all the [Biomass] she had available at the moment.

So she pulled back and sank half her hand within the [Skull] of the [VIP], the [VIP] gasped and her [Eyes] defocused as P4's hand shifted into tendrils that spread all over the [Brain].

[Start analyzing, decomposing hostile matter and neutralize all chemical reactions that don't contribute with the normal state of brain matter]

P4 felt the energy within its bank reserve drop slowly as the [Nanite Swarm] started checking and comparing data against her database. She had three viable [Brain Blueprints] saved, plus one unstable version. P9's version.

The one she had adapted and changed as it went. The one that kickstarted this whole thing.

[Found hidden Blueprint

within DNA structure. Found normal state of organs within VIP. Refresh to base Blueprint? Y/N]

Her [Nanites] had found the original Blueprint? So the [Humans] had one of those saved after all. P4 had theorized this of course, if she one who wasn't one of their kin could have one, it was up to reason that they too could.

P4 hadn't found them yet as...her current infiltration models didn't seem to work towards their prime directive.

"Update Blueprint, save it for later investigation," P4 said aloud for some reason.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO TEACH? I NEED HER TO CONTINUE HELPING ME!" The other hostile [VIP] screamed at her at the back. P4 ignored her, she didn't have time to deal with her. "DON'T LET HER HURT TEACH!"

At least until she screamed that, the other non-hostile targets moved as one. They started walking towards P4 barely in a straight line, but then again. There were many. P4 had dealt with a swarm strategy before; these didn't need to move with order, for they were many.

P4 instead tried to move away from them as her nanites continued refreshing the [VIP] [Blueprint] to the base mode. Plenty of damaged organs had been found within the [VIP], from the obvious one at the [Brain] to the less obvious [Kidney], [Liver], [Lungs], [Heart], [Stomach], [Uterus], [Spleen]... the list went on and on.

P4 didn't understand why, some of those she knew why, the [Heart] moved [Blood] within the [Human Blueprint], why did they only have one of these with such a critical mission, she didn't know. But they did, and they somehow managed to achieve supremacy like that.

The only protection was a flimsy [Bone Cell], that one could probably break in a few good strikes, the [Lungs] at least they had two, even if they also stood near pointy parts that could probably break and puncture them.

Their [Stomach] held acidic juices that if they left the chamber could probably cause great damage, and yet the [Stomach] wasn't particularly more resilient, nor was it made of [Bone] or [Chitin]!

The madness!

P4 had plenty of problems with this [Blueprint], but that wasn't her main problem, no.

"Start shift, increase muscle mass in [Legs]!" It was the fact that her current [Skinsuit] was this weak.

She barely had strength in her lower body, her upper body wasn't better, and she was one arm short...And couldn't make more. For she was under strict guidelines.

[Denied, not enough privileges; current targets aren't deemed capable of damaging host's body.]

“Counterpoint, 20 weak hostiles are more dangerous in a group than individually.” P4 was being restricted by the limitations made up by her other more [Human] side.

[Awknoledged]

....

[Releasing limited shift capabilities so long body remains in the same form within the same height and roughly same width.]

“Start shift, reduce body fat and increase muscle mass within lower part of body, increase muscle mass and bone density while allowing structural integrity of upper body.” P4 started the shift, her legs increasing in width while sinking back in size as she tensed the muscles.

She needed to keep this form? And move? It was madness.

“Increase allotment of energy for high burns and start remaking torn muscles as they come.” She would keep her form, but she would make her muscles burn and be regenerated in fast succession, that would burn her reserves faster. But if her other [Human] side didn’t want to allow her free reign, then she would burn their stockpile to survive.

“Time till [Blueprint] finishes [Refreshing]?” P4 asked inwardly as with one [Arm] she took the [VIP] from the floor into what she had previously categorized as [Princess Carry] and started darting around the [Room].

If she could get away with it, she would have preferred a bigger [Test Chamber], but this room was all she had.

[Time remaining 1 minute, 26 seconds.]

“WHAT ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOUR FEELS?!?!?!” The other [VIP] screamed as more and more [Kids] started to pile up trying to catch P4.

She was jumping from wall to wall at the moment, climbing at the side of them and sinking her [Feet] into them, she changed part of the base of them into a [Clawed] variant that was saved. It allowed her ease of climb, but it also had destroyed her [Shoes].

Those would need to waste more [Biomass] to fix later.

“Query, what will you do if we give you the way to fix them?” P4 stated, mostly as a diversion measure.

“...You can return Papa and Mama to me?” The [Hostile VIP] spoke as all the other [Hostile] targets stopped moving as one. “Really? You promise?”

....Interesting.

“Remaining time?” P4 queried.

[Finishing refresh, checking for missing parts....Purging temporary Nanite Foundries....Purging external Nanite Swarm made to use...Retrieving material...]

“How? Does your Core Power help you dealing with monsters? Even though it makes you behave weirdly like that? And grow claws?” The [VIP] spoke again.

[Restarting VIP, please remove all tendrils.]

P4 did as instructed and returned to the [Floor] level while refreshing her own [Blueprint], at least to the one that was roughly [Human]. Her own brain chemistry would need to wait, currently she was still in a hostile environment. And the fact that she didn’t have a combat form was hurting her quite badly.

“Query a [Combat Form], highest priority available.” P4 said aloud as the eyes of the [VIP] seemed to refocus.

P4 had fixed all the blemishes and wounds she found both in herself and in the [VIP], she wasn’t sure what was important to the [Human] [VIP], so she decided to fix everything. All that wasn’t up to the standards set by the [Base blueprint] saved within the [DNA strand] was fixed and put to date.

“Ughh....The headache....isn’t there? What?” The [VIP] spoke as it turned to look at P4, then to the [Hostile VIP]. “ what? Melissa?oh god...oh god no...nonononono.”

The [VIP] started shaking as [Tears] formed on its [Eyes], "What have you done....what....how can...." The [VIP]....didn't start clawing at its face, so P4 could finally get something out from this.

"Query, how does one deal with a hostile target within this [Test Chamber]?" P4 asked, its voice even.

This made the [VIP] turn its [Teary Eyes] to P4 and look at her [Confused].

"Under normal [Test Environment] I could just [Terminate] the [Hostile Targets], but I was told this [Testing Environment] would work under different rules. And I know my current [Dwelling] also seems to work under new [Rules]." P4 continued as it turned to look at the [Hostile VIP]. "So I ask again, what are the [Rules] in this case? Can I [Terminate] the [Hostile] target?"

As P4 spoke, she started shifting. Her [Fingers] grew long and thin [Nails]. She started making a new suit of [Chitin] armor above her [Skin]. As long as she remained [Roughly] the same, no restrictions would come. So she made sure none of her changes would look out of place.

The [Chitin] would be thin and flexible, just under her [Clothes], her [Nails] would be out for them to see, but they had already seen her changing her [Feet], so a change in her [Hands] wouldn't be that out of place.

Now she only needed the confirmation to start [Combat].

She wasn't sure how long she would get without [Alexa] coming out, P4 wanted to finish this fast, for she wasn't sure if [Alexa] would even remember to [Devour] the hostile [Core User], they needed more samples. And a [Hostile Core User] was perfect.

Now she only waited for confirmation to start combat.

Any second...