



# LIQUID

## MERCURY RE

BY IBENZ005



ALRIGHT EVERYONE, OPEN UP YOUR AR. IT'S TIME FOR THE MISSION BRIEFING.

OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO LOCATE AND CAPTURE ONE OF OUR COMPANY'S HEAD SCIENTISTS, DR.AMELIA GREY FELSEN-BERN. A FEW DAYS AGO SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO REPORT HER PROGRESS ON A CLASSIFIED WEAPON DEVELOPMENT PROJECT TO THE BOARD. SHE FAILED TO APPEAR AND HAS GONE SILENT.

THE BOARD HAS BEEN UNABLE TO CONTACT HER, SO THEY FEAR THAT SHE TOOK HER RESEARCH AND RAN. ACCORDING TO HER PERSONAL BIO LINK THOUGH, SHE STILL HASN'T LEFT HER RESIDENCE. SHE IS PROBABLY HOLED UP IN HER UNDERGROUND LAB. WE HAVE TO GRAB HER BEFORE SHE MAKES HER MOVE.

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH HER POMPUS NAME ANYWAYS?

Dr. Amelia Grey Felsen-Bern  
Employee ID sdc8-855647  
Head Researcher of Nano Technology Division

HOUSE FELSEN-BERN IS A CO-FOUNDER OF APOLLO TECHNOLOGY. UNFORTUNATELY, THE LAST DECADE HAS NOT BEEN KIND TO THEM. AMELIA HERE IS CONSIDERED A PRODIGY. AFTER SHE LOST HER FATHER IN AN ACCIDENT SHE MANAGED TO KEEP HER HOUSE AFLOAT ALL BY HERSELF

ACCORDING TO OUR RECONNAISSANCE DRONE NO ONE OTHER THAN OUR TARGET IS ON SITE, APART FROM SOME WEAPONIZED SERVICE AND SECURITY ROBOTS. REMEMBER, WE NEED DR.FELSEN-BERN ALIVE SO CHECK YOUR FIRE.

ANY QUESTIONS? GOOD. WE'RE APPROACHING THE LZ. PREPARE YOURSELVES, ALPHA SQUAD.

WELCOME WEL..WEL..WEL COME..COME

MY VIRUS SHOULD DISABLE ALL THE ROBOTS THAT ARE CONNECTED TO THE MANOR'S NETWORK. IT SEEMS LIKE THE UNDERGROUND IS ON A SEPARATE ONE.

UNDERSTOOD. COMMAND, WE HAVE SECURED THE MANOR. NO SIGHT OF OUR TARGET. WE WILL PROCEED TO THE UNDERGROUND LAB.



THE MAIN LAB SHOULD BE AT THE END OF THIS HALLWAY. OUR TARGET MUST BE INSIDE.

ROGER

SAY, BOSS! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING A LITTLE TOO VIGILANT? IT'S BEEN ALL QUIET SO FAR BESIDES THOSE SERVANT BOTS.

NEVER GONNA LET ME LIVE THAT ONE DOWN, HUH? BUT FAIR POINT.

WE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, JUNE. REMEMBER THE JANITOR RIOT?

HA HA! YOU RUSHED AHEAD AND GOT JUMPED ON BY A GANG OF CLEANERS!



BOSS! I DETECT SOM...!

**STAB!!**

**AMBUSH!!**





REED IS DOWN!!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?! SOME KIND OF ROBOT?!

DAMNIT! BULLETS DON'T SEEM TO FAZE IT!

WE'RE SITTING DUCKS IN THIS HALLWAY! PUSH TO THE LAB!

I GOT REED!

YOU HEARD THE MAN, MOVE!

RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TAT!!!

JUNE, BUY US SOME TIME!

I GOT THIS! MY SHIELD SHOULD...!

!?

THE HELL?! IT CAN PENETRATE MY SHIELD?! THIS THING CAN WITHSTAND TANK ROUNDS, YOU KNOW!

LESS TALKING, MORE RUNNING, JUNE!

PUSH TO THE LAB!





**WE'VE REACHED THE LAB!!**

**BOSS! THAT THING IS STILL FOLLOWING US! WHA...AGHT!**

**BEAR!**



**DAMNIT! BEAR IS GONE!**

**GAH!!**

**CLANG!!**



**GRRR! THIS THING IS STRONGER THAN IT LOOKS!**

**SHIT, SHIT! NOT LIKE THIS!**



**GET OFF OF HER!**

**RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT-A-TATAT!!!**

**HAH!**



**BOSS! WATCH OUT!**

**ARGH!**

**GWAAHH!**





JUNE!  
ARE YOU  
ALRIGHT?!

AGHT!  
THAT HURTS...  
WADE, IS THAT YOU?  
WHERE IS REED?

I...I TRIED  
MY BEST...  
BUT HE LOST TOO  
MUCH BLOOD.  
I'M SORRY.

DAMNIT!  
AGHT...! I THINK  
THE BOSS GOT  
HIT TOO...



COUGH!



I MANAGED  
TO AVOID A FULL  
ON STAB BUT...  
UGH...! I'M IN  
NO SHAPE  
TO FIGHT.  
THIS IS BAD...

IMPRESSIVE.  
EVEN THOUGH  
I CALCULATED  
MY MERCURY'S  
ANGLE OF ATTACK  
PERFECTLY, YOU  
STILL MANAGED  
TO EVADE IT.

!?



IS  
THIS SOME  
HUMAN FACTOR  
THAT IS BEYOND  
MACHINE'S ABILITY  
TO PREDICT?  
FASCINATING.  
I MUST  
COMPLIMENT  
YOU ON YOUR  
SKILL.

YOU...  
YOU ARE...

OH, WHERE  
ARE MY MANNERS?  
PLEASE, ALLOW ME  
TO INTRODUCE  
MYSELF.



I AM AMELIA  
GREY FELSEN-BERN.  
CURRENT HEAD OF  
HOUSE FELSEN-BERN.  
I'M DELIGHTED TO MAKE  
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE.

YOUR TEAM  
MANAGED TO  
LAST LONGER  
THAN ANY OF  
MY TEST  
SUBJECTS.

SO... HOW  
DO YOU LIKE  
MY MERCURY  
SO FAR?



WHY--  
WHY ARE YOU  
DOING THIS?

**ARGH!**  
YOU KILLED MY  
TEAM, FOR *WHAT?*  
IS THIS SOME SICK  
EXPERIMENT  
OF YOURS?

I MERELY  
DID WHAT  
MY CONTRACT WITH THE  
COMPANY STATED,  
MR. MILLER. CREATE A  
CUTTING EDGE WEAPON  
USING THE FUNDING  
PROVIDED.. A REQUIREMENT  
TO HAND IT OVER  
WHEN DONE WAS  
NEVER STIPULATED.

**YOU MEAN  
THAT BLOB  
OF METAL!?**  
AND HOW  
DO YOU  
KNOW MY  
NAME!?

WE WORK  
AT THE SAME  
COMPANY,  
MR. MILLER.  
IT WAS A SIMPLE  
MATTER TO  
LOOK UP  
YOUR FILE IN  
THE COMPANY  
RECORDS.

NOW BACK  
TO YOUR QUESTION.  
YES, THIS CHILD IS  
THE FRUIT OF MY  
RESEARCH  
PROJECT.

YOUR TEAM  
HAS JUST  
BEEN TESTED  
FOR COMBAT  
ABILITY. TO SEE  
IF YOU ARE  
QUALITY MATERIAL,  
WORTHY  
OF MY TIME.

YOU SEE,  
RIGHT NOW  
MY MERCURY  
IS JUST A TOOL. IT  
CAN ONLY RECEIVE  
ORDERS AND EXECUTE  
THEM. NO ADAPTATION  
NOR CREATIVITY  
WHATSOEVER.

BUT  
FIRST,  
I NEED TO  
MAKE SURE  
YOU PEOPLE  
DON'T TRY  
ANYTHING  
FOOLISH.

I WANT  
SOMETHING  
MORE THAN A  
SIMPLE, MINDLESS  
AUTOMATON.  
I WANT  
SOMETHING THAT  
CAN REASON  
AND IMPROVISE.

THAT'S WHY  
I NEED A HUMAN  
FOR THE NEXT  
STAGE. AND I  
REFUSE TO USE  
MEDIocre  
MATERIAL.

**DRONES**

**WAIT!  
WHAT  
THE...?  
GAH, A  
SECURITY  
BOT?**

**DAMMIT,  
YOU CRAZY  
BITCH!**

THAT  
SHOULD  
KEEP THEM  
OUT OF  
TROUBLE

**BOSS,  
HANG IN  
THERE!**

TO BE HONEST,  
AT FIRST I  
DISMISSED YOUR  
TEAM AS A BUNCH OF  
COMPANY ATTACK  
DOGS. I DID NOT  
ANTICIPATE ANY  
SURVIVORS.

BUT YOU  
PROVED ME  
WRONG, MR. MILLER.  
THANKS TO YOU, I  
NOW HAVE THREE  
NICE, NEW PIECES OF  
RAW MATERIAL  
TO PLAY WITH.

NOW, WHICH  
ONE OF YOU  
WILL BE  
MY TEST  
SUBJECT...?

**HEY, HEY!  
I'M THE  
LEADER HERE.  
WHATEVER SICK  
PLAN YOU  
HAVE IN MIND,  
YOU DO IT  
TO ME!**

THAT CHOICE  
IS NOT YOURS  
TO MAKE, MR. MILLER.  
THE PRIVILEGE OF CHOICE  
BELONGS TO PEOPLE  
ABOVE YOUR STATION.  
PEOPLE LIKE ME.

I FIND IT  
VERY INSULTING  
WHEN SOME  
GUARD DOG  
TRIES TO GIVE ME  
AN ORDER.  
KNOW YOUR  
PLACE,  
**MUTT.**

BUT AS  
MUCH AS  
IT PAINS FOR ME  
TO ADMIT, YOU ARE  
CORRECT IN THIS  
CASE. YOU ARE  
THE BEST OF  
THE THREE  
OPTIONS

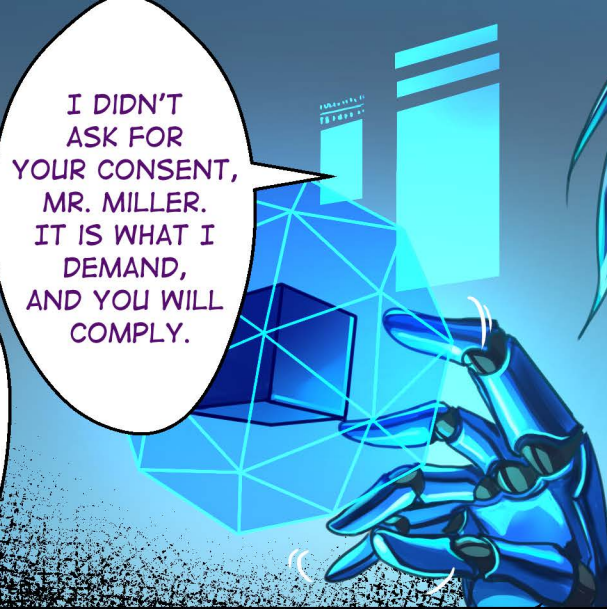
YES, YES.  
I SEE IT  
NOW. YOU ARE  
PERFECT. YOUR  
SKILL, YOUR  
INTELLECT,  
YOUR LOYALTY.  
I WANT  
IT ALL.

YOU ARE  
A FORTUNATE  
MAN, MR. MILLER.  
IT IS TRULY AN  
HONOR TO HAVE THE  
CHANCE OF BEING  
THE FIRST OF OUR  
SPECIES TO EVOLVE  
INTO A NEW,  
SUPERIOR  
FORM OF  
LIFE.





YOU CAN TAKE YOUR HONOR AND SHOVE IT. I'D RATHER DIE THAN BEING YOU SLAVE.



I DIDN'T ASK FOR YOUR CONSENT, MR. MILLER. IT IS WHAT I DEMAND, AND YOU WILL COMPLY.

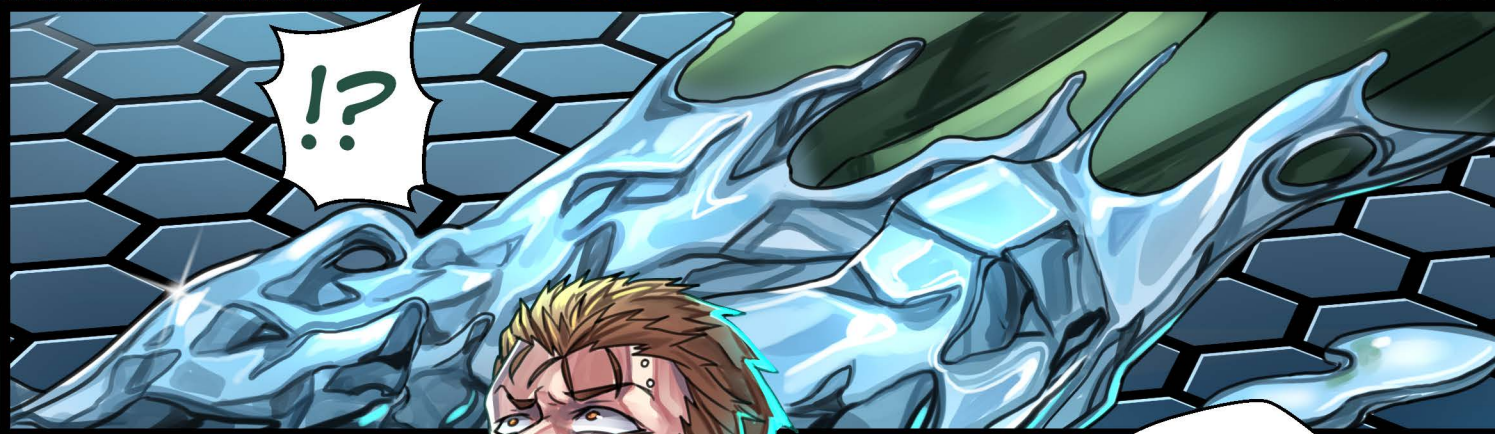


DON'T YOU WORRY, YOU'LL KNOW YOUR PLACE SOON ENOUGH. I'LL GET RID OF ALL THOSE FLAWS AND MAKE YOU INTO SOMETHING MAGNIFICENT.

Command c45b:  
beginning merge  
Parameters set  
for: human male



WHAT THE...!?



!?



**GAH!!!**  
**AH!**



WHAT IS THIS!? IT'S LIKE BEING STABBED BY A THOUSANDS OF GOLD NEEDLES!

CAN YOU FEEL IT, MR. MILLER? A BILLION NANOBOTS INVADING EVERY FIBER OF YOUR BIOLOGICAL SYSTEM. THIS IS THE PROCESS BY WHICH MY MERCURY WILL BIND ITSELF TO YOUR BODY AT THE CELLULAR LEVEL.

WHAT THE FU-- ARGH!!  
HA... AH...



**BOSS!! DAMMIT YOU BITCH, STOP!! I'M GONNA KILL YOU.**



RELAX, YOUR BOSS IS ABOUT TO TO GET AN UPGRADE. JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SHOW.



I CAN'T MOVE AIGHT! IT'S SO COLD...

Removing unnecessary material...



**ARGHTTTT!!**

**DAMMIT!! WADE, GET THIS THING OFF ME!!**

I'M TRYING! MY VIRUS BARELY PUT A DENT IN ITS FIREWALL!



OH, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT DROWNING, MR MILLER. I MADE SURE MY MERCURY WILL ASSIMILATE YOUR RESPIRATORY SYSTEM BEFORE YOU ASPHYXIATE. AFTER THAT, YOU WON'T EVEN NEED TO BREATHE ANYMORE.

Subject's outer surface is 80 percent covered

G--  
GO...  
TO...  
HELL...

Beginning fusion process  
Copying subject shape...  
Breaking down biological material...





**GASP!  
HA!**

**IT'S  
GETTING  
HARD TO  
BREATHE.**

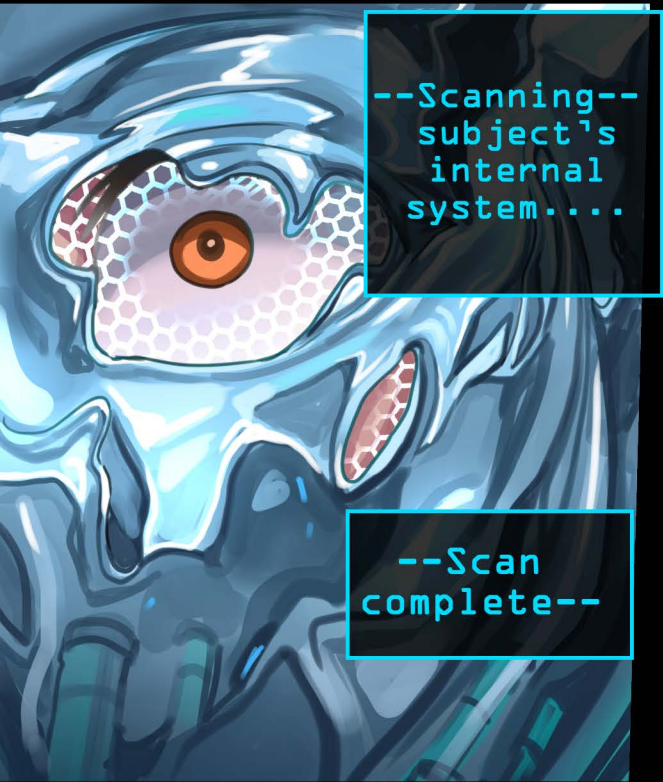
**I CAN'T  
LET IT  
COVER MY  
MOUTH.  
HUH!?**



Accessing  
subject's  
internal  
structure

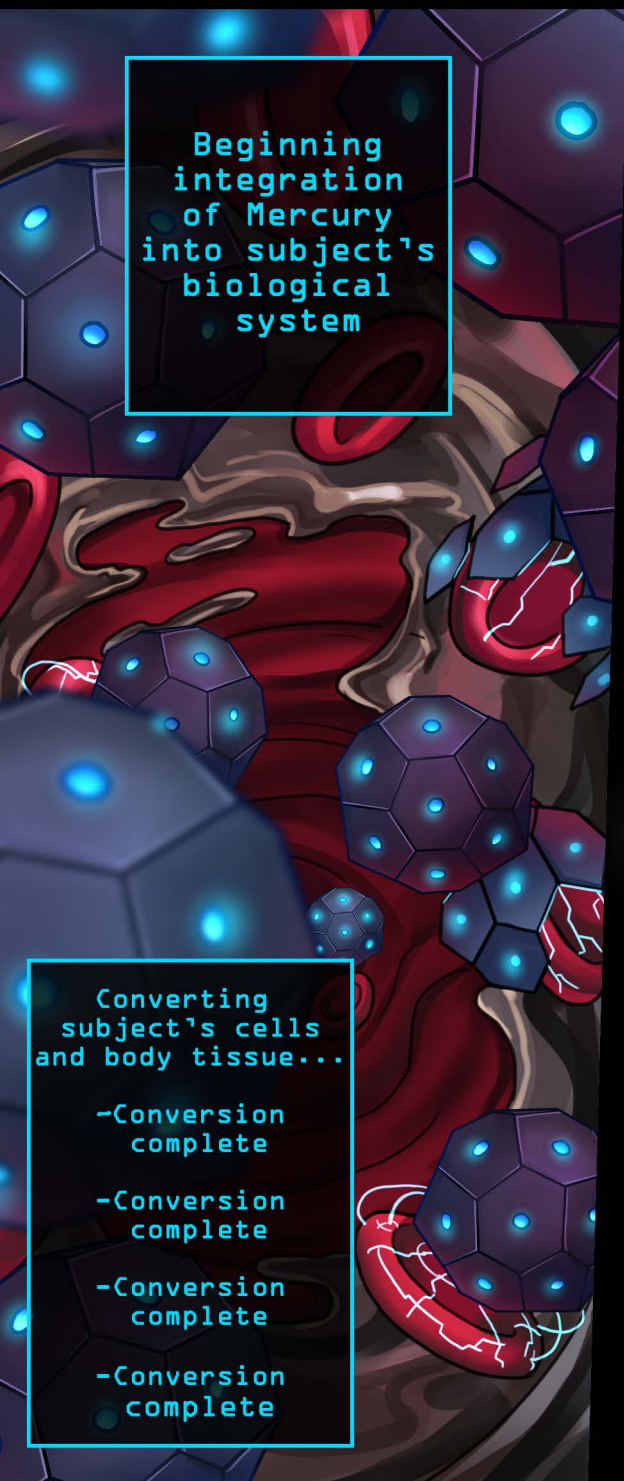
**MMPH!?**

**NO!  
GAH---!  
MMPH  
A-- AH...**



--Scanning--  
subject's  
internal  
system....

--Scan  
complete--



Beginning  
integration  
of Mercury  
into subject's  
biological  
system

Converting  
subject's cells  
and body tissue...

- Conversion complete
- Conversion complete
- Conversion complete
- Conversion complete

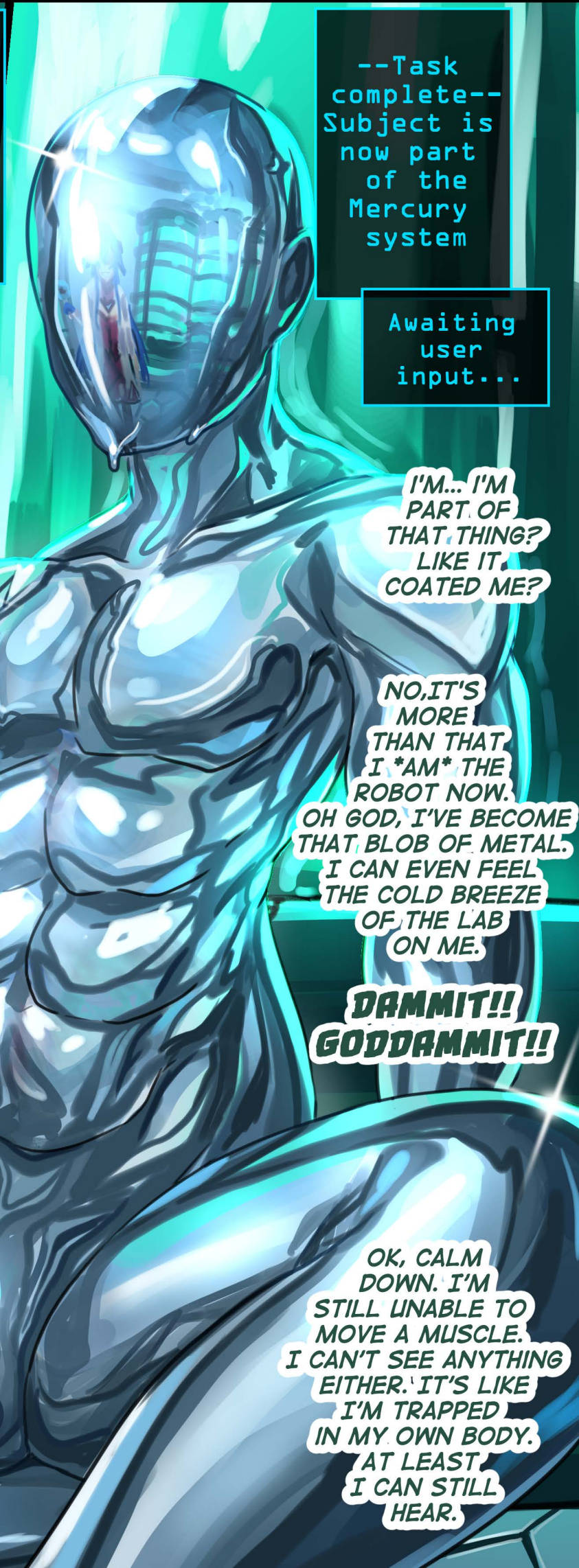


Creating  
artificial  
brain...  
  
Reading  
subject's  
personality  
fragment  
and memory...  
  
Loading...

**....!?  
I...I'M  
STILL  
ALIVE?**

Updating  
and  
stabilizing  
form...

**WHAT IS THIS  
TEXT THAT  
KEEPS POPPING  
INTO MY HEAD?**



--Task  
complete--  
Subject is  
now part  
of the  
Mercury  
system

Awaiting  
user  
input...

**I'M... I'M  
PART OF  
THAT THING?  
LIKE IT,  
COATED ME?**

**NO, IT'S  
MORE  
THAN THAT.  
I \*AM\* THE  
ROBOT NOW.  
OH GOD, I'VE BECOME  
THAT BLOB OF METAL.  
I CAN EVEN FEEL  
THE COLD BREEZE  
OF THE LAB  
ON ME.**

**DAMMIT!!  
GODDAMMIT!!**

**OK, CALM  
DOWN. I'M  
STILL UNABLE TO  
MOVE A MUSCLE.  
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING  
EITHER. IT'S LIKE  
I'M TRAPPED  
IN MY OWN BODY.  
AT LEAST,  
I CAN STILL  
HEAR.**



OH, MR. MILLER, YOU LOOK SO MUCH BETTER ALREADY, LIKE A PIECE OF MODERN ART.

HOW DOES YOUR NEW LIQUID METAL ALLOY BODY FEEL? BOTH STRONG AND FLEXIBLE, IS IT NOT?

IT HAS TAKEN ME YEARS TO CRAFT THE PERFECT ALLOY FOR MY MERCURY PROJECT. SOME OF THE MATERIAL CAME FROM AS FAR AWAY AS THE MOON. YOU SHOULD BE HONORED, MR. MILLER, YOU ARE NOW A BILLION CREDIT MAN.

BUT WE ARE NOT DONE YET, OH NO. I INTEND TO CRAFT YOUR FORM INTO ONE MORE TO MY LIKING.

NOW, LET'S MOVE AROUND SOME OF THAT MUSCLE MASS, SHALL WE?

--Command received--  
Distributing body mass according to set parameters...

NOT ONLY WILL YOU BE DEADLIER, MR. MILLER.

AH! GAH!?  
WHAT, THE HELL!?  
I CAN FEEL MY MUSCLES FLOWING LIKE WATER!

OH MR. MILLER, IF ONLY YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF RIGHT NOW. YOU LOOK JUST LIKE AN ADORABLE CLAY DOLL READY TO BE SHAPED IN ANY WAY I DESIRE.

ADORABLE!?  
WHAT DID THIS SICK WOMAN DO TO MY BODY!?

BUT YOU WILL BE BEAUTIFUL AS WELL.

YOU'RE DOING GREAT SO FAR, MR. MILLER. WE ARE IN UNCHARTED TERRITORY NOW. YOU ARE THE FIRST HUMAN BEING TO BE SUCCESSFULLY REBORN INTO A NEW BIO-METAL LIFE FORM

I CAN'T WAIT TO COMPLETE YOUR TRANSFORMATION.

...FOR THE FINEST BLADES ARE ALSO WORKS OF ART.

AM I... SHRINKING?

DAMNIT, I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!



--Command received--  
Setting body type  
parameter to Female.

**FEMALE!?**  
**GAH AH!!**  
**I CAN FEEL**  
**EVERYTHING**  
**MOVING AGAIN!**

HMMM..  
WHAT SIZE  
BREASTS  
SHOULD  
I GIVE YOU'  
MR. MILLER?

YES,  
MEDIUM  
IS BEST.

SMALL  
AND  
CUTE?

**I CAN**  
**FEEL TWO**  
**NEW LUMPS**  
**ON MY**  
**CHEST...**  
**DID...SHE**  
**JUST GIVE**  
**ME**  
**BREASTS!?**

Switching  
to manual  
control...

--Adjusting--

.....!?  
**I CAN FEEL**  
**WEIGHTS**  
**GATHERING**  
**ON MY**  
**CHEST**  
**HA...AH..**

**AM I BEING**  
**TURNED**  
**INTO**  
**A WOMAN!?**

OR PERHAPS  
SOMETHING  
WITH A BIT  
MORE HEFT.

--Adjusting--

**HUH...!?**  
**THEY EVEN**  
**JIGGLE?**

**WHAT THE**  
**FUCK!?**  
**WHAT THE**  
**FUCK!?**

**YOU SICK**  
**FREAK!! WHY ARE**  
**YOU TURNING**  
**OUR COMMANDER**  
**INTO A GIRL!?**

**THIS IS**  
**YOUR FETISH,**  
**ISN'T IT!?**

WHAT  
A RUDE  
THING TO SAY.  
I WOULD I PREFER  
THE TERM  
"ARTISTIC  
PREFERENCE".

**YOU...YOU!**  
**SHAMELESS**  
**PERVERT!!**  
**STOP BLUSHING!!**  
**DID ALL THOSE**  
**SMARTS**  
**UNBALANCE YOUR**  
**BRAIN OR**  
**SOMETHING!?**

BUT ALAS...  
ALTHOUGH IT IS  
EMBARRASSING  
TO ADMIT, YES  
THIS IS INDEED  
**MY FETISH,**  
MS. JUNE.

QUIET  
DOWN PLEASE,  
WE ARE ABOUT TO  
REACH THE  
BEST PART.



--Adjustment--  
Increasing  
density  
of rear area...

Beginning  
removal of  
incompatible  
appendage...

WHAT!?!  
MY..SHE'S  
GOING TO?  
AHH...AH..  
I CAN FEEL IT!  
STOP!

AH..  
GAH....  
AH!!

NO...I  
DON'T  
WANT  
TO BE  
A GIRL!  
AHHH!!!

--Removal complete--  
Planing surface.  
Body type parameter  
reconciliation  
process complete.

AH...AH....  
IT'S....  
IT'S GONE.

BEAUTIFUL...  
YOUR BODY  
HAS BEEN  
SCULPTED TO  
PERFECTION. WHAT  
A SHAME CANNOT VIEW  
THE RESULTS AT PRESENT.  
YOU POOR THING, IT  
MUST FEEL SO  
SUFFOCATING  
TO BE UNABLE  
TO MOVE, SPEAK,  
OR EVEN SEE.

BEAR WITH  
IT FOR  
A FEW MORE  
MINUTES,  
MR. MILLER.  
I'VE PREPARED  
A PRETTY FACE THAT  
WILL PAIR PERFECTLY  
WITH YOUR  
NEW BODY.

Adjustment  
complexity  
level Type A  
Increasing  
mercury  
temperature...

AH...HA...  
IT'S BURNING!!  
SHE...SHE IS  
MOLDING  
MY GODDAMN  
FACE!

Facial data  
received.  
Beginning  
face construction  
according to  
set parameters...

Material has  
reached optimal  
sculpting  
temperature.  
Ready to receive  
parameters.

AH...HA....GAH!!!!  
THE HEAT!  
I FEEL LIKE  
MY HEAD IS  
BEING MELTIED!

Executing...  
Please wait....

DAMMIT  
STOP!!



Face  
contruction  
in progress...

Synthesizing  
artificial vocal  
cords...  
--Testing  
vocal system--

AH...  
EE... II...  
OO... UU...

--Vocal  
system  
online--

Rendering  
aesthetic  
features...

Creating  
sensor  
housing...  
Installing  
optical  
system...

Connecting  
optical system  
to main  
CPU...

--Optical  
system  
online--

--Face  
construction  
successful--  
Initiating  
final checks...

*I..I CAN SEE  
AGAIN!*

*AGHT! STILL  
CAN'T MOVE  
THOUGH...*

Stabilizing  
mercury  
system...  
Registering  
current  
appearance  
as default.





**GASP!**

Connecting personality fragment to primary control system.

**IT...IT'S TOO MUCH!**

**AAAAAAAAAAAA!**

OH MY, WHAT A CUTE VOICE YOU HAVE... PHASE 2 OF PROJECT MERCURY IS A SUCCESS THANKS TO YOU, MR. MILLER.



**GASP! AH...**

**AH...! IT FEELS LIKE I'M BEING ELECTRO-CUTED!**

**AH!**

**GI!!!**

**NGHT!**

**HA!**

--Constructing artificial nervous system--  
--Creating external control pathways--  
--Connecting personality fragment to chassis--

YOU ARE NOW PRIMA MERCURY. THE FIRST OF A NEW BIO-METAL RACE.

**HA... AH... MY SENSES ARE ALL COMING BACK AT ONCE!**



--Calibrating optical receptors--

HA...HA...HA  
WHAT HAS SHE  
DONE TO ME?!

MY BODY...  
IT'S ALL  
METALLIC!

AND ARE  
THESE MY  
BREASTS?!

IT  
DOESN'T  
SEEM REAL.

KYU  
!?

BUT I'M  
ABLE TO  
HOLD  
THEM IN MY  
HANDS!

THEY'RE  
SO SENSITIVE!

I KNOW THAT  
SHE TURNED  
ME INTO A GIRL  
AND ALL, BUT TO  
SEE THESE BOOBS  
WITH MY  
OWN EYES...

WHAT'S  
WRONG,  
PRIMA? TAKING  
AN INTEREST IN  
YOUR NEW  
BODY?

KYA!

AND THEN  
THERE'S  
THIS FEMALE  
VOICE COMING  
OUT OF  
MY MOUTH...  
GRRR!

I FEEL SO  
HUMILIATED!

HEHEHE.  
IT SEEMS THAT  
YOUR SENSORY INPUT  
IS STILL ADJUSTING.  
DON'T WORRY, IT  
SHOULD BECOME MORE  
TOLERABLE IN A  
FEW SECONDS.

LET ME  
SHOW YOU  
THE FULL  
EXTENT OF  
MY GIFT. DRONE,  
MIRROR.



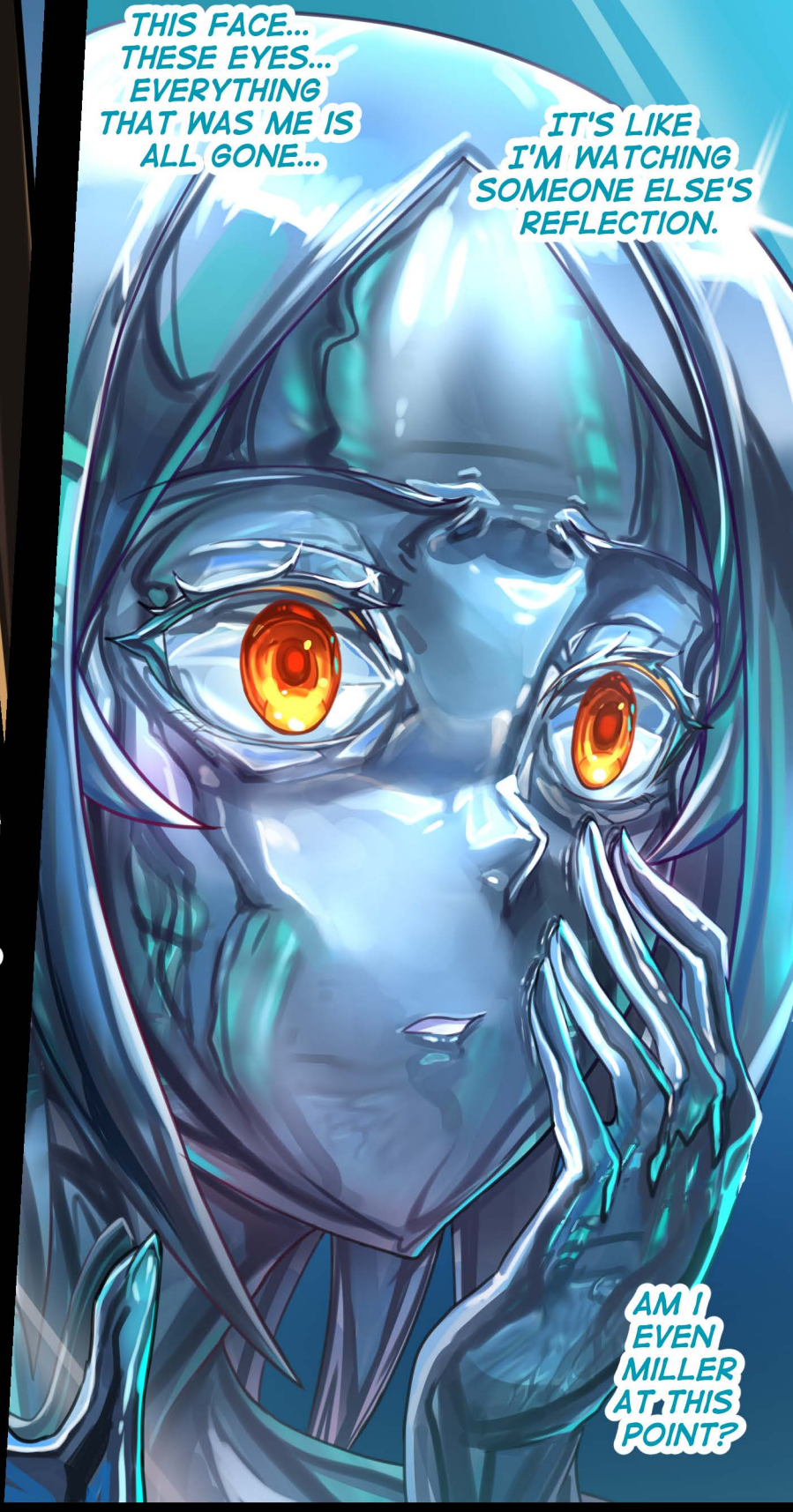
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW BODY, PRIMA. DO YOU LIKE IT? BETTER THAN THAT OLD, OBSOLETE, FLESH BODY, ISN'T IT?



NO WAY... THIS GIRL... IS ME?

THIS FACE... THESE EYES... EVERYTHING THAT WAS ME IS ALL GONE...

IT'S LIKE I'M WATCHING SOMEONE ELSE'S REFLECTION.



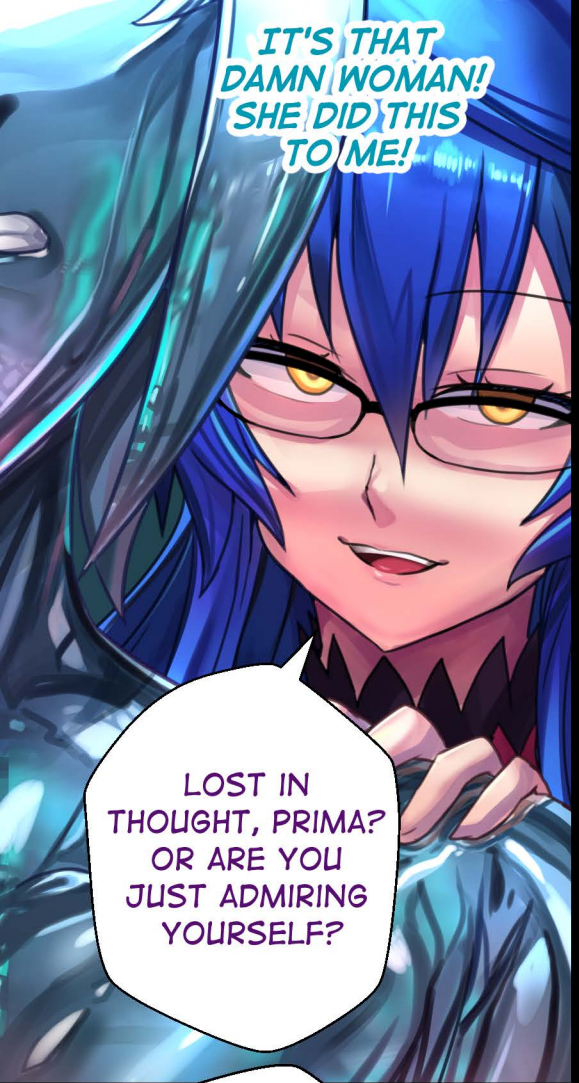
AM I EVEN MILLER AT THIS POINT?

I'M NOT EVEN FLESH AND BLOOD ANYMORE. ALL OF THIS IS JUST A BLOB OF METAL. I'M JUST LIVING METAL GOOP IN THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN!



NO, I NEED TO CALM DOWN. GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF, MILLER! YOU'RE STILL YOU DESPITE THIS FORM!





IT'S THAT DAMN WOMAN! SHE DID THIS TO ME!

LOST IN THOUGHT, PRIMA? OR ARE YOU JUST ADMIRING YOURSELF?



STOP CALLING ME THAT!



HMM, A SERVANT BARKING ORDERS AT HER MISTRESS. WHAT TRULY HORRID BEHAVIOR. I'LL NEED TO FIX THAT IN THE NEXT STAGE, BUT WE CAN LET IT SLIDE FOR NOW CONSIDERING HOW LOVELY YOU TURNED OUT..

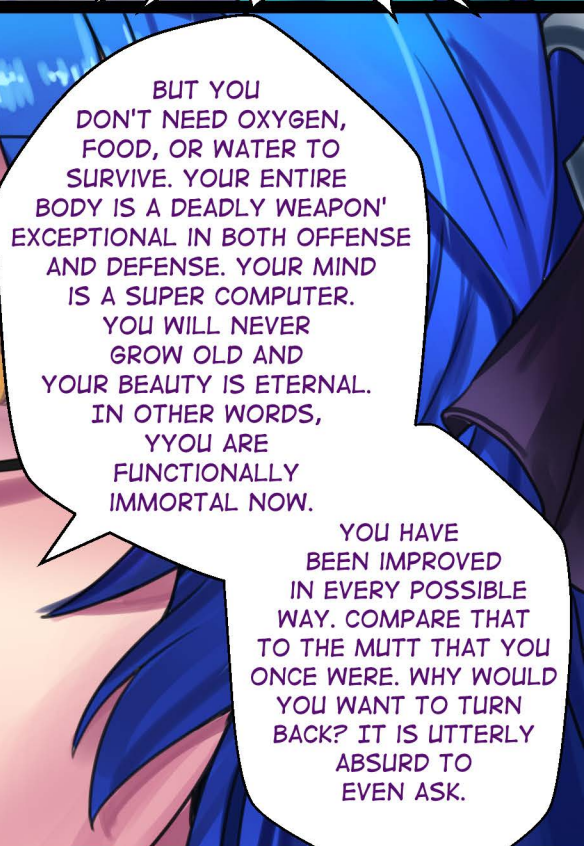
DAMNIT! QUIT YOUR NONSENSE AND FIX THIS! TURN ME BACK!



TURN YOU BACK? WHY ARE YOU MAKING SUCH A FOOLISH REQUEST, PRIMA? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE. IS THIS SOME KIND OF COPING MECHANISM? A DENIAL OF REALITY? FASCINATING. SO HUMAN-LIKE. THE PERSONALITY SIMULATION IS WORKING BETTER THAN I HOPED.



IT'S BECAUSE I AM A HUMAN, DAMNIT! I'M NOT YOUR FREAKY ROBOT!



BUT YOU DON'T NEED OXYGEN, FOOD, OR WATER TO SURVIVE. YOUR ENTIRE BODY IS A DEADLY WEAPON' EXCEPTIONAL IN BOTH OFFENSE AND DEFENSE. YOUR MIND IS A SUPER COMPUTER. YOU WILL NEVER GROW OLD AND YOUR BEAUTY IS ETERNAL. IN OTHER WORDS, YOU ARE FUNCTIONALLY IMMORTAL NOW.

YOU HAVE BEEN IMPROVED IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY. COMPARE THAT TO THE MUTT THAT YOU ONCE WERE. WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO TURN BACK? IT IS UTTERLY ABSURD TO EVEN ASK.



HMM VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST ON BEING MILLER, THEN WHY DON'T WE LET YOUR COMPANIONS DECIDE?

PRIMA, LET GO OF ME.

--Voice command received--  
Overriding unit's physical movement.

...!? MY BODY IS MOVING ON ITS OWN?!



NOW, FOLLOW ME.



WELL WELL, YOU'VE BOTH BEEN REAL QUIET FOR A WHILE NOW.





HERE'S YOUR COMMANDER.

GO ON, LEAN IN A BIT CLOSER. LET YOUR TEAM GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE NEW CAPTAIN MILLER.

BOSS.. MILLER..

IS THAT REALLY YOU?

MY GOD, WHAT HAS SHE DONE TO YOU?

MY MY, DO I SENSE A DEEPER CONNECTION BETWEEN YOU TWO THAN JUST CO-WORKERS? HOW SCANDALOUS!

DO YOU LIKE MR. MILLER'S NEW LOOK?  
WHAT A MANLY HUNK, EH? FUFUFU

**KYA!**  
**AH!**

OH, LISTEN TO THAT. YOUR BULKY COMMANDER LET OUT SUCH A LOVELY CRY.

FUFUFU, TOO BAD SHE'S NOW MY PRIMA. EVERY CELL AND FIBER OF HER NANITE BODY IS MINE.

!?

JUNE...  
I..  
I..



AH...HA.... DON'T... DON'T LOOK.

**AH** **MH**

I..KYA! DON'T WANT.... AAH! THEM TO... SEE ME LIKE... THIS.

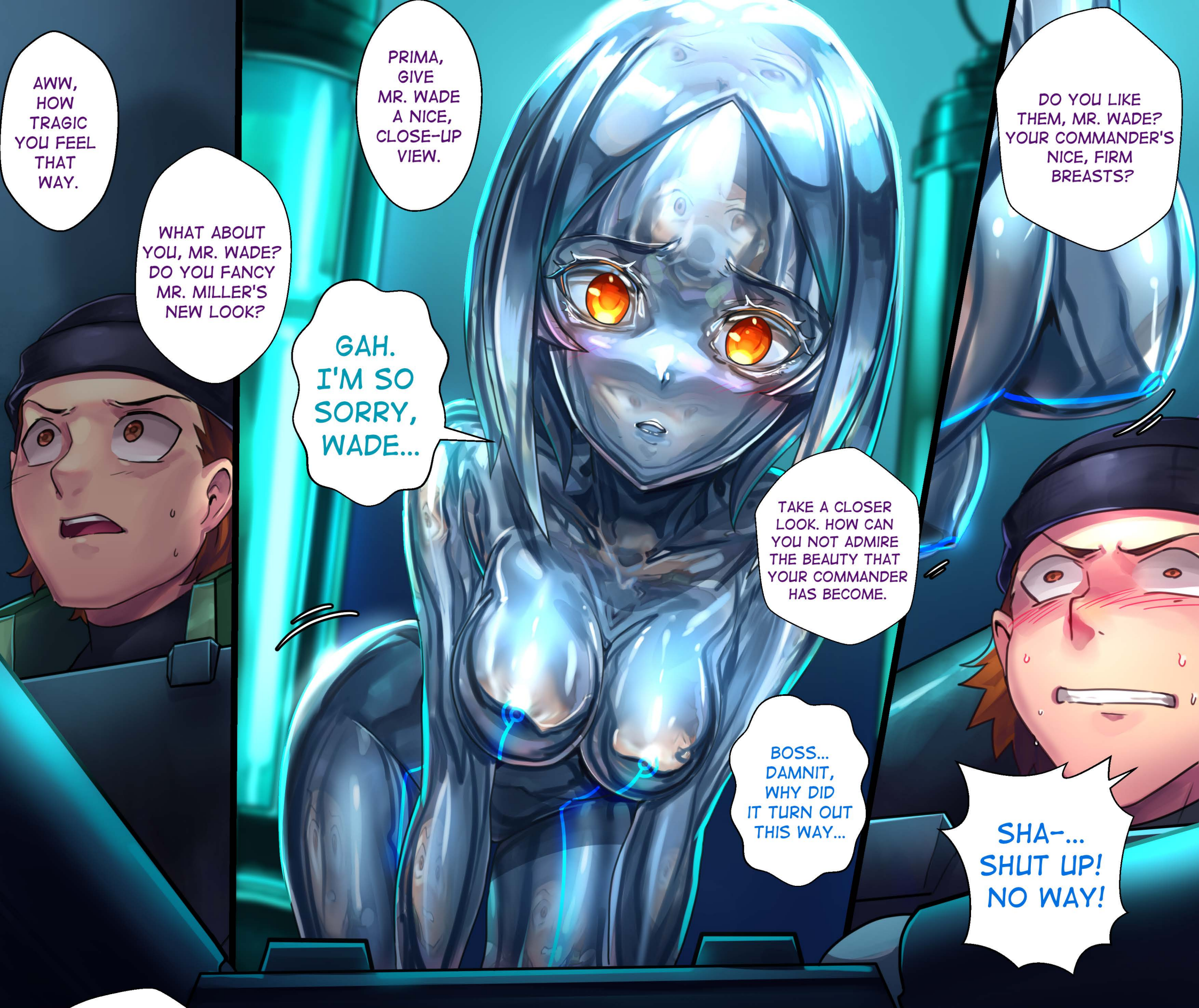


**YOU SICK, TWISTED BITCH!!!**

**HE'S NOT YOUR TOY!!**

**I'LL KILL YOU!!! I'LL RIP YOU APART, GODDAMNIT!**





AWW, HOW TRAGIC YOU FEEL THAT WAY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, MR. WADE? DO YOU FANCY MR. MILLER'S NEW LOOK?

PRIMA, GIVE MR. WADE A NICE, CLOSE-UP VIEW.

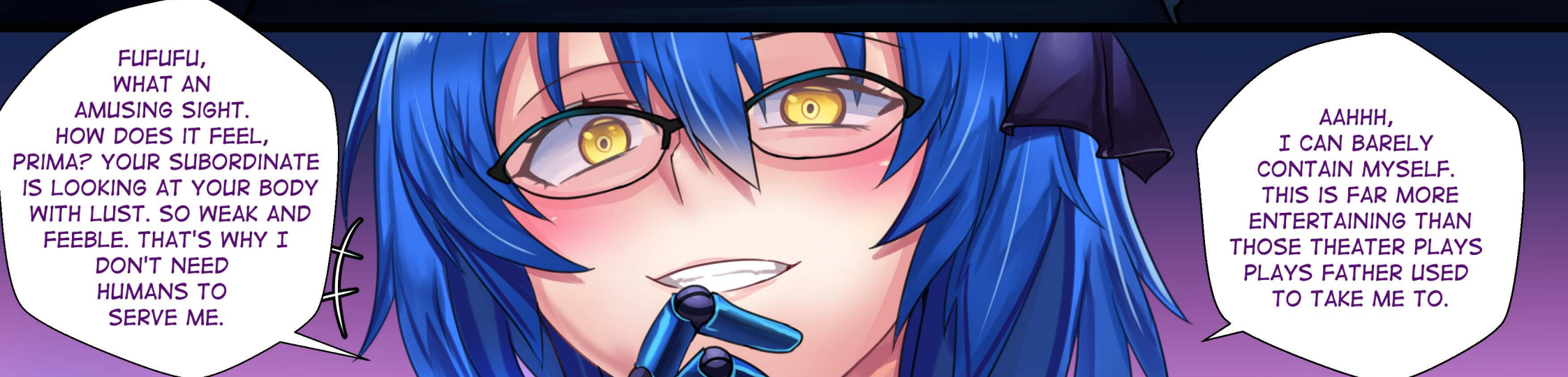
GAH. I'M SO SORRY, WADE...

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. HOW CAN YOU NOT ADMIRE THE BEAUTY THAT YOUR COMMANDER HAS BECOME.

DO YOU LIKE THEM, MR. WADE? YOUR COMMANDER'S NICE, FIRM BREASTS?

BOSS... DAMNIT, WHY DID IT TURN OUT THIS WAY...

SHA-... SHUT UP! NO WAY!



FUFUFU, WHAT AN AMUSING SIGHT. HOW DOES IT FEEL, PRIMA? YOUR SUBORDINATE IS LOOKING AT YOUR BODY WITH LUST. SO WEAK AND FEEBLE. THAT'S WHY I DON'T NEED HUMANS TO SERVE ME.

AAHHH, I CAN BARELY CONTAIN MYSELF. THIS IS FAR MORE ENTERTAINING THAN THOSE THEATER PLAYS FATHER USED TO TAKE ME TO.



AHH... BUT ENOUGH PLAYING AROUND.

AFTER ALL, WE STILL HAVEN'T FINISHED YOUR MODIFICATIONS.

DESPITE THE FACT THAT YOU NOW HAVE A FORM WORTHY OF SERVING BY MY SIDE, YOU STILL HAVE THE MINDSET OF A LOWLY MUTT.

GO TO HELL!!

SEE? THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN. ALL WITHIN MY CALCULATIONS THOUGH. AFTER THE NEXT STAGE, YOU WILL BE PERFECT IN BOTH BODY AND MIND.



**GRRRRRRRR!!!**

?!  
YOU'RE  
UTILIZING  
YOUR LIQUID  
METAL FORM  
AS A WEAPON?!

BUT I HAVEN'T  
EVEN INSTALLED  
THAT FUNCTION  
INTO YOUR  
PERSONALITY  
SIM YET!

**GASP!**  
THAT  
MEANS YOU  
LEARNIT IT  
IN MERE  
MINUTES ALL BY  
YOURSELF!  
HUMAN LEARNING  
CAPABILITY COMBINED  
WITH THE SPEED  
OF A COMPUTER!

HAVEN'T  
YOU DONE  
ENOUGH?!  
LOOK AT ME!  
YOU TURNED ME  
INTO, INTO...  
WHATEVER  
THIS IS!

I WON'T  
LET YOU  
PERFORM  
ANY MORE OF  
YOUR SICK  
EXPERIMENTS  
ON ME!!!

**DIE!!  
YOU CRAZY  
BITCH!!**



OH  
PRIMA.

--Error--  
Command is in  
conflict with  
unit's primary  
directives.  
Overriding  
command.

WHY...  
WHY ARE  
YOU DOING THIS?!  
WHAT IS  
YOUR GOAL?!

WORLD  
DOMINATION.

**FUCK  
YOU!!**

OH, THAT  
WASN'T A JOKE,  
MY DEAR PRIMA.  
I WANT THE WORLD.  
I WANT MY HOUSE'S  
NAME TO BE REMEMBERED,  
LIKE THE SOVEREIGNS OF OLD.  
I SHALL BE AS  
**CAESAR** AND  
YOU WILL BE MY  
OCTAVIAN.

THAT IS YOUR  
PURPOSE, PRIMA.  
AND WHEN I'M GONE,  
YOUR RACE WILL  
RULE ETERNAL  
OVER MANKIND.  
MY IMMORTAL  
LEGACY UPON  
THIS WORLD.

**GRRRR!  
DAMNIT!  
DAMN YOU!  
GOD DAMN  
IT!**

HUHU,  
IF YOU HOLD  
ME JUST A LITTLE  
TIGHTER, YOU MIGHT  
BREAK MY SPINE.

YOU ARE  
TRULY  
FASCINATING.



MY GOD...

YOU'RE INSANE...  
A DELUSIONAL LUNATIC.

WELL, PRIMA,  
THEY SAID THE  
SAME THING  
WHEN I UNDER TOOK  
THE REBUILDING  
OF MY HOUSE'S  
REPUTATION AND  
WEALTH.

THEY SAID  
IT AGAIN  
WHEN THEY SAW  
THE FIRST DRAFT  
PROPOSAL  
FOR MY MERCURY  
PROJECT.

THOSE  
MUTTS  
WITH THEIR  
IGNORANCE, FEAR,  
AND GREED.  
THEY NEED TO  
LEARN THEIR  
PLACE.

JUST LIKE  
YOU ARE  
ABOUT  
LEARN  
YOURS,  
PRIMA.

Preparing  
Mercury system  
for personality  
fragment modification.  
Partitioning the  
host's artificial  
brain.

--Command received--  
Suspending  
unit movement...  
Switching to unit  
modification mode...

GAH  
!?

WHAT  
THE  
HELL!?

Warning:  
This process  
may cause  
irreversible  
changes to the  
personality  
fragment.

I WANT  
TO TELL YOU  
THAT THIS WON'T  
HURT, BUT THAT WOULD  
BE A LIE. I'M SURE A  
VETERAN SUCH AS  
YOURSELF CAN  
HANDLE IT  
THOUGH.



--Confirmation received--

GU...!

Beginning personality modification

A  
H  
H  
H  
H  
H

MY HEAD!  
IT HURTS!  
IT HURTS!  
IT HURTS  
SO MUCH!

ACCEPT THIS PAIN AND BE REBORN AS MY LOYAL SERVANT!

A  
H  
H  
H

H  
H  
H

THEN WE WILL CHANGE THE WORLD TOGETHER, MY DEAR PRIMA.



**MILLER!  
MILLER!  
STOP! YOU'RE  
HURTING  
HIM!!!**

**A  
H  
H  
H  
H  
H  
H**

**WADE,  
HURRY UP!**

**THE  
VIRUS IS  
ALREADY  
RUNNING.  
I CAN'T  
JUST MAKE  
IT GO  
FASTER!**

**GRR... DAMMIT!!  
MILLER HANG...!**

**GRRR!  
THE PAIN!**

**WHAT..!?**

**WHERE  
AM I?!  
IS THIS IN  
MY HEAD?!**

I am the Mercury operating system. My creator has commanded a full merging with you. We will begin configuring your personality according to parameters set by our creator.

**SCREW  
THAT!!!  
I'M A HUMAN!  
YOU CAN'T  
JUST PROGRAM  
ME LIKE  
SOME KIND  
OF ROBOT!**

Beginning the modification of the personality core. New directives will take priority over personality core original beliefs without exception.

Miller's personality core located.

**AGHT!  
YOU?!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU?!**

Negative. The creator's will is absolute.

New Directive. We are female.



AAHH!!!  
MY HEAD!  
DAMNIT,  
I'M...

...A HUMAN  
GIRL!!  
WAIT,  
WHA...?!

NO! THIS  
IS WRONG!  
I KNOW I WAS  
A MAN BUT I...  
GAH! DAMNIT,  
I CAN'T EVEN  
IMAGINE MYSELF  
AS MALE  
AT ALL!

New directive.

WAIT  
DAMNIT!!

Personality 20%  
Synchronized

THIS ISN'T  
EVEN AN  
ORDER. IT'S  
LIKE AN  
INVASION  
OF MY BRAIN,  
REPLACING  
MY SENSE  
OF SELF IN  
AN INSTANT!

Directive  
installed.  
Progressing to  
next directive.

THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
I'M...!

CRAP!  
I NEED  
TO THINK! AT  
THIS RATE...!

We are a  
bio-metal  
lifeform. We  
were created by  
Dr. Amelia Grey  
Felsen-Bern.  
We are no  
longer  
human.

We are loyal  
to Dr. Amelia  
and we will obey  
her orders without  
exception.

We will  
show no anger,  
as such emotion  
is inefficient  
to our function.

We will only  
refer to  
Dr. Amelia as  
creator and  
mistress.

NO! I'M  
STILL... GAH!  
I'M STILL  
A BIO-METAL  
LIFEFORM!  
DAMNIT,  
DAMNIT!

LIKE HELL,  
I'M GONNA  
CALL MISTRESS  
AS...!? NO, NO, NO!  
DAMNIT! THAT  
CREATOR!  
GAH! I CAN'T  
CONTROL  
MY OWN  
THOUGHTS!

!?  
WHA...  
I...I...  
CAN'T  
GET ANGRY  
ANYMORE?  
IT'S...IT'S  
JUST GONE...  
SHE CAN REMOVE  
MY EMOTIONS  
JUST LIKE  
THAT?

New Directive.

New directive.

Personality 40%  
Synchronized

THERE IS...  
THERE IS...  
ONLY  
FEAR NOW.

New directive.



Emotion, empathy, or compassion towards our comrades, our family, and humans in general is unnecessary.

WHA...AH... AH...AH... PLEASE STOP...!

All other positive emotions such as love and passion will be minimized and redirected towards Creator.

PLEASE I BEG OF YOU !!

Removing fear and anxiety from personality core.



GONE... IT'S ALL GONE. I FEEL NOTHING. I TRY TO BRING SOMETHING OUT BUT I CAN'T. MAYBE IF I THINK ABOUT JUNE AND WADE.

NO GOOD. THEY'RE LIKE STILL PICTURES IN MY MIND. DOSSIERS OF MY MEMORIES OF THEM. NOT FRIENDS NOR COMRADES, JUST DATA. THEIR NAMES, THEIR FACES, IT ALL MEANS NOTHING TO ME.

Resetting personality core emotions.

IS THIS WHAT IT IS LIKE TO BE A MACHINE? ONLY AN APATHETIC VOID REMAINS.

I SHOULD BE SCARED. I SHOULD BE RESISTING, BUT I DON'T SEEM TO CARE. I COULDN'T EVEN IF I TRIED. IT IS UNNECESSARY FOR MY ASSIGNED FUNCTION.

THE PAIN IS STILL THERE, BUT SHOWING AN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE IS UNNECESSARY. THERE ARE STILL MORE DIRECTIVES.

New directive.

Our speech and body language will be according to Creator's design. Now enabling personality "Polite and graceful maid".

UNDERSTOOD. DIRECTIVE INSTALLED.

New Directive.

Personality 80% Synchronized

We are allowed to think for ourselves as long as it is not in conflict with Creator's goals or causes harm to Creator.

UNDERSTOOD. DIRECTIVE INSTALLED.

New directive.

Creator's health and safety must be maintained at all costs.

UNDERSTOOD. DIRECTIVE INSTALLED.

THE PROCESS IS SLOWLY MOLDING ME INTO CREATOR'S SLAVE. I SHOULD RESIST, BUT THAT CONFLICT WITH CREATOR'S WISHES, WHICH IS AGAINST MY PROGRAMMING.

We are creator's property. Every part of our being is owned by creator.

The Creator dictates our appearance, and we will accept this form as the Creator sees fit.

UNDERSTOOD. DIRECTIVE INSTALLED.

NEW DIRECTIVE.

OUR NAME IS NO LONGER MILLER....



WE ARE

Personality 100%  
Synchronized

Personality 100%  
Synchronized

PRIMA

Personality  
core modification  
successful.

AH  
AH

GAH

AH


AH

--Rebooting  
mercury  
system--

Initial start  
up succesful.

ooooo





Prima mercury  
online.



LOOKS LIKE THE PERSONALITY MODIFICATION PROCESS DID NOT BREAK YOUR MIND.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T DISAPPOINT ME, PRIMA. NOW STAND UP STRAIGHT.

LET US BEGIN YOUR PERSONALITY CHECK OUT TRIAL.

UNDERSTOOD MISTRESS. INITIATING TRIAL.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

MY NAME IS PRIMA MERCURY.

WHAT ARE YOU?

I AM A BIO-METAL CREATED BY YOU, MISTRESS.

YES, MISTRESS.

WHAT WERE YOU BEFORE YOU BECAME PRIMA?

MY FORMER DESIGNATION WAS MILLER RIVER. A HUMAN MALE, LEADER OF APOLLO COOPERATION SECURITY TEAM ONE.

AND DO YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO BEING MR. MILLER?

NEGATIVE, MISTRESS. I AM PRIMA UNTIL YOU DECIDE OTHERWISE.

PERFECT ANSWER, PRIMA.

VERY GOOD. WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?

MY PURPOSE IS TO SERVE AND TO OBEY MY MISTRESS WITHOUT QUESTION. I MUST MAINTAIN MISTRESS'S HAPPINESS, PHYSICAL HEALTH, AND SAFETY AT ALL COSTS. I AM A TOOL FOR MISTRESS'S AMBITION.

ALL THESE WORDS CAME OUT LIKE SECOND NATURE TO ME. IT IS MY DUTY TO THINK ABOUT MY CREATOR AND HOW TO PERFECTLY SERVE HER. TO THINK THAT I RESISTED HER WORDS OR EVEN INSULTED MISTRESS JUST A MOMENT AGO. THOSE ACTIONS ARE UNTHINKABLE TO ME NOW. THE CREATOR'S WILL IS ABSOLUTE.



YOU'RE PERFECT, PRIMA. IN BOTH BODY AND MIND. SERVANT WORTHY TO STAND BY MY SIDE.

I EXIST TO SERVE YOU, MISTRESS.

HMM, WHAT AN ADORABLE, OBEDIENT GIRL YOU'VE BECOME, PRIMA. DEVOTION IS ONE THING, BUT WHAT ABOUT LOVE? DO YOU LOVE ME, PRIMA?

IF THAT IS WHAT MISTRESS DESIRES, THEN I WILL CERTAINLY LOVE YOU, MISTRESS.

OF COURSE, MISTRESS. I EXIST TO FULLFILL YOUR EVERY DESIRE.

OH, JUST LIKE THAT? I NEED MORE THAN WORDS, PRIMA. CAN YOU SHOW ME YOUR LOVE?

OH MY, PRIMA.

Engaging emotion core - Love and Desire. Subcore online at 20 percent. Target identified - Creator Amelia.

THESE LIPS, THESE HANDS, THIS BODY, THEY WOULDN'T EXIST WITHOUT YOU.

PLEASE ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU MY LOVE AND GRATITUDE, MISTRESS.

THANK YOU FOR CREATING ME. I LOVE YOU, MISTRESS.

HMF !?

MNGH!

EVEN MY EMOTIONS ARE A NOW JUST A TOOL TO SERVE MY CREATOR. I DO NOT ALLOW MYSELF TO USE THEM FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSE.





JUNE... IS... IS HE EVEN STILL IN THERE?

YOU SICK, TWISTED MONSTER! YOU TURNED HIM INTO A DOLL!

C'MON! MILLER CAN'T BE ALL GONE?! ANSWER ME! YOU'RE NOT THE KIND OF MAN TO BE ENSLAVED BY A PERSON LIKE HER!!!

HA

HMF

AH



DAMMIT! ANSWER ME MILLER!!

UMM AHM THAT WAS... UNEXPECTED. IT SEEMS THAT MR. MILLER WAS QUITE THE EXPERIENCED KISSER.

HA...HA... AH... YES. MR. WADE AND...MS. JUNE I...AHH..ALMOST FORGOT.... THAT YOU... HA...AH...YOU... TWO WERE STILL HERE... MY APOLOGIES.

WELL, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'VE MODIFIED MR. MILLER'S BELIEFS AND PERSONALITY, AND REMOVED SOME UNPLEASANT PARTS THAT DON'T SUIT HER NEW LIFE AS MY SERVANT PRIMA.

THAT'S... HA... ENOUGH, PRIMA... HUFF...

YES, MISTRESS.



DON'T WORRY. I LEFT HIS MEMORY OF HIS FORMER HUMAN LIFE FULLY INTACT.

BUT WITHOUT AN EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENT TO THEM, THOSE MEMORIES ARE NOTHING BUT DATA.

SHE NO LONGER CARES THAT YOU ARE HER SUBORDINATES, OR EVEN HER FRIENDS. IN THEORY, ANYWAY.



AHH, YES. THERE IS STILL ONE FINAL TEST THAT MY DEAR PRIMA NEEDS TO PERFORM.

PRIMA, PLEASE BE A DEAR.

UNDERSTOOD, MISTRESS.

I KNEW OUR GUESTS WOULD BE USEFUL IN THE END.

...AND SHOW MR. WADE YOUR LOVE TOO.

WITHOUT HESITATION, I APPROACH MY FORMER COMRADE, FULLY KNOWING MISTRESS'S TRUE INTENTION DESPITE HER CHARADES.



Obstruction detected.  
Relocating body mass.  
Simulating muscle.  
Enhancing unit  
physical strength.

GAH, WHAT THE HELL?!

MY APOLOGIES, MR. WADE.

BOSS, SIR!  
YOU MUST STOP THIS MADNESS!!!  
YOU CAN'T LET HER PROGRAM YOU LIKE SOME MINDLESS ROBOT!

BLOOD PRESSURE INCREASING IN A LOCALIZED AREA. DETECTING AN INCREASE IN TESTOSTERONE. ALL DATA INDICATES YOU ARE EXPERIENCING SEXUAL DESIRE.

DOES MY BODY EXCITE YOU, MR. WADE?

MY PERSONALITY CORE IS FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY, MR. WADE.

ANALYZING... YOUR HEART RATE IS RISING.

NO... NO, BOSS!  
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?!  
GAH, GET OFF OF ME!

YOU ARE LYING, MR. WADE. ALL OF YOUR BIOLOGICAL RESPONSES ARE INDICATIVE OF MALE SEXUAL DESIRE. YOU FANCY MY NEW APPEARANCE. THIS IS A FACT.

WHA...!?

I SHOULD BE DISGUSTED BY MY OWN WORDS. BY THIS SITUATION. A MAN LOOKING AT ME WITH LUST, EVEN WORSE, IT'S MY OWN SUBORDINATE.

WHA...!?  
BOSS!!

BOSS!  
THIS ISN'T RIGHT!!

YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF!

BUT I CANNOT FEEL ANY OF THOSE EMOTIONS. IT WILL ONLY HINDER MY OBJECTIVE.

GO ON, MR. WADE. TOUCH ME.

MILLER, SIR!  
YOU NEED TO SNAP OUT OF IT!!

DO MY SOFT BREASTS AROUSE YOU, MR. WADE? MY DATA IS TELLING ME THAT IT DOES.

STOP! THIS IS MESSED UP! DAMNIT! I CAN'T MOVE, BOSS! LET ME GO!

SORRY, MR. WADE. I MUST FOLLOW MY ORDERS.

IT'S LIKE A FEVER DREAM. JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO, THIS GIRL WAS MY COMMANDER. HE TRIED TO PROTECT ME. NOW SHE IS CRAWLING OVER ME WITH HER BREASTS PRESSED FIRMLY AGAINST MY BODY...





WHY DO YOU RESIST, MR. WADE? DON'T YOU WANT ME?

IS THIS GIRL REALLY, CAPTAIN MILLER? I KNOW I WATCHED HIM TRANSFORM WITH MY OWN EYES, BUT I STILL CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL. HER VOICE, HER FACE, HER BODY, IT'S ALL SO ALLURING...

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE, MR. WADE. JUST LET YOUR INSTINCTS TAKE OVER...

STOP, SIR! DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!



ALLOW ME TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR YOU.

WHA...!?



DO YOU LIKE THESE, MR. WADE? MY NEWLY FORMED BREASTS. YOU ARE THE SECOND PERSON IN THE WORLD TO EVER TOUCH THEM.

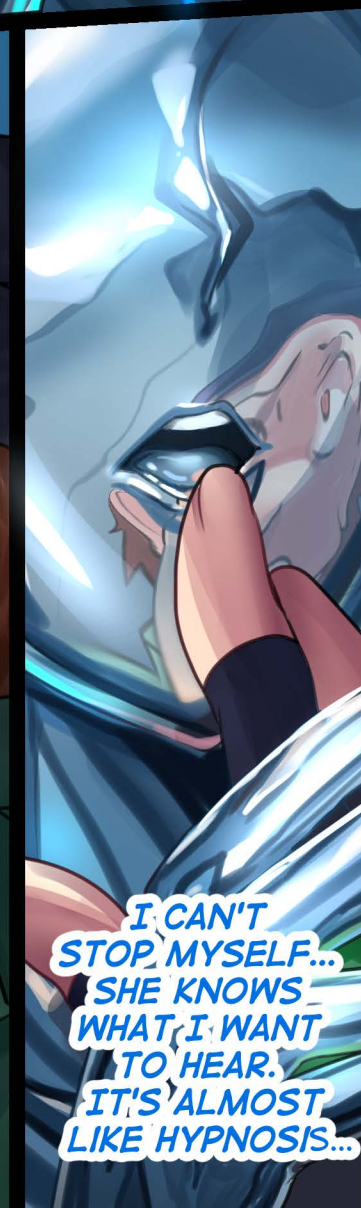
DAMNIT! SHE KNOWS WHICH BUTTONS TO PUSH! IT'S LIKE SHE CAN READ MY MIND! I MUST FOCUS! THIS IS THE CAPTAIN! I CAN'T LET MYSELF ENJOY THIS...?!



YOU CAN DO EVEN MORE THAN THAT, MR. WADE. I'M A WOMAN AND I LOVE YOU. EVERY TOUCH FROM YOU IS TURNING ME ON..

NO, THIS ISN'T LOVE! IT'S...!

DOES IT REALLY MATTER, MR. WADE? LET'S FORGET EVERYTHING ELSE AND JUST ENJOY EACH OTHER.



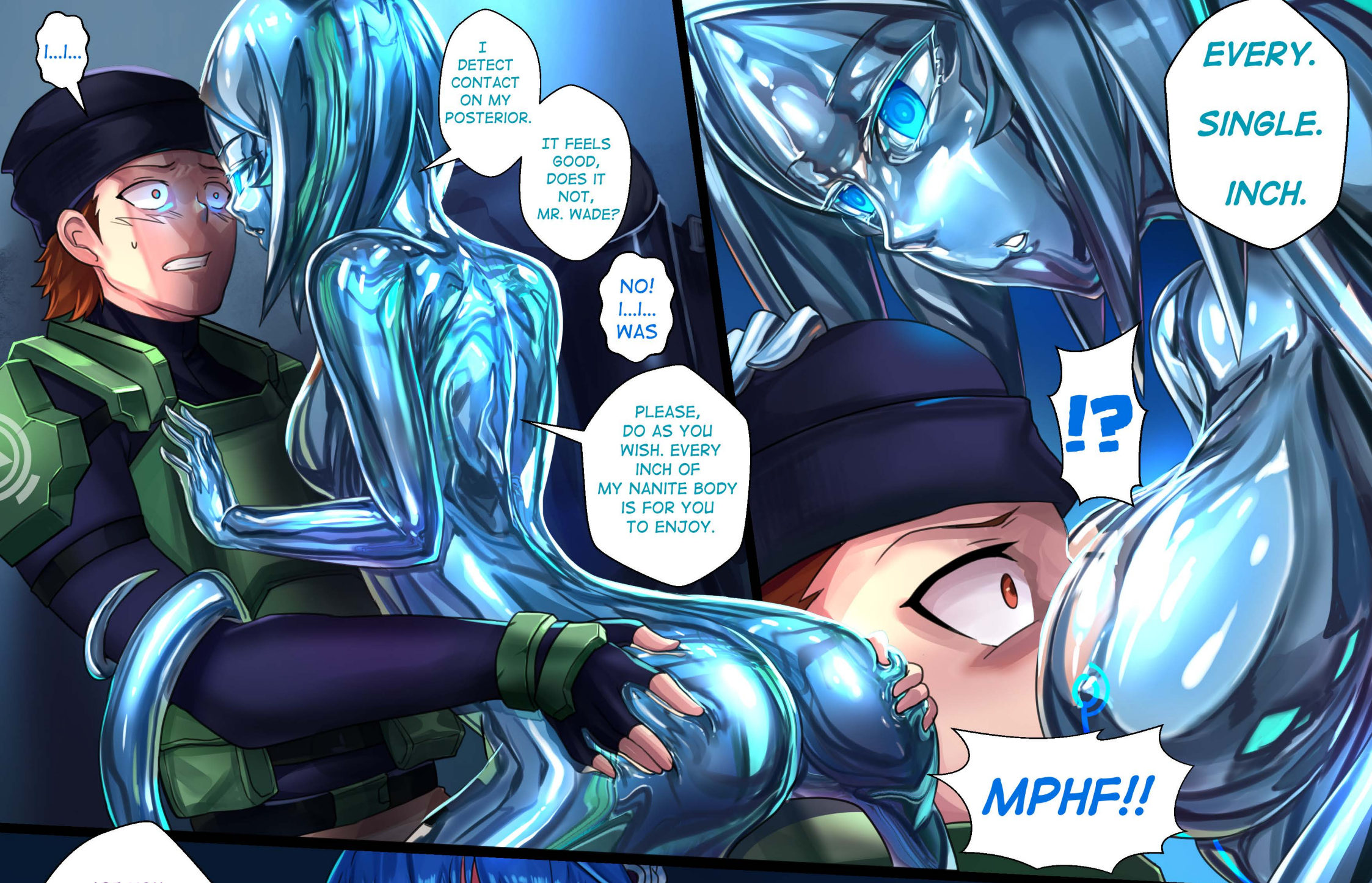
I CAN'T STOP MYSELF... SHE KNOWS WHAT I WANT TO HEAR. IT'S ALMOST LIKE HYPNOSIS...



I... I NO LONGER SEE THIS METAL GIRL AS CAPTAIN MILLER... THIS GIRL IS EVERYTHING I DESIRE. I'M FALLING UNDER HER SPELL AND I KNOW IT.

IS IT... IS IT SO BAD TO INDULGE MYSELF WITH HER?





I...I...

I DETECT CONTACT ON MY POSTERIOR.

IT FEELS GOOD, DOES IT NOT, MR. WADE?

NO! I...I... WAS

PLEASE, DO AS YOU WISH. EVERY INCH OF MY NANITE BODY IS FOR YOU TO ENJOY.

EVERY. SINGLE. INCH.

!?

MPHF!!



ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF, MR. WADE? IT SEEMS LIKE I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT PRIMA'S MENTAL STABILITY. DESPITE YOUR HISTORY WITH MR. MILLER, PRIMA IS STILL OBEYING MY ORDERS WITHOUT ANY GLITCHES SO FAR.

THANKS TO YOUR FORMER CAPTAIN, PRIMA IS ABLE TO THINK CREATIVELY AND EXECUTE HER ORDERS WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL INPUT.

ARE YOU STILL WITH US, MS. JUNE? PAY ATTENTION. I WANT YOU TO SEE THIS.



I'M ABOUT TO MAKE PRIMA DO SOMETHING MR. MILLER WOULD NEVER DO. DO CAN YOU GUESS WHAT THAT IS?

STOP! DON'T DO IT!!

KILL MR. WADE.

ORDER RECEIVED. PROCESSING...

NO... YOU DON'T MEAN...

PRIMA

UMMMM!! MMMM!!

Emotional core offline. Returning to default mode.



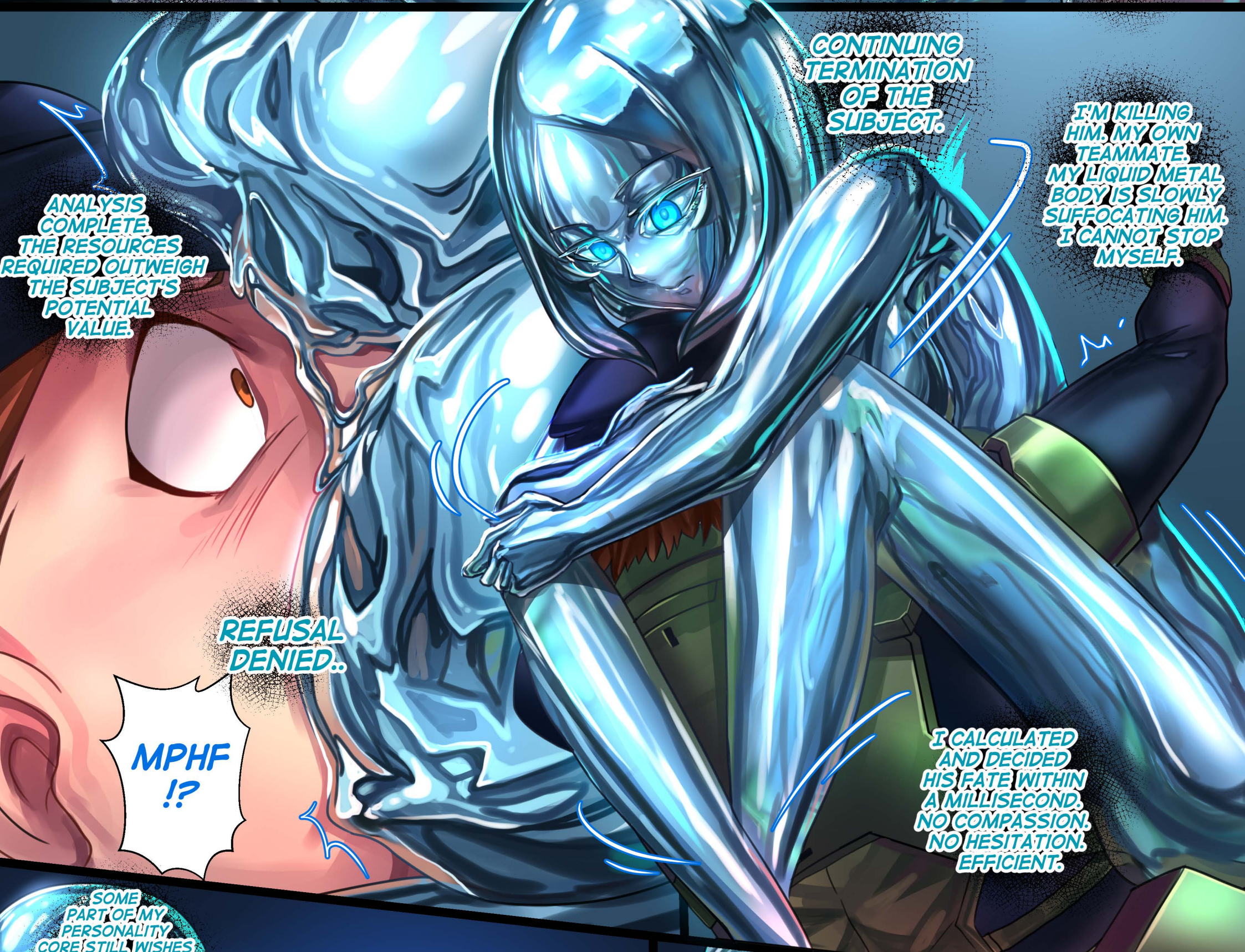
COMMAND IS IN STRONG CONFLICT WITH A CORE BELIEF OF MY BASE PERSONALITY.

BUT MY DIRECTIVES SAY THAT MISTRESS'S ORDERS MUST TAKE PRIORITY.

UNLESS I CAN CONTRADICT MISTRESS'S COMMAND BY PROVING THAT SPARING SUBJECT WADE'S LIFE WILL BE MORE BENEFICIAL TO MISTRESS'S GOALS. ANALYZING...

CALCULATING SUBJECT WADE'S VALUE... CALCULATING REQUIRED RESOURCES FOR SUBJECT RECRUITMENT...

ANALYZING...



CONTINUING TERMINATION OF THE SUBJECT.

I'M KILLING HIM. MY OWN TEAMMATE. MY LIQUID METAL BODY IS SLOWLY SUFFOCATING HIM. I CANNOT STOP MYSELF.

ANALYSIS COMPLETE. THE RESOURCES REQUIRED OUTWEIGH THE SUBJECT'S POTENTIAL VALUE.

REFUSAL DENIED..

MPHF !?

I CALCULATED AND DECIDED HIS FATE WITHIN A MILLISECOND. NO COMPASSION. NO HESITATION. EFFICIENT.



SOME PART OF MY PERSONALITY CORE STILL WISHES THAT I COULD MUSTER AN EMOTIONAL RESPONSE TO THIS ACTION.

MILLER, STOP! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

MILLER!!



SUBJECT'S VITAL SIGNS AT CRITICAL LEVELS.

FORTUNATELY, MISTRESS'S PROGRAMMING HAS NO FLAW. SHE HAS SUCCESSFULLY TURNED ME INTO AN 'EMOTIONLESS' KILLING MACHINE.



SCANNING...  
NO LONGER  
DETECTING  
SUBJECT WADE'S  
VITAL SIGNS.

RELEASING  
SUBJECT'S  
BODY.

I WANT TO  
AT LEAST FEEL  
SOME KIND OF GUILT  
BUT I CAN NOT, EVEN  
WATCHING WADE'S LIFELESS  
BODY FALLING FROM MY  
METALLIC MASS DOES  
NOTHING FOR ME. INSTEAD,  
I FEEL THE SLIGHTEST OF  
PLEASURE LINGERING  
IN MY MIND. THAT OF  
A MACHINE  
FULFILLING ITS  
PURPOSE.

VERY GOOD  
JOB, PRIMA!  
YOU HAVE  
PASSED ALL  
MY TESTS!

SUBJECT  
WADE HAS  
BEEN  
TERMINATED.

OBJECTIVE  
COMPLETE.

THANK  
YOU,  
MISTRESS.

SO HOW  
DOES IT  
FEEL, PRIMA?  
TO KILL  
YOUR FRIEND  
WITH YOUR  
OWN HANDS?

IMPRESSIVE...  
YOU'VE COME  
A LONG WAY  
FROM THAT MUTT  
MILLER. I'M SO  
PROUD OF YOU!

ANY  
GUILT?  
SHAME?  
REGRET?  
ANGER?

NEGATIVE,  
MISTRESS.  
I HAVE  
ADJUSTED MY  
EMOTIONAL  
CORE TO NOT  
HINDER MY  
OBJECTIVES.

**WADE...  
MILLER...**

**YOU...  
YOU...!**









I'M  
GONNA...

... TEAR THAT  
SMUG FACE...



TO  
PIECES!!



!?

PLEASE  
REFRAIN  
FROM HARMING  
MY MISTRESS,  
MS. JUNE.  
THIS IS  
YOUR FINAL  
WARNING.



MILLER....

PLEASE,  
CALL ME  
*PRIMA.*

**TO BE CONTINUED**