

## A Bio 66

Chapter 66: We ate [Dessert], now we prepare for dessert.

In the end, Alexa didn't manage to get more to drink; she had managed to get a little less than the whole litter of the bottle, mainly because [Skye] had insisted on drinking with Alexa... which meant other things...

“\*hic\* And...\*hic\* he said that I was too much trouble!” Like a barely functioning [Skye], her face was flushed red, and she kept making weird obscene gestures at the people walking near them. “\*Hic\* well, sorry for being one of the victims of the fricking Scrambler! I didn't want to deal with this either!”

Whatever she had encountered with this [Scrambler] seemed to be a fundamental part of who [Skye] was...

“[Notice, data point about Possible Hostile Unit Designation: Scrambler found.]”

“[Scrambler: Villain who is directly responsible for 139 confirmed coma patients, suspected of affecting 394 other patients with several impediments from mild amnesia to anger problems. And confirmed responsible for an undetermined number of victims who had to relocate because they were no longer able to function in normal society. He is a deranged subject who claims to have lived another alternate life where he, with everyone around him died and had reincarnated as a servant for an evil goddess.]”

“So this...[Villain] was a deranged individual.” Alexa prompted inwardly to Main Core.

“[Yes, the Villain in question is currently sedated and under the care of a highly specialized containment cell which is only visited by machines.]” Main Core brought the data of the capture and restraining of this [Villain].

After a few years, the [Heroes] who participated in its raid seemed to mostly retire. Some turned to [Villainy], but most excused their behavior, and they managed to get away with some crimes.

“Hmm....” Alexa didn’t know what to think about, but from what she had gotten from her interactions with [Skye], she didn’t seem that different from other [Humans], she had her full [Blueprint] too.

And as far as she could see, she was average. At worst she had a worse efficiency compared to Alexa, really. Nothing seemed to be out of order in [Skye]’s [Brain] either, so how did that power work?

Did the [Scrambler] work by twisting the [Consciousness Stream]? If so, that was dangerous. But then again, Alexa could defend against those tamperings when Melissandra tried them on her, granted she had needed to give herself pseudo [Brain] death to achieve it. But even so, it was doable.

“\*hic\* and then there is you! You make me wonder if I should continue being straight or not...It’s unfair! Why do you have those looks?!?!? And then you are also neurospicy!” [Skye] continued her ramblings, “I try to hide that my brain got wired wrong by that asshole, and you come around swaggering your brain problems as if nothing?!?!?”

...Sorry?

“Are you... Okay?” Alexa asked, not sure what this [NeuroSpicy]ness was about. “Do you... want me to flush the [Alcohol] out of your body?”

"NO!" [Skye] answered while hiding her chest from Alexa, a weird move if nothing else. "The alcohol is innocent!"

"Oh? Is Rose drunk? That is a new one. Do you want us to take her home?" The [Woman] who had brought them drinks asked as she passed by.

"Not drunk \*grumble\*" [Skye] said while her eyes closed and she fell to the side. "stupid hot blonde bitch....with cute innocent eyes....and stomach of sailor....\*grumble\*."

"Yeah, she is out...I can get her to the company cab and she will be sane and safe," The [Woman] said pushing a button at the side of the table. "Do you want me to get another table? We can get you more company for this one if you want too. This is usually reserved for VIPS."

What did Alexa want?

"Do you serve food?" Alexa asked, she was, after all. Hungry.

"That we do, mostly greasy unhealthy kind, also some snacks. I could get you some Fish & Chips? And maybe some wine...not the expensive kinds unless you get another sucker." The [Woman] said, writing something on her [Notepad]. "I mean, you are free to go too, you could probably get food in someplace more decent with what the ladyboss is sending to your card."

To her what?

"Rose didn't tell you? You girls get a bonus for getting those suckers drunk." The [Woman] said taking out her [Phone] and showing her some information, it had her [Name] and a series of sixteen numbers afterward.

"[Numbers seem to match with a data package sent to electronic address set up by Human Designation: Eleanore for host, data indicates some kind of digital Wallet

system to store currency.]"

"That's your card number, right? The lady boss should have wired you some cash." The [Woman] said and turned to [Skye], "This one usually burns it with the aftercare service, so she rarely sees a single A-Dollar, but since you are still awake and looking after her, we will not charge her that badly. So? What's gonna be? Are you staying? Are you taking the food to go?"

...she could take the [Food to go]?

"I will take my [Food to go]," Alexa said, curious about what this implied.

"Aye sir then, we will get it ready...I will return with your food and someone to take this girl home." The [Woman] smiled at her and left, leaving Alexa alone with two sleeping [Humans].

On one hand she had [Skye] one of her [Coworkers].

“[Notice, violence against peers is against new rules set up by Haephestus’ Forge].”

One who she couldn’t [Eat]. On the other hand...

“[Notice, violence against units designated as Civilians is against new rules set up by Haephestus’ Forge.]”

Who she also couln’t eat... since she was only allowed to [Retaliate] when someone attacked her. In a nutshell, she was standing near two good sources of [Biomass] and couldn’t do anything about them.

Dang it.

“Here it is your food. We prepared serving for two since you came with Rose, don’t worry, these are on the house. So no extra charge.” The [Woman] said while offering Alexa a...package.

It was a [Plastic Bag] holding a [Paper Bag] inside, double [Packaging]?

“The paper bag holds the heat, and the plastic bag makes it easier to carry...I don’t know about this either. It feels like a waste, but then again. If you take too long the paper can break apart so I guess it is fine.” The [Woman] tried to explain, “Either way, just throw away the remaining food or something, the drinks are here. One apple soda and a diet coke.”

... Neither of those sounded like [Mango].

"Thank you," Either way Alexa thanked the [Woman] and took his two packages, one with food and the other with drinks. "I will be on my way then."

She turned and found a pair of [Girls] holding [Skye] up as if she could walk, she couldn't of course. But it seemed that carrying her between the two was easier this way for them. Alexa would have laid [Skye] on the floor and pulled her by the [Legs]. Or perhaps by her [Hair]?

She wasn't sure how [Sturdy] [Skye]'s hair was, she knew her own [Hair] could probably withstand such rough treatment, but that was after she reinforced it.

"Kay~, remember to come by even without Rose. We will always open our doors to cute girls!" And like that, the [Woman] waved Alexa away.

Alexa left in the same manner they had entered, no one seemed to stop her even when she walked straight into [Staff Only] doors, in the end she returned to the same room where she had been undressed and [Toyed] with. There were some [Women] in several degrees of undressing, but they all didn't seem to care.

Such a weird environment.

"Hmph...fake blondes." One of them stated when they noticed Alexa coming by.

"[Logged face for future perusal. No evidence of disguise being compromised, possibly Core Power at play. Host, it is advised for termination of the hostile element.]"

"In a later setting, we shall stalk this place during the sleep cycle at a later date." Alexa decided, someone who could peek through her disguise? She would need to come and check on them.

But for now? When they were surrounded by other [Humans] with undetermined power levels?

"[Chance of survival against unknown variables, 7%. Combat not allowed.]"

Alexa would need to bide her time, she would remember that [Face] and return seeking vengeance.

...Why was she more annoyed at being called [Fake] than at her [Disguise] being compromised? [Humans] are weird.

Finding herself annoyed more about her [Feelings] than her current setting, Alexa walked once more to the outside world. What she found was the [Sun] high in the sky, and a quick prompt at her [Cell phone] to find the [Time] gave her the time. 15:37.

It was....not late. So Alexa found herself once more in an alley; it brought her back good memories since it was in one of these places that she had found evidence about [Humans] not being all-powerful beings. She still decided to look at them with some degree of wariness, because the fact that one weak existed didn't imply that all their race was the same.

She still didn't find any logical explanation for [Skye]'s power, even though she had her full [Blueprint]. What she found outside, however, distracted her almost immediately.

“\*whistle\* Hello smoking hot babe, want to have a good night with a real man?” She found a... [Dirty Human], it was the best description she could give. The [Man] reeked of decomposition, she could also [Smell] certain chemicals that she had only seen so far in food and [Drinks].

His skin color seemed to be turning towards the more yellowish colors, and the same could be said of his [Eyes].

“[Notice, current human in front of hosts has symptoms of theoretical state of a multi organ failure.]”

...And there was that, it seemed that this one was a [Failure] among the race. And even so it was directed by its more primal urges? Or why had it attempted to act as a [Predator]?

Had it seen Alexa in her current getup and thought she was an easy target? That she was [Prey]?

“Leave.” Alexa said as she evaluated the [Human], one look from bottom to top confirmed that his [Clothes] were not only dirty, but also full of badly fixed holes, she could see at least four different types of clothes used to patch broken parts.

It wasn't worth the effort.

So she turned and left him there. The only sound she heard was of her feet hitting the asphalt as she walked toward the far end of the alley. She would seek a dark spot to change into a more... comfortable set of clothes. She would need to take some materials from her surroundings, but getting rid of the [Stink] was easy enough.

“.....” So Alexa didn’t hear or see the face the [Man] had made.

She did hear him walking after her, so when she had found a dead end, turning to look back, she found....

“Didn’t think I would follow you? Huh?” The [Man] was there, brandishing a small knife at her, “You bitches all only think of money, never about what is important, never about who matters. Do you think I want to look like this?”

The [Man] said, waving the [Knife].

“I was important! I was the head of a company!” The man kept raving on and on. “And then came that goddamned Saintsworths bitch to steal my funding! She took my weapons, my lab, my workers, everything!”

Alexa wasn’t quite sure why that was relevant to her, though. Instead, she silently shifted some of her lower and upper muscles into a more combat-like setting.

“And you look down on me? A mere bitch in heat?!?!?” And like that, he started running towards Alexa with his knife pointing at her.

Alexa wasn't quite sure why he had decided to attack her. By all means, she should look more healthy and fit than him, so there wasn't any real reason why he would think himself a [Predator] and her a [Prey].

"I don't really care about you." Alexa said jumping above the [Human] and landing behind him, "But you will do for now I guess."

Alexa shifted her left arm into a clawed form, turning her fingers into razor-sharp bone knives. Right now she wasn't wearing her [BodySuit], so she couldn't move the heavy metals of the [BodySuit] to give herself metallic weapons after all.

"You will be my afternoon meal, and the Fish & Chips can be dessert." Alexa said as she pulled back her arm and sent her fist flying towards the [Man]'s head.

She had tested this attack previously against the [Human] that had assaulted her before, the one that almost gave her a [Panic Attack] before [Main Core] cut out that [Emotional Feedback].

"I AM-" The [Man] this time continued speaking only for a \*Splat\* sound to resound within the dead end.

"My [Meal]," Alexa said as she eyed her [Hand], which was painted red. Remains of the [Man]'s [Brain] fell here and there. "A particularly [Weak] and [Pathetic] one at that."

Alexa saw his body fall onto the ground, a few spasms here and there as the nerve endings surely were dying out. She could smell the acidic smell as the last signs of life left his body. On one hand, Alexa was happy with this outcome; it meant that her energy expenditure was minimal.

On the other hand, she hadn't been able to battle test this configuration just yet. She would have liked it if the [Man] could withstand more than a single hit. She wasn't getting used to this; it was unnerving. When she was a mere [Test Subject], the combats were grueling. She was used to fights prolonging more; she was used to bleeding for each kilogram of biomass she had earned.

"[Notice, no lifesigns within hostile target.]"

"[Combat ended, returning to normal biological setting. Leaving right arm with feeding setting.]"

Alexa felt her body return mostly to a normal setting. Only her right arm morphed into a huge pulsating worm-like tube. At the far end of it, where its fingers should be, a row of vicious-looking fangs showed themselves as the maw of her arm opened.

Alexa didn't have sensory endings on that side, she didn't need them, and she had not installed taste buds. That arm couldn't even see with its white bulbous eyes, which had come from the blueprint-like setting that she had used to make this feeding system.

"GRRRR...." Her arm growled at the cooling body, another autonomous reaction to the smell of the biomass. At the end, the arm had a very bare functioning second brain. That was more of a failsafe so Alexa could have it feed itself if she ever ended with her [Consciousness Stream] turned off momentarily for any reason.

so her body could get the needed [Biomass] to regrow her [Brain] and [Body] again. Alexa wasn't sure if that counted as something with [Consciousness Stream]; she, for one, hadn't made or shared one with her arm, no matter how it looked and turned to look at her.

No one was inside that brain.

"Go ahead, [Feast]." So it was weird the fact that Alexa felt compelled to say such words, and the fact that her arm's maw grew a vicious smile and started ripping apart the [Body] as it [Devoured] it.

Alexa only stared as the body was ripped apart, On some occasions, the [Arm] would grow an extra pair of small tentacles with fangs to help itself rip apart some parts. In others, it ripped open the torso of the body and feasted on its innards.

Overall, Alexa was quite happy with the result. For one, it meant that she didn't need to sacrifice her main sensory input by shifting her [Head] to [Eat]. In others... "Eat it all, don't leave any trace." She didn't have to deal with the hideous smell from the [Corpse].

"[Found evidence of vital organs in deteriorated state, expected life span remaining of this Human theorized at six to eighteen months.]"

...So this one was a [Human] at the end of their lifespan. Such a weird thing to see, a mighty race of [Predators] reduced to this. It made sense then that it would disregard evidence and try to prove itself worthy.

Even if it was mistaken, Alexa would take this for what it was: a chance. So she put her nanites to work, taking the materials and categorizing them.

What could be reused as it was would be used. Most of the bone was worse than the one she was using. This one had a weak skeleton system. Alexa could only recycle the calcium and reinforce what she had in her bone marrow to increase efficiency so much. She would need to find a replacement later.

The organs mostly had been a bust, too many failing organs and so many dead ones. It was a wonder this [Man] could even function, his [Liver] and [Kidney] were basically dead cooked meat at this point.

The [Meat] and [Biomass] in general would be stored in her [Storage] for later use, she would use what was possible to refill her expenditures and heal whatever muscles she had damaged with her use of her own [Strength]. And wasn't that funny? The only deficit from this fight had come from self-harm due to her own attack.

As for the rest? That was the only good thing, she could use the [Clothes] he had worn for their materials, deconstructing them for cleaning and remaking them anew. She wouldn't use them as they were, instead she would deconstruct and remake them anew, this way she would rid the clothes from the [Stink] and get a new set of clothes.

She didn't need [Underwear], [Socks], [Shoes] or [Jewelry]. But she did need a new pair of [Pants], [Blouse] and [Jacket].

She could use her [Tube Dress] to make a new [Blouse]. Since her [Tube Dress] wasn't that big, she may need some extra [Fabric]. But it wouldn't matter; this [Man] had plenty [Clothes] to go around.

-Pants

-Shirt (Why did men use a different name for what was basically the same thing as a blouse?)

-Second shirt (Why did this one have buttons?)

-Jacket (Leather-like jacket)

-Jacket (Vest-like jacket)

-Shoes.

-Socks (Not using those, too much biological content that made Alexa's skin recoil).

-Underwear (Yuck, not touching those no matter how much Alexa reconstructed).

In the end Alexa ended with new [Clothes] and she quite liked the design, she had copied some of the previous design and given herself a great V-cut on her new [Blouse], she wasn't quite sure why, but she liked the idea of how much her [Breasts] seemed to show up while hiding what [Society] deemed as [Important Bits].

Now...what was she supposed to do with a [Cute] outfit, a full [Belly] and two servings of [Food]?

“[Notice, host’s sight has locked in into a ManCover, that is a route used previously to visit the Sewer System.]”

Oh right, the [Sewers]. She had eaten quite the fest there... She could always go there and test some [Combat Designs]...

“[Notice, there aren’t any combat test worthy designs within-]”

And if she found the same [Sewer System] that [Sam] used..she could always visit him, with her new [Cute Outfit].

“[Notice, Cute Outfit isn’t combat worth-]”

“Yes, we will do that. Main Core! Prepare for combat! Number one priority! Make sure [Sam]’s lunch is intact, and his drink’s temperature is stable!” Alexa hyped herself while prying open the [Door] into the [Sewer System].

It would be her second forage into the [Sewer System], wonder how that would go.