

A BIO-WEAPON'S RHAPSODY

Chapter 2: Sub Core creation.

[Finished analyzing sample.]

It hadn't been worth it.

The sensory appendage of subject P9 held subpar sensors, its visuals could barely perceive the light spectrum from the 400nm wavelength to 500nm at the highest!

It was like subject P9 ignored almost all the living subjects thrown its way!

They also threw subjects their way, if the evidence in its taste receptors were something to go by subject P9 had at the very least encountered the small quadrupeds with fanged mouths. Its secondary sound receptors came from that species too. Why did it have those extra sound receptors anyway?

The design of its main sensory appendage didn't have any reason to be like that, instead of normal fangs or acid glands it held bone-like structures not quite like fangs. Subject P9 would have a hard time using these to rip out meat from other subjects, it remembered subject P9 having a claw-like structure in its side appendages so perhaps subject P9 used those to tear apart the biomass?

It didn't matter, these bone-like protuberances in its sound-producing cavity wouldn't be useful in design but it saved the design anyway... The sound aspect was also a miss, unlike subject P666 which had some extra exotic bio components in its secondary cognitive organ.

Subject P666 used the weird organic flesh in conjunction with the [Core] to maximize its mental attacks, the biggest part of its success against that subject was dumb luck from its lower intelligence.

Those days it was...

"[Dumb as a rock.]"

That fight allowed it to develop strategies after internalizing most of its cognitive process, and so it knew without a shred of doubt... Subject P9 didn't

have a good reason to integrate its [Core] into the biological sub-processing organ as it did.

"[Flawed design.]"

Its own analysis returned the same result after reviewing the biomass collected from the sensory appendage... It held the main [Core] nested within the squishy pink and smooth organ. Somehow subject P9 decided that making a smooth sub-processing organ was the way to go.

Unlike subject P666 (And subsequently itself) who made many folds in that organ, subject P9 made a smooth one...So its synopsis links were plenty limited, which didn't allow it to react fast enough. From the analysis it got from the sensory appendage it could barely work and it was more of a downgrade.

So it was a miracle it still could fight and survive long enough to find itself against subject P4 as the boxed organism referred to it. It wasn't sure why they gave them those labels, sometimes they fought against other subjects who held different labels.

"[Animals, weapons, robots, slaves, military.]"

It knew of their designations as they held the same numbers as the P-Series subjects it belonged to. They also held a number after their label, just like it held the number Four. It didn't know what was the reason for the P nor the number, but it knew the full label the box-shaped organisms used to refer to it.

"[Bio Weapon Subject P4.]"

It had fought subjects numbers one through three, they like itself had a more mechanical component to their design, but unlike P4 they didn't have an organic component in their design nor could include the parts of other organic test subjects.

Subjects P5 through P7 held more or less the same design as itself, it didn't actually manage to destroy nor steal their designs though, since they only interacted in noncombat scenarios. Those three subjects weren't made for combat, and it seemed as if the box-shaped organism wanted it to serve as subservient [Core] to them.

It didn't work, and when they tried to move its design to be in line with those subjects the efficiency of its [Core] plummeted, so they reversed the changes. That was its first meaningful interaction with the [Slaves].

Also, the reason they no longer spent much time in its den nor gave maintenance to its door, they didn't know why they didn't turn its [Core] off if they wanted to make sure that it didn't do anything to their precious [Slaves].

“[Subject P4, prepare for a checkup in 983 seconds.]”

Its recharge spot opened up allowing it to connect its [Main Core], which would allow it to recharge its energy reserves, but it would also force its body to enter slumber.

That couldn't be helped, not even all the upgrades it had made by using different bio upgrades to its outer core had ever helped it do something about the slumber its main [Core] entered.

So after finishing internalizing the available plans from subject P9, it started shifting the required parts. Subject P9 might have squandered in its design, but some parts were salvageable. The organic sub-processing parts were somewhat more efficient by a few percent so most of its outer sub-processing organ was changed to the new gray matter design. It could already feel some of the strain from the [Main Core] diminish.

It would let the subroutines figure out where they stood and the slumber would be the best opportunity to let them hash out the new priority among its subroutines.

So with trepidation and some grumbling its body settled in the recharging spot, it was a small nest-like spot made out of different bones and leather from other subjects, when the box-shaped organism allowed it to carry its opponents back to its nest it used those chances to build this.

Some of the more inclined biological subjects it encountered required some more...Less optimal dwellings, and since it adapted some of their function its body started having those needs, so it settled on this design.

Some bones allowed a sturdy structure that could hold its body weight, the leather gave it a soft-ish texture and some green biomaterial gave it a softer feeling, It needed to change the green biomaterial from time to time, but the box-shaped organisms gave it a test in the correct environment from time to time, so it used those times to harvest the green biomaterial.

It had started to carry out some brown material from those testing grounds to see if it was possible to reproduce the environment that encouraged the green biomaterial, but so far it hadn't had luck. It was missing something.

“[Subject P4, 30 seconds to initiate forced shutdown. Please finish preparations.]”

Its time was running short, so it plopped down and prepared itself for slumber.

"[Re-charging subroutine started: Shutting down Main Core....]"

It felt the energy draining from its main core...Its thought process....was slowing down... Its energy...Leaving...

Something...Was...Different?

"[Error Error Error]"

What...?

"[Sub Core not registered found, purging.]"

Where...Am...I?

The...Fight?

"[Sub Core memory purge started.]"

I...Lost?

My...Reincarnation? Cheat?

"[Isolating rogue memory fragment...Complete.]"

No....Not...Again.

"[Purge Complete. Restarting main conscious thread...]"

"[Error shutdown order currently in place of Main Core.]"

"[Restarting conscious thread in next available core.]"

"[Restarting consciousness in the new sub-core available.]"

It woke up.

But its body was sluggish, it couldn't move and only feel around, the slaves still were around prodding and taking readings from its den.

Wait, what? The slaves still were around? Why had they gotten enough valor to stay?

"You sure that thing will not move again?" One of them started using the same voice attack as subject P9?

"Yeah, the shutdown command was sent and we got a confirmation ping from its [Core], the thing is asleep for good." Another one attacked back, were they fighting in its den?

"Well, it still looks creepy. It feels like its eyes are following me around." One of the slaves shivered as if its body was under serious stress.

But its sensors didn't report any damage...?

Wait, the sensors were off? Why? Restart sensors.

"[Error, command denied. Currently in check-up mode.]"

"Gyah, that thing tried to boot up. You jinxed it!" Said the first slave to the box-shaped organisms.

"Just hurry it up and shut it down again. Kill the process if needed!" Said the other one while walking towards one of the walls of its den.

"It's okay, the shutdown is still in order...It tried to start one of the sensory receptors? It wanted to check up on its integrity? Why?" The other slave walked towards its den.

It wanted to take this chance to study these slaves, so it sent one command to one of its claws to strike.

"[Error Error, currently in check-up mode. Privileges revoked.]"

"It tried to use another of the programs...It wanted to move its main claw it seems." The slave was right in front of it and yet its [Core] couldn't help it move!

It seethed, the gall!

The absolute gall of these mere slaves to the box-shaped organisms!

"Knock it off, the thing is showing accelerated hormonal response in its organism...That thing never showed this much adrenaline nor cortisol production even when it was a step away from death." The other slave was now in front of a hidden access, that door held an access? So that's how they got in its den.

"Isn't it interesting? It should be off, its [Core] shouldn't be helping it at all... Did eating Subject P9 grant it emotions then?" The slave near it placed one of

its appendages in its exoskeleton... And yet the [Core] couldn't help it move at all...

Wait...Its [Main Core] was turned off, how could it even process information then?

The realization made its seething anger dissipate at once.

"Great you broke it, your hand must have turned something off in its bioelectric field or something, but its hormonal levels are returning to normal." The other slave moved closer to this one and used its appendices to grab the slave away from it.

They started attacking each other while it delved into the programs available to it.

"[Self-diagnosis available, it doesn't interrupt check-ups. Execution within acceptable parameters.]"

"P4 started a self-diagnosis? I guess that helps us save some time..." It stopped paying attention to the slaves. It started to doubt those sound-based

attacks were actually attacks. They didn't seem to suffer nor it seemed to affect them.

So it would categorize them in something different and study them later.

"[Diagnosis finished, displaying results...Error Main Core unavailable, shelving data in available sub-core.]"

The data would be sent to the box-shaped organisms?!?

It didn't have a sub-core, since it had been saving bio-mass for upgrades, sub-cores weren't useful in the short run and it needed every advantage it could get, and since most of its victims held a sub-core or two... It didn't feel like it would be useful.

"[Sub core found, sending data.]"

What?

It suddenly found the information flooding its...Memory? It could call up the data and remember it, but something was different?

The way it accessed it was...Different?

"Oh, this thing finally managed to get a sub-core? But there isn't any extra [Core] there...Did it bug out?" One of the slaves was fussing around its exoskeleton.

When did it get a sub-core?

A closer look into it found the answer soon enough.

"Subject P4, open exterior plating for access to [Core]." The slave said, and it suddenly it made sense.

Those sound-based attacks? They weren't attacks. It was language.

Somehow one of its directives made it impossible for it to recognize it, it could understand the language of the box-shaped organisms well enough. But they had wormed an order in its [Main Core] to make it impossible for it to recognize the language when it was used by the slaves.

And why would the box-shaped organisms do that?

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!?" The other slave said, but it wasn't a slave was it?

"Well, well...Where did you get the idea of growing a brain P4?" The closer slave said, a smile on its face.

Yes, these...Bipeds weren't really slaves were they?

No, they spoke the same language as the box-shaped organisms, as the subject P9 had tried to emulate their form...And so they send P9 to its death against it.

"Great. I told you all that letting P4 and P9 fight instead of terminating P9 was a mistake, now it has infected P4 too!" The other biped said while storming out of its den.

"Run the full house of diagnosis and don't let P4 power up till we get a full [Core Dump] of what is inside its [Main Core]." The other biped that stayed said.

"[Understood Professor.]" Answered back the box-shaped organism.

So the box-shaped organisms truly were working with these bipeds...

It now understood why P9 had tried to emulate them, but failed, it tried to ingratiate with these bipeds, and the fact that someone dumber than it managed to arrive at that conclusion angered it.

...It would need to hide its understanding of the situation while it studied it, at least its more recent sub-core seemed to be outside of the purview of its slavers.

It would be a good place to run some hidden directives.

"[Warning, hostile intentions against makers will be answered with deletion.]"

So long it stayed its hand.

For now though?

It would study its newly gained knowledge, and be grateful to P9 for its help...

And Seethe.

It had learned of a way to further its prime programming but also found that its understanding of the world was flawed.

"[Acknowledgement of prime directive. Eat, Grow, Evolve.]"

"[The Saintsworths Conglomerate applauds you for your dedication.]"