

## Home

### *Trivean's POV*

It was a few days later and I was cleared from the hospital. Loop was running the company for me in the meantime, which he was going to be doing in the background anyways. The king, Dermo's dad, came by earlier and bought Westbork's old house, turning it into a historic landmark. He brought some weird Coyrit, a coyote, that was apparently a doctor with him when visiting me. He did some tests on me for some reason, but cleared me for illnesses, and whatever the gas did for me. For the time my robots, who I've started calling the Nine, got me a new house and other stuff.

I stood outside of the hospital's front entrance, looking up into the sky as the rain came coming down. The city's towering sky scrapers lined with neon lights and signs were broken up by the newer holograms that danced on top of the buildings' ledges. The sounds of the engines keeping the vehicles in the sky and hovering above the ground gave low hums around the city. A few people walked by holding umbrellas and wearing loincloths and other tribal clothing that glowed from the lights imbedded in the fabric over top of pants and jackets.

"Alright, let's see," I said. I brought up the apps in my eyes and was about to call a cab when a long-stretched limo like vehicle pulled up in front of me. I stopped for a second as I saw Veron get out of the driver's seat.

"Mister Warmheart," said Veron, wearing a short black suit and tie.

"Veron? What are you...?" I asked.

"Doctor Westbork assigned us roles to serve you when not in the other two modes," said Veron as he opened the back door for me.

"And let me guess, you're my chuffer," I said.

"Naturally, of course," said Veron. "Now, let me show you to your new home."

"You mean our new home?" I asked.

"Well, the deed is in your name. So, you are the legal owner. Don't ask how we forged your signature." I got into the back, sliding over to the corner, seeing a series of long black leather seats with a hologram projector in the floor, with red lights illuminating the corners of the roof and floors.

"...How much was this?" I asked.

"Barely a scratch to how much you're worth," said Veron. "Loop has been running the numbers. Less than half a percent of your overall worth."

"Do I dare ask the numbers?"

"I don't have them on me currently. Now, let's get you home." He walked to the front and drove off with me in the back, letting the luxury set in.

*Less than half a percent of my wealth? Either they cheeped out on some features, or I could buy out Dermo as the new king, I thought to myself.*

I looked out the window to see a few robotic androids helping a few elderly citizens walk across the streets. The androids were obviously toned-down versions of my own, and had the logo printed on them reading: 'Warmheart Cybernetics.'

I sat back, thinking about the future of them. I knew that it was only time before everyone would treat them as mere play things, then other things... I can delay them from become higher

intelligence by limiting their processing systems, but will that stop them from becoming murderous robots in an uprising? Like CLAW?

I got an alert from the text app and pulled it up, seeing it was Spark. There was a picture of a long metallic tunnel that was giant compared to him.

“Hey boss, the project is going well, thanks by the way,” said Spark in the text.

“Not a problem Spark, and just call me Triv,” I said in a text back. Spark was now employed by me to create instant space travel technology like the one he used on his planet. He had his own place now which he wanted it. But he always did visit me in the hospital, just quickly teleporting in and getting me anything while I laid in a bed to make sure I was recovering from the gas and death pretty well. Of course, he got me a few zombie movies too as a joke.

I looked down at a few papers next to me. Mostly just deeds, royalty agreements, and other business-related things. But amongst them was a formal looking paper, sealed with the royal seal in wax. It was archaic, but it was addressed to me, from Dermo. I slowly opened the envelope and pulled out a letter.

“Hello, Mister Warmheart. I know that we are not the closest, but I wanted to extend an offer to you that I had mentioned before. The Emperium is looking for individuals experienced in all kinds of fields and those that are brave enough for adventure,” said the letter. “I am offering you a position in the first of this organization as the Chair of the Armory. Please, let me know of your interest.”

“Dermo...” I said. I remember camping in the woods, finding the lab, fighting CLAW and running through the lab... It was fun, and I could go for more if I had the time. I set a reminder to reply and accept the invitation.

I looked through the new apps added by the androids. It was a management app, letting me see what they were doing and where they were. There were three personality settings that they were set to. Combat, Normal and Emotional Support. I noticed I could change each one individually or all at once if I needed to. I dug around in the options and found a description for each, all written by Doctor Westbork.

“Hello Trivean,” said Westbork. “These modes I programmed more for your benefit, seeing that my health is slowly deteriorating. I wanted to make sure you were safe and supported even after my passing. Now, Combat should need no explanation to you. It is fighting, mainly to protect you or anyone or thing that you determine necessary. They can be set to guard things as well. Normal, is their daily program routines, nothing out of the ordinary. Emotional Support is one that... that I believe you need. One that you need due to your upbringing emotionally destroying you, and when your mind becomes unstable, which is what happens occasionally.”

*Westbork... You knew me too well, I thought.*

I was driven to a large gated fence, Veron opening with a wave of his hand to the camera. It led up to a small car garage on the edge of a cliff. Veron opened it and drove us into the garage, which lead to a large underground tunnel that led into a large glass tunnel under the water.

“Whoa... What did you guys get me?” I asked.

“Well, we had a few days,” said Veron. “And your Red Eye drones are very useful.”

“How many people have hacked into them?” I asked.

“We’re interfaced in the same program with them. So only Mister Voltarge has so far to our knowledge,” said Veron. I rolled my eyes as we entered a car elevator. It took us up to a large garage building filled with slots in the walls with glass on the walls that faced the center of the room. A few of the slots were filled with vehicles already, namely a motorcycle, a van, and a truck.

I got out of the car with Veron. The elevator’s platform lifted the vehicle up and into one of the slots, closing the glass behind it.

“...You know I’m not a car guy, right?” I asked.

“I am aware, but it doesn’t hurt to have some classy transportation,” said Veron. “Don’t worry, I will handle all of the vehicles, along with driving if needed. Unless Ivory is out getting whatever anyone needs.”

“Yeah, thanks,” I said. We walked out of the garage and into a large open garden with a stone pathway leading up to a large mansion built into the side of a mountain. The garden was well kept, with fountains and bushes with flowers lining the sides of the path.

“Wow...”

“Flora’s work,” said Veron.

“Yeah, a bit different from the farm I’m used to.” We walked up to the mansion and walked inside, seeing everyone waiting inside for me.

“Welcome home!” Exclaimed everyone in unison. I smiled, seeing the number of warm faces welcoming me back. I knew they were robots; I knew that they were more or less mindless killing machines, but it was nice to come back to smiling faces. I saw the cake in the main hall, Hallow looking proudly over it.

“Thanks everyone,” I said with a weak smile. “Look, I want to make something clear. I know that Westbork programmed you to be soldiers and all, but I won’t force you to stay. You can leave whenever and I won’t stop you. I don’t want you to be miserable just because Westbork programmed you to be.”

I saw them all look at each other, then back at me, and then walk towards the door. I closed my eyes, knowing that they were about to walk out the door, but it was their choice, not mine.

I felt some hands push me backwards into Veron’s arms, and then another pair grabbing my legs. I opened my eyes to see Blood and Veron carrying me to the table, hearing the door lock, seeing the others surround me as Hallow cut me a piece of cake.

“Not happening,” said Loop. “We’re not going anywhere.”

“And besides, you’ve seen what we’re capable of,” said Blood. “Do you really believe you can stop us if we wanted to leave?”

“...I could at least put up a fight,” I said as they sat me down in the living room, giving me the cake. I ate it, tasting something, I never had before. It was rich, sweet, overall beautiful in my mouth.

“A losing fight,” said Shade. “Now then, Loop, please help me show Mister Warmheart to his room.” I was helped up after finishing the cake, Loop and Shade taking me up to a large room. The floor was made of dark carpet, the lights above me in the ceiling, a large bed in the middle with a bathroom to the left and a large closet to the right.

“We figured decorations can be left to your decision,” said Shade.

“Right, thank you...” I said, noticing a small box on my bed. I walked up and opened it, revealing a large sword in a brown leather sheath in it.

“Blood figured if you were going to go work for the museum, you might as well have a good blade,” said Loop.

“Agreed...” I said, raising my blade. I knew then and there; I was meant for this.