

Mechanical Revivals

Iron Thornes Transformation

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Image / Inspiration by: RegularTF



"Ronin, I told you to get your ass to the Nexus Museum as soon as it opened!" A voice coming from a car speaker would voice their discontent to the current driver. Ronin was an entry level journalist that worked at a variety of locations around the city due in part to their department having to switch offices every month. Being in his mid-twenties, freshly graduated from university only two years ago, it was a miracle he managed to find this somewhat "gracious position". It was kind of a dead end overall; the five-foot ten brunette couldn't do much other than write articles about random crimes in town and sometimes write about that one popular musician in town. Though actually interesting articles were sparse to come through, and

the invention of writing about the smallest of things made him quiver, most of it wasn't news it was... information that people already knew.

He had no idea how in the hell he hadn't lost his job yet with how much money they'd been burning from office switching. They keep saying they just haven't struck that gold in journalism yet, why would a museum be something that would sell on the internet and print? "Look, they don't open for another fifteen minutes, and they told us they'd need a few minutes to prepare a guided tour of the place so I could get some footage. Isn't that what you wanted, boss?" Ronin internally sighed to himself, as he would pull into a parking garage, grabbing a ticket from the automated system and drive around to park.

"You better get everything I want, or your ass is so fired!" The boss would immediately hang up the phone, and just not allow for any retorts at all. What a way to answer his own dilemma, he knew the boss couldn't be serious because they can't afford to hire another person. Guess being stuck at a low wage does that to you, you're irreplaceable but the company thinks you're just a minor cog in the grand scheme of things. The man exited his car in a bit of a slower motion, just to spite his boss more than anything. Not like they were tracking his position via GPS, that would be creepy as hell. Then again, in all sorts of places did that to make sure people were working.

Ronin just didn't want to think about that and strolled out of the parking garage noticing the rather out of place design of the museum beside the rest of the architecture of the street. It was a very modern look, having sleek black walls with electric blue lights rolling down various paths, it reminded him of electrical currents, and oddly a future fantasy-like factory. No wonder his boss wanted him to check this place out, they are probably some insane technologies to show off. But why was it in this small town in the middle of the country? Wouldn't it be better to have some metropolis like New York City or something? Too many questions were racking in his head, that he completely missed the fact that the pedestrian walking sign flashed green and was screeching at him to walk with an annoying buzzer. With a slight jolt back to reality, he would cross the street with a slight cold sweat from the slight embarrassment he felt.

Once he crossed the street, and entered the museum it seemed rather packed in the current moment, especially for the space inside of the lobby since it seemed like being packed in sardines' cans, there was basically no space to really get any kind of space. Given Ronin's equipment was going to be a slight issue, having a DSLR camera, microphone attached to it, and the likes any slight bumps into other guests might spell disaster. If only he could find the tour guide, he was supposed to have. He'd think that they would be more organized being so modernly advanced but guess even the most sophisticated things have their issues. Though, waiting in line for assistance

wasn't the worst thing to occur, specifically since it wasn't like they weren't going to not have the tour just because too many people decided to show up after all. Ronin waited around in line for about five minutes before getting poked on the shoulder by someone, causing him to look back with a slight surprise. "You're Ronin from Dustni City Newspaper, right?" A quick nod would be given, unsure who this person was, other than the fact they seemed to have a uniform consisting of a black and blue accented polo and khaki's on, it was reasonable to assume they were a worker here after a moment of taking in the information. "Great, as you can see, we're quite busy now, however, since you have a private tour appointment scheduled, we can take you right now. You'll have to be with a few others that also requested a private tour unfortunately, but you'll have free liberty to take all the photos and video you want within reason. All we request is not take video of certain things, as they are currently not revealed to the public quite yet. I will inform you when you can shoot video." The worker would describe their rules and would guide Ronin to a staff only entrance to avoid most of the crowd, entering the room he would find three other people inside the room they seemed too also be a part of the digital media world from a videographer, photographer, and another journalist.

"Now that we are all here, allow me to introduce myself. I am Halsin, and I will be your guide for today. We will be focusing on our development of our newest technology" The tour guide would give a slight bow towards the

four guests before opening a metallic door that led into a spacious gallery room. Filled with all sorts of prototype robots behind reinforced glass cases, some seemed to be partially missing pieces, and others were full blown robots. "Centuries ago, if you took your history classes you would know Pokémon co-existed with humans in harmony with us for millennia, however, about five thousand years ago a deadly disease overtook all Pokémon that humanity knew of." They would go around showing off and explaining different robots in the meantime. Ronin realized that most of these robots seemed somewhat familiar with what he's seen in old books, he would begin to take a quick video and photos with his camera to edit later.

Halsin continued their explanation after a few moments, showing off what seemed to be a robotic Pikachu that wasn't currently functional. "They were forced into extinction or are hiding in some non-civilized regions. Here at Nexus, we have been attempting to recreate that harmony we once had by creating robotic Pokémon who will be immune to the disease that plagued them all. We have been mostly successful, however, due to the fears from government we have been forced to keep our robotic Pokémon under strict control. We have managed to control them through a series of programming and close monitoring." He would move along to a few other exhibits, a few even showcasing employees testing certain functions of a variety of robot pokemon. Ronin now understood why their boss was breathing down his breath about this, if they could find something inside of this museum that

they didn't want them to know publicly they could finally hit it big! He could finally get that promotion he's been wanting for Arecus knows how long.

The group would end up walking through most of the tour without much interest, mainly because they were very careful about what they would feed them information wise. Ronin was beginning to get slightly annoyed that any questions he was asking were basically being thrown to the side, they trained this tour guide very well, or they were really scared of slipping up. He was going to need to break away from this group to get an interesting scoop. "And here is our production line, this is where we go about to make rather interesting discoveries. You might all be asking, what makes these Pokémon seemingly have their own wills in way? Well with advanced artificial intelligence they can make their own decisions within reason, if you remember we must keep them from going rouge, so nothing goes wrong. But our hope is to create a society of robotic Pokémon that helps society thrive. But however, I am not allowed to take you all any further into our facility, we are currently under some construction, and we do not want to endanger anyone. However, we may stay here to ask additional questions."

The other members of the group were satisfied, and turned around and exited the museum through the convenient exit down a ramp, that brought them to a gift shop. They must scam people for extra money somehow and what better way than to force them to shop at the very end. But of course, Ronin stayed around to try to convince the employee to let

them to that inaccessible area. "I really appreciate the tour today, I noticed there hasn't been anyone else in other areas of the facility other than the gallery, is there any reason for that?" Ronin inquired about this, as he was writing in a small pocket notebook, awaiting some answers.

"Well, due to the facility's current programs we must limit what guests are allowed to access until we are able to ensure the safety of all guests. For now, the only way to access this part of the facility is through private guided tours, else it would be potentially too dangerous if one of our Pokémon broke loose." Yet another cliché answer from the tour guide, and that sort of broke Ronin's patience overall. "Okay, that's understandable. But if you're so worried about these Robotic Pokémon going rouge, why would you ensure that precautions are taken to the highest degree? Is there something you're not allowed to tell me?" Ronin lightly sighed as he just whipped his pen and notebook back into his satchel, his camera shook through the motion, but still stood strong around his neck.

"Look, I don't care what I must do to get back to that restricted area you mentioned, but I really am curious about this could you please let me indulge in this? I promise I won't write about it or anything. I'll even drop off my supplies if you're worried about me recording anything." Ronin was almost desperate to finally get that golden nugget of information that he was trying to lie to Halsin just for a chance to see what was behind that door.

“Well Mr. Ronin, I can see you’re quite passionate about this subject. I’m not quite sure what spurred this curiosity that you’re willing to throw everything away just to know company secrets.” Halsin shook his head lightly as he just plotted a bit of an idea inside of his own mind, perhaps the best way to keep this man from digging to close. Make him a part of the company, he clearly has passion and determination. After a few moments of spacing out, the man went to the staff only door, and put in a rather long code discreetly, locks clicked and slowly opened a door to a rather big assembly room. “Well, if you’re still wanting to know what’s going on. Please, follow me. You get to see how we create our Robotic Pokémon personally. Please leave all your electronics inside of the bin inside of this door once you enter, however. As you did say you would not record anything, and since this is not for public view, this is a special treat just for my new favorite Journalist.”

Ronin was understandably shocked at the whole revelation of Halsin’s seemingly willingness to show him one of the most kept company secrets. Surely there was some alterative motive to this, but honestly it wouldn’t sate his curiosity and his plan to become one the most famous insiders to not take this chance. He slowly entered the room, dropping all his belongings aside from his wallet into the bin. He didn’t want that to get snatched after all. Obversing the room, it was a large room with the entrance of the room being a large conveyor belt but could be mistaken for one of those moving

walkways. On the top of the room were steel arms that were dormant in the current moment.

“As you can see, we can take a tour of the real factory where the rest of our other Robot Pokémon are, if you would just step onto the conveyor belt we will proceed shortly. I just need to turn it on.” Ronin questioned lightly about this, if this was the assembly line why would they use it to get to the rest of the factory, isn’t that unsafe? It seemed to have reinforced glass around the conveyor belt to prevent anyone from falling at least. It seemed safe enough to approach it anyways, so Ronin would begrudgingly step onto the conveyor belt. Merely moments later, Halsin would walk up some stairs where another pathway was, and a control center was. “We’ll begin the tour of assembly now.” He said over a speaker, as a rather large stone wall erected from the edge of the conveyor belt, preventing escape for the journalist.

“W-What’s the meaning of this?!” Ronin would attempt to get a reasonable answer from the Tour Guide that suddenly betrayed his trust, then again should have been able to see this from a mile away. Why would they so easily allow them back here after just a small promise not to record anything? They knew Ronin was lying and it was clear that there was about to be some punishment involved. “Beginning construction of-” It was hard to hear Halsin after he said that small phrase. Mainly because of the sounds of steam, cogs, and all sorts of mechanical noises filling the glass cage he was

put in. Ronin watched as two mechanical arms began to reach down towards him, seemingly wielding shiny green metal resembling shoulder guards. As it reached down to him, the shocked journalist would suddenly feel the metal being pushed against his arms.

Before he knew it, Ronin's body seemingly began to swell in electrical energy. His biceps and triceps were blossoming in size to unprecedented levels to probably the size of basketballs! Another pair of mechanical arms would restrain his legs soon after, carrying more shiny lime green metal. But this time had two triangle shaped holes on the sides. They seemed to only begin to glow a rather electric blue after energy courses through them.

All the while, the metal seemingly began to spread down his arms and legs like it was somehow duplicating itself, it would reach down to his hands before stopping for a few moments. The bottom halves of his arms and the insides of his thighs seemed to be spared from being seemingly replaced by metal so far.

"L-Let me out of here! Please!" Ronin attempted to break free of the restraints, but he could only bash on the reinforced glass to no avail. The treadmill was slowly approaching another pair of mechanical arms, and he wasn't getting any smaller, only larger, stronger... and soon obedient.

As wasn't the only thing to be concerned about. A TV screen monitor was displaying a rather ominous graphic. Ronin could only stare at it in

absolute disbelief of what was happening. He knew his fate if he could not get out of here in time.

[Subject: Iron Thrones

Gender: Male

Age: 26

Modification Progress: 25%

Reprogramming: 5%

Status: Ongoing Modifications]

“Is the journalist finally realizing why we must keep everything a secret? But of course, we can’t let it be public knowledge that we turn humans into machines. Especially pesky journalists like you Iron Thrones. You’ll make for a wonderful bodyguard once you’ve finally submitted to the power!” He cackled, as he cranked up the speed of the conveyor belt by 50%.

“S-Shit! W-We can make a deal man! I don’t want to be your stupid robot!” Ronin attempted to protest more, using his beefy arms to grab one of the mechanical arms, struggling to keep it from putting more random

malleable metal onto him! But while he was attempting to stop it, another mechanical arm snuck up behind him, and would put a rather large lime green colored helmet that was shaped with sharp eye sockets, three evenly spaced spikes on top, and clear spikes that began to develop all throughout his back due to this. Now with the helmet on, the reprogramming can begin fully, however, the other mechanical arm beat it to punch, by placing a rather sturdy breastplate of metal over the rather growing chest muscles, as this occurred, he could feel his height growing almost immediately. Enlarging to at least a stable seven foot tall at this rate, his body was amply more balanced muscle wise. As the breastplate was far too small to fit at the current moment. This was Ronin's chance to stop it from fully taking over! He would use his newfound strength to try to pull at the breastplate with all of his might. Tugging and pushing the metal off his body, only for his pectorals to swell in size to over the size of three volleyballs. After which, his own stomach expanded outwards, revealing a rather bulbous yet rather finely chiseled set of eight pack of abs. The breastplate would securely fasten onto the human, replacing his human skin and bones with various machines inside of his body. He certainly was not human anymore, at least biologically. Another mechanical arm would begin to stretch down near Ronin's metal helmet, and begin to shoot out an electrical ray, seemingly charging his entire body, but at the same time causing his brain to forcibly rewire itself.

[Initiating Robotic Purpose Reprogramming:

Reprogramming: 15% Complete

Modifications: 75% Complete]

Ronin couldn't help but yell out in pain, as his body was being continuously electrocuted. He began to hear simple commands that seemingly pierced any sort of mental fortitude he could have put up due to the distress of the situation. 'DEFEND, PROTECT, CHARGE, CHANGE OTHERS' These phrases initially caused Ronin to just randomly spurt out random phrases to get it out of his head. His hands and feet would blossom in size, but his fingers and toes were completely replaced by sharp black claws.

While these voices rang through his head, the robot half of himself would begin to finish its own modifications. As a more metallic black alloy to begin to enshroud his body where the original attachments were not attached to. Namely this bottom side of his arms, his abdomen, and his thighs, and finally the bottom side of the helmet. Forming it to look much more pronounced like a snout which his internals would follow along with. The alloy once settled would harden around his body continuously rearranging the insides of Ronin's body. "Halsin! Please!" Ronin cried out for what would probably be the last time with his normal voice. "No can-do Iron

Thrones, I've been quite awaiting creating an electrical dinosaur-like creature for quite a while. Plus, you're much better off being my protector!"

[Initiating Mind Break Sequence

Reprogramming: 95% Complete

Modifications: 95% Complete

Status: Realizing Power and Loyalty]

A simple phrase would be voiced through his head. "I am Iron Thrones. Loyal Defender of King Halsin..." Ronin's mind seemingly snapped as it was replaced by a more metallic neurological system. One last mechanical arm would attach a bulky tail spiked end right above his butt, that would reach almost to the ground. Ronin's eyes would be replaced by a light blue LED iris which signaled the end of his modifications. Steam would seemingly enshroud the electrical dinosaur, as he was at the end of the conveyor belt.

Iron Thrones would begin to feel his body start to shut off for a moment, as one of the mechanical arms stopped electrocuting him. Causing his body to go into a state of rebooting, the bright lights from his body would turn off, being jet black for the time being. In the meantime, Halsin would climb down a ladder to witness his newest creation with a rather cunning smirk plastered on it, before allowing the robot fully to reboot himself before testing if everything was done correctly.

A minute later, the Robot Dinosaur would begin to roar to life, stretching out his muscular body like he was in a wrestling match, seemingly glad to finally be back online, not even realizing he was only offline for a few moments at most. His mouth would open with a rather happy expression on it. "Iron Thrones, bodyguard to the Ruler of Pokémon Halsin Reporting for duty! What are my orders!" Iron Thrones would step rather heavily causing the ground to shake slightly from his sheer bulk and weight alone. Though, it seemed he wouldn't harm anything directly especially when he wasn't even using full power unless directed.

Well, Halsin wasn't going to have to test whatever he thought he needed to, that sheer enthusiasm told him what he needed to know, he was going to create an empire of loyal Pokémon, and this hulking dinosaur was going to be a rather great asset to his cynical desires. "Follow me my loyal servant, we have some rather discrete work to do, please keep your eyes around me at all times, and capture any suspicious humans you might encounter." With that, the two would begin to trot on over out of the factory, and back into the museum to begin their discrete conquest.