

Tomoko had to all but drag 573-L to the cybercare center, a trip filled with complaints and grumbles in their synthesized voice.

"I *told* you, it's *fine*!" 573-L's display flickered, their voice glitching slightly with annoyance.

"It's not! They haven't responded to your repair pre-authorization form in three weeks," Tomoko pointed a metal finger at 573-L's leg. "...and your leg's basically scrap plastic at this point."

The robot heaved what resembled a sigh out of their speakers. The joints in their left leg creaked uncomfortably, the feeling of pins and needles unbearable as they stood.

Tomoko had a point. Their leg had been malfunctioning for around a month now, and despite their request to get it replaced... well, the authorization process wasn't exactly speedy. Alongside the fact that the prices were really nothing to sneeze at, it made you wonder what your tax money was even going to.

And it wasn't like they could walk home by themselves, with a useless leg and all.

Seeing no refusal, Tomoko practically yanked 573-L into the building, almost toppling them over before their hydraulic actuators kicked in.

The sliding doors opened smoothly, a disembodied robotic voice welcoming them into the building: "Welcome to the Shin-Yokohama Cybercare Center."

The waiting room was quite full – droids and cyborgs sat on the couches, even a few androids dotted amongst the crowd. The feed on the netscreen seemed to be a talk show - 573-L never quite cared for those.

The line wouldn't be particularly short, but Tomoko had insisted on waiting in line while 573-L rested on the couch. They couldn't exactly resist, so they settled for watching the talk show on the netscreen, on the off chance that they'd be talking about something interesting.

*"... the brand new breakthrough in cybernetic technology! Gone are the days of waiting for your body to get used to your new limbs..."*

573-L shifted uncomfortably. The buzzing feeling in their leg hadn't improved at all... the pins and needles seemed to be spreading to their thigh, up their side.

They tried to stretch out their leg, but it stubbornly remained slumped like a cadaver.

Fans running faster, they scanned for Tomoko's dyed hair in the crowd, a subtle feeling of anxiety coursing through their circuits at the thought of being left immobile without their friend to help them.

*"This new nanite technology enables seamless communication between your brain and your limbs, almost like they're really a part of you!"*

The line wasn't any shorter - it actually seemed the opposite. 573-L relaxed their body with a feeling of resignation. Sensing that they'd be waiting a while, the android dimmed their visual interface, setting their system to automatically switch over to sleep mode.

*"Cyborgs, call your local cybercare center today!"*