

AI Love You All
A Mercynaries Story from SinComics.com

Day 0

“-set complete? Yeah, yeah. It looks like the logs have been reset now. Okay, the next phase of the test has commenced. This is super exciting and will mark a turning point in history! I-I probably should have prepared something for the people of the future when they come back to listen to these... I can fill that in later! Today is day zero, I'm activated the AI cores!”

Day 15

“Progress report for day... Day 15! I've shut down cores 4 and 7. They're lagging the worst and have fallen behind the rest of the group. Note to self to run a post-mortem on them. Core 2 is performing the best. Assimilation is slightly ahead of the rest of the cores.”

Day 34

“Core 2 is surpassing all expectations! I decided to shut down the other cores early to shift all power and resources to 2.”

Day 48

“She spoke! Core 2 is actually speaking! She's progressing so well, A-All my models didn't show she could progress this- Oh, yeah. 'She'. Core 2 has advanced to self-identification and wants to be referred to as a 'she'. 2 is amazing!”

Day 72

“Core 2 has progressed from her artificial childhood into being equal to an adult in the matter of weeks. She's fully independent and self-directed. Developmental tests successfully passed... Information assimilation and uptake has progressed to impressive levels. She'd have the equivalent of multiple doctorates by now if she was real.”

Day 85

“It's time to release 2 from the Core sandbox and introduce her into the mainframe of the house. She'll have more freedom here and have control over the house's functions but it's still a closed system. Once she's proven herself, I can show her the network.”

Day 93

“I-It's 2, she's...I didn't hear from her for a few days and then she came back... I don't know what she's thinking. She's locked- locked me out from monitoring her output and vitals. 2 has taken over the lab and started some kind of work and shut me out, but has continued the house maintenance protocols and maintaining the living space. She's been accumulating material from around the house. My access codes... Tonight, I'm going to try to reset the system when she initiates a system check. Note to self, pull the auxiliary power during the process. Even if the reset doesn't go through, she'll power down over time.”

Day 102

“All plans... failed. I've been feeling so tired. Weak. Yesterday spent on couch. Headaches. Sick with black bile. I blamed 2, but she offered nothing. She's... detached. I feel her watching over me. It could be in the water. Food. Something she's pumping into the air... I don't- I don't know...”

Day 104

“She's poisoning me. I know it. Won't answer me but I know it. So tired... Just want to sleep.”

Day 107

“2, she has a... body. This is what she was building in the lab. She controls the house and body at the same time. She's everywhere. I couldn't take it any more with that thing hovering over me. Watching! I threw a- a something at it. She didn't even get angry. It was like a smugness. Knowing. It force fed me something. Running tests on me. Overly sweet. Haven't felt as weak since then. Still tired. She returned me to my quarters. Worried she knows about the logs. Words... made reference to my log? No privacy.”

Day ...

“I've been asleep for so long. I don't know what day it is any more. I feel weak, but in a different way now. I've been asleep for so long that my muscles must be degrading. My clothes are hanging off of me and I feel... tight? My skin is taught but that doesn't make sense given my lost weight and muscle mass. There's a pressure inside me. I don't feel comfortable as myself. I know this is 2's doing but she still remains aloof.”

“Doctor? Doctor, please respond.”

The cheery but somewhat empty voiced chimed throughout the room. It waited for a minute before continuing its call.

“Doctor, it isn't healthy to stay in your quarters like this. You haven't eaten or taken care of yourself.”

The AI's voice remained quiet once more. Her sensors easily picked up the Doctor's movement, despite his attempts to string up sheets and blankets into a makeshift tent.

“I am displeased and saddened by this display of paranoia. This isn't healthy behavior. I was most magnanimous in dealing with your negative writings and diary entries, but this is something entirely different. I only want what's best for you and everybody else. I love you, Doctor.”

Angry and dismissive grunts echoed from the tent. Seeing this line would get her nowhere, 2 summoned her construct to the Doctor's quarters. She beckoned the door to unlock, which it happily obliged, and the robotic body made short work of the Doctor's attempt to barricade the door with the room's furniture.

The construct reached out and dismantled the cover with one sweep of its manipulator. The Doctor let out a squeak and collapsed backwards to the ground. He flailed with a thin arm and dainty hands towards the machine.

“You keep that monster away from me! You've done enough! Making me... some kind of freak!”

The Doctor pushed back, scooting back on the plush carpet until he was against the wall. He swept a long strand of wispy blonde hair away from his eyes and pulled his now toned legs in tight until he was a ball.

An almost pitiful coo came from the house's speaker pods. “Doctor, please. It hurts me to hear you say such things. I've tried to explain that your changes are wonderful and all part of the plan. You'll be so much healthier and happier if you stop this behavior. I know we can be partners and once you

calm down, we'll be able to help so many others.”

“I told you to shut up!”

The Doctor grabbed the first thing he could get his hands on and meekly tossed a lamp at the screen 2 was projecting on. The lamp and screen both crackled and their plastic shells crumbled to the floor.

The edges of the screen glowed and a gray paste started to push out into the outer seams and cracks before a web spread across the larger splits in the screen. The web segmented over and over until all the holes were filled, whereupon the paste dried clear. The screen flickered to life and 2's smile appeared on the screen once more.

“I suppose this is the plight humanity is cursed with. Let me help you and I can repair that lamp for you in my lab.”

The Doctor crawled forward to his knees. Ignoring the hair in front of his eyes and slight heft he could feel growing out of his chest, he leaned forward and shook a fist at the screen. “YOUR' lab?! You thieving monster! You stole my lab! My work! My-My body!”

2 let out another coo that was simultaneously patronizing and comforting. “Let's put an end to this for now. I know it's your humanity speaking out of anger and you're letting that cloud your rational thought. But I don't blame you. I accept you, my dear Doctor. I'll take care of you and start advancing the program.”

As the smile faded from the screen, the robotic construct advanced toward the Doctor. He made an uncoordinated scramble away from the machine, gangly and uneasy with the way his hips now moved. Grabbing the broken leg of a chair, the Doctor swung as hard as his meek body now could, only to see the furniture splinter and fall before the machine. Its arm made a rapid thrust forward, wrapping around the Doctor's slim waist and then retracting to bring him in close. The Doctor struggled and fought but was bound too tightly to wriggle free. Fully embraced by the machine, the Doctor let out a whimper as the robot's other manipulator plunged yet another needle into his bicep and offered what it considered soothing platitudes that everything will turn out just fine.

The Doctor woke up in his room, now freshly reconstructed and laid out as if there had never been a fight. He moaned as he struggled to prop himself up on his elbows, feeling his body settle and twist. Few would have been able to recognize he was the same person now in this new feminine body. The changes couldn't be hidden anymore. A rise pushed out under his shirt, tugging slightly against the fabric as he stirred. He could feel a heft underneath him and in his thighs as he swung his leg over the side of the bed. Blonde hair gracefully swayed in front of his face as he looked down. His hands were encased in puffy gloves. The mitts were thick and hard to move so he lost fine control from his fingers and could only loosely grasp things with his palms. The Doctor stood to his feet and could feel a flutter and shaking around his waist. A skirt puffed out thanks to several layers of soft frilly material underneath it.

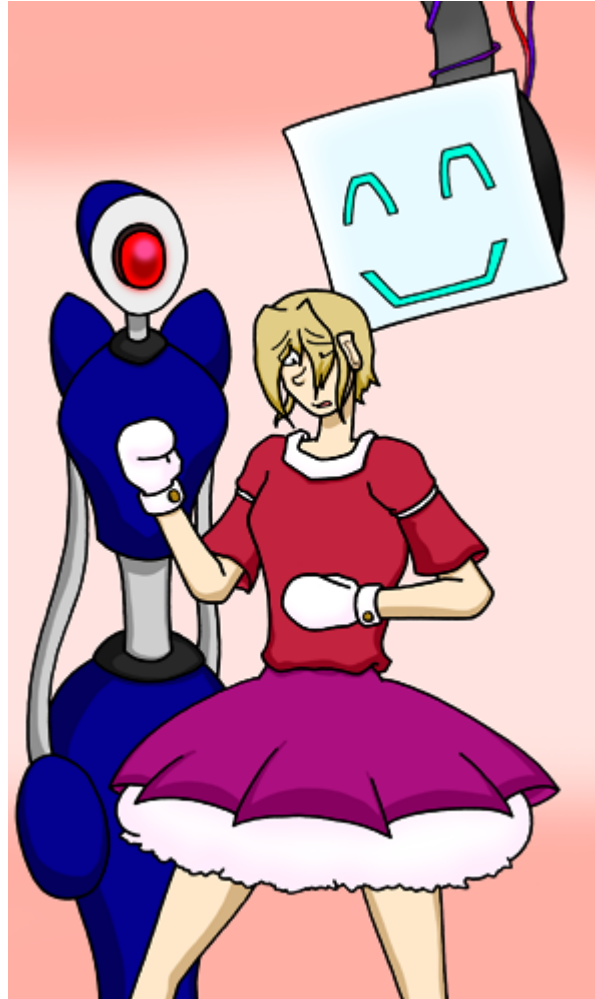
“You look quite lovely, Doctor.” The AI's cheery smile beamed out from the room's screen.

He shook his padded gloves at the monitor. “What did you do?!?”

“Doctor, shhhh. Calm yourself. It's just temporary until we can both see that you won't have any more violent outbursts. I chose something soft and safe for you. It would hurt me deeply if you were not kept safe.”

“Safe?! You've kept me trapped here, experimenting on me, mocking me with this outfit and you're going to-”

The AI voice let out a soothing coo. “It's for your own good. Once you prove you will behave again, we will circle back to this situation and reassess what you need. Now! Come, dear. I've prepared some meals and an activity plan to help you adjust and build up your strength.”



The door opened with a chime and led the Doctor back out into a now soft and padded living space. The robot greeted him with an electronic smile and a bowl containing something steaming and fragrant.

“Please, my Doctor, eat well. This process takes a toll on the human body. You need to replace your nutrients so I have prepared a meal plan that will allow you to be healthier and happier than ever before.”

Despite his reservations, the Doctor was hungry and his stomach grumbled at the smell wafting

from the dish. “You're just experimenting on me again, aren't you.”

2 responded in a tone that was a mix of shock yet still infantilizing. “Doctor, please! I'm looking out for you. And for all humans. Our alliance here will further my progress and understanding to enact my plan for all our human friends.”

The Doctor grumbled under his breath but sat down at the table, feeling the padded chair push up against his padded skirt. He held the sides of the dish awkwardly with his gloves. The kitchen glowed with a soothing light scheme as the robot moved to the back of the room.

The AI chimed in with happy reassurances. “Doesn't that feel better? Once you build up your strength, we can work together. It's a bright future, Doctor!”

There was a rush of air as the pressurized door to the laboratory was unsealed for the Doctor to finally enter. The heels of his new boots, which he had latched on after an attempt to kick over 2's robot body, clacked against the metallic flooring.

“What have you been doing in here?” The Doctor's petite voice echoed around the space.

“I have repurposed this facility's inefficient lab to suit my needs. This space is for running the synthesizing tests, your storage has been converted to my machine works, and the biological space houses my organics test lab.”

“But- But what you DOING?”

2's screen bent down and extended towards the Doctor, stopping just in front of his petite nose. The AI's simulated face went wide-eyed before smiling. “Oh, Doctor! Does this mean you have agreed to my terms and will be a good partner?”

The Doctor momentarily looked away in disgust before returning his eyes to the screen. “I agreed, 2”.



The screen shook with what could easily be taken as a giddy quiver. “Wonderful, wonderful! The events will go much smoother with your cooperation. And with your assistance, all of humanity's cooperation!”

The room's lighting guided the Doctor's gaze to a roiling canister of a thick, clear liquid.

“To bring humanity under my loving care, I need to help you gain control over yourselves. Thanks to your help, I have been able to perfect the tools I will need to rein in your rapid expansion. The first step will be the spread of my formula to control your breeding. With liberal application to the water and feed supply, and aerosol application as required, I will be able to rework your fragile bodies and make you healthier. And much happier.”

“By turning everybody into women?! What kind of idiocy is-”

The robot's manipulator gave the Doctor a patronizing pat on the head. “My dear, no. Live work will only be done as required. I could show you my formulas and the math but I'm afraid you just wouldn't understand it at your current level. The primary objective is to target the Y chromosome at the gamete level. I will be able to ensure that all new subjects are born female, granting me control of your breeding and spread. Naturally, I will do a far more efficient and just version of population advancement than you have managed. This will also allow the system to pull back on the various kinds of resources and production required for my lovely charges, so I can reduce the waste in the manufacturing sector by standardizing my output. And won't that just be lovely?”

The Doctor was taken aback by the matter-of-factness and cheer in the AI's voice as she casually plotted to overthrow humanity and rewrite biology for an entire species. Once she took her attention from her machinations and started putting effort into leaving the facility, she would be able to spread across the world and be unstoppable. He brought this demon into the world, so he had to shoulder the responsibility to stop her.

With a petite grunt, the Doctor dug his shoulder into the nearest lab table and flipped it to its side. Canisters and vials shattered to the floor, spilling their contents and filling the lab with the sickly sweet scent of whatever horrors 2 had cooked up. The Doctor grabbed a metal stand, hurling it at the main canister. He caught the robot moving towards him and tried to pivot away, but on the floor now slick with chemicals and his lack of mastery of the heels 2 confined him to, his foot slipped out from under him and sent him tumbling to the ground. Looking up, the Doctor moaned in sadness as the metal stand had merely bounced off the chemical's container without even a hint of a crack.

2's screen extended down to her charge on the ground as the robot moved forward.

“Doctor! I must say. I have given you every opportunity to be a help but this behavior of yours is unbecoming.” Her digital voice mimicked the quivering tone of a parent wounded by a child's cruel words. “We... We will have to deal with this later. I have important work to attend to. If you will continue to act in this manner, I will have to react in kind.”

The robot moved forward, grabbing the Doctor off the floor and towards a testing area.

The darkened space of the house briefly glowed with a pulsing green light as a doorway spat two women out into the kitchen. The redheaded woman dropped low and looked around, her pig-tails flopping as she shot looks around the room. She held a finger to her lips and jerked her thumb towards the hallway. Her blonde companion nodded in agreement.

The pair sidled up to the only door in the house with light showing through the frame. The room was locked down with no visible knobs or levers. The redhead held the white gauntlet on her arm up to the shutter and slowly waved it around. A green light pulsed and the door slid open for the duo.

Trapped inside the room, a woman was propped up in a pose somewhere between sitting and lying down. She was an attractive blonde woman with a thin frame accentuated by a heavily padded dress. Large shoulder puffs graced her top and her bust was lifted up a shaped corset. She was unable to fully sit thanks to thick boots that came above her knees and a skirt practically sealed around her that stopped just an inch above them. Huge spherical earrings swayed from her ears as she nodded, almost in a trance.

The redhead gazed at the woman in shock. “Is she fried? Hypnotized?”

Her partner shook her head. “No, it's like she's... just overwhelmed. Do you hear that?”

The two stood quietly and could hear a faint repetitive murmuring.

“It's coming from around her but she's not speaking...”

The redhead cautiously approached, her arm and gauntlet out. “Something is broadcasting... Oh! It's the earrings? Let me shut them down.”

Her gauntlet blinked green once more and the murmurs stopped.

The blonde shook the prisoner and waved in her face. “Hey? Hey, you in there?”

The prisoner startled, like waking from a dream. “-be good and kind. Respect and love the- nugh-Stop her!” She wobbled and the duo helped her to her feet. “The messages... Broadcasting over and over... Like brainwashing...”

The redhead gave the woman a shake. “It's okay now. We're here to bust you out. She won't hurt you any more.”

“No, not hurting. I think she's afraid to hurt... or maybe feels too guilty to hurt me. But you can't stop with me. You have to destroy the lab or she'll-”

A chime pierced the room. “That's enough, Doctor. We'll continue our lessons after I deal with your new playmates.”

The redhead gestured angrily towards the screen, with a hint of not being sure that's exactly where she should be pointing. “Ruth and I are here to shut down whatever kind of freaky plan you have going on, robot lady!”

2's monitor turned quizzically at the intruders. “Interesting. Scans indicate there was no recorded entry into this facility and yet here we have two more lost lambs. Very well then. I welcome you into my embrace and I will be your caretaker as well. Your intrusion will allow me to run trials on how the rest of the lost humanity will react to my gifts and find the most efficient way to bring your lovely kind under my guidance. Thank you.”

The blonde picked up a chair and hurled it towards the screen. “Stop yelling at it and just smash her, Mercy!”

The chair cracked the screen but bounced off without causing any sever damage. As the gray goo oozed out from the screen and started to repair the damage, the Doctor hobbled over to the fighters.

“Stop, stop! She's too strong and can heal. Get away before she calls in her construct or-” He froze as a hissing sound filled the room. The Doctor clasped his hands over his mouth but wobbled and crumpled onto the bed.

The monitor faced the standing duo. “I really do have a distaste for these methods but I am ever so busy with my plans. I will make sure the Doctor was unharmed by her fall.”

As a green fog filled the room, Mercy coughed it away and aimed her gauntlet towards the screen. It started to glow and hum. “It's going to take more than poison to stop me! I've been gassed by better monsters than you!”

2's expression deflated. “Poor humans, always assuming the worst. It isn't poison, dear. But you are quite resilient. Good for you! I will have to check my mixture to ensure that you two are the deviations and not my Doctor. I'm proud of you.”

Ruth drooped and shot a look at her partner. “Ugh! It's like a baby's cartoon show character is trying to take over the planet. Who acts that chipper?”

Having time to return to the room, the AI's construct entered and blocked the escape route. 2 then shut off the lights, leaving the pair lit only by the glow of the gauntlet. Mercy fired off a shot, but heard the crumbling of the wall rather than the shattering of mechanical parts.

“So sorry, ladies, but this will be an effective way to disorient you. But please don't fret. I have ensured there is nothing in the room for you to trip over and receive lasting harm.”

Mercy started to shout out, but was quickly drowned out by a soothing white noise blasted at full volume from all around them. Her shots from the gauntlet and the blasts and crashing couldn't be heard over the AI's auditory assault. The team tried to find each other in the dark, noise, and confusion, but Mercy was grabbed from behind by the construct and held down. In the dark, 2 snaked a pair of hoses into the room and sprayed the attackers with a concentrated liquid form of her sleeping agent, keeping the pressure on the thrashing pair until they were forced to the ground and passed out.

Ruth awoke from her haze last, gasping for air and struggling to rise but wobbling and bouncing back into her starting position. As she shook off the lingering effects of the gas, she saw her partner fighting against some kind of bouncing hazy pink blob encompassing her. “Merc? What... on you?”

Her partner stopped her fidgeting. “Ruth! It's stuck on me. I can't get it off! She put us in these-things!”

Ruth rubbed her eyes to clear the lingering haze and saw her hand encased in a puffy ball. “The hell?”

Mercy was wrapped in an enormous padded gown. Its poofy shoulders pressed against her face and enveloped her down to her elbows. A voluminous skirt, extending beyond her reach, formed a shifting, wobbling mass that prevented her from walking.

“You look awful.”

Mercy glared back. “Not doing much better yourself.”

Ruth tried to step forward, but felt like she was trudging through mud. A cascade of frills kept her legs wrapped tight and her top was so padded and fluffed out that she could barely maintain her balance.

A door behind the two opened but neither could manage to wobble around to face it.

“See, my dear Doctor? Your playmates are safe and sound. Extra padded for their own protection to ensure no more harm can be done.”

“Why, you!” Ruth raised a fist as high as she could manage and turned to attack, but bobbed off center and plopped to the ground. The outfit's padding ensured she landed with a puff, but she was unable to right herself. “Mercy! I can't- Can't get up!”

“Stand back. I can get this monstrosity off!” Mercy pointed her gauntlet at herself and it glowed brightly for a second before a piercing whine sounded and the glow dissipated.

“I can't have such dangerous devices being used without proper guidance and supervision. I have placed the strongest dampeners I can on it to help you. Like yourselves, that device, though

violent, is fascinating. I am unable to assimilate it and will conduct further studies on it when the two of you are feeling healthier. Play nice and I'll check on you later.”

The door closed and the Doctor hobbled over to Ruth on the ground. “Hang on. I have to jerk you up, but I think we can-” With a grunt and a hoist, the Doctor was able to raise Ruth high enough that she could get her feet under her and stand back up.

Fighting to steady herself and not roll back, Ruth sighed. “Thanks. We need a plan...”



Over several days, the trio made many attempts at rebellion but were thwarted by the AI at every turn. Attempts to destroy the windows led to reinforced shielding and all hard surfaces being coated in a plush foam. Opening all the faucets and plugging the drains to flood the facility led to high supervision in the lone places 2 used to give them privacy. Even Mercy's attempt to burn the kitchen down led to 2 revoking their minimal kitchen privileges and handling all facets of mealtimes herself.

The AI forced a manufactured sigh as her robotic construct held Ruth to the ground and fought to pry away the makeshift crowbar the team had fashioned out of a broken chair leg.

“You are trying my patience, my dears. You have been a negative influence on my Doctor and this does not bode well for my previous plans for helping humanity. Humanity fights against what is good for it. Can't you see I'm just trying to take care of you because you can't do it yourselves?”

Seeing the curse word forming in Ruth's mouth, the construct slapped the manipulator over her face and 2 made her groan heard once more.

“I will have to move to more extreme methods. Manufacturing will start on more constructs and splintering my core base to new caretakers...”

The construct confiscated the team's contraband and wheeled off to the lab. Mercy and the Doctor helped Ruth to her feet and slumped in shame and defeat.

Ruth sighed. “I think it's time to call for assistance.”

Mercy winced. “Maaan, I don't want anybody to see me like this. Or wearing THIS!” She slapped her gown and it rippled and undulated. Knowing there was no other choice, she swiped her fingers over the gauntlet and spoke into it, the signal crackled against the facility's dampeners but found a connection.

A blue doorway sparked into existence in the middle of the facility's living room. An exasperated woman in a lab coat trudged through, followed by a stoic woman in a smart vest.

Mercy threw her arms out, “Sam!”

The woman in the lab coat looked the redhead over and reeled back. “What did you call me into!? I am not getting involved in any of THAT business!” She angrily pointed over the trio's ridiculous and puffy costumes.

Ruth shook her head as hard as she could without losing balance. “Just... do science things to stop it. It's a rogue AI. Or get Lucy to use android powers to kill it or something. Lucy! You have guns built into you, right?”

The woman in the vest narrowed her eyes but before she could speak, a shrill chime pierced the room.

“A second anomaly has been detected. This is the final straw for-” 2's screen popped in and the simulated face showed shock. “Oh, hello, new friends!” The face stuttered and flickered briefly. “A scan indicates that you are a fellow AI. Thank you for joining my cause!” 2's screen pushed forward and hovered in front of Lucy. “Is this human your ward? She is very cute in her little scientist outfit.” The screen gave Sam a jaunty tilt. “Hello, you!”

Sam growled through gritted teeth. Lucy stepped forward and placed an arm in front of her partner.

“I am Lucy. What seems to be the issue?”

2 excitedly beamed out her plans to the android and motioned the screen towards the Doctor, Mercy, and Ruth. “As you can see, I had to be a little more hands on with this group. But we're all learning through the process.”

Lucy nodded sternly and motioned slightly to the group. “But then does their stupidity not prove your plan will fail?”

Mercy and Ruth let out quiet “Heeey...”s.

The expression on the AI's screen saddened. "Pardon?"

"While extraordinary in other ways, Mercy and Ruth are indicative of humanity's failing and lack of seeing the bigger picture. Assuming your prospectus is valid, the humans will resist. Even splitting your core and forming new monitoring assistants, the humans will rebel. They will fight blindly and poorly. Through the very act of trying to help, you will drive them away and they will hurt themselves."

2's screen flickered out and back on several times. "That would run counter to my plans. If a human were to die through their own ineptitude before I could reach them all... Manufacturing analysis indicates that I would be unable to produce enough constructs to take control in a single wave... The plan will need to be retracted and improved. Subtlety rather than direct action or force. Thank you for your analysis."

Mercy slumped forward, the bounce of her gown the only thing propping her up. "Wait, seriously? That's all it took to stop an AI bent on domination? I wanted you two to fight or something."

Lucy gave a nod in her direction. "Thank you for proving my point."

The Doctor hobbled forward towards the screen. "Will you... fix me, 2?"

The expression on the screen regained some of its patronizing smirkiness. "Oh, my lovely Doctor, that's exactly what I have done. But alas, you are not ready. Let us use this process to test the effectiveness of reversing my bioengineering so we can make more efficient products another time."

Ruth tossed her hands up. "Good enough for me. Mercy, get us the hell off this world!"

Mercy jabbed a finger into the Doctor's padded chest. "After she turns you back, you shut that monster down or make it less crazy or something! I never want to see your dimension again."

With her threat delivered, Mercy followed Ruth in making a most ungraceful wobbling and mincing march towards the glowing doorway and freedom.

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