

Metal Roborn

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Metal Senses

A soft bleeping sound made him stir.

After there being nothing all of sudden his conciouness returned so fully and fast, that it was almost dizzying.

As he opened his eyes, he almost frowned upon finding himself swimming once more enclosed by the blue liquid contained in a tank and several tubes being connected to him.

The almost was because he acknowledged the mask covering his lower half was missing. As was his helmet. And the rest of his armor parts for that matter.

Humans would refer to this state of dress as 'naked', seeing as he was only in his basic body parts, that were but a thin layer to hold his contents together.

Confusion was still evident in his mind, followed by... panic? at being unable to move aside from his eyes.

What... was going on? Since when he was able to feel this much?

A white cloaked figure stepped into his field of visit.

Dr. Wily.

He was slowly scratching his chin, while squinting his eyes, before seeming to acknowledge that red eyes were starring back.

"Ah. You are finally awake. I already thought your brain parts DID take some more damage than was visible after all... Now I can finally progress with the test."

His eyes followed the male human walking over to some sort of panel.

"You might have noticed I've changed your external layer. Or you probably didn't, seeing as you shouldn't be able to feel much at this point. Due to the large exchange we'll have to re-attach all your senses aside from sight and hearing. This won't feel pleasant at all, but you probably know that from last time."

If he was a human, he'd probably shiver at that announcement, but figured that the scientiest at least was gracious enough to let him know.

"Let's start out small, shall we? I wouldn't want you to burn your chips because of overload after being out of it so long."

Dr. Wily was oddly talkative. But then again, without any human by his side, he probably had started talking either to his robots or himself. Either way didn't matter much to him.

A small tingling sensation started going through his nose, then switched apprptly to his mouth.

He could taste the water now, which didn't actually taste like much. It was bland,

slightly salty and with a small aftertaste of metal, probably coming from himself. If he could 'smell' water while being in it, he'd probably also be able to do it now. It was far from over, and he knew it. The sense most important to him and all other robots as well was next up. Touch.

Again the tingling sensation started out light, thought this time starting from his brain and shooting downwards within a few blinks of the eye. It stayed like that for a few seconds, before suddenly seeming as if electricity shooting all through him, making his body twitch uncontrollably.

Just when he thought it was getting to much, that he'd go into sensory overload, it stopped. At the same time he suddenly felt ice cold, making him freeze up instantly. He finally figured out where the saying "thrown in cold water" came from.

Going from feeling nothing to being surrounded by the low temperature liquid certainly felt like it.

It took him quite some time to adjust to the temperature, something that stunned him.

He had only few memories of being awakened the other times after having to face defeat, but he was more than certain that something was off.

"And now let's give you back your voice... I need to ask you a few questions to make certain it was a success after all."

Only now did he realize that he hadn't cried out. A soft gasp left his lips as his throat tingled and he took notice of him slowly floating towards the ground as the liquid was pumped off.

As his feet touched the ground, he adjusted his body stance automatically in perfect balance and waited for the process to be done with. As expected the glass went down, while some of the water still dripped from his white blond hair to the ground.

The scientist stepped up to him, detaching the tubes carefully and making certain everything was as it should be.

Uneasy he stepped back when the male shut the lid to his chest.

"I think my sensory is off-balance and making me over-sensitive.", he reported, when his 'father' actually rose an eyebrow at his actions.

To his surprise the male actually looked very pleased. "No, I do not think so. I just made your sensory a lot more fine-tuned. With your special style of combat you need to 'feel' more than your brothers. That's what I realized after studying up your battles more. Just having an exceptional balance won't allow you to defeat that annoying blue pest."

Curiously the man touched his lower arm. "You can feel that?", he inquired, getting a nod. More prodding and touching followed, before the male human seemed satisfied. For the time being anyway.

Giving a small nod, he stepped away and gestured the other to follow him.

"I've enhanced your core and also your armor. The battle program has also been partly re-written. With all of that, you should be able to dodge attacks a lot easier. Of course I'll make you go through several trainings, so you can get used to them."

Apparently he had noticed another problem. One that Dr. Light, his rival, was guilty of as well. Sending just finished robots into battle, even though they hadn't been tested or experienced combat yet.

"Understood.", he answered, before adding after a moment of hesitation. "May I make a suggestion?"

The scientist stopped walking so sudden that he almost run into him, whirling around with surprise, before narrowing his eyes with some sort of suspicion. "Speak up.", he slowly replied.

"Judging by my past experiences it would be better if I had the option to take over control of my body rather than relying on the battle programm only."

Something seemed to change with the human before him and he crossed his arms before him, lightly tilling his head to the side. Apparently he felt intruiged by his words. Or was it his behavior?

Perhaps both. He'd never spoken up like that. He didn't quite understood why he did now.

"What makes you say that?"

"I dimly remember times where I wanted to move left, but the programm made me go right, which resulted in a hit."

"... I see... It would appear as if your indipendent thinking really has been enhanced by that little tweak as well... Intersting....", the scientist seemed to mumble to himself, his unfocused eyes already showing that he was going into deep thoughts, before he suddenly snapped back to attention. "I'll consider your oppinion. For now let's see how quickly you can get adjusted to your new equipment."

Again the man was taking over the lead.

Absently the robot wondered just how long he had been out of it. He certainly couldn't call up any data that was resembling this base even a little. How many secret bases did the man have anyway?

He blinked when a door slid open with a soft sound and closed behind them.

Stepping up to a digital panel, Dr. Wily tipped in a code he was just barelly able to catch and memorize. A small section of the wall split open in the middle, the metal sliding away into the ceiling and ground to reveal the new, shiney armor.

Despite the urge to cover his face with the helmet, he waited for the man to step back, so he could approach himself.

Touching the material of the black suit, was like a small electric shock and he quickly pulled his hand back, his eyes wide in surprise.

Beside him the doctor let out a small laught. "Seems you have a lot more to get used to, then I considered. I guess, I have to admit that I didn't even think of how it must feel way differntly compared to the sensations from before."

The urge to roll his eyes at the other's amusement was strong, but not uncontrollable. Again he touched the black, shiney material, slowly letting himself getting used to the slippery texture. It felt kind of... silky?

The word was new to him and he was certain that it hadn't been in his memory before, but despite that, his brain found the word to be an acceptable match for the sensation.

As he pulled it to him, he also noticed, that despite the silky feeling it also felt... 'tought'. Like leather, he'd assume. Not weightless and thin like his mind supplied it should be if it was 'silky'.

Depite being confused by the corrupting sensations, he continued the process. There would be time to make a closer analysis of this at a later point.

It tingled as he slipped his feet in. Almost similar to the sensation when his touch sensories had first been activated, with the only difference, that it was only where the cloth touched him.

Finally it was on, his awareness of it being there was rather irritating, but something he'd have to get used to. It was a bit wide at first, but after a few moments suddenly seemed to form over his body, truly becoming like a second skin, just as it was intended.

From slightly aside, the scientist watched this with some satisfied nods to himself. Apparently everything was going according to his plans.

The red shorts were next, feeling similar, yet 'thicker' and even more 'thoughter' than the black suit. Perhaps 'stiffer' was also a fitting attribute to describe it.

Once it sat snugly in place, he put up the chest armor next, watching as the 'balls' over his shoulders came out from the simple top.

The boots were next, slipping shut on the backside of his legs with a soft click as metal slid into it's place. As he slid into the large gloves, he sensed something happening before it actually did.

The moment he flexed his hand, there was a soft buzzing sound, then the shoulder-ball and the glove surred and from both sides a familiar yellow cover shoot forward, connecting in the middle with almost no sound. The same happened on the other arm.

The changes irritated him enough to feel slightly worry when he picked up the final piece. Despite his uneasyness, there were no special effects for the helmet it seemed. The only difference was that his mouth piece was now separated and had to be pushed into a small slit, where it easily slid into a holding and snapped shut.

"Now you finally look like the Metal Man that I know and designed."

Pride swung along in those words, which were quickly followed by more. "How do you feel? Describe the difference to before in as much detail as you can."

The request actually made him fumble for words, but Dr. Wily showed more patience than he ever expected him too. It wasn't like the scientist was an impatient one per se. He just got frustrated pretty easily.

Afterwards he supposed the strange silky feeling and generally being more aware of the weight of the armor would have summed it up nicely, but back then he was struggling hard to understand all of that himself.

He felt actually relieved when his maker no longer bombared him with questions and gave him a short tour of his new fortress, before bringing him together with his brothers, who were eager to welcome him back. Well, most of them anyway.

Apparently he'd not been the only one to get a make-over, but the one who had undergone the longest set up and gotten the newest technology Dr. Wily had come up with. And the last one to recive a new awaking.

Seeing how he was also the first robot the scientist had created all by himself, it wasn't surprising to him that he had become the guinea pig once more.

But it certainly gave him a lot to think off.

It would take time to get used to all those changes.

Absently he also remembered the training, the human had mentioned to him, before choosing to set that aside for now. His brothers were eager to spend some time with him and inform him of whatever he'd missed out while he'd been 'asleep'.

Metal Man found himself glad for the mask covering his lower half as he broke into a broad smile as two of them started bickering with each other. A bit longer and he

expected this to turn into a tug-war of who was allowed to get some time together with him first, which made him take a step back just in time to avoid both of their hands grabbing for him.

Given how sensitive he was right now, he'd rather not be in the middle of THAT.