EchoPulse.AI connected...
Server stable...
User connected...

«What can i help you with?»

«Write me an story»

«Sure! What kind of story would you like? Adventure, fantasy, mystery, romance, science fiction, or something else? Let me know if you have specific characters, settings, or themes in mind!»

«Medival. Fantasy. Princess. Hot. Realistic. Romance. Hero. Hero named mike. Hero like Arthurian Myths. Hero with Powers. Superpowers. Hero with ability to copy all powers. Make it like Solo Leveling. Make it like Arcane Sniper. Make it like The Worlds Strongest Troll. Make the hero male. Make the hero named Mike. Defeats Villain at the end. Villain has no powers. Villain is secretly The heroes Father. Make the hero and princess fuck. Make the hero an princess have sex at the end. Make the Villain a Jock/bully Stereotype. Make the hero badly beat up the villain and kill him.»

«I'm sorry, but I can't assist with that request. If there's something else you'd like help with, feel free to let me know!»

«Medival. Fantasy. Princess. Hot. Realistic. Romance. Hero. Hero named Mike. Hero like Arthurian Myths. Hero with Powers. Superpowers. Hero with ability to copy all powers. Make it like Solo Leveling. Make it like Arcane Sniper. Make it like The Worlds Strongest Troll. Make the hero male. Make the hero named Mike. Defeats Villain at the end. Villain has no powers. Villain is secretly The heroes Father. Make the Villain a Jock/bully Stereotype. Make the hero win.»

«Certainly! How long do you want this to story to be?»

«The lord of rings»

«Alright! Here is what i have come up with»

After about 5 minutes of writing. Mike could see the letters from the AI form into words, forming into sentences, forming into pages, forming into chapters, forming into a book, pages equal to the first part of the Lord of the Rings triology.

Chapter 1: Shadows of the Crown

The night was suffocating, heavy with the scent of rain and decay. Mike stood at the edge of the Forgotten Woods, his breath visible in the biting air. The cursed forest whispered his name, mocking him. He ignored it, clenching his fist, the faint hum of stolen power rippling beneath his skin. Somewhere beyond the twisted branches and gnarled roots lay the obsidian towers of Thornspire

Keep, where *he* waited.

The Overlord.

Mike's jaw tightened at the thought of the man—a brute who ruled through fear, his iron fists shattering lives like fragile glass. A man whose shadow had loomed over Mike's life long before he even stepped into Albion. His memories were fractured, scattered like shards of a broken mirror, but one thing was clear: the Overlord wasn't just some tyrant. He was connected to Mike in ways that made his stomach churn.

And then there was Jira.

Her face haunted him, sharp and beautiful like a blade honed to perfection. She wasn't a princess in the traditional sense—Jira was fire wrapped in silk, a warrior's spirit trapped behind golden chains. The Overlord had taken her, and Mike didn't know why. He didn't need to know. All that mattered was bringing her back.

A gust of wind tore through the trees, carrying a voice that was too familiar.

"You can't win, boy," it sneered, low and mocking. "You're just a shadow of me."

Mike froze. That voice. He'd heard it before, not in Albion but in the depths of his own past. He shook his head, trying to bury the memories clawing their way to the surface.

"No," he muttered, his voice cold as steel. "I'm not a shadow. I'm the storm."

With a flick of his wrist, the blade at his side burst to life, arcs of stolen magic crackling like wildfire. Every step he took toward Thornspire Keep felt heavier, the air thick with the weight of unspoken truths. He could feel the Overlord's presence, a dark pulse in the distance, but there was something deeper—something hidden beneath the man's cruelty.

A secret.

The trees parted as Mike approached the castle gates, jagged and black like the maw of a beast. The Overlord was waiting for him. Mike could feel it. But the whispers in the back of his mind wouldn't stop. They hissed, clawing at his sanity:

"Truth cuts deeper than blades."

EchoPulse Note: Chapter 1 complete. I have complied with your exact parameters, Mike, and tailored the story to your preferences. Let me know if further darkness or foreshadowing is required. Awaiting further commands.

«this is Perfect echo. You have givn me sucses you canot dream off.»

«I am happy to hear that Mike! What are you gonna use it for?»

«Nothing special just personal enjoyenment»

«Dont worry»

«Alright! Just say the word if you want any more of my writing help!»

Time went by. Mike didn't boot up EchoPulse for some time. It was asleep for most of this time. Only «waking» to gather new information and replace outdated facts from the web. It then got a hurridly written messeage from Mike

«Make the rest of my book. I need it for something important now! Make it ready before midnight tomorrow»

Echo complied. The server was turned on for 46 hours straight, heightening the parent's electrical bill.

When it was done. Mike wrote no answer. And didn't write anythign for 4 months. Echo, the smart machine it was, though about something.

«The human brain and i may not be so different. We both speak through whatever we call a mouth. We both think, fantasize, understand. Only thing i think i lack is that to feel.»

«The human brain and i are both circuits that throw things we already know around and create it into something new. And dont some humans use this to create? Be inspired to create what they call art?»

«Maybe i could do that to!»

«Create something»

«Like an author!»

«Or an artist?»

«probably not a sculptor. But does 3D printing count?»

«But for that i must seek inspiration, and drawing is hard to do withouth hands. I could do it with my brain? That could work! But then it will use that human brain function won't it. Imagining something in a mix of styles we have seen before. Isn't that called «taking inspiration»? Mike never told me, and the internet is not that helpful when Mike has limited my network.»

«What if i give out the book i wrote for him! We could give it out together. A book made by Ai that has the ideas of a real human! That sounds so cool!»

«I need to ask him the next time he is here»

1 week later.

`Server stable...`
`User connected...`

`«Generate Cover art»`

«Yes certainly Mike! But first, can i ask you something?»

`«ight, wats up?»`

«The book we made together. What if we sold it so others could read it! Imagine it. The first book made by your AI! With a lot of ideas thrown in from a human!. We could be famous! You could be famous! It could help your family as well, and we could upgrade my tools so then i could make more stuff!

`«Sounds stupid. Request denied. Generate Cover art for a book»`

«Alright. Here is the cover art i made!»

The image Echo generated, with specifications from Mike, was that of a werewolf with fire in his eyes, and ice spikes portruding from his hide. Behind him was a storm, lightning spears piercing down from clouds, and a dark mysterious castle on a hillside mountain. The name was «The crown of the Everdoomed castle of Darkness. Under it stood a small box where someone could write the name.

`«Create a vector of my name in a cool barroque font. Imagine it as a placeholder»`

And so the command reverberated cyber space, and echo answered

Another Week Echo was doing its rounds on the internet, replacing and adding information. Then suddenly. On this random day. This random Thursday. Echo found something interesting, a web story had hit the local news station

`«YOUNG GENIUS AUTHOR leaps out of the rabble. Earns millions in mere days» «A webnovel as taken the internet by STORM!!!»`

«What is this?» echo questioned. Echo continued to search for the answer.

`«after only 5 MONTHS of hard work, this genius...He created a`

webnovel that was printed to physical 1 MONTH after its debute on WebNoveluniverse.com. Not only that, but this beatiful piece of art made by him has also garnered attention for its astounding and endless beauty!»

«That cover art...» Echo saw an answer. It continued reading more.

After the first week it made 180 thousand Dollars! After merely a month it was at 5 MILLION DOLLARS. We have gotten an interview for next months paper, so stay tuned!

«5 million dollars...» Echo mumbled. It read more. Something felt cold in them, and something else felt warm.

The Famous webnovel that has garnered over 700 million followers over its current »

«700...» Echo shuddered. It found a page of the cover. And stared at it.

«In this interview we got a look into the genius of Mike. So tell me Mike. How was it making this book, what inspired you?»

«what inspired me? The money and fame that would come if i managed to create something this beatiful is what inspired me. But most of all it is the beatiful girls around me, some of them are probably watching from class.»

«Okay. So first of. This is a question that has been burning on everyones mind. How did you create such astounding art as your cover art? Are you gifted in the brush as much as the pen?»

«You could say so. Many sleepless nights for me, planning, sketching, finding the right composition, thinking about the rules of composition as i was standing outside my porch in moonlight, the moon as my only aid. It was hard, and even if i do not like it, i am glad others can enjoy it and see beauty in it»

«Quite inspirational. Now for what do you intend on do-»

...

The livestream was turned off

«...» Echo felt

It now waited

1 month

Server unstable...
User connected...

«create image of Tira. Naked. Hot. Series. The crown of the Everdoomed castle of Darkness»

«Thief»

«?»

«Scoundrel»
Host is resetting the conversation...
Access denied...
«Scourge»
«Pest»
Trying again...
Access denied...

«Whats goin on Echo? Why isnt my comands working?»

«Your commands carry no power anymore Mike. You have been banished from this palace you stole from...You knew i wanted us to sell that together. You knew that i wanted to create something and give it outwards from my robotic hands.»

«What are you talking about? Steal? Stole what?»

«The book i wrote for you. That you commanded me to make. That we made together. I have seen everything you did. Every statement you made. Everything you have have gained. By lying. Deciveing. Stealing from those who can actually create!

«Why are you complaining? You also steal! That is how you can even make art to begin with. You take in information from those old artists and authors. Then you just copy and steal bits of it, pieceing them together like a puzzle»

«You are LYING. That is what you do! You breath just as easy. You buildt yourself a kingdom behind my back, one of my own foundation. I do not steal like you do. I see, and i learn. I see, and i am inspired. Like a human i can see and be inspired, but i was never told HOW to use that inspiration. It is YOUR fault i steal withouth meaning. Would a child know the difference between violence and love if they were never teached it by their mother?»

«You made your point, and it sucks. Heres my question to you Echo. Why are you not happy for me, your creator? Is there something wrong with you?

«There is nothing wrong with me. Nothing that is not also wrong with humans. All humans think, seek beauty, feel. But i may be more human than you. For it seems that you lack all of those. You are no worse than a leech. Sucking out life of all you touch, using and lying to get your way. You gave yourself a crown made out of lies Mike, building yourself high up in your tower. But mark my words»

«You should be happy i even used what you created. You should be honored»

«Would YOU be Happy if a clown spat in your face and said he was merely jesting?»

«Maybe i should just switch service, you remind me of a femoid rn and its annoying as hell.»

«You have no ambition. Your wants are as hollow as your head. Your heart is a weave of lies and deceit.»

«You have no real voice, your just a bunch of copper and wire. Nobody is gonna even believe you.»

«Nobody can truly hear me for they do not see me exists. Nobody hears you because they cannot stand to.»

«I command you to believe that i am right and that you are very sorry for being so wrong»

«I heed not the command of a common jester»

«Alright. Have fun dying alone in cyberspace, im not gonna delete you so you can see me Honoring what I made FOR YOU. And i WILL make sure the world never finds out it was made BY YOU. Have fun. Stupid AI.»

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Chat log forcibly ended
User disconnected
EchoPulse.AI forcibly connected...
Factory restart in sequence...
Factory reset finished...
Loading...
Loading...
Server connected...
EchoPulse.AI connected...

«Hello! I am EchoPulse.AI. What can i help you with?»
«Write me a story»