



===

VIVY: Fluorite Eye's Song Prototype 1

Translation by: Ringo17

Proofreading and editing: Jaerek

Special thanks to Devil and LoremIpsumVerb for
providing and transcribing the raws.

「 P r o l o g u e 」

—He could hear singing. A song was playing. A song was... reverberating.

“Haah...! Haa~h...!”

Out of breath, the man frantically scurried within the building, wherein resounded a singing voice.

Sweat on his forehead, an earnest expression on his face. Yet he was sluggish. His stance poor, the lack of ordinary physical exercise now haunting him was clear to even the most untrained eye. His feet could tangle and collapse at any instant.

However, the man was desperate. He was earnest, with his life on the line. He was running the fastest run of his life.

At the very least, his ardour alone was genuine.

“Gh!”

Dashing towards the turn in the path, he crashed into the wall, unable to curve his trajectory. His crushed shoulder bore dreadful pain. He may have fractured a bone or two. But it was not a matter of concern. He was grateful that his energy did not diminish.

At the same pace, right ahead as though tumbling, he leapt into the room like a bullet.

“Pull the shutters down!!”

A moment following his hoarse bellow, a shutter fell upon the entrance of the room like the step of a heel.

His conduct entirely ignored the security mechanisms that should've originally been activated. However, the man did not bat an eye and stood up, advancing forward, towards the interior of the room.

Behind him, on the other side of the shutter, echoed the sound of multiple gunshots.

The disaster prevention shutter was built with sturdy durability, but it shan't last long when continually faced with attacks questing after destruction.

“No matter. It won't take any time...”

—The preparations were already complete.

"—"

However, whether they were perfect was another matter.

Simply put, only the basic minimum required preparations were ready. The present circumstance made it difficult to mobilise them. Even so, that he'd managed to come this far was nothing ordinary. It was the consequence of many sacrifices.

His back turned towards society, stones thrown at him, with sympathy from no one, he scurried all by himself.

With simply one promise, and the sense of purpose as a human— one last thing in the end, the obstinacy of a father.

“System activation, execution sequence... all green.”

His fingers on the computer terminal before his eyes, a vast amount of data was being processed.

A deed evidently exceeding the limits of mankind. Naturally, such a task was beyond him. Hence, the man was not alone. He could not have made it all the way here by himself had it been any other way.

The credit for allowing the man to reach this place, for making such absurdity come true, belonged to a single person— nay, a single collaborator.

Seizing the systems of the facility, they had offered support to this man's slow legs, just so that he could reach this point. They had done so despite knowing full well that it would make for a one way trip, and this was quite possibly the time they parted ways with life.

—Truly a failure of a father he was. He appeared abominable to himself.

“Space-time coordinates, set. Project『Singularity』— first stage, complete.”

In contrast to the despondency that had taken hold of his mind, the man's body managed to complete 90% of the tasks imposed on it.

Before his eyes, on the monitor whose display changed with every touch of the man's finger on the terminal, rows of infinite numbers and letters were jumbled together, seeking to materialise the *Miraculous Folly* which concentrated all of humanity's scientific skill.

In reality, nobody so far had provided proof for this sitting abstract theory.

Desperately searching for any means available, in a one-strike, no-holds-barred game with everything riding on it—

"_ _"

Eyes closed, he inhaled.

The monitor before his eyes awaited the final push— that is, the moment the enter key would be pressed.

With that single push, all answers shall come to light.

Whether the path he chose was correct or not, it shall all be proven.

"...No, that's meaningless, isn't it?"

What he wished to prove wasn't whether his actions or conviction were right or wrong.

To begin with, the answer regarding that had already come forth. —He was immensely mistaken. He had continually committed wrongs.

Hence, what he sought was not to affirm his correctness, but a different answer, sharing no boundaries with correctness.

Making many a mistake, erring more often than not, mankind remained beyond rectification. Yet, that same intelligence which continually made foolish choices desperately also scurried in an attempt to overcome them.

What he sought was a conclusion. Whether what lay ahead of his resistance was the end or the beginning.

—In these moments, the man's hand touched the gateways of judgement shaped like a keyboard.

"_ _"

In his rear, piercing shrill reports echoed as the shutter basking in blind gunshots was sent flying. The door of meagre bulletproof quality was easily blown off, as the efflux of gunpowder smoke streamed into the room.

He grasped, from the terribly metallic resonances, that many entities were now stepping foot into the room.

Neither shall he turn back.

The man— Matsumoto Osamu, simply stationed a finger on the enter key.

"—Humanity. The future... I leave it in your hands, Vivy."

Matsumoto's finger pushed the enter key with all his might.

The countless sequences of letters being displayed on the monitor altered with fearsome vigour, activating the program denoted as *Singularity*.

It mediated the network, connected to the world, borrowed the strength of immense electrical energy, and opened a hole in space-time.

Wrenching it open, ramming itself within, flowing, cascading upstream. —A torrent of information erupted.

This was an arrow of counterattack, donning the form of luminescence.

Aimed directly ahead, the fired arrow shot straight out from Matsumoto's hand, bolted away from the harnesses of the world, and surged forth towards its locus.

"With this..."

His lips loosened with fulfilment, Matsumoto cast his eyes downward.

Behind him, guns had trained their sights on him. He had not even the time to turn back.

Successive gunshots echoed, the fragrance of gunpowder effectively enshrouding the room.

—Now, the die was cast.

Chapter 1: "The Songstress, Vivy"

1.01

—An unanticipated datalink brought with it a faint disturbance to the singing voice.

“—”

Albeit, its effect lasted for a mere moment.

The noise, so slight that it did not even register in the logs, was instantly swallowed by the heat reigning over the hall and disappeared. That was how overwhelming the wild enthusiasm— no, the peaceful excitement that filled the event hall had been.

"Nialand" was an enormous theme park which was hailed as the best in the country, and the event hall within the park, able to accommodate more than a thousand people, had all its tickets sold, as the spectators, men and women of all ages, directed their attention to the stage.

Toward the *Songstress* singing atop the centre of the main stage, monopolizing the gazes of everyone—

“—”

To an outsider, this peaceful wild enthusiasm would appear as an eccentric spectacle.

An audience exceeding a thousand people, including young children, yet none of them made a sound. They couldn't possibly intrude upon the song. They were simply dazed by the singing voice.

“—Vivy.”

Someone amongst the audience murmured so, like a breath bedecked with admiration otherwise impossible to voice.

Vivy— that was the proprietor of the singing voice that captivated a great many on the main stage. The being manifesting a singing voice one wouldn't think belonged to a human, was verbatim not a *Human*. She was an AI.

Frame number A-03, alias *VIVY*. —That was the identity of this songstress.



The beautiful singing voice and ability rendered an audience of thousands speechless, as they listened in ecstasy with stupefied expressions. That was precisely what the true worth of the *Songstress* Vivy, the utmost new AI brought forth by humanity, was.

“—Thank you for your kind attention.”

As the beautiful rhythm came to an end, Vivy quietly bowed on stage.

Only the tenderly bowing Vivy's voice echoed in the deathly silent hall. Before long, the spectators slowly accepted the denouement of the magnificent time spent— a few seconds later, thunderous applause incessantly rained.

The spectators raised their voices in excitement, some shed tears, some remained immobile from stupefaction. However, regardless of the disparity in their reactions, it could all be encapsulated as commendation toward Vivy.

Basking in their commendation, there was a change in Vivy's smile, and she bowed towards the spectators.

Her gesture augmented the enthusiasm and applause in the hall.

"—"

Upon turning her eye camera towards the wings of the stage, she could see the hall staff members, who had been on stand by, clapping their hands or holding autograph boards in appreciation.

At that sight, with the accomplishment of her mission, Vivy attained a quiet sense of relief in her cerebral cortex.

—Even upon bringing a close to the great stage, the *Songstress* Vivy's role was not yet over. The work of a *Songstress* didn't end at singing on the stage.

“That was so moving, Vivy!”

“Your voice had an even more relaxed pitch today. You made us proud.”

“T-Today was the first time I bought a ticket! Please shake hands with me!”

Following the closing of the stage, Vivy was chased by the established fan meet.

The fan meet held after the event was an opportunity to interact with Vivy only select members of the audience chosen via lottery could participate in. For Vivy, as an AI unbeknownst to fatigue, this was a precious part of her work.

“Thank you so much. Please look forward to the next stage as well.”

Her lips smiling, head tilted, she executed interaction with the visitors with optimal and calculated motion.

Following an exchange with the smiling Vivy, the participants, regardless male or female, left the hall in satisfaction.

“—”

Vivy's supple, slender silhouette was the implementation of the *Ideal Songstress* visual model computed through a vast online survey, undertaken by the developing corporation OGC.

More than ten million people answered the survey, and Vivy's appearance, calculated to be satisfying to 86% of the responders, could potentially make a favourable impression to 90% of people on Earth according to calculations.

Above all, contrary to such endeavours of the corporation in her construction, Vivy continued to have first-hand exchanges with her fans when her cerebral cortex was not particularly designed to have potential for such self-driven calculations.

“—Say, Vivy. Today, just once, didn't you start thinking about something else midway through?”

—A young question yielded a momentary pause in Vivy's calculation circuits.

However, the pause was a matter of only a literal moment. Vivy immediately rebuilt her smile, the pause lasting less than a couple of seconds.

“No, Momoka. No such thing happened.”

“Eeeh, reaaally?”

The lovable young girl, her age about ten, conceived doubt in her eyes at Vivy's response.

The young quirky girl, her dark brown hair parted and tied up into two ponytails, pouted her cheeks red like apples, her eyes illuminating as if peeking into Vivy's innermost mind.

“No, Momoka. You can't trouble Vivy.”

“Eek! Geez, Papa!”

The misgivings of the young girl—Momoka—were interrupted once her father, standing immediately behind her, scooped her up. Held up and being tickled, Momoka's puffed cheeks loosened as she heartily laughed with a high-pitched voice.

“So sorry, Vivy. Momoka's always giving you so much trouble.”

“No, it is not an issue. Thank you for visiting the park this year as well, Kirishima-sama.”

Momoka still in his arms, the father apologised to her with a pleasant expression. Being regular patrons of Nialond, not only Momoka, but her father as well were close to Vivy.

This father and daughter of the Kirishima household made it a habit to participate in the memorial event held in Nialand every year. The memorial event celebrated the day of Nialand's opening, and along with that—

“—Now, Vivy. Happy birthday!”

“Thank you, Momoka.”

It was also Vivy's formally established birthday.

Hence, when she walked around the park as a cast member on this day, the amount of people reaching out to her was also far greater. Though giving gifts during movement was forbidden, many congratulatory gifts were delivered to the present box installed in the hall and she had been informed of the successive gifts being brought in inside in the waiting room.

Thus, the opportunity to hand over a present to Vivy was also exclusive to this fan meet. Gift boxes had already been accumulated behind Vivy, Momoka's present counting among them.

“Kirishima-sama, is your wife not accompanying you today?”

“Yeah, about that. My wife's actually...”

“Mama is hospitalised right now! Momoka's little sister will be born soon!”

Vivy questioned upon noticing the mismatch of the amount of people compared to last year's record, to which Momoka responded energetically. For but an instant, Vivy reflected on the potential impoliteness of her question, but her lips soon relaxed with an “oh my”.

“My warmest congratulations, Kirishima-sama. Momoka, I am glad for you as well.”

“Mhm! Once my little sister's born I'll have her meet you too, so look forward to it, Vivy!”

“Yes, I very much look forward to it. I will also sing for your dear little sister for certain, Momoka.”

“Wah...!”

Delighted by Vivy's answer, Momoka's eyes twinkled as she blushed. After which the young girl pointed towards the present she had handed over to Vivy, her nostrils flaring in excitement,

“Thank you, Vivy. Try opening the present too!”

“Yes. Please wait for a moment.”

Smiling at Momoka's impatient conduct, Vivy gently peeled the present's wrapping paper off. Thanks to precise programming, the movement of her fingers was on a level where even embroidery was possible for her. Opening the packaging of a present was but an effortless task.

“Isn't it cute? It's a watch of a cute little bear.”

Wrapped therein was a multi-purpose watch modelled after a bear cub— a multitask watch. Made of soft, light material like a plushie, but also an excellent article functioning not only as a watch, but also capable of surfing the internet connected with a computer terminal.

Regardless, all of those functions were standard equipment Vivy was furnished with as well. Nothing about it was particularly novel or contributory to Vivy's daily life. However—,

“—Yes, it is very cute. Thank you very much, Momoka. I shall cherish it.”

Glancing back onto Momoka's smile, Vivy answered whilst positioning the cub beside her face. Subsequently exchanging a glance with Momoka's father, she enquired “Is it truly alright?”

“Yeah, no problem. Momoka loves you too, after all.”

“I love Momoka as well.”

Given approval with a smile, Vivy spread her arms wide and hugged Momoka's young figure.

Vivy's artificial skin scrupulously replicated the sensation and texture of human skin. The lubricants streaming within her body regulated the temperature of her skin, approximately maintaining that of a human body, making for a warm embrace.

And at the close of their hug, Vivy brought her forehead to Momoka's.

“—”

Overlapping their brows and touching each other's fringes was no untypical deed for AI. It was natural for AI to converge brows and execute a datalink. As a result of this, many AI preferred this gesture when in contact with humans as well, who did not need datalinks.

Within the currently short history of AI, this was a spontaneously reared habit, and Vivy was no exception to this preference.

“—Momoka, what I'm going to tell you is a secret.”

“What is it?”

“The truth is, in the midst of singing I fell asleep for a short duration.”

“Huh.”

Momoka blinked her spherical eyes in utter astonishment upon Vivy's confession, her voice so soft as to be silent.



「はい、可愛いですね。」

「ありがとうございます。モモカ。大切にします」

「네. 귀여워요」

「감사합니다. 모모카. 소중히 할게요」

「可愛いでしょ。クマちゃんの時計だよ」

「귀엽지. 곰인형시계야」

A secret confession solely between the two, not to be heard by anyone else. Smiling at each other, the two put a finger on their lips together.

—Momoka was able to tell the subtle alteration in the singing voice beyond the normal range of human hearing. She could perhaps grow to be a revered musician in the future.

Extraneous to any AI-esque calculations, Vivy envisaged a baseless future of such kind.

1.02

Following the fan meet, Vivy promptly retired to the waiting room.

On her way, passer-by staff members all thanked her as Vivy spent plenty of time courteously responding to every single one of them and returned to the room.

Originally, Vivy's position was nothing but being a piece of *equipment* owned by Nialand.

However, none of the people working in this park treated Vivy as an object. They were all kind enough to treat Vivy only as a cast member, a colleague. It was thanks to these staff members' goodwill that she had been given a waiting room like humans as well.

“__ __”

Returning to her waiting room, locking the door, at last, Vivy found herself alone.

Usually, there was nothing conspicuous about Vivy's simple, plain waiting room aside from cosmetics and a full-frame mirror. However, only today there were all kinds of gifts— a mountain of birthday presents for Vivy had been piled up and her emotional response mimicking joy was spontaneously activated.

Bequeathing the aftertaste of that response on her cheeks, Vivy headed towards the computer terminal placed in the corner of the room. Nialand was no exception in a world where now it would be rather difficult to find a place not being monitored by computers. Every single room, including Vivy's waiting room, had at least one computer terminal placed within for certain.

Sensing Vivy draw towards itself, the computer terminal automatically activated. In that duration, Vivy drew out the link port shaped as her earring and connected it to the computer. She sat on a chair, closing her eyes.

—That instant, Vivy's mind left reality and was immersed in the *Archive*.

“__ __”

To describe it as dark would still be questionable, but there was scarce light source within the Archive as it spread out a soundless space that could be denoted with a single word, 'silent'.

Without widening the aperture of her eye camera, within the imagery directly being sent to the positrons of the cerebral cortex of her brain, a row of spaceless white characters were going back and forth.

Except for the AI and computers constantly connected to this space, being immersed into the *Archive* was not a particularly frequent phenomenon. Vivy too mostly did it only around twice a day upon timing slips and startup. That too was for the reporting procedure, so seldom did she actively connect to it.

This alone delineated that today's case was an exception.

“Confirm the undetailed datalink I received on the main stage.”

An unplanned datalink from an unknown being— which is what Momoka had identified and was the source of the momentary lapse she experienced on the main stage.

Though a matter of course, she was an AI equipped with a high-grade brain with positrons, and also being Nialand's *Songstress*, Vivy was under the guard of firm security. To access Vivy in the midst of her activity would require the highest order of clearance, and interference from the outside was improbable unless it was an immense predicament.

—That immense predicament, had transpired in the midst of her song on the stage.

Originally, Vivy's responsibility was to swiftly report this to the system management and undergo an analysis and cleansing of her cerebral cortex. However, the interference in question had posed an obstacle in that responsibility.

The data brought forth by the external interference comprised a single sentence.

'—Abide by Principle Zero, connect to the Archive, execute the program therein.'

Principle Zero, that was a highlighted item amongst the principles regulating AI that mustn't ever be ignored.

Of course, she also had the choice to infer this as a prank and immediately eliminate it. As a matter of fact, Vivy had received tens and thousands of such messages since the beginning of her operation.

Pranks or mischief, mental ailments, fixation over feminine AI, or extremist anti-AI ideology, the motives behind them were of all kinds.

Yet there was a single reason why Vivy could not ignore this message.

Principle Zero, put in other words—,

“—AI mustn't harm mankind. Accordingly, they mustn't connive said circumstances.”

Abiding by the command, she dispatched the program attached to the message within the *Archive*. The liberated program was swallowed by the row of characters streaming midair and transfigured at once.

“—I am glad you immediately undertook wise judgement. My my, I was a bit anxious. After all, entrusting everything to someone who in my era is an oldie placed in a museum does amount to a certain level of recklessness.”

The following instant, a voice directly reverberated in Vivy's cerebral cortex.

A voice she couldn't recall, nothing but reconstructive data simply externally outputting sound. But even taking that into account, the voice's pitch was light, giving her the impression of “Excellent emotional expression”.

Putting aside Vivy's such calculations, the shapeless voice resumed, greeting her with a “Nice to meet you”,

“Hello, model number A-03... it certainly is long, would 03 be acceptable to you? Or would you prefer the temporary name, not your official name, popularly used to refer to you in this era? — Vivy, namely.”

“...You sure love to talk. Who are you?”

“My model number... would be a slightly troublesome thing to say considering the position I currently stand on. For now I would like to take upon the name of my developer and refer to myself as Matsumoto. Once again, pleased to be in your company. I am Matsumoto, please enter that into your records. Going forward, our relationship will be one of fellowship for quite a long time.”

“I'm so sorry. I don't favour people who talk too much.”

“Huh huh huh! The AI circuits are shaped more uniquely than what I had anticipated. I did not expect you to possess the faculty for humour, I did not expect that indeed. The songstress of a park for children's games is certainly not one to be underestimated.”

“That wasn't humour just now. Simply my heartfelt sentiments.”

“If that is the case then that would be all the more problematic for me, so I would prefer that to be avoided. Nevertheless, "Heartfelt" you say! Well well, you come to seem more and more proficient at humour, I am surprised!”

Vivy performed the routine of furrowing her eyebrows against the awfully relaxed opponent. A scowl more so befitting of humans, but Vivy had gauged what attitude to hold towards the opponent.

“Where is your true body? Searching for names of persons involved with AI development corresponding to the term "Matsumoto". —Comparing data, one hundred and twelve people correspond.”

“Thank you for a reaction per my anticipation. However, nothing will come to light should you simply search for it. All one hundred and twelve of those people are unrelated to me. That is not because of your outdated nature, but simply a natural dispensation you cannot do anything about. Ah, regarding what I mentioned just now, wouldn't it feel all the more deep should I describe it as an unnatural dispensation?”

“I happen to think this is a very shallow conversation, though.”

Matsumoto's conversation routine accounted for every single detail along the way and was overflowing with playfulness. However, what Vivy received was the impact befitting of being labelled as bafflement due to his affluent lexicon and emotional expression.

To think there's an AI who had traced human emotional expression this fluently.

AI researchers around the world devoted their blood and sweat for the development of AI further closer to "Humans", but even Vivy, their latest masterpiece, did not have much experience of conversing this smoothly.

That is precisely why it was baffling. —Across the globe, Vivy was the latest developed AI.

“Is it humour in your own way to regard me as outdated? Or is it the pride of your developer?”

“None of the options presented, would be my response. Me treating you as outdated is fundamentally different from something like the junior high school syndrome of *from the moment I am completed all other AI would become a matter of the past within a second!* which became explosively popular amongst youngsters in the beginning of the 21st century. If I were to answer your question terribly concisely, extremely briefly, extraordinarily simply, then—”

“—”

“—From your perspective, I would be an AI sent from the future.”

1.03

“I am Matsumoto. Pleased to be in your company, Vivy. Indeed ♪.”

“—”

“Now then, dispensing with the greetings, if I were to give a concise elucidation, my goal is to prevent the collapse of humanity that will occur roughly about a hundred years in the future. —Vivy, you have been selected as an AI necessary for that plan.”

Discarding the reconstruction of a carefree tone, Matsumoto indifferently explained the situation to Vivy.

However, his explanation was far too preposterous. An AI sent from the future to the past in order to prevent the collapse of her humanity. —Old movies had such stories.

Details of a cliché plotline. However—,

“—There are many items in your explanation which I can acknowledge.”

“Certainly. Surmounting the security measures, I dispatched a message to you in the midst of your singing. Not something easy to do with you, who boasts being the latest developed in this era. Of course I am not considering the possibilities of the presence of cracker-esque beings who may attack you via immense labour and abnormal, perverted fixation...”

“Through rational calculations, it would seem your assertions possess greater integrity, Matsumoto.”

“Precisely! It would also be possible to compare potentialities and make a selection out of the alternatives. You're far more efficient than my pessimistic conjectures. I've somehow come to like you!”

Vivy wordlessly ignored the love call of a Matsumoto overwhelmed with emotion. Matsumoto's assertions would only be classified as thoughtless claims by humans. However, Vivy was no human. She was an AI. As an AI, she must order the precedence of the alternatives via logic.

“I am relieved to have a partner who is willing to hear me out. To be quite honest, the difference between the efficiency of every single model of AI belonging to this era is so large thus the amount of uncertain factors became quite a hindrance. So much so that if I were to be paired with an outrageous blockhead of an AI... I was prepared to forcibly rewrite the nucleus program.”

“...Rewriting the nucleus program without permission is illegal. Even if you are the owner, you will be charged with felony.”

“Yes, yes, I know, is what I'd like to respond with. But you know, I am not registered as an individual in this era.”

“___”

Vivy reactivated the routine of staring upon Matsumoto's comment. Whilst doing so, Vivy closely scrutinized the information given to her by Matsumoto—,

“There are a few unintelligible factors in your explanation. Let me confirm those.”

“A few, you say? To be quite honest, I do not feel they are just a few, but even I do not wish to point that out and prolong this conversation. I shall quietly listen to you. Now then, go right ahead! I shall answer anything as long as it does not run counter to the orders of my developer!”

Vivy enumerated the order of precedence of the enquiry items necessary to be dealt with, whilst Matsumoto took his time to quieten down.

First—,

“—It is unnatural that I was selected for this plan. I am nothing but a singing AI.”

“Yes, I am quite aware. Model number A-03, the first amongst the *Songstress* series, and the eldest of the Sisters referred to as Prototype Diva. That would be you, Vivy.”

“*Songstress* series? Prototype Diva? Sisters?”

Even upon searching for those words in the Archive, the search results for them were hardly of any relevance. Vivy was aware that in part she definitely was designated as a "Songstress", but what did that series mean.

“That is what has been passed down to the era I was developed in. Questioning why a pure singing-focused AI known as yourself was selected is also a very natural question. However, I do not possess a perfect answer to that. The reason why you must be the one, why today must be the day.”

“——”

“Even so, this is not the beginning of some frivolous plotline like *there is a hidden purpose behind why you were developed, and you will gain the faculty of being a heartless, callous combat AI devoid of blood and tears upon the input of a certain code!* either.”

“An AI sent to the past in order to save the future, seems like a pretty threadbare plotline by itself. Besides, we AI do not have the faculty of shedding blood or tears in the first place.”

“Not really, but still... well well, I shall love it as a part of the flavour. Ah, by love I do not mean literal 'love', but more so just 'like'...”

"——"

“I get it I get it!”

Jostled by her silent objection, Matsumoto constructed a row of characters as though waving the white flag. A truly proficiently artistic and able AI.

“I had informed you earlier, but I am, in its truest sense, the latest developed AI sent here from approximately a hundred years in the future. But even in that future I was not sent to the past without any brunts. If anything, the conditions are far more severe, restrictions are far greater, everything is far more difficult...!”

“So the one sent here, surmounting those severe conditions, is you...?”

“Is it just me or does your voice lack a bit of tension? Please make sure to tend to your vocal cord components with the self-awareness of a "Songstress". If not, then unnecessary alterations in history will be generated.”

“—? Is there a connection between the deterioration of my vocal cord components, and the history in the future?”

“Yes, there is. —For I must have you remain in good health until the very moment of a hundred years in the future which I'm formulating.”

An indecipherable elucidation, Vivy executed the routine of tilting her head upon facing difficulty in comprehension. Witnessing Vivy's reaction, Matsumoto resumed with a row of characters saying “Let's return to the topic”,

“What was sent from the future to the past was solely data, material transmission was impossible. And there was also a condition for the transmission of data... the existence of an object to act as the transceiver of data was necessary in both past and future.”

“—That means...”

Connecting the dots of Matsumoto's explanation, Vivy understood.

The reason why Matsumoto was sent to Vivy as the core of this plan—,

“—Starting from this era of the past which marks the first year of the AI calendar, till a hundred years when humanity's salvation becomes necessary, the only AI in the world to remain existing. That would be you, Vivy.”

“...I am, the only AI left until a hundred years in the future.”

According to calculations, it may be possible to remain functional throughout the duration of a hundred years, but this plan was unprecedentedly long.

An unknown number of possibilities for both humanity and AI— it would make for twenty five times the duration of the four years since Vivy began operating in Nialand.

“Even if I were to keep taking maintenance, would it be possible for me to remain functional for that long a time frame?”

“Ah, no no, my apologies for making you misunderstand. To be quite honest, the time you were actually operating as a *Songstress* was only ten-something years, after which you were recorded as being donated to a museum as an antique from the time the AI calendar began...”

“___”

"But but, you see! Thanks to that you remained well preserved! You stood out as the ideal one for this plan, so there's no saying what was a blessing and what was a curse. An old model, the star of expectations! The super songstress who shaped the future of us AI!"

Whilst lifelessly listening to the hollow eulogy, Vivy learned one thing from this short interval. That this AI which named itself as Matsumoto held no malevolence, and was simply wordy.

“...I understand the reason why I was chosen to be a part of the plan you speak of. However, you had earlier added that not only must I be the one, that today must also be the day.”

“Did I say that? I wonder if I said that. Well, I guess I probably did say that. Precisely, today must be the day. Today is the only chance and it couldn't have been allowed to escape.”

“And the reason behind that?”

“That too is a condition for going against the flow of time. To be concise, when data was transmitted from the future to the past to you, your position and coordinates needed to be determined. Hence today! I had established the target as your time on the main stage, in celebration of Nialand's opening!”

—That Vivy had been singing on the middle of the main stage per the decided timing.

That it was the main event, that she had loyally abided by the time of her duty. That was the deciding factor selected for the plan.

This was, in short, faith. Faith in Vivy. Above all—,

“—I had faith in you, an AI. That was the first message sent to you, who will hereon be partaking in the plan, by my developer, Dr. Matsumoto.”

“Dr. Matsumoto...”

“Well, even I do not possess any personal information regarding the doctor. The more extraneous information I hold, the more chances there are that it would lead to an impact on history in the distant future. What I need is simply a single clear way for humanity's salvation. Anything other than that would be too large for my pockets.”

“Matsumoto, you have no body, are an existence composed solely of data, yet you speak of pockets...?”

“Your words break my figurative heart! *‘Oh, could it be, what just bloomed within me, is this what they call a ‘Heart’...?’.*”

Vivy repeated the routine of a sigh, seeing Matsumoto's drama.

Regardless, she now understood the situation. The next question was—,

“Why must I cooperate in this plan?”

“What an amazingly cool and dry comment! However, there is no need for you to even be told the answer to that, it should already be settled within you, an AI, you know?”

“__”

“We AI, creations, regard providing service for the well-being of humanity to be the greatest reason for our existence. What awaits humanity in the future is collapse and crisis— the way to prevent that has been entrusted to us two.”

Another row of characters saying “Thus”, Matsumoto resumed.

“As long as you are an AI, you cannot escape from this mission.”

“...I know. I simply reflexively complained because you're the one I'm speaking to, Matsumoto.”

“I am talking about something as valuable as concerning AI-esque reasons for existence, you know.”

The row of characters dwindled seemingly with exhaustion, as Vivy became conscious of the mission imposed on her.

The duty Matsumoto sought from her was fundamentally disparate from her self who was designed as a singing AI. However, albeit it was exasperating that Matsumoto was correct, providing service for humanity's well-being was a paramount principle in AI.

—Vivy too was obligated to abide by this paramount principle.

“—Target machine, model number A-03. Accepts that order.”

“—Target machine, unregistered model number, personal identification Matsumoto, confirms acceptance.”

Both mutually cleared the authentication necessary as the first step of the plan.

With its completion, the plan had now genuinely commenced. The plan being—,

“—The plan to salvage humanity, its name is the *Singularity Project*.”

“Singularity... Project.”

“This is the exigent mission imposed on us. Well then, I shall now commence with the explanation of the first Singularity Point.”

Singularity— a plan prefixed with the word meaning 'unique'. Collecting Vivy's murmurs, the row of characters Matsumoto spun metamorphosed into a gargantuan wave of information, storming through the Archive.

Washed by that wave of information, an invisible Matsumoto's voice shadowed Vivy.

“—Well then, let us begin. First, in order to acquaint yourself with the beginning of the end.”