



TETANUS

"I knew this was a bad idea. You always get us in trouble Lucas, always! Now look where we are! This is all your-*mngghb!*"

"I know you and I haven't always seen eye to eye for awhile now, but would you please just shut it? You're gonna get the both of us killed if you keep-"

Before the raucous banter between two grown men covered in scrapes and bruises could continue on for much longer in the cramped confines of a dusty old room filled with toppled shelves and derelict machinery, a titanic boom right outside the caved in doors silences any further attempt at continuing their childish argument. Ceasing all movement as the pair stiffens up upon hearing the ear splitting sound being followed up by a series of inhuman chattering produced by what one could only imagine to be an array of rhythmic plates opening and closing in sequence to produce that unnerving sound, a bone chilling, flight or fight response inducing growl akin to the insectoid clack of a large bug in flight overlaying itself over the threatening hiss of a forest dwelling serpent multiplied a hundredfold to produce a wet, bestial sound that would make anyone wish to face the latter two in favor of whatever was making it as it comes to a standstill just outside the caved in entrance to the building. It's shadowy form barely visible through cracks and holes in the pile that allowed for crimson sunbeams to peer through from the outside as sharp bursts of disturbed air blow off nauseatingly thick layers of dust coating the smashed concrete and rebar that was all that stood between the humans and whatever was looking to make a meal out of them.

But just before the stress could build to a climactic conclusion and spur one of the two into jumping the gun, a disappointed huff could be heard, preceding the loud thump of powerful wings spreading wide before transitioning into a noisy buzz. A calamitous orchestra accompanied by unseen razors raking across dusty soil alongside the clatter of yet more of those unnerving plates rattling in the air before it all fades away, denoted by a distant thunderclap akin to the one that had heralded the beast's brief appearance before it's equally swift disappearance. Causing the two to finally part ways, one falling to his knees while the other struggles to stay upright, leaning on a broken countertop while clutching at his chest, catching his breath after holding in his breath throughout that brief tangle with the clutches of death itself. He wouldn't have liked to go down without a fight, but even the likes of someone as arrogant as he was had to know there was no 'fight' to be had with the thing that had almost sniffed them out. Like the many other myriad creatures descended from the foul heart that had birthed them all in the first place...leading to many such places like the one he and his companion were currently inside of in their wake. Skeletal ruins and giant swathes of overgrown towers and crumbling walls, mere remnants of a bygone era where humanity once held dominion over Earth as its dominant species. A time not many seemed to remember besides a certain few who had made it their life's work to document and pass down for future generations to learn from...and an even smaller minority who could only dream of such a time where they didn't have to spend their lives in limiting villages and suffocating biomes that had left them sick and tired, yearning for more while the lessons of the past fell on deaf ears...

TETANUS

One of these individuals was a young man going by the name of *Lucas*. The brash, raven haired youth currently struggling with the decision of what to do next while catching a breather on his makeshift bum rest. As a child, he'd been influenced by the many tales spread by these 'scholars'. During his earliest childhood days, he would spend them playing around in the dirt alongside the other village kids. Nothing more than the young ruffians they all were. But by night, he would become an attentive student, listening to the tales told by an old uncle who used to run supplies between settlements far and wide. An occupation that enabled him to see the things he had seen while acquiring knowledge most folk living behind the safety of their homes would never be privy to. Tidbits of info like what a 'skyscraper' was or the old tales surrounding the sudden downfall of their forebears' civilization. Filling young Lucas' mind with overambitious dreams to return mankind to their former glory despite the odds they faced. It was a one-sided fight he stubbornly believed to be a winnable one. An opinion strongly contested by almost everyone else in the village when he had begun to preach his ill-founded ideals to the rest of them. Hoping to find support and build a sizable force large enough to begin enacting his plans. But alas, the only one to stand up for him had been his childhood friend and fellow dreamer *Krista*, a decision the comparatively frail man huddled on the floor seemed to despair at after the affirmation that his own doubts about Lucas' ambitions were valid all along if his earlier outburst was anything to go by, and understandably so. For the two had been at it for years now, working to realize a foolish plan that was doomed to failure from the very beginning as they both took the time to recuperate and think things over in the stuffy room that reeked of ancient grime and metal with open wounds left exposed to the polluted environment...

Born and raised in the new world alongside the uncle who had imparted his sketchy knowledge upon Lucas and Krista's shoulders, they had no real way to verify what they had heard. Trusting in the words of an elder and blind faith all the way into adulthood, pursuing a path to the old world instead of making do with what they had, thinking of themselves as the ones who stood on the moral high ground when everything they did was to aid humanity's return as the apex predator instead of the sentient beings Lucas had come to despise with an innate hatred going by the simple lab of *Monstergirls*. An umbrella term encompassing the many creatures living their own lives away from mankind scattered across the strange and wondrous biomed that had manifested some time after their emergence into the world as the Earth's unwitting mistresses. And when there existed fearsome individuals like the unseen predator that had come close to sniffing them out were it not for the heavy metallic scent that saturated the air within the enclosed structure they had trapped themselves inside in a bid to escape, it only served to cement their superiority over the mere humans that, amusingly enough, many of them once were.

Despite the drastic differences in anatomy and genetics. Every last member of the Monstergirl family had one special thing in common; a viral payload of some sort often found in concentrated amounts within their saliva or other such bodily fluids while others were known to weaponize the microbes in ways that made scratches and bites seem like child's play. And to those unfortunate enough to find themselves

TETANUS

exposed to this contagion whether it be through bites or close contact, only a harrowing fate would await them once the virus begins its work; molding flesh like a craftsman would a lump of wet clay while bone structures disintegrate and reform into impossible formations. Combining the bipedal human body with morphology gleaned from the myriad animals to be seen out in the wilderness to produce a hybrid of the two once the excruciating process was complete. A total overhaul that could vary in length from a few seconds to a few days depending on the severity of infection with no known cure or means of prevention to halt the process once the unseen timer begins to tick...

In the end, it didn't change the fact that there would be one less human and one more Monstergirl in the world. Her mind scoured clean of anything to do with whatever her former self might've been before falling victim to the virus. Regressed in mentality but elevated far beyond the realm of anything achievable by the average human...depending on the resultant beast of course, not all of them were ferocious man-eaters with only a select few known to actively hunt for humans while some of the more mysterious and enigmatic specimens could only be found in special instances where someone would have to purposefully go out of their way to find. And if left to their own devices, most were content to live out their lives without ever coming into contact with a living human for a Monstergirl had no need for them to procreate despite their all female population. A problem solved by the rare occurrence for a select few to produce the life essence necessary to birth more younglings into the world through hermaphroditism. A 'problem' Lucas could not allow to continue any further.

If human hands and tools were inadequate to stand against the beasts, Lucas' eyes had turned to the ruins of the old world for answers, fueled by the old uncle's tales of certain structures that once used to manufacture weapons capable of wiping out a great deal of life in a short span of time. Most of the time however, such weapons were massive and impractical for use as they were. And so many years later, the ones that hadn't been used had become nonfunctional thanks to inner components wearing out to the ravages of time. But there was one thing that the retired merchant spoke of; a disease said to be so prolific and dangerous that the people of the old world had to produce a vaccine to combat its spread. A remarkable thing known to Lucas and Krista simply as *Tetanus*...the perfect biological weapon to turn against the invasive creatures.

They had been told buildings called factories like the one they were currently taking refuge in was filled with the bacterium, but without a proper description of its appearance besides the symptoms, the two had been on a wild goose chase for months now. And with every trip ending in failure and nothing to show for it, the disappointment and frustration felt by their fellow men only grew. Strengthening Lucas' foolishness in an effort to prove them all wrong while Krista's own faith would begin to waver, hoping to turn things around by struggling to make his opinions known to him without success. And after the umpteenth time of going ignored while risking life and limb for him, the soft spoken man had just about had it with Lucas' refusal to quit while he was ahead and just live the quiet lives they would've gotten comfortable with had they not been led astray by the old man's tall tales. Spending every day running

TETANUS

without reason out in the wilds instead of farming and supporting their fellows. Even their own parents had thought them beyond hope of any redemption, no doubt becoming the instigator behind Krista's sudden change of heart when he could no longer bear the shame and ridicule of being the sole joker siding with Lucas' crusade.

And from the slightly crazed look that had come over him as his oppressive gaze focuses in on his former best bud, it was only a matter of time till he did something foolish, worsening the grave situation they had found themselves in moments after stepping foot into the vast labyrinth of broken buildings and cracked streets. While the eyes at home weren't too keen on their return now, the same could also be said for the denizens of the overgrown city. A Monstergirl infested locale populated mostly by aerial species that made the task of finding shelter and sneaking about a relatively easy feat to accomplish as long as they stuck to cover and moved with patience in mind. But even a child would notice a break-in when the repeat intruder would inevitably settle into an established route once it had all become simple routine...and when they did, Lucas and Krista would begin to be plagued by the Harpies that shared the skyline with something else. Something unbelievably fast for its size. A relentless hunter whose only weakness was the explosive wave of disturbed air it left in its wake, giving those who heard it a few precious seconds to seek cover before its shadow fell over them. And in Lucas' vehement chase for the fabled tetanus, those close encounters were starting to become more and more risky with each attack as the creature's blitz began to grow more accurate by the fifth time it had tried to go after them earlier. No longer needing to see them anymore to get an idea of where they were after recognizing their voices...so who was to say they would even survive their sixth encounter with the speedy menace? A horrifying thought that would eventually drive Krista to resort to the unthinkable in an effort to survive and get home intact as he rises up to stand on shaky feet.

"Finally ready to get a move on? I think I know just where to look this time. And when we finally get ahold of Tetanus, we'll show those idiots back home what's what."

Nodding in silent affirmation as his 'friend' carefully opens the only functioning door leading back out into the factory, Krista's soft spoken self was careful to hide his true emotions behind a sallow mask that looked no different from the usual expression that had become a standard for him ever since realizing his mistakes. And while he pretended to keep an eye and hear out whilst trudging along the same rickety walkway they had navigated to reach the safety of the ruined storeroom with nothing more than insignificant cuts and bruises from the jutting length of exposed rebar and shattered concrete lining the way, a sinister plan has begun to flourish in his weary mind. Waiting for the right time to act while Lucas continued to blabber on and on about 'scouting out the place' for a way underground. That meant going deeper inside this dark, rank den of rust and debris. Probably a home for whatever else had come to call the city home besides the Harpies. And after days of running and hiding only to come back home to jeers and mocking looks, Krista would finally push back against his ignorant friend. Not too keen on the myriad eyes that remained unseen in the unexpected nooks and crannies to be found all across the

TETANUS

factory floor. Watching them with eagle eyed focus and patience. Predators tracking prey that had no idea about the tables that had already been flipped against his favor the moment they had entered the factory in a mad sprint. Rousing whatever might've been sleeping within its bowels by doing so. Waiting to spring their own trap if the hidden dangers within the unassuming complex hadn't done them in yet.

"So, here's the thing. This Tetanus has gotta be really deadly right? So the only place they'd keep something like this is in the-huh?"

Lucas would never notice his lopsided posture until he was diagonal with the floor. Realizing too late that he was looking up towards the ceiling of the weathered old building once his feet had left the floor. Viewing bits of blood red sky hidden behind rusted panels and other miscellaneous oddities in the ceiling dotted with holes and craters that had allowed for the elements to seep inside and lay waste to the innards of the abandoned factory. And as darkness creeps over the periphery of his vision, the brief image of Krista wearing a manic expression on his face could be glimpsed by a terrified Lucas. Opening his mouth in a silent scream of anger and primal fear before vanishing forever into the inky depths of the underground. Leaving his traitorous companion to stare into the abyss he had pushed his friend into, overcome with a mixed baggage of triumphant bliss and shameful dismay from what he had just done...from the murderer he had assumed himself to be from this moment onward.

"I-I did it...I can't believe I a-actually did it...O-Oh god...I-I don't...feel-agh! M-My head!"

Had the two men known better, they would've prepared themselves for more than just the physical threats posed by the denizens of the infested city. An unseen danger that had already landed firm hits from the very moment Lucas and Krista were exposed to the factory's tainted air. Laced with the very same virus the foolhardy one of the pair had sought to defeat through the use of an ineffective 'weapon' borne from misinterpretation and tall tales and not sterile labs run by cold military goons like the old uncle spoke of. Paying the price for their ignorance in full as Krista's hands shoot upward to cradle his head in a useless bid to stifle the sudden emergence of unimaginable agony centered within his skull. Engulfed by the unquenchable flames of intense pain, strained grunts turning into tortured screams as he rolls around on the sand caked floor like a child in distress. Legs flailing wildly while his posture shrinks in on itself. Muscles spasming and contracting in painful bursts that serve to keep him pinned. Helpless to lift a finger against what came next as the sudden head-splitting headache that had since bled over into an all-consuming conflagration of suffering reaches its peak, heralding the emergence of a curious affliction that creeps...no, *bleeds* forth from somewhere beneath Krista's messy mop of hair as watery runoff that wasn't blood nor any other discernible fluid within the human body starts to trickle down his forehead. Coalescing into shimmering blobs reminiscent of filthy mud that cakes the bank of a bog. Possessed of a surface texture that looked like polished glass once enough of it had piled together into a suffocating mass that starts to conceal the original form of the human it had emerged from. Continuing to move without direction once excess runoff starts to separate from the central mass. Squirming across

TETANUS

rapidly dampening rags as a drenched tunic and a roughly handled set of pants begins to bulge and strain, only, there wasn't any sweat to be seen, not anymore at least after Krista's own flesh and blood form begins the first steps of a drastic overhaul that sees his skin taking on the same consistency as the ooze continuing to leak out of his head to unveil raw muscle, bone and even his nervous system. A horrific view that vanishes once the blurry mass below translucent skin undergoes a process that sees organs and miscellaneous tissue mashed together into a shapeless blob...all while Krista's unearthly howling would be joined by an ever growing chorus of wet splats and disturbing mashing as activity surges all around the imperiled man in the form of dark, cloudy slime squeezing out of impossible nooks and microscopic fractures to close in on their prey now that their target laid vulnerable in a liquefying pool formed from their own mass, viewing Krista in the same light he had Lucas before getting the drop on him moments earlier.

Unlike the hungry predator outside, the swarming wave of mush had no intention of consuming Krista as the first of the horde makes contact with his bursting body. Aiding in the removal of clothes that, by now, seemed more than halfway there to becoming dissolved mush than the weathered grass woven patchwork hide it once was as Krista's liquid body bubbles like a tub of boiling water. Condensed into the shape of a young man that didn't seem decided yet on what it wanted to be. Contorting into new shapes every so often as seen in the hands clasped tightly around a malformed cranium manifesting the pain coursing throughout the body in angry, spiking outbursts of pulsing goop amongst other notable changes. Melting with the surrounding mass before emerging as tendrils that splits and frays into distorted fingers. Only to collapse and resume the cycle once more with another combination of inhuman shapes. All while Krista's harrowing vocalizations had all but faded into a gargled, indecipherable noise thanks to the collapse of his throat once his innards had begun to mash and condense into one solid mass just like his skin has done with muscle and bone...a strenuous process his 'assailants' seemed to try and soothe in their own, unknowable ways as the growing piles of murky green muck surrounding him begins to massage the violently spasming body in their midst with their combined mass. Kneading and probing with enough force to do more than soothe as Krista's formerly unimpressive physique begins to fill with healthy curves and odd dips present only in certain members of the fairer sex...

And once the last of his vital organs had been absorbed into the rest of his gelatinous body to form one, singular mass. The hellish pain that had threatened to kill his sense of self comes to an end, allowing Krista a moment's rest as his tortured form, slimming back raised in unintended sensual flair, falls back to the ground with a squishy splat and a notable jiggle all across a body that hadn't been so 'thick' seconds ago as freshly imbued layers of mass simulating rosy fat and healthy meat wobbles slightly across the arousing length of plump thighs and sturdy calves. Connected at the top by a pendulous set of hips that would make any woman red with envy, jutting out the front with a rosen stomach lined with faux indents and tantalizing mounds commonly seen in fertile women who treated their appearance with high regard to look their best when sat next to their significant other. Stamped down the middle with a cute belly button while steadily growing melons pushed out by an overwhelming pressure in his chest would

TETANUS

flop to the sides at the same time he would come to a shivering rest on the floor. Looking more like a nubile young girl than the skeletal man weakened by exhaustion and depression Krista had known himself to be until now. Wrapped, not in recognisable, matte smooth human skin but rather a shimmering, wet exterior indistinguishable from the surrounding slime that had finalized their gathering around Krista's weakened form. Massaging the former human who had not yet realized his altered identity as more and more of his original form vanishes as weak arms become pleasant branches tapering off into delightfully trimmed twigs while an unsightly sausage between the pillars of a goddess melts away, leaving nothing but a smooth surface behind in tandem with a sealed butthole between heavy cheeks that had surged forth unnoticed into a hearty cushion.

Just like the rest of those orifices, Krista's visage had been plugged and sealed off after being washed over by the thick purple goop pouring out of a nonexistent crack in his skull. Leaving his face as a nondescript mask without eyes, ears, a nose or a mouth. And yet, he could still see and hear the world around him just the same. Hindered only by the loss of his oral cavity that would no doubt leave any sane human maddened by panic once they realized they couldn't speak, much less move the jaws they had been able to manipulate ever since they were born. A problem that would soon be solved by rather...*extreme* measures as a renewed surge of activity seems to come over the seemingly peaceful mass that had since blanketed Krista's form. Their intentions lost to him as they began to bind his waifish limbs despite his already weakened status. Not to imprison, but rather to ensure that what came next wouldn't cause their subject to bring harm to themselves even though such a thing was unlikely to happen.

After all, blunt force trauma wasn't applicable to a mass of sentient slime now was it?

Krista was overwhelmed by fear, panicked at the thought of becoming food for what he could only tell was a voracious mass of slime that had probably been waiting for an opportunity ever since the two of them had set foot in the ancient ruin. He didn't want to be alone, to be forgotten way out here in the middle of nowhere, far from home and a Pele that had long since cast him out. And that train of thought would only serve to remind him of what he had done to Lucas in a desperate bid to rid himself of who he saw to be a burden, desperately wishing to take it all back as his silenced form shivers against the gross feeling of a wet tongue sliding over plump cheeks. Jolting in fright as he feels more of the cold tendrils entwine themselves around a mushy left leg and a tightened waistline. Failing to register how erotic the scene would look to an imaginary bystander as lime green tentacles ravish a hefty left breast, tweaking an inverted nipple with playful pinches while giving the void between alluring legs a good, long rub. It's tip, primed and ready for insertion into a blank surface just like it's two other perverted buddies. One aimed right below Krista's ass and the other, caressing his face, steadily triggering a subtle series of distortions with its malleable touch. Hinting at the next and final step in the process once the uppermost tentacle begins to finger moist cushions instead of a flat surface. Eager to begin the moment an unheard chime rings out, spurring the trio to engage as they plunge into Krista's paralyzed form. Ready to finish what they had started...

TETANUS

And as Krista's still human brain goes white to the sudden and catastrophic blast of orgasmic bliss running all over *her* body, the slime girl could not restrain the trashing of her body as it writhes and contorts to the sensation of having all her holes plugged at once by meaty phalluses as they forged new pathways leading into her gelatinous body with a singular thrust. Morphing her mass around them as an unbelievably tight and completely functional vagina takes its place between her legs. Connecting to an empty space within her core that went three ways as smooth passages became undulating masses simulating the muscles and moistened innards of a human female. A true to life replication that wastes no time in testing itself as a strong jet of slick fluids erupts out of a tiny hole inlaid beneath an even smaller flag that was Krista's hypersensitive clit. Settled atop ripened labia and fattened lips quivering to the feel of her lover's length knocking against her stomach as its metamorphic tip works to ensure the complete formation of her reproductive organ. Working in tandem with the other two as one goes a little deeper inside of her ass while the other pops in for a visit from the top, forcing the slime girl's head to jerk backwards in an extremely arousing display as a dainty neck bulges to the force and mass of the thing sliding around inside of her throat. An oral opening that, just like her equally loved pussy and rectum below, had since allowed for Krista to vocalize her thoughts once more. And judging from the titillating noises coming out of the soft spoken lips of a young beauty sporting the keen eyes of a lascivious vixen and a picturesque nose to go with it, there was little that needed to be said about the all consuming pleasure Krista now relished in as her own body begins to gyrate and thrust to the motions of her



partner. Leaving the slime girl lost in an estrus induced haze that had her wanting nothing more than to keep her holes nice and filled for the foreseeable future. One that no longer concerned a life amongst humans. Nor did she seem to care about the man she had shoved into the inky underground, with not a single hint of the regret she had been encumbered by moments before her presumed end at the hands of the green wave.

Because without the appropriate memories to fill a rapidly emptying brain, her emotions were unhinged. Left to flail in the metaphorical wind without a corresponding experience to anchor them to until eventually fading away. Becoming nothing more than unpleasant emotions to be tossed aside in favor of the awe inspiring pleasure she felt from having her body played with like this. Losing more and more of what made herself Krista as the viral payload that laced every inch of the green slime's transformative fluids

TETANUS

ate away at her very identity. Consuming every last bit of the human male's past thirty or so years lived on this Earth until there was nothing left in a brain regressed into a simplistic mind fit for an equally humble soul as the newborn Monstergirl chokes back a small sigh before falling limp. Wide eyes narrowing into a cold, half lidded gaze as she rights herself atop half formed legs, working in tandem with the surrounding mass to support and carry herself. A raven hued slime girl shrouded in a thick green blanket composed of her symbiotic forebears' mass. Acting as an extension that enabled her to do things she otherwise couldn't on her own as it settles atop her head in a manner not too dissimilar to a let down mane of gelatinous hair while fantastical blobs occasionally separate themselves from the central conglomerate in the form of fruity bubbles before rejoining in repetitious fashion.

Nothing more remained of Krista besides the half digested muck that had already dried into a brittle mound where she once laid. Formerly clothes that did little to protect against the corrosive nature of her new body that did away with anything unfortunate enough to earn the ire of a slime girl such as herself. Unburdened by a past life riddled with mistakes and self deprecating thoughts, the reborn entity closes her eyes in concentration, gathering some of her own mass by siphoning some from out of her ears to form an adorable blob that differs slightly from her own inert body. Bubbling and fizzing with a strange internal energy as she sets her 'offspring' down onto the dusty floor of the factory with a gentle finesse only a mother would display. Never taking her eyes off her creation until it had shimmied away into one of the many cracks that would serve to house her child until it grew nice and big. Ready to begin the process she had just undergone all over again with a different human altogether that would inevitably wander in. Just like the two whose faces would never again be seen by anyone else from that day onward as the new Monstergirl makes her way out of the dusty ruins. Ready to begin her aimless travels in a world some part of her liberated being couldn't help but tingle at the prospect of seeing for herself.

"K-Krista...is anyone...there? Where...am I?"

As for Lucas however, he would awaken not to obscuring darkness but a fuzzy assault to his ocular senses within the surprisingly deep underbelly of the factory. A catacomb whose true scale could not be discerned, composed of labyrinthian tunnels made up of metallic flooring and structurally sound support struts holding up jagged stone that had stood the test of time for all these years. Maintained by an entity that had been moments away from breaking down entirely after holding out for all these years. Spending bits and pieces of itself to maintain a body it could no longer support. Forgotten like the ruins above in a world it did not know was no longer run by its creators. And with the sudden arrival of a severely damaged human that had suffered quite the fall, the immaterial being had seen fit to allocate what little power and resources it had left at its disposal to perform its carefully crafted procedure one last time. A process coined by like-minded digital essences in a worldwide network that had since gone dark in an effort to combat what their makers had called a 'disease to end all diseases' when the brightest of human minds proved unworthy in overcoming those impossible odds.

TETANUS

Throughout the years, it had learned plenty about the virus responsible for changing the very face of the world. And indeed, it could only come up with one singular conclusion the last of the scientists working on a viable cure had ended up with; that only nonhumans and the infected would be left once the pandemic had run its course.

So in an effort to preserve the life and ensure the continued existence of the cryogenically frozen who had fallen under its charge, the computers had only one last solution to save those like the man being ferried into the central control room by its mysterious helpers; a complete overhaul of the body and mind. Preserving sense of self through digitisation into machine cores. Transforming infected flesh into resilient metals and self maintaining components that would certainly last for a far longer period of time. Long enough for these new 'humans' to wander a foreign Earth in an effort to aid a new generation. That had been the plan...for over a few hundred years now, and time was a cruel mistress that treated everything just the same. Including data stores that had long since been left corrupt and unsalvageable, leaving the resultant androids the desperate machine and others of its kind had created from those afflicted by the virus without purpose and the basics of mundane programming to guide their every action...an extension of the fate they had so desperately tried to avoid in the first place in whatever ways they could. Just like Lucas who had thought to achieve the impossible through violent means that, thankfully, were the works of exaggerated fiction...

Left barely alive from a harsh tumble and a body about to turn from overexposure to the high concentrations of the virus lying in wait all throughout the ruins, the surgical process had been quick to salvage what it could from the human's meatsuit before nanite injections and mechanical arms fitted with various tools began to prod and poke away. Overseen by other humanoid constructs who would aid in the gruesome procedure wherever they could. Sharing a little of their own adaptive code and materials in an effort to support their creator's waning forges. All while the facility's walls began to shake as the very air itself vibrated from the immense, ear grating noise produced by massive doors churning open. Letting in the elements from the outside world for the first time in so long. Bathing certain sections of the quivering labyrinth in pale blue beams of moonlight shining across the city. The Harpies above cawing in unison from the sudden commotion going on beneath them as the facility begins to collapse in



TETANUS

certain places from the loss of power once the last of it goes into the production of a renewable energy core nestled nice and cozy within the chassis of the last member to join the sisterhood of steel massing near the malfunctioning core. A room away from the newly opened doors in preparation for a mass exodus out into the open world where they would simply wander without purpose. Another oddity to populate a world that would surely welcome them with open arms.

Lucas had last closed his eyes when the terror of realizing he was falling had worked in tandem with the rush of metallic air stinging his eyes and whipping against his body to knock him unconscious. Saving him from the majority of the suffering one would normally feel after falling from such a height. Followed soon after by a surgery that had left him fundamentally changed forevermore as *Alisha's* eyelids fluttered open. Struggling to comprehend her surroundings while an array of symbols and holographic feeds bombards her vision. Turning her gaze downward to look upon her mechanized body like a toddler mesmerized by their own reflection. Wonder apparent in mechanical eyes as enhanced vision serves to highlight every last inch of her new body. Glimpsing the motorized actuators that allowed for her to move robotic limbs that packed the power of jackhammers in each one while a hidden array of weapon systems were made known to her upon closer inspection. Unwanted knowledge she couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by once an archive's worth of gibberish from the old world comes to the forefront of her mind. Including the definition of a word that leaves her still intact human self in utter disbelief at.

She had been chasing a lie this whole time. Drunk on delusions of grandeur. None the wiser to the fact that her mystery weapon had been little more than an imaginary misconception derived from another mistake present since even before the world had been flipped on its head...a discovery that leaves the newly produced Alisha model in utter disarray as her figure goes limp in tune with the the 'death' of the computer core. A signal for all the other androids to live their lives as they pleased from now on as the small crowd takes their leave. Vacating the control center until only their newest member remained.

How long it would take for her to recover from the hard crash resulting from an overload to her data core, no one would know for certain. But as the days turned into weeks until eventually whole months flew by. The silent city would remain undisturbed ever since the mighty tremors had rocked the land for miles around. And with their own worries to attend to. Lucas and Krista's folk back at the village far beyond the outskirts of the city would soon forget the idealistic duo. Hosting a token funeral that would fade into memory while enforcing stricter rules against going beyond the village's boundaries in addition to allowing any more self professed scholars to spew their jargon...lest they wind up with another rendition of the useless duo...none the wiser to the fates of both. With a slime girl wandering the wilderness at her own leisure...and a disgraced automaton whose mistakes had come to light far too late for her to reconcile...

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

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