

Yserixia

Florence finishes unpacking the sections of limbs from the hard case. The pieces are aligned in their “natural” configuration, though with gaps between. After gripping firmly around the neck and midriff connection points, she lifts her lover’s disconnected torso and places it in the middle of the maintenance table that sits in the center of the room. Along one of the walls of the rectangular space sits a workbench complete with shelves above, next to, and below. Each houses parts and tools ranging from small capacitors to entire limbs. The opposite wall holds several computer systems and screens. Florence’s own maintenance hardware occupies half of it, appearing to be a heavily modified maintenance stall ripped straight from a repair center. Florence places the small hip section between the legs. Finally, she grabs Madison’s calm, shut-down head and places it just above the neck joint.

The technician admires her lover’s nude form for a moment, running her fingers lightly across the synthetic skin and exposed machinery. She places her fingers just below Madison’s ribs on either side and depressed a small section. A large section of skin on Madison’s belly sinks in and recedes upwards out of sight. Florence disconnects a thick gray memory drive, different from the rest inside Madison’s abdominal cavity. She takes it a few feet away and plugs it into a slot on the machine rack against the wall of the room. The data on the dual-record, high-fidelity sensory memory device would be analyzed by the machine and condensed to a quickly-interpretable format for the partners to review later without any loss in function for Madison. The pair usually made a date-night out of it, leading to Florence opening up her athletic partner for physical and digital tweaks.

The in-tact parts are moved to storage across the room, excluding the head. Then, Florence takes the small data connection port from Madison’s neck and pulls the cable out to connect it to the torso. The bottom of the torso gets similarly connected to the hips. Florence grabs a data cable from the hanging setup above the maintenance table and hooks it directly into one of Madison’s chest panel ports. She then draws another down to her own chest and connects in to begin reviewing Madison’s current state.

“External Maintenance Device Connected.”

After a few minutes of examination, Florence’s body breaks its stillness. She formulates the maintenance plan. Playing a match was usually the most intensive usage for Madison’s construction on any given week. So, Florence had gotten quite efficient with getting her girlfriend up and running again. Madison’s AI functionality was prioritized so she could chat during the session.. This would be especially important due to the amount of damage this time. And besides, Madison liked being active while being worked on.

With a system integrity scan and subsequent reinstall plan in place, Florence disconnects with another announcement. An automatic error catch would keep a running list of all system errors and combat the software ones as they popped up, if possible. Florence looks back to Madison's disassembled form with a warm smile one more time before flicking the lights off and shutting the door on her way out.

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The dark drapes drawn across the closed blinds prevent even the least bit of light entering the pitch-black and mostly barren sideroom. Florence's bright pink irises turn dull as her optical sensors adjust to the darkness. Having undressed minutes before, her exposed pale body contrasts the darkness. A smattering of freckles and snaking seams cover her body, just like her face. Her perky breasts come to unnaturally vibrant pink nipples, matching her eyes. Her smooth folds show the same color. In her hand she holds a previously vibrant blue cut gem, which loses its luster without light.

In the center of the hardwood floor sits a regular dodecagram drawn with sea salt about four feet in diameter. Just beyond each of the tips sits small circles of more salt. These circles sit between two larger circles forming a ring around the twelve-pointed star. In each of the twelve small circles sits an object, ranging from small computer boards to metal jewelry.

Content with the setup so far, the stone-faced Florence stands stock still. "Abdominal Panel Open," she announces without a change in expression. A section of 'flesh' contoured to the shape of her body recedes from her abdomen, spanning from just under the ribs to just below the navel. Beneath is housed a densely-packed array of circuit boards, drive housings, structural/motor systems, and bountiful cables. On the left half sits a heavy battery with warnings and specifications. It, along with a clear tube roughly the same size holding a baby blue fluid are the most accessible (and replaceable) at a glance. The iconic fluid is the standard coolant/lubricant combo designed to invoke different feelings from the organic public seeing it outside a body versus their own fluids. Directly above the fluid canister is a pump. It has a screen on it with only a few characters displaying its status. Sprouting from its top are several silicone tubes of varying diameter, snaking across the internals to different parts of the body.

Florence takes one of the tubes between her index and middle finger and thumbs the threaded connector out of place. As she does so she manually shuts the other end of the tube, leaving it to leak the bright blue liquid left in the tube onto her fingers. She lets a bit drop onto the gemstone. She kneels down and begins drawing pictograms between the points of the star, though not any contained in modern anthropology or linguistic textbooks. Of course, she draws them with exact precision.

She places the gemstone in the innermost dodecagon formed by drawing the star (which looks like a circle). Then, she activates one of the items in the circles before stepping back: an

ultraviolet laser similar to what a military soldier might use on their rifle while using night vision optics. The beam would be invisible to an unaugmented human eye, or even to most commonly-found synthetic optical sensors. She stands, reconnecting the tube to the central pump and letting the formula flow once again. After only a moment, the single beam hitting the gem suddenly splits into multiple. The light refracts towards each other item in the circle, which then in turn bounces back inward, drawing the shape a few inches above its salt counterpart. Doing so causes the salt to ignite, filling out the surrounding circles as well and leaving a smokeless, translucent blue flame atop the beams.

The resultant luminous diagram rises slowly while rotating, leaving streaks of azure in a dodecagrammic antiprism and the smell of burnt salt in the room. A figure appears in the middle as if being printed by the rising flame, starting with feet, then legs, then body, and finally to horned head. The feminine figure's irises glow a deep electric red, peering directly at Florence as the flames hit their zenith and vanish, leaving no trace other than burnt salt.

"Oh great summoner, I, Yserixia, succubus of the second order, entreat thee, pray tell thine deepest desi-" The sultry, cyber-demonic voice is suddenly cut off by Florence flicking on the light switch. While Florence could "see" the woman in the dark, the bright light shows the vibrancy of her red hair, which matches her eyes. It is tied into a ponytail while leaving messy bangs. A few locks frame her face on either side. The mechanical succubus reactively draws her arm to obscure her eyes from the sudden light. The sound of gears turning and actuators whirring fills the otherwise silent room. Her mechanics were completely exposed at each joint. And snaking across her body were gaps, revealing more of the machinery underneath through the synthetic skin plates. Despite these, her design was fluid, showing intention for each gap without danger of snags or catches.

"Wha - hey!" The mechanical succubus exclaims, placing a hand on her hip which she just out. She stares at Florence indignantly. "You're supposed to at least let me finish first!"

Now in full view, her peach skin looks soft and artificially glossy. Despite her current feelings, her face carries the common design tropes of a cute, pouty, wide-eyed, red-lipped, high class sexbot. She stands tall, though her soft red, solid metallic horns add a few inches by curving outwards then back in, pointing straight up and forward. Her toned legs gave way to thick, firm thighs, rising to wide hips and a thin waist. Her chest and arms carried the same level of pristine fitness. She was, like Florence, completely nude. Perhaps more striking than her stereotypical spade-pointed red tail are the large wings sprouting from her back and wrapping around a few feet from her body. They hold a gradient from red at the ends, pointed downwards forming a cone around her, and purple at the highest tips reaching just under the height of her horns. Her unnaturally perky, voluptuous breasts had soft pink nipples, matching the flower between her legs.

“Well the theatrics are very important to me.” Yserixia huffs, placing a hand against her chest while holding her chin up. The complete lack of response from Florence was clearly beginning to frustrate her. “Anyways, I’m here to fulfill your sexual desires and all so go ahead and spill them.” She smirks and narrows her brow, confident in the line finally snapping summoners out of whatever unfavorable reaction and back to the important matter.

Florence wordlessly approaches Yserixia while eyeing her up and down, further reinforcing the demon’s belief of charming yet another lover. The cybersuccubus leans forward, opening her lips for a kiss and shutting her eyes to help Florence, believed to simply be nervous.

A delayed shock spreads across the cyberdemon’s face after Florence reaches to her chest, places her fingers just under the rim of the large skin plate in the center of her chest, and pulls the panel off. It clatters to the floor as Florence drops it. Yserixia recoils a step back, bringing both arms to her chest to cover vulnerability.

“Hey what are you do- wah!” As Florence reaches again to the exposed machinery, Yserixia grabs her wrist in an attempt to push the hand away. However, Florence pulls at the same time, forcing Yserixia to lose her balance and take steps forward to stabilize. Florence grabs onto Yserixia’s wrist as well and uses the motion to step behind the demon. In doing so, Yserixia’s arm is pulled directly outwards, forming half of a T-pose. As Yserixia regains her balance, Florence uses her other hand to feel under the demon’s shoulder joint and twist the whole arm. The subduing maneuver causes Yserixia to bend forward, but it doesn’t stop Florence from undoing the locking mechanism and tossing Yserixia’s entire left arm to the ground, out of the way.

Yserixia covers the empty socket by crossing her other arm across her body. She immediately backs away from Florence. Her body freezes after a few steps, shuddering against an invisible wall when trying to move further. Stupefied by the emotionless Florence, she looks down. Though the burnt salt, essentially consumed for the summoning ritual, is already smeared out of place, Yserixia recognizes the blue symbols. Due to her infernal nature, she would not be able to pass the binding circle.

“What do you want?!” Yserixia tries. As Florence approaches once again, Yserixia takes a step forward and throws her arm out to push Florence away, this time placing more weight in it. Florence deftly parries it and forces Yserixia to continue her motion until she is facing away from the pale-skinned gynoid. With access to Yserixia’s back, Florence quickly plants both hands on a section panel in the small of her back, clicks it, and pulls it free. Before the panel even hits the floor, Florence reaches into the newly open space and pulls two large cables out of place. As a result, both wings pop out a few inches, perfect for Florence to grab and detach. She heaves them out to either side behind her.

Frozen in shock, Yserixia goes blank at each new disconnection, as a sign her hardware races to react. In a desperation to at least slow Florence's assault, she wraps her tail around Florence's left forearm. However, the attempt is immediately thwarted by Florence grabbing the tail at the base, twisting hard, and popping it free. It becomes completely pliable and Florence frees herself.

The raven-haired machine grips the machine's fiery red ponytail and yanks it backwards, forcing her head onto Florence's shoulder and their faces a mere inches apart. To keep the demon stable, Florence places her own left foot forward in the slightest lunge. As Yserixia's crotch rubs against Florence's outstretched thigh, she's reminded of the moisture dripping from her folds in preparation for her usual activities. Her lower level systems continue the preparation as the gynoid struggles to adapt to the strange situation.

Now looking over the unstable gynoid's shoulder, Florence reaches to her large abdominal panel and disconnects it. It drops to Yserixia's feet with a thud. Florence inserts her hand inside after only a moment's examination and disconnects a bundle of cables. Yserixia cries out in a metallic yelp as her legs almost completely give out. Florence retains her hold effortlessly. Unsatisfied, Florence reaches nearby to a set of three overlapping circuit boards. She disconnects them one-by-one, letting them clatter to the floor. Yserixia's face twitches in confusion, staring straight ahead without focus. Florence then removes the board which each of the disconnected was connected to.

Goal unfound, Florence reaches down to just above Yserixia's vulva and disconnects a smaller panel. The outer walls of her synthetic vagina prominently show in the bottom center of the panel. The moist tube and surrounding mechanisms are flanked by two vials of clear liquid. Just above is a small motherboard, intended to be installed in tandem to other controllers and perhaps with a central board. In its cpu slot sits a purple chrome processor with a black heart insignia in the center.

Breaking her stoic focus, Florence smiles deviously. She disconnects the outline cooling mount and places her fingers on the small, shiny rectangle. Yserixia's eyes immediately widen as she looks down and squirms.

"Wait! You can't - ! I need th-a-a-aaaa-" Yserixia's pleading turns into distorted tinny garble as Florence removes the processor. Yserixia's entire body shudders. Her eyes twitch and her lips distort to an unnatural degree.

Florence pulls the component back to her own abdomen, using the back of her fingers to click a slot along a circuit wall open. She places the cpu inside and closes it. "Integrating New Processor Component," her blank face announces in monotone while she stares ahead, motionless. Yserixia recovers slightly, though can do nothing to escape the iron grip with her failing hardware, let alone make it past the binding circle.

“Process Complete.” Florence announces before moving again. She raises her now free hand to Yserixia’s open chest panel and unclicks the medium-sized board in the center. It falls forward and its drop is only stopped by the cables still connected to it. The jolt causes Yserixia to spasm for a moment. Another smile forms for Florence as she sees the silver cpu engraved with runes and shapes, set into the newly exposed section.

“Wai-ait – you – I ne-ed that-that-that to functio-tion!” Florence grips the component and pulls, causing Yserixia’s body to jerk and her speech to completely distort once again. With the cpu finally being removed from it’s housing, Yserixia’s systems lose control over her body. While not completely limp, Florence finds the cyberslut’s body completely pliable now. Yserixia’s irises blink out a few times before returning to their solid light. Her head lulls, mouth completely agape.

Florence similarly inserts the cpu into her own purpose-built internals, repeating the same process of freezing during the integration. Now satisfied with her acquisitions, Florence finds her hand inside Yserixia’s abdominal panel once again. This time, she grabs the large internal battery, which is marked with old world symbols, and wrenches it free. Two red electrical arcs trail from the top and bottom connection points for a moment. With the final triumph gained, she lets go of the lifeless body. It crumples to its knees before slamming face-down on the ground with a muted smack.

The firmly-gripped battery is brought within inches of Florence’s mouth. She opens her jaw, which reveals protruding metallic fangs. Two extend from the top row of teeth similarly and click into place. With a forceful bite down on the battery, her fangs shred the layers of plastic and metal, piercing directly into the acidic mixture and metal plates of the heavy duty energy storage device. Red arcs of electricity flash around her metal spikes as the electricity is drained into a specialty siphoning battery within Florence. The whole process lasts only 20 seconds. As the last light fades from the forced circuit, the battery falls to the floor. As quickly as it had morphed, Florence’s face returns to normal.

The siphoner kneels down to the still-active, brainless machine. With the same expert dexterity, she disconnects Yserixia’s entire hairplate. The back of her exposed metal skull easily opens up in the center. Florence grips the handle of the long tablet-like AI emulation drive and pulls it out. She smirks while standing and looking it over. She shuts her eyes and swings her head side to side to adjust her dark hair before calmly exiting the room.