

Chapter 1. A Girl, And Her Mecha

[Planet Gear, City Of Volt. The 22nd Century]

50, 298 beings, many of whom were machines, populated the Fountainhead offshoot colony, Gear and resided inside its shiny primary metropolis, Volt.

There they labored and loved.

Volt, as could be expected from a city manufactured mainly by and for Robot kind, featured numerous modern technological amenities. Pneumatic transit chief among them. Smooth and power efficient, it carried Volt's citizen's home and to work, built to accommodate all makes or models. For the populace of Gear came in varied shapes and sizes. From giant construction behemoths, to human-form Morningstar models. Two such organisms were about to begin an adventurous week. Little did they know it. Only because the girl 'bot just couldn't keep herself out of trouble. Even by Volt's unusual standards, they were a very odd couple.

Sarina Rubik fluttered open her glistening, neon-blue eyes. Yawned. Stretched, curled up on her boyfriend's bulky army green chassis. Sitting up, Sarina brushed away her light-brown hair, naked, aside from a pair of white lace panties, shapely butt cheeks pressed hard, taut onto Cylus's sturdy arm. She climbed up his mass and smooched his round silver face.

During the Battle of Earth, Cylus had been a heavy munitions 'tank'. Essentially a semi-sentient sentinel, configured to repel invaders. Afterward, during the exodus Cylus had been reformatted for construction. First on Fountainhead and later here, on Gear.

In a universe replete with Artificial Intelligence, that which constituted personhood required a very specific meaning. Merely reacting to stimuli didn't count. Your pet cat or laptop computer reacted to stimulus, to say nothing of the plethora of working machines. Cylus at one time was no more than a very complex, yet none entity. Until that is, a bolt of lightning seemed to upgrade its -- *His*, programming.

Cylus could now moralize. This fit snugly into the Morningstar definition of person.

“Wake-up, sleepy head!”

A rumble, not unlike that of an engine powering up filled the room as Cylus began to cycle into waking mode. The one-time war veteran and construction Mecha wasn't much of a talker. Though he could speak, given the right motivation.

“I'm awake, Sarina.” Said Cylus, in his grumbling modulated voice. Vocalizations, which like that of the shell they were housed in, sounded heavy.

Sarina hopped off Cylus, generous breasts jiggled in a most mesmerizing manner. She glanced over her shoulder, grinned toward her lover and made for the shower unit.