

A Bio 74

Chapter 74: Interlude? Alexanders is back...with vengeance...and his not AI girlfriend

“Some people think being at the top of the financial world is easy, that we don’t have anything to worry about...” He was monologuing again, wasn’t he?

Thanks to these, it was so hard to beat the Big Bad Evil Guy Overlord allegations. Eh, who cares?

“Here is where you ask: ‘What is the problem O’magnificent boss?’, or : ‘Are you okay boss? Do you need vacations?’ Either is fine.” He needed some employees with more guts, what had happened to the last batch he got?

“Is there a problem, boss?” his secretary finally asked, passing him the folder with the obituary and death certificates.

Oh, right. They were willingly turned into test subjects (they were demoted to feeding duties and contaminated in one way or another). That is what happens when you get idealists in a fully-fledged meritocracy setting.

Damnation.

“Nothing really. I just got a video file from that weird pig guy.” Alexanders answered as he toyed with the USB drive that housed what the pig guy stated was ‘The first of many entertaining videos’.

To be honest, he hadn't intended for that project to move; his original plan was to get him into a lawsuit for making kids fight each other in a dangerous environment that instigated fights in the name of a bad set meritocracy setting.

He would then come like the savior he was(n't) to fix the issue, get some perms, and set up his Academy City plan.

And at the same time would offer pig guy a way out, for him to join his program for the development of stable [Core Users].

"Pig guy sir?" His secretary asked, "....Did any of the remaining P-series turn into a...pig?"

Right, "The pig guy, Kendrick Hamilton or something, come on. He has Ham in his name, for god's sake, he is a pig disguised as a human." It irked him that so much, the guy didn't look like a pig, didn't act like a pig. As far as his intel and spy units suggested, he wasn't even a pervert!

AND YET FOR ALL THAT WAS SACRED, ALEXANDERS WAS SURE THE GUY MUST HAVE BEEN A PIG IN HIS PAST LIFE!

It annoyed him.

"Sir?" so much that his secretary walked backward while activating the safety artifact he had given her.

A look around his office was all Alexanders needed to notice how his [Core] had flared with his outburst.

“Sorry about that. Still getting the hang of this, shouldn’t have attempted to increase the amount of electricity I can manipulate without making sure I could keep it under control.” He sighed as he focused inward all the rampaging energy around him.

His hair had turned into a plasma-like, and he was sure his eyes had turned into a shining golden, he was probably looking more like a [God] than a mere Hero or Villain. But then again, according to his haters, the only thing he had more than money was Ego. So he probably wasn’t the best person to judge his appearances (Even if they were god-like).

“Anyway, don’t ask me why. But that guy is a pig, okay? Update his file and add the note that if I ever talk about a pig, it is him.” Alexander was annoyed at this, the idea was lodged in his head and wouldn’t move.

He had more information on that Kendrick guy than most of his stalkers had on him. The son of a smaller conglomerate was supposed to join the life of an entrepreneur to make a position for himself, but instead, he decided to fund his own academy. He ended up making a school for the gifted, both in good and bad ways of the word.

His school was at best average in student development, and had one of the best facilities in the city (Only eclipsed by the Saintsworths sponsored Academies, of course). Still, his teaching rooster had plenty to desire. His school was only afloat because he was funneling money from his other business, those were going quite well.

He played sports, spent three hours at the gym, and visited society's upper strata. He was actually quite an exemplary worker. Alexanders would have hired him for one of his dark sites if it had been an option.

“And yet he is a pig. Why is he a pig?” Alexanders didn’t understand this point, he hadn’t been the first like this.

Someone whose whole identity was pre-defined in his mind’s eye. Kellet was another, but the woman was at fault. She was quite the looker, but her cold-bitch stare was hard to surpass. He had gotten some reports on her private life that seemed to indicate that the woman was a cat lover and liked to go on long walks on the beach.

She also had a dating profile and was looking for dates.

“Sir?” His secretary was walking to the door. “Do you....need anything else?”

....She was lucky to be his type, or she would have been moved to another area. He was also annoyed at the fact that he didn’t have as much power over clan matters as his predecessors. The whole problem with the [Core Users] had diluted their power too much.

He couldn’t pull from the other clan geniuses as his predecessors, nor could he abuse their powers. If not, he would have had the twins working for him as secretaries instead of...this one. The daughter of someone who was on the first wave of [Core Users], and yet hadn’t manifested a [Core].

“Send popcorn, snacks, a couple of sodas, and...” Alexanders went through his mental list of snacks and drinks, “...A [Mango Parfait] for dessert.”

“At once, I will also send the new updates from the P-series project along with an estimate from the weapon division,” his assistant said before running away.

“...A man can't have a mania attack in peace these days, should I start hiring from super villains? I bet I could get Edward to send me some of the good ones....But then Eversoul will be all over my ass for employing from a supervillain.” Alexanders sighed, the [World] was an unfair place.

He had many problems with it, sometimes it seemed as if it followed some weird Rules that only he was able to even perceive, that or his nightmares were starting to get the better of him. The very fact that people awoke these [Cores] and the first thing that came to mind was 'Hey let's go rob a bank' was expected, the idea that other people saw that and instead of thinking 'Hey, let's do that too!' was 'Hey let's put on a spandex suit and stop them!'

“[Here are the snacks, drinks and dessert O'Mighty Overlord.]” A robot with the recorded lines of a popular streamer came into his office. It carried a tray with all his food and even a new pair set of fluffy slippers and his evil lord bathrobe. He didn't regret for a second ruining the life of the one who did those AI images of him wearing this set; it was comfy as hell. “[Please like, comment and subscribe if you are enjoying my voice over.]”

He had, in fact, not liked, commented, or subscribed, mainly because this particular streamer was one of those who encouraged the theories of him being secretly a dragon.

He was so over the stupid, overgrown lizards, mostly because of his night terrors or nightmares. He wasn't quite sure what to call them at this point. The shock of finding the utopia city you want to construct as desolated ruins in a dead world was traumatic only the first dozen or so times. After that, it was a good way to check for failures in the design and ways to improve the buildings to make them dragon-proof.

“Sapphire, load up the file on this drive.” Alexanders said as he threw the USB drive to his desk.

“[Right away boss.]” The artificial intelligence on his private suit flared to life with the image of a purple-haired girl dressed in a toga; she was designed as an assistant that he had used to stress test the AI cores on the P-series subjects.

But she had ended up being too useful not to use, so he was using her as an assistant to make his life easier. Unlike some of his previous assistants, she was also bound to him and wouldn’t leak anything he did.

“Send the video feed to the main couch; also, pre-check the video files ten to fifteen seconds before sending it to my couch. I don’t want to see another ‘Alexanders is a dragon’ nutcase on my couch.” He really was getting tired of those theorists, couldn’t they make him a normal lizard-man instead? He could deal easier with that. Who would even want to turn into a dragon? Like, really, if you have access to fantastical creatures, you should aim for a homunculus, a deva, or maybe a sprite. Dragons spent most of their life asleep, only to be killed by knights.

For a creature that was supposed to be at the peak of the food chain, they looked more like a plot end mission, fancy creature that is almost akin to a deity. Only to end as the mission of a ragtag group of drunk adventures to kill it.

“[Right away bossman, do you want comentary? Or should I only play it?]” The AI asked as she walked away from the desk, and her hologram teleported to his side; human size and even the smell of lavender came included. He had done an excellent job with this one.

“Only normal play for now. I don’t want you to make it entertaining. Record anything that can be used to get this Pig in prison. We do want this system, but not like this, and definitely not out of our

umbrella.” Alexanders said to his loyal AI. Was this going too far? Perhaps, but one doesn’t get to the top spot without making some enemies or ruining a few people’s lives.

“[Starting buffering....found no problems, streaming to main monitor: Couch TV.]” His always loyal AI stated and soon enough he got a countdown with the Saintsworth Logo on it.

Probably because Sapphire was speed-viewing the data to make sure everything was okay.

“Hello, investors. My name is Kendrick Hamilton, and I am the principal of The Nightingale’s Elementary School.” The video started with the image of a pig, or not...wait...wait....nope, that still looked like a pig pretending to be a human by wearing a tuxedo suit. “I bring you a new and innovative way to make sure our students are at the top of their game. How? By making them earn the best possible help to ensure they learn.”

The video panned to the classrooms of these so-called ‘Elites’, really. Alexanders had seen plenty of school rooms, mostly from him skipping grades and touring the best schools the world had to offer, from Harvard to Yale and everything that was in between, Tsinguan, Yanyan, and, let’s don’t forget, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

And these? These classrooms? They could give a run for their money to those institutes, and this was for kids?

“If they want the amenities, they must earn it. How? Class wars.” The Pig continued speaking, “We will set up competitions among class and those that win earn points, these points will be pooled and used to get better facilities aimed at what these kids are best. If they excel in a certain field we will nurture it to the extreme, be it simple mathematical theorems to advanced physics.”

Did...did this Pig think genius grew in trees?

“And even more important, in this day and age where a Core User is feared, we will encourage them. Make them learn to use their power; the more original or advanced the use, the more points they will get.” The Pig then showed a number of students and their allegedly stated [Core Power]. “Case in point, while filming this, we received an alert for an uncontrolled release of a Core Power, but before we had time to report it, another student jumped to save the day.”

The image of the Pig shrank and it showed at the side a classroom, one average by any standard, the teacher did seem quite good looking...in the more...stray cat type of way, but what called his attention was a girl that seemed to be at the very back. For some reason it was like everyone in the room pay attention to her without making it obvious.

Also, the camera was focusing on her, so it was kind of hard not to notice such a thing.

“This girl is Melisandra Singh, she was a Rogue Core User that didn’t register anywhere. She is also a Mind Core User, one highly illegal.” The Pig said, and Alexanders snapped his fingers, the video stopped instantly.

“[Yes, Alexanders?]” Sapphire was at the ready with a notepad. Of course, she didn’t actually require a notepad since she was an AI. If she wanted to take a note of something, she just made a file for it.

“Do we have data on this Melisandra girl? Did we take her in?” He asked at once, [Mind Core Users] were highly rare and sought out, anyone with that type of [Core] either joined the government, became a Hero or was killed. Some did try to make a living as SuperVillain...not many made it.

“[We have records asking for transport for a high-value and high-danger individual, but no data on it. It is being evaluated....But the Heroes stated that there would be no buyout for this one.]” Sapphire answered.

Damnation.

“Fine, if it ever becomes a thing, buy her out. We could see if she is a good handler for the 666 series.” Alexanders said, turning to the recording. At least the Pig has proved his usefulness...Wonder if there is a point to even look at this.”

“[Yes.]” Sapphire answered. This was interesting; even though Sapphire was a nascent AI close to the singularity, she rarely ever stated her own opinion.

“Then play again, if my girl thinks something useful is here, we must see it. I will still try to get him to jail, tho.” Alexanders smirked as he grabbed the popcorns and started eating.

Sapphire extended her hand into the bucket and it left with holographic popcorn too, she was a weird hologram/AI like that.

“Here is one of our newest students. She, unlike Melisandra, was registered, even if she didn’t give this data to the school.” The Pig grumbled as the image moved. In there was a blonde little girl, probably not older than six if she was in this classroom.

“ALEXA!” Melisandra’s voice came from the back of the recording.

The girl was...

“Interesting...” Alexanders said, turning to the smiling image of his AI Assistant, “What data do we have on her.”

It was the same little girl that had come from nowhere when P4 ran away.

“[Alexandra Saintsworths, blonde hair, blue eyes. Height: 1,12. Weight:42 kgs. Registered as a Miscellaneous non-disclosed Core.]” Sapphire answered as a blue screen materialized in front of the AI, it had this data and some extra biometrical data.

She fulfilled most of the metrics that came with the Saintsworths name: an almost perfect face-to-body ratio and symmetrical factions. She looked somewhat underfed, but even so, she was pretty to look at.

Too...[Perfect]. For a brat that seemed to be underfed.

“Any tracks of her family?” Alexanders asked as the video continued playing; the brat mingled, and at some point, the girl (Melisandra) started screaming; the sensors installed with the video recording devices started picking up on mana surges and everything.

“[None, she is registered as an orphan under one of the phantom orphanages set up by Edward Black.]” Sapphire brought the data on her, it also included the little tidbit that she was currently under three legal guardians. One Eleanore Ashcroft, One Skye Venti (With an extra addendum from the Saintsworths

database that tagged her as a victim of The Scrambler) and last but not least, one William Armstrong (With an extra addendum also from the Saintsworths Database that noted him as probable identity of Hermes).

So, if he wanted to get the girl, he would need to get those three to accept.

He could probably get the go-ahead from two, but three? No way, and under Edward Black? Yeah...He would have an easier time kidnapping her.

Which was also a no-go...

“As we can see here, Alexa not only kept her emotions and mind under control, but she also fought while trying to incapacitate the students.” The video then moved to the little blonde girl asking for instructions on how to move in this [Test]. She even used the help of one of her legal guardians to incapacitate nonlethally a Mind Core User, something that is highly valued.”

This brat... Her [Core Powers], or what she made look like her [Core Powers]...

“Found you P4...” Alexanders smile was what one could call Evil. He was sure of it.

“[Data of body shape-shifting matches samples from the P4 series BioWeapons. Do you wish to schedule a strike team?]” Sapphire said from the side bringing operational teams, some even included P-series weapons that had proven to be effective against P4 before.

“No, also scrub all data that can make it obvious that this Alexa girl is P4. No, we will let her move around. If she is under Edward’s umbrella, then she either works as a Villain with him...or he is getting more senile and is trying to raise another BioWeapon as a daughter.” Alexanders found that case interesting.

A [Human] turned machine...But one that worked so hard to keep acting like a Machine, his little Trojan Horse planted in the middle of the supervillain community.

“Also, send an inquiry to [Vulcanus], ask him why he sent one of his [Core Users] to a normal school, and don’t make any mention of P4 or Alexa directly.” The video had continued moving and at some point the girl stopped behaving like a normal [Human] and more like the killing machine he had built.

“[Acknowledged, query sent. Query answered, displaying.]” Sapphire extended a hand forward, and the phantom of one of the most powerful supervillains in this city materialized.

“[I do not take orders from you, Alexanders Saintsworths, but I will answer in the spirit you ought to make your inquiries. The kid you pointed out is an orphan that we suspect was a victim in a black site; we want her to experience a normal life, so we send her to a school that one of my employees has friends in. We didn’t know it was a school under your umbrella.]” The [Robot] in the image faked a sigh and continued on. “[We don’t intend to move her unless you ask for her expulsion, but she is of no interest to us. We will speak with her and ask her to tone down the brutality against other kids if that is what worries you.]”

The what?

Alexanders turned back to the video and sure enough she was pummeling the kids onto the ground...Or was helping doing that anyway.

“Was that all?” Alexanders asked Sapphire, who only smiled.

“[No, we got a response from Vulcanus too.]” And at the side a small black box, letters started showing up.

“[Greeting Alexanders Saintsworths, CEO of the Saintsworths Conglomerate.]”

“[The Human you asked is designated Alexandra Saintsworths, Orphan. No links between any of the main clans or branches were found. So we took her under our wing.]”

“[She seems to have the correct mindset and Core Power to be nurtured as our successor.]”

“[We do not wish to lose her, state your price and we will do our best to fulfill it.]”

“[We think keeping her under Haephestus’ Forge's Wings can further the Saintsworths agenda.]”

“[At your service, Vulcanus.exe]”

“[End of message].”

“...So Edwards wants to give her a normal life, and [Vulcanus] wants to keep her as a successor,” Alexanders said thoughtfully, as the Alexa in the video somehow removed the influence of a [Mind Core], which proved the [Project Nanite] could indeed interact with Mana. “And neither noticed that she wasn’t human.”

Interesting things all along.

“Monitor all activities of Haphestus’ Forge, find me the moment she debuted as [Core User] and log all the data you can get. We both got our [Cores] at the same time, so it's time to see who is better at this. A [Machine] or a prodigy.” Alexanders finally had something to amuse himself with.

He also hoped that this P4 could answer some of his questions, like...what the hell was going on with P4, why the NDO System reacted like that to them, and why the R4 residue acted like that when the other two joined it.

“[Acknowledge, setting up scrapper bots.]” Sapphire answered, and he could see small ant-like projections moving toward the monitor to dive in.

Sapphire was dramatic, and she looked kind of cute when she did these types of shenanigans. If she was a real person, Alexanders would probably date her, but then again. He did design her appearance, so perhaps that was a normal reaction? He didn’t know what to think about this, at least.