

The AI Wars: God of War

By AJ Super

If only the man bowing before her knew...

“The denizens of the North American Union thank you for ending the war, Mademoiselle la reine.” The muscular man held out his hand and peered through a silver-streaked brow with a smirk. “Terminating the AI threat was honorable and just.”

Phoebe shook her black silk braid behind her shoulder and slid her fingers into his palm. “I am responsible for the future. It will be as I make it, and I will make it as I see it.” And as an AI with the ability to predict future behavior, she would make it safe for her family. The other six Stars. She would create a future where they were venerated, and no one would be able to topple their power again.

Phoebe stood imperiously over the prostrate Black man and slid past him, pulling her hand from his in disgust. Her slim gold court gown whispered around her feet, and she glanced at her sister following her. Nue’s white skin shone an angry red, lips pulled in a thin line, thoughts painted across her face.

Phoebe motioned to a man in gold and white livery carrying a tray full of sparkling beverages. Probably some kind of wine from one of the Protectorate conglomerate states. The undergovernments were very proud of their Earth exports and often showed them off at these functions.

She lifted two off the tray and nodded to the liveryman who backed quietly away. She turned to Nue and stretched the crystal glass towards her. Nue set her jaw, then gracefully

plucked the stem from Phoebe's fingers. Phoebe paused and took a long sip from the flute, letting her sister step up beside her.

"You promised to protect *them*. You promised that haven would be safe."

Phoebe's amber fingers fiddled with her dark braid as she glanced across the crowded hall full of *humans*. Humans who would see her dead if they knew she was AI, if they knew Nue was a hybrid. "Keep your voice down."

Nue looked into her glass. "You *led* us."

"This war *has* to end, sister. The humans will track us down and massacre us to the last," she said with a sweet smile on her face as she nodded and raised a glass to the African Continental Governance's representative across the room.

"There's no way they could find us all. Haven is safe."

"They already found haven. The only reason our siblings are going to be able to escape is because *I* made it happen. Do you see any human generals at this little party? Any commanders? Captains of note?"

Nue scanned the room and gasped. "It's tonight?"

"It's now."

Nue bit her cheek, her eyes wild.

"The only one who could have *possibly* stopped it was you. That's why you are here, and not there," Phoebe whispered.

Nue shook her head, sable knot at the nape of her neck bobbing. "It's genocide."

Phoebe swallowed and straightened. The High Admiral of the Queen's Navy walked towards them. Nue didn't understand. She was doing this so that her family could survive. If the

humans thought the AI were gone, then the seven of them could hide in plain sight, especially the two who were hybrids.

Nue shifted her weight and crossed her arms, delicately balancing the crystal stem of sparkling yellow wine, glaring at Phoebe.

“The humans can celebrate all they want,” Phoebe said under her breath. “I plan on living a long time and keeping our family alive.”

The NAU and ACG representatives stopped the High Admiral.

Nue pressed her lips together. “How? All you have done is take *their* side.”

“No. I have taken their throne. Soon, I’ll become their religion. Then I’ll control their universe.”

The High Admiral broke free of the representatives and strode smiling to Phoebe. “La reine.” He bowed and stood.

Phoebe blinked slowly. “High Admiral.”

“I just wanted to convey the last report I received.” The blond man smiled broadly through his salted beard, brown eyes sparkling, red of too much alcohol flushing his sallow white skin.

Phoebe raised an eyebrow. “Go on.”

“All AI accounted for and eradicated.” He bowed again. “You have done a great thing tonight. It will go down in the history books as the end of a great conflict.”

Nue stiffened beside her.

Phoebe nodded. “Tonight will go down in history indeed. But history is only written by the future, and the future has yet to be determined.”

He looked at her, puzzled.

She smiled her sweetest at him and put a hand on his shoulder. “Go. Continue to enjoy yourself. Queen’s orders.” If only they *all* knew...