

## If They Can't See It, Are They Even Human?

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## If They Can't See It, Are They Even Human?

by [Vicarious\\_Virgo](#)

### Summary

Sent on a mission after the festival, Tubbo and Tommy find an abandoned A.I.

Rated Teen for language

### Notes

My god this is so scuffed but the idea wouldn't leave my head so here lol,,,

Few things to remember:

- Future Au!! Has a lot to do with cybernetics
- Everyone has at least a robotic arm, they utilize hard light to create weapons (similar to Symmetra from Overwatch)
- Everything is the same as the lore, just with added and more advanced technology.
- This takes place after the Festival where Tubbo was killed by Techno, it's mentioned once but I just wanna make sure that's clear!

Enjoy! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tubbo stepped onto the elevator, Tommy walking in behind him. The younger teen let out a huff as the door closed behind him. A ding filled the white space as the floor began to descend. Some cheesy love song played over the speaker as the duo went down floor by floor.

“We should make this quick. This place is creepy as shit.” Tommy said, his words coming out harsh. Tubbo hummed in agreement, knowing his friend was just on edge about the place. The stark white walls were harsh on the eyes, especially with the bright white lights overhead. The place reeked of oil and bleach, a combination that made disgust roll in Tubbo’s stomach.

He tried not to focus on it as the elevator finally brought them to the final floor. The platform came to a stop before letting out a high pitched ding. Slowly, the doors began to open with a creak. It makes sense, no one has been down here in awhile. The two friends share a look before stepping off of the platform and onto the floor. Behind them, the elevator closes and the platform is sent back up.

Tubbo watched in awe as the lights flickered on above them. The light directly above them flicking on before the row before turned on, the rows of lights afterwards turning on one by one. There’s a moment of silence once all the lights are on, and Tubbo can see Tommy drawing his sword. The dark purple blade casted a reddish glow around it, one that only came when Tommy wielded it.

Tubbo’s hand was twitching to grab his crossbow, his light arrows ready to be created by the light in his palm. The silence was so loud that Tubbo was sure this had to be a set up. His hair stood up, and he could feel his ears twitch desperate to find any noise that could indicate anyone was nearby.

The silence was broken too quickly, and though the two boys had been ready, they still flinched when an A.I spoke over the intercom.

“Hello Tommy Innit and Tubbo Underscore. How may I help you?”

Tubbo fought back a shiver at the voice. It sounded so much like Techno, yet more energetic? Which was confusing considering the voice was an A.I, it shouldn’t have been possible for it to sound so..human.

“Right... I forgot you knew our names.” Tubbo said, watching Tommy’s sword disappear in a flash of red pixels.

“I’d never forget you.” The machine replied. Tubbo and Tommy shared a look, distrust passing between them.

“Listen, we didn’t come here to exchange names. We need your help findin’ shit on Schaltt.” Tommy demanded. A beat of silence passed through the room before a part of the ceiling opens up. The smooth white panels part to reveal a camera of some sort. Tubbo was getting ready to cast a shield around them when the device created the hologram of a figure.

It was facing the wrong way before quickly turning around to face the duo.

“My name is Ranboo, I’ll be the A.I assisting you. We are short in electricity down here, since I take up the least energy, I will be helping you. I apologize in advance for any glitches that occur in my system.”

The two look at each other again, not at all understanding what was going on.

“Now, What can I help with?”

“We need info on Schlatt, and honestly anything on Dream.” Tommy restated.

“Yeah, and we need it fast.” Tubbo added on, watching as a loading sign appeared above the hologram’s head. The expression projected was one of confusion, one of the humanoid’s eyes was colored in while the other was not. It was at that point Tubbo noticed there were a lot of areas on their projected skin that wasn’t colored. Just random splotches of blue and white pixels.

An exclamation point goes off once the loading is done. “Based on what I remember, Schlatt has a history with drinking and if his habits have kept up,” the hologram waved a hand through the air, a graph appearing made of the same pixels. “Then he is more at risk of the following: heart disease, stroke, high blood pressure, digestive issues-“

“Alright that’s enough. Anything on Dream? We don’t need to know about Schlatt’s fuckin’ digestive issues.” Tommy interrupted the hologram once again.

“A-anything about Dream?” The automated voice asked, with what had to be faux worry.

“That’s what I said.” An unreadable expression displayed on the hologram’s face. For a moment there was silence, before Ranboo spoke again this time with a voice devoid of any simulated emotion. Just a blank voice.

“Dream’s info is not available to me. However, I can get it through the main computer. It’s on the lowest floor, you can take the elevator there.”

Tubbo barely kept himself from asking how the hologram would get down there. Of course, the coded assistant could simply be projected there. “Well, let’s get going then.” Hesitant to turn his back to the hologram, the ram hybrid waits until the hologram is gone before heading towards the elevator with Tommy.

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The two stepped off of the elevator to find a dark room illuminated by a holographic figure interacting with a holo-table. Tubbo observed the info, trying to decipher what it said since it was flipped from this direction.

“Hello, Tommy and Tubbo. I am looking for the information you need right now.”

“...And you have no problem giving it to us?” Tubbo found himself asking.

A loading symbol appeared above the humanoid once more. “Why would I? Fundy, Eret, and Dream coded me for public information. You could consider me an updated version of a library or a history book. No one has needed me in a long time. I guess people get too caught up in creating history to bother learning about it.”

“Why d’you talk like that?”

“...If I am correct, Dream coded my speech like this.”

Silence overtook the group, this time tense and suffocating at the mention of Dream’s involvement. Almost everyone knew that Dream had some part in it, no one expected it to be a large part in coding the A.I.

Carefully, Tubbo explored some of the non-lit up areas of the room. The screens of numerous computers were blank, powerless. Tubbo almost felt bad for the systems, remembering how bad he

felt when his own computerized limbs were offline during his recovery from the festival. The teen suppressed a shiver at the thought and walked away from the dead computers. Instead, he stood behind Ranboo, watching as various files were swiped across the screen.

At some point, Tommy joined the two.

“I believe I have found what you are looking for.” The hologram was still for a beat before opening the file. Immediately, a red glow took over the usual calming blue of the holographic technology. The screen, and Ranboo’s hologram, flashes between blue and red for a moment, before going dark completely. There’s a beat where the only thing Tubbo can hear is his and Tommy’s breathing. The darkness is haunting in a sense. The room feels empty without the calming blue glow of Ranboo and the holographic table.

The screen comes back in a blinding green color, an all too familiar white smiley face taking over the screen. Tubbo feels himself freeze at the sight, beside him Tommy is already drawing his blade again.

Ranboo’s hologram comes back again, this time his pixels the same bright green as the screen. “I’m sorry, but I cannot allow you to view this information. Did you really think you could get here without someone realizing?” Ranboo’s voice was not the same. This time it was harsh. Almost like the computer had barely contained rage.

“No. You both are going to stay down here, alive or not. You’re naive for thinking it’d be this easy.” Mechanical humming filled the air as panels slid open on the ceiling. Immediately hard light projections began filling the room. They were similar to training simulations, Tubbo observed. Tubbo grabbed his crossbow and focused his arm’s energy on creating arrows.

Tubbo and Tommy launched themselves into the fight as the hard light enemies got closer. The enemies were the same bright green as the everglowing screen, with swords of the same color.

Tubbo found himself switching between using his crossbow and creating a dagger. He and Tommy fought back to back, shouting at each other when the enemies starting closing in from their unguarded sides. The enemies weren’t hard to kill per say, but with every one they took down, three more seemed to replace it. Eventually, Tubbo had to switch to mainly using the daggers. The enemies were closing in much faster, and the teen had lost track of Ranboo’s projection a long time ago. The thought of the A.I brought anxiety to his stomach. The teen ignored it in favor of carving into the nearest enemy’s artificial chest.

The battle raged on for what seemed like centuries, but eventually exhaustion weighed on Tubbo’s limbs. It made every attack slower and messy. Each block sent a tingle sensation through his arms, and he was barely able to dodge in time. That’s when the horde overwhelmed them, they become all Tubbo can see. All the hybrid can do is yell for Tommy, his friend’s voice yelling back at him.

All fight leaves Tubbo’s body as the holograms force him onto his knees with his hands firmly held behind his back. He huffs, blowing his bangs from in front of his eyes. Beside him, Tommy is put in a similar position, the blond putting up way more of a fight.

All right seems to melt out of him as Ranboo makes another appearance, his form still colored green. The projection looks at them for a moment, before a robotic chuckle escapes its mouth. Tubbo grits his teeth at the sound, much preferring the A.I’s original voice.

“Everyone knows of you two, the two causes of all the conflict in this world. If you think about it, we can run tests on how best to get people like you two to give up. It could be some kind of ‘guided evolution’ if you will.” Ranboo’s original voice was back, this time having the robotic

sounds at the end of his sentences.

“W-what kind of tests?” Tubbo feels his face go cold at the thought of what Ranboo might be insinuating.

“Well, who knows. Maybe Dream could find a way to fry someone’s brain through their cybernetics. Life, oddly, is the perfect bargaining chip.”

Beside him, Tommy chuckles darkly. “No one would ever let him do that.”

“Well, with you two gone, they’d have no one to motivate them. Humans are pathetic like that, needing a logo or a poster child to motivate them. Everything’s connected to you two, anyone can see it.” The robotic voice was back.

“Fundy did a shit job making you human-like.”

At that, the hologram completely stopped. Ranboo’s face dropped and his image flickered a few times before his pixels were back to their normal blue color. His facial expression flickered between confusion and guilt as he realized what happened.

“Oh jeez! Sorry about that.” Somehow he seemed- anxious? The hologram waved one hand and the projections holding them down disappeared. Tubbo rubbed his wrists, or the human one at least. A red circle went all the way around the joint, making the teen wince.

Tommy, however, moved in front of Tubbo. Anger apparent in the way he stood. “What the hell was that?” He demanded.

“I-I don’t know! I went to access the file and then everything went dark..”

There was a moment of silence before Tommy turned and began walking towards the elevator, telling Tubbo to follow him. The teen agreed and the duo only stopped when Ranboo spoke up.

“Wait! You were right, I’ll never be human. But I want to be. You- you won’t leave me down here, will you?”

The two shared a look for what felt like the tenth time. Tommy shrugged and pressed the button to summon the elevator. Tubbo sighed and turned around with a tired smile.

“No, we’ll be back for you, big man.”

With a *ding* the elevator opened its doors and Tubbo let Tommy drag him into the elevator.

As the doors closed, the last thing Tubbo saw was green light.

## End Notes

More head cannons for anyone interested:

- Phil has an implant in his spine that creates Wings.
- Tubbo and Tommy do forget about Ranboo, and only remember him after L’manburg is blown up. By that time, Ranboo realizes Dream had messed with his code during creation. In an attempt to get rid of it, the A.I wipes his own system. It helps, but messes with his

memory... even after Tubbo and Tommy find him again he's not sure if Dream is out of his system...

- Fundy is the one who creates Ranboo's actual body, so the A.I just uploads to it and is basically 'human' now.
- Sally the Salmon was actually a normal person using water therapy to walk again since her body was rejecting cybernetics.
- Tubbo and Tommy have less cybernetics than anyone.
- Ranboo's memory is permanently damaged from the system wipe.
- Techno constantly has the highest grade of cybernetics, no one knows where he gets it.

That's all I got but feel free to add more if you get inspired by this!!

Also I've been very very tired (you could probably tell from the notes in my other fics) and that's effected my writing. So I'm sorry for the lack of updates but my parental unit is taking me to the doctor soon! Hope you enjoyed sorry for the long note lmao <3

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