

Personality - a respectful, calm, cool synthetic Line That's Usually used as secretaries or assistants due to their ability to calculate the cost, value and find the most effective way to handle any sort of situation that may arise. They also are programmed with the ability to adapt to the environment around them making them ideal for on the go work or crowded workplaces.

Playing Memory Feedback

>> Inspect Of Vessel [REDACTED]

ID Verification Passed.

Proceed? Y/N. Y.

Loading...

Memory Complete.

A ping could be heard as a pod began to dock at the large military vessel [REDACTED]. In the pod 3 people could be seen sitting inside.

A man who looked like he'd gotten on in the years, though from the way he was sitting, it was like a king atop their throne, nearly as majestic and divine as a normal seat could be. His hair was down in what seemed to be locks, or curls of some sort though it was a shade of dark brown; a sort of mud color. Scruff could be seen around his neck and chin with shades of white speckled throughout. Scars were visible on his face, though none of them stood out as the large gash across his left eye, its color now faded to a gray compared to his other light brown pupils.

He was dressed in a double breasted jacket as dark as the cosmos, with a dark red tie down the middle. Behind him a long cape could be seen upon his shoulders, with red shoulder pads and badges and pins strewn across the front parts.

Beside him stood a man who looked to be in his 30's. A well defined face, a sharp jaw, a strong chin. Something you'd see as a model or a sort of celebrity. If you could manage to look away from his face you'd feel everything about this man screamed "dangerous". His deep dark eyes carried a sense of caution, bloodlust and dread. Covered in a tight fitted undershirt, with a black vest wrapped around his torso. What stuck out most was the weapon he was armed with an [REDACTED], very few were made due to the components and materials needed, even the cost for a magazine could reach into the millions, but he had a belt full of it, and many other gadgets which yelled "expensive yet dangerous".

The last passenger looked quite out of place compared to these two men, a dark skin tone though more of a sweet caramel. They were in a plain white suit without a single fold or crevice in it. If you looked harder you'd notice their eyes had a pair of shades on them, upon closer inspection you'd notice their

shades were a pair of dark black irises holding no emotion behind them, looking too close to them would make you wonder if it felt anything. Their neck was decorated in a white scarf which upon closer inspection had an insignia on it, something resembling one of the large pins on the coat of the old man.

In its hand you could notice a black notepad labeling “Aku” on it with a pen sticking to the side. This “person” was constantly flipping through pages on their notepad while talking to the elderly man.

As the ship's doors finally opened a man came to view, though he looked a bit on the younger side, maybe in his mid 20s, with many others soon began to follow behind him forming a line and saluting. The first man who had stepped out offered a salute before bowing in a flat 90 degree angle.

“GREETINGS SIR! WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR VESSEL, SIR! I am Captain [REDACTED], sir!”

The older man raised an eyebrow at the “Captain” before noticing he was shaking slightly. He guessed it was because of nerves and it was amusing to him. The older man spoke out with a small smile on his face before dropping it just as quick-

“No need to shout Captain. Are you aware of why we're here? I'm sure someone has called ahead..”

He asked, skipping directly to the point. The elderly man's voice carried a sort of demanding power behind it that screamed authority but the captain slowly shook his head.

The elderly man looked to his left and gave a sort of signal to the person next to him. The tanned person beside him adjusted their glasses and their scarf before a small smile appeared on their face, something you'd feel a boss would give before firing an employee, they spoke-

“Greetings, Apologies for the interruption but it has come to the attention of the financial department that the reports from this vessel have exceeded what is normally standard for a vessel of this caliber. According to calculations it's about 21.3% past what we have allocated for said vessel.”

The person finished speaking with a very respectful, proper attitude with a sort of passiveness behind it, you wouldn't expect it from the way they had dressed. But the elderly man spoke up once more-

“As such, we have decided to send an accountant to.. check up on and report on your financial situation and perhaps figure out what is making things go over the allocated expenses. It will be done by this *person* next to me, Aku. I do hope you take care of them since they're one of my closest aides. They won't be here too long I hope but I will be leaving them while I wait for a

report to be sent to me. Lastly.. **I do hope you take care of their well-being, should something be found wrong with them or you're uncooperative.. I doubt you can handle the costs of such a thing happening."**

He let the sentence end off with a kind sounding threat but the message was very clear. The captain knew it wasn't something he could afford, so he quickly nodded his head and slightly glanced over to the man in all black. He didn't know of those guns but something about them shook him to his core.

"Yes, sir! I will make sure they're given full access to the ship and all of the financial records. I will return them safely without a single scratch while we cooperate!"

The man nodded with, seemingly content with that answer before leaning over and whispering a few things to Aku. Aku gave the man a wide smile before shaking hands with him. The elderly man glanced around the room once more before turning around exiting as elegantly as he had entered, with the man in black following close behind.

Aku adjusted their glasses before removing their coat, their blazer on full display. It was just as white as their jacket but it seemed to be made of a type of silk that looked a bit on the expensive side.

"Apologies Captain, but could I bother you to help me get my ID situated and perhaps an escort around so I may get a layout of this vessel. And if it's not too much.. My own room would be ideal as well.."

The way it spoke sounded a bit odd to the captain, it was too proper and the smile on their face felt..odd. Nonetheless he called out a name and a man in a camo uniform saluted and yelled sir, before looking towards Aku. Aku in turn gazed in his direction seemingly "inspecting" the man. The man didn't enjoy this feeling, like he was a priced good and that smile.. The man heard the request of his captain and without missing a beat answered with a- "Yessir" before motioning Aku to follow behind.

Upon arriving at the armory, Aku couldn't help but notice the lack of organizing. Boxes of stray ammo, magazines and clips were strewn about. Guns could also be seen thrown about, these weren't something that should be casually laid upon the floor. What caught their eye was the shelves of blue boxes of ammo magazines. Aku was familiar with this, this was armor piercing ammunition and it wasn't something that was remotely cheap.

Aku took out their notepad from their pocket along with their pen that was hidden behind their ears and began to scribble down something

- Empty magazines and stray ammunition laid about
- [REDACTED] Mk.3 weapons on the floor
- Armor piercing rounds bought in mass quantities

- Suggestion - Default Magazine, 7.56mm.
- Cheaper Gun Also A Possibility, [REDACTED] Mk.2

After noting this down they stopped and slid the pen back behind their ears. Aku politely tapped the guide on his shoulders -

"If I could ask.. How much do you spend on ammunition in general? How often do you use said ammo? According to the general market the price of a small box of armor piercing 7.56 costs about 2,300 with only a few mags included."

The guide looked a bit confused before he spoke up

"If I remember correctly these aren't the kind of ammunition we actually use since only a few on board have access to the weapons that can use them. We are also a supportive unit that's used to provide feedback to military vessels. I believe we-"

Aku swiftly held their hand up before shooting the marine with a sort of business smile. To those not used to it, it was very "creepy" with a pair of white teeth, with two being large canine teeth that stood out. However that wasn't what made it so unsettling, it was the calm and coolness of its face that had basically no emotion on it, but it gave you the feeling you were being priced. But of course nothing that crude ever left their mouth as business and profitability was their main goal. This smile was used quite often as a way to show "kindness", if you could call it that..

"Well thank you for answering my question, I apologize in advance but I'll have many more." The synthetic said with a smaller smile on their face- "If it's alright with you, shall we continue our trip then, I'm sure you have more lovely sights to show me."

The marine seemed to be a bit flattered by the compliment before showing a sort of embarrassed look. They nodded and began to lead Aku along offering some small chatter along the way. Aku was listening and writing down some things that the marine had spoken as it sounded like the marine was showing off, this of course was something Aku simply listened to with their smile never dropping.

Not too long after they arrived at their supplies and requisition bay. To say it was a mess would be an understatement, more ammunition laid across the floor and even some crates were unpacked and carpets were laid across the floor. Aku scanned the room before finding something of interest, they walked into a fight between two cargo technicians who seemed to blame the other for an unapproved crate of [REDACTED] grenades. Aku located the cabinet and with a swift motion the drawers opened revealing but some dust and a faded paper with the date not on it, even a stamp could not be seen.

A frown appeared on Aku's face before they swiftly turned around interrupting the fight between the two technicians with a hand going between them. A kind smile appeared this time,

somehow creepier than the last, though it looked too.. ideal, too clean.. too... perfect. Their teeth are mostly hidden just with a pure white smile with eyes turning to half moons.

“I do hate to be a bother but.. where could I find the papers of stamped documents of your purchases and products and miscellaneous items? And if it's not too much, your requisition tablet?”

Both of them looked at Aku with their business smile still there.. It was.. scary, but not the kind you'd see in a horror film, but closer to the face your mother would make if you broke her expensive lamp. That fakeness was still there, but one had answered nonetheless seemingly hesitating -

“Well if I recall correctly.. Captain said all request related paperwork to be delivered to his office. You'll have to ask him since he's the one that has them all.. As for the rablet.. It broke some time ago and we forgot to order a new one.”

The tech shrugged before looking back at his coworker before deciding it wasn't worth stressing over his coworker and swiftly exiting the scene.

The amount of products left on the shelves and not delivered to their proper departments was concerning to say the least. Aku locked eyes to a shelf which was filled with large amounts of materials, medical supplies, diamonds, metal and even plasteel could be seen. More plasteel was spotted than any other material which raised more questions. They began the calculations of all of these items and it didn't make sense on why they had so many of these things.

They looked over to the other technician before pausing for a moment rubbing their chin seemingly lost in thought before speaking-

“These... What are they for?” They motioned over to the stacks of plasteel seemingly collecting dust- “If I recall correctly the average price of plasteel about.. 3.2 more expensive than buying regular metals and cheaper, sandbangs. The diamonds as well seem a bit.. odd as I don't see the use of a vessel as this needing them and their quality is quite high end. Could you clarify what this is needed for?”

The technician just looked a bit lost before he could even speak. Aku spoke once more with a more friendly tone “Apologies, I don't mean to ask you so many questions. You must still be upset over the disagreement between you and your colleague. May I suggest some rest? I hear it helps calms the mood and increases productivity afterwards.” A friendly smile appeared once more, though this one less.. off putting as the one before as it carried a sort of genuine care though their eyes would still say otherwise.

Aku reached into their pocket grabbing the notepad and pen, flipping it open once more before scribbling some more things down.

- Diamonds, Metal and Plasteel Located On Shelves
- More Plasteel Than Any Material.
- Diamonds? Unsure what their purpose is, perhaps resell?
- Suggestion - Sandbags, Metal. Perhaps Bronze? Effective for many things with very little maintenance.

After jotting the notes down, they gave the guide nod before giving the technician a graceful bow following closely behind the guide continuing their journey.

“May I see your engineering department before we retire for the night? I hear you have one of the higher end engines that's very cost intensive.”

Once again that business smile was still on their face, the marine wasn't as bothered as before by it and they began their way to the engineering department.

Of course Aku didn't miss things as they traveled. Writing down the estimated costs of items that were just lying on the floor or not put in their proper storage rooms. The expensive looking beds, high tech auto- synthesizing cafeteria menus, were just a few things Aku found to be a bit too extreme for this kind of vessel but didn't voice their concerns as many other things had to be checked and spoke about first.

After a short while the guide spoke once more seemingly tired -

“W-we have finally arrived.. I can't offer much help here since this place is mostly ran by the chief engineer. I'll call you for you and he should give you a better tour then I can.”

“Sir [REDACTED]!”

He yelled as they stood at the entrance lobby, a man covered in yellow and orange popped his head out from behind a door. He didn't look all that different from your average man outside of his bright blue shaded hair.

“Ah, ye must be that person I be hearing about from them rumors, yah?.”

He spoke with an all too casual tone with a thick Jamaican accent. The man was eyeing Aku with curiosity painted on his face, seemingly amused.

Aku answered with a soft laugh that sounded playful, their smile once again adorned on their face. They reached a hand out before speaking -

“Yes that would be me, I hope it wasn't anything bad. Though I hear you're the one in charge of the engine. Perhaps I could take a look inside and see what it's about? As long as this isn't an issue of course. If it is, I can always come back later.”

The man let out a hearty laugh before stepping aside to let Aku through. Inside wasn't anything too spectacular, it was just a few lockers, a few tool belts hung up on a rack. As Aku ventured deeper inside, oil stains could be seen on the floor, made from whatever person walked though it last before it had dried, a bit messy but nothing laid out and about.

Soon enough Aku arrived at the engine, a computer mounted on a wall with a [REDACTED] next to it. Aku's eyes wandered where they located what was by their estimation the fuel used for this. It didn't look like anything like as documented as regular fueling so Aku asked the Chief Engineer still as formal but a hint of curiosity could be heard behind that tone -

“What type of fuel are you using? I don't recall seeing this type of fueling before with this generator as it's making it on the expensive side of things. I also recall it stating that a certain buzzing would be heard while the fuel is in use, is it not on?”

The Chief Engineer let out another hearty laugh, taking a few moments to gather him

“Of course ya haven't, it's my own fuel. Something me and a few of my boys made up. The old fuel always left a nasty odor, not to mention the price of that fancy shmancy stuff left out department short of funds for extra things. So I grabbed a few of em and we began brainstorming and mixing things. It was a long few months and a few canisters.. but eventually we got it goin.”

Aku quirked their eyebrow, this was a new discovery that was something they could use to shake the fuel market by storm if handled correctly. They wouldn't have to import the fuel they used before since [REDACTED] has the monopoly on fuel. This could even give the company some foothold in the fuel industry which is something the company lacked.

Aku sent a different kind of “smile” towards the Chief Engineer, it looked to be a mix of a smile and a grin, still just as odd but more so sincere and motivated behind a goal. Aku began to count on their fingers once more catching the chief engineer full of curiosity...

“I will be direct with you sir. May we talk a bit? I think your recipe could fetch a good price from the company and even give you some shares of it between you and your colleagues. Ill make sure you'll be rewarded *handsomely*.”

Aku spoke, though this time their voice sounded more..friendly and charming, this obviously a coordinated move to get him to continue being cooperative, if you could look past the obvious interest in securing this recipe and its rights.

The chief engineer pondered for an moment before speaking “Give me a moment to call me colleagues, it was a team effort so I wouldn't want to cut them out of their shares should they be interested.”

Aku of course had no issue with this and waited as the man called some people on his device. Aku waited patiently, sitting themselves on a nearby chair folding their legs, a sort of sophistication that could be only described as a natural thing as such for them. They sat there for a great deal of time it seemed whilst they waited for them to finish up with the calls, each one making the man seem more optimal and or happy one might say. Aku had respected this type of person, good with others and able to getting things done effectively. The call ended and the Chief engineer looked up and gave Aku a wide smile with a firm handshake. They relocated themselves to a sort of meeting area and soon a few others joined, after giving the man a hug, something Aku had found it odd, but ignored since Aku had no interest in it.

After a few hours of discussion between Aku, he Chief Engineer and the others who partook in making of the fuel mixture, a white paper was slid into Aku's jacket breast pocket, before they offered a bow with a hand behind their back. All of them couldn't help but be amazed by the grace and charm of it. Their white suit and the face to match.. it would make anyone believe they were a CEO or someone of high status.

Aku decided to pay their Captain a visit after dropping off their coat in their quarters, to discuss possibilities of cutting down on spending and taking a look at their request forms and the reasons for it all.

The door was knocked on 3 times before the captain had opened it with a grunt, before looking up at Aku. Of course Aku's smile still adorned upon their face with their eyes still carrying that soulless feeling but had a sort of professionalism behind them as they were speaking to a higher up.

“Good Evening Sir, I do hope your evening has gone well. If I am bothering you, I can return later but I do wish to discuss some of my findings and perhaps get access to the requisition forms that you have procured? I do understand if you're busy at the moment and If you are unable to speak right now, however I just report to [REDACTED] with a fax by the morning and if such, I will return at a later date informing them of the delay.”

The captain seemed lost in thought for a moment before he walked back to his desk and called Aku in. Aku walked in, taking in all of their surroundings, seemingly unsatisfied with the sight before them, before their notepad was once again brought out..

>> [REDACTED INFORMATION PLEASE INCREASE CLEARANCE LEVEL OR CONTACT Major T.]

>> ENDING MEMORY PLAYBACK

>> FUNDS ACCEPTED.