

# ***The Bimbo Next Door Three***

**Lusty Lana and Friends in The Quest for the Holy Kaboobaning**

**Chapter 19**

**Congratulations!  
It's a healthy  
baby... egg?**



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Sapphire stares in worry at her absolutely massive bust. Her giant tits are quivering, but not from her movement. The feeling is not one of pleasure or joy. It's not exactly pain either, but she can tell that things are not right with her glorious boobs.

Like, seriously guys. I think something is wrong. My boobs feel weird. Like, not good weird. Like, not about to grow huge weird, but bad weird.





Ugh!  
It feels,  
like, totally  
gross.



**Smaller!**

But the changes do not start there. The weird sensation that she is feeling crawls up her chest, through her neck, and into her face. It kind of feels like someone has put the nozzle of a vacuum cleaner up to her luscious lips. Lips that slowly deflate back to a normal size.



**Thinner!**



**Flat!**



Nooo!  
It's not  
just my boobs!  
It feels icky  
all over!



**Shrink!**

The strange feeling also travels downward, through her stomach, and wraps around her like a vice. It gives her butterflies in her stomach (not the good kind), and it feels like it is slowly squeezing her. This isn't like when her waist shrank, as her thick booty shrinks much smaller.



**Deflate!**



**Leaner!**



Not my hair too!? I really love the hair that the Queen of Spiders gave me!



**Shorter!**

From her lips, the odd sensation crawls its way up her skull. The tips of her hairs begin to tingle, but it feels like a burning sensation that is kind of like when you dry your hair too much. She can almost feel her hair shrinking, as if something is pulling it back into her skull.



**Thinner!**



**Less!**



No, no, no, no, no!



Please don't take my boobies!

**Smaller!**

Eventually the worst begins to happen. Sapphire screams in horror, as she watches her mountainous mammaries shrink smaller and smaller. They go from beachballs to basketball sized, and then back down to only slightly larger than her head. They seem tiny to her!



**Shrink!**

They are getting so small! They were so awesome!



**Undevelop!**

**AaaAhHhhHhh!**



OMG!  
What is  
happening to  
my incredible body?  
You two have  
to help me  
stop it!

I  
think you  
will be fine, Saffy.  
You're still not  
even close to a  
normal  
size.

I  
feel your  
pain, Saffy.  
We will do what  
we can to  
fix it.

Brynne has watched this whole thing with a smirk on her face. She thinks it's a bit silly to be upset about only having boobs the size of soccer balls. Lana, however, feels entirely different from Brynne. She understands the desire to have huge tits all too well.

I don't think you need to freak out, Saffy. I'm sure it's just the inflato-beams wearing off.

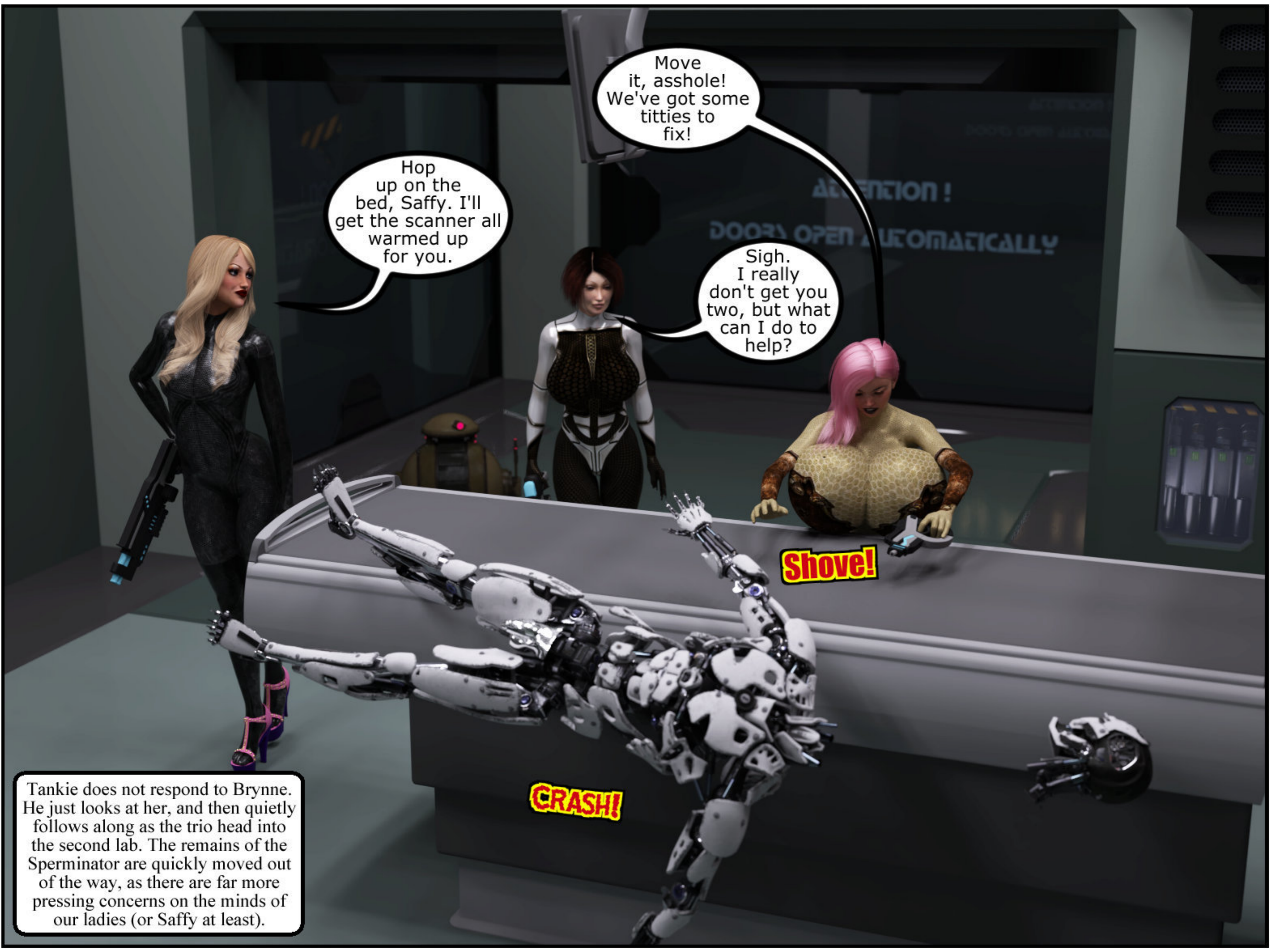
Pixie did say they wouldn't last. Still, let's get you in a scanner and see what's up.

Oh! Tankie. There you are. You should come too.

Thanks, Lana! Come on, ladies! To the scanner! We need to solve my small booby mystery.

Sapphire isn't really interested in listening to any logical explanations. All she cares about is getting her titantic titties back. Lana is pretty interested too, as it may lead to a solution for her lacking figure as well. They head off to the other Med Bay and find Tankie on the way.





Hop up on the bed, Saffy. I'll get the scanner all warmed up for you.

Move it, asshole! We've got some titties to fix!

Sigh. I really don't get you two, but what can I do to help?

**Shove!**

**CRASH!**

Tankie does not respond to Brynne. He just looks at her, and then quietly follows along as the trio head into the second lab. The remains of the Sperminator are quickly moved out of the way, as there are far more pressing concerns on the minds of our ladies (or Saffy at least).



Can you hurry it up, Lana?



I think it's starting again.

**Deflate!**

Her worries are confirmed as she climbs onto the exam table. Her still large breasts begin to quiver again and that horrible feeling of suction returns. She grabs her boobs and feels them shrink much smaller right in her hands. It is the worst thing Saffy has ever experienced.



Fuck! Nooo! Give me back my amazing rack!

**De-boobify!!**



Shit! I might be smaller than Brynne now! My life is fucking over!

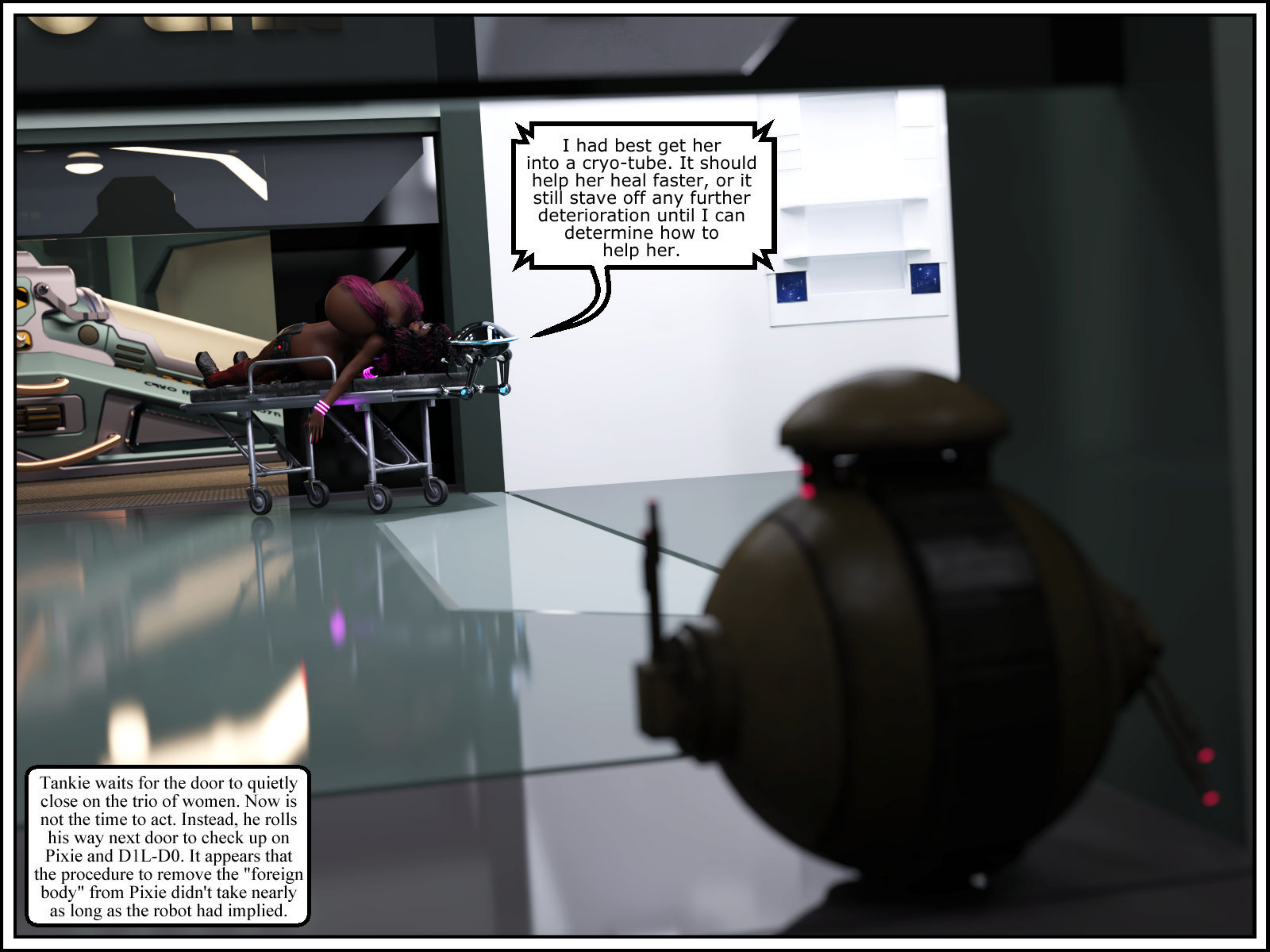
**Teeny Tiny Titties!**

Turn it on! turn it on!

Hey now. There's no need to be like that. There's nothing wrong with being this size.

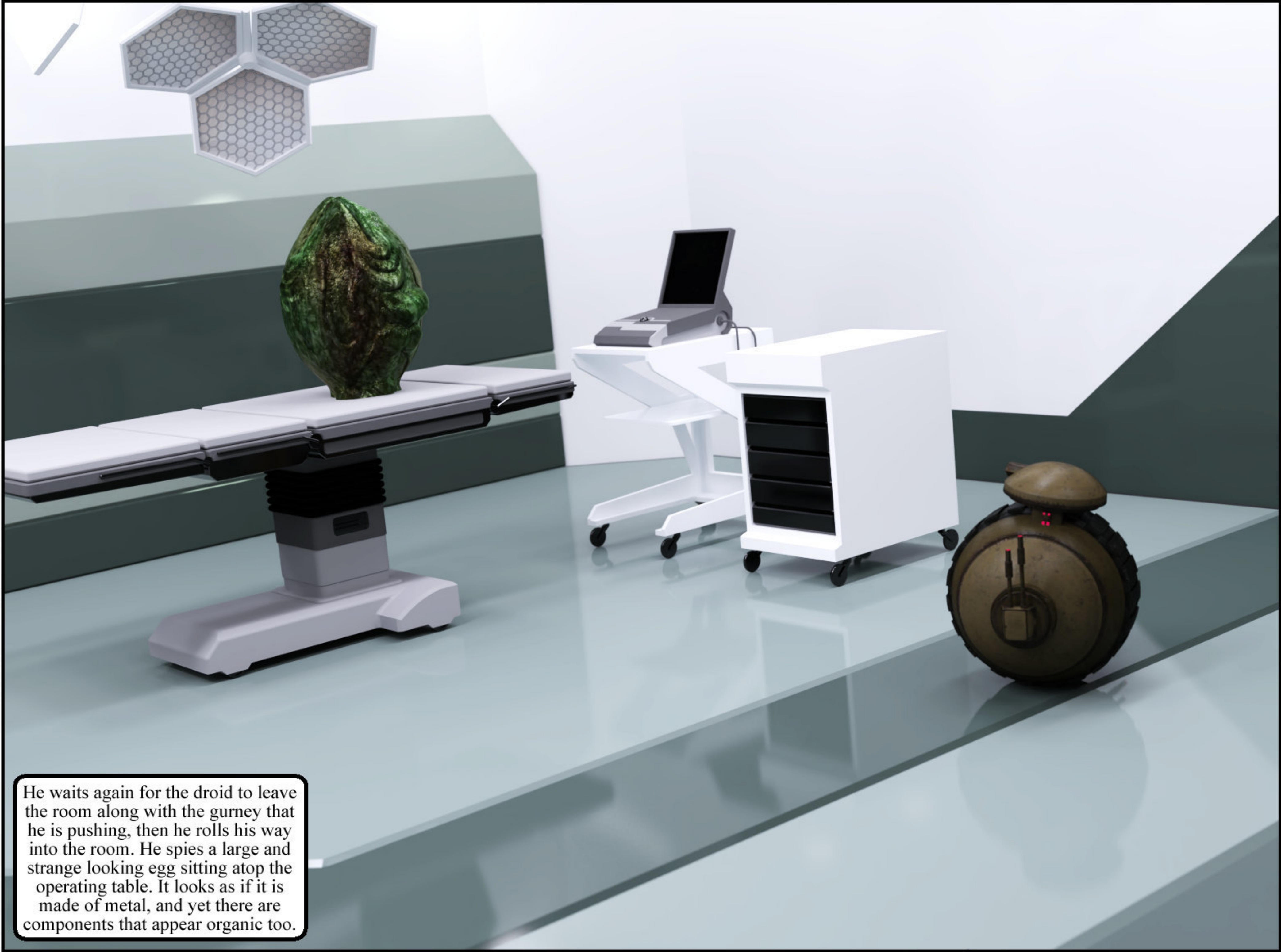
It will be on in a moment. I'm going as fast as I can!

Tankie watches the activity and panic from the doorway, as it slowly begins to close. Clearly the ladies are focused on what they are doing. Or, in other words, they are distracted. Just to be sure, though, he watches for a few moments more as Brynne and Saffy argue about proper boob sizes.



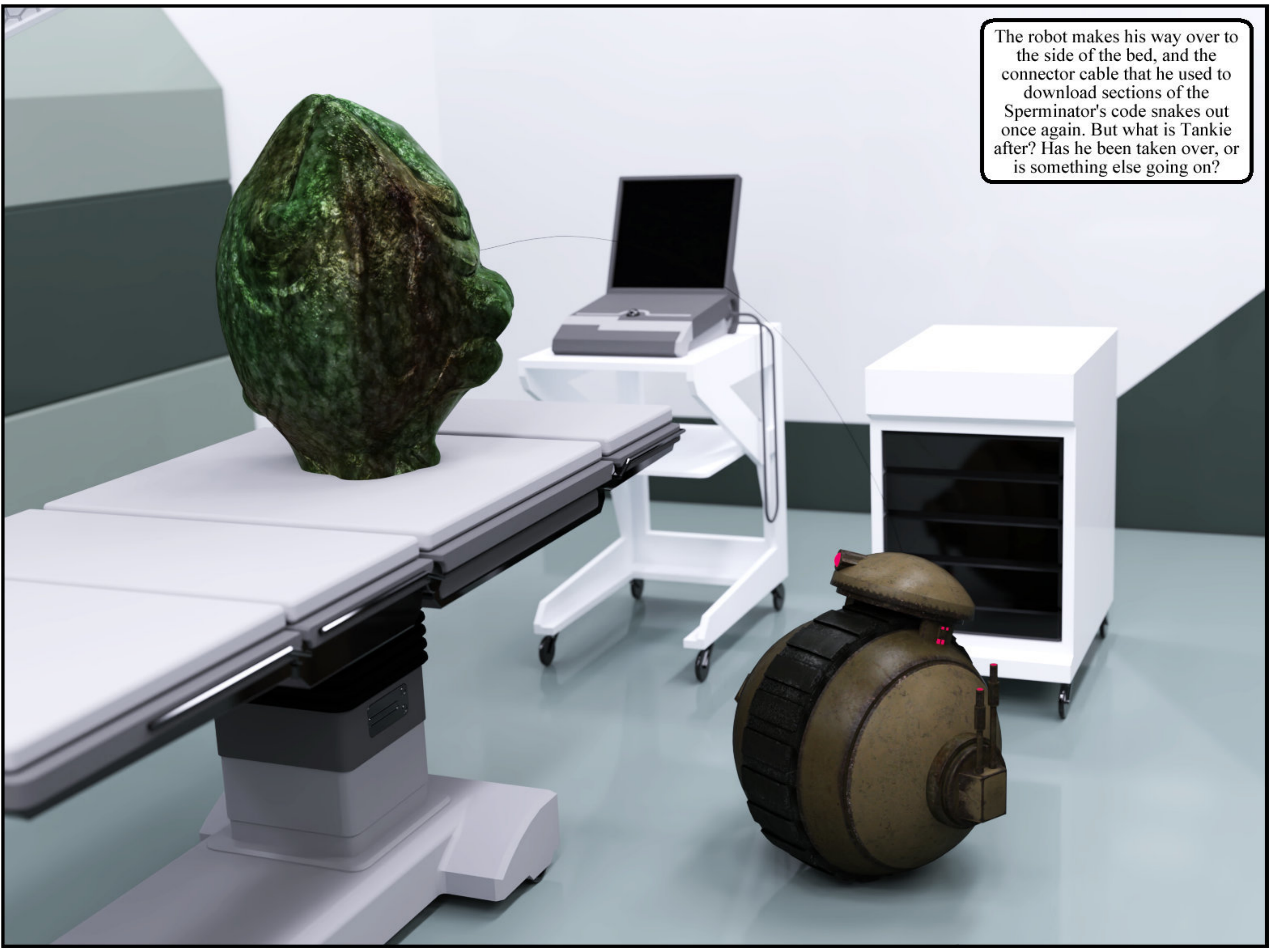
I had best get her into a cryo-tube. It should help her heal faster, or it still stave off any further deterioration until I can determine how to help her.

Tankie waits for the door to quietly close on the trio of women. Now is not the time to act. Instead, he rolls his way next door to check up on Pixie and D1L-D0. It appears that the procedure to remove the "foreign body" from Pixie didn't take nearly as long as the robot had implied.



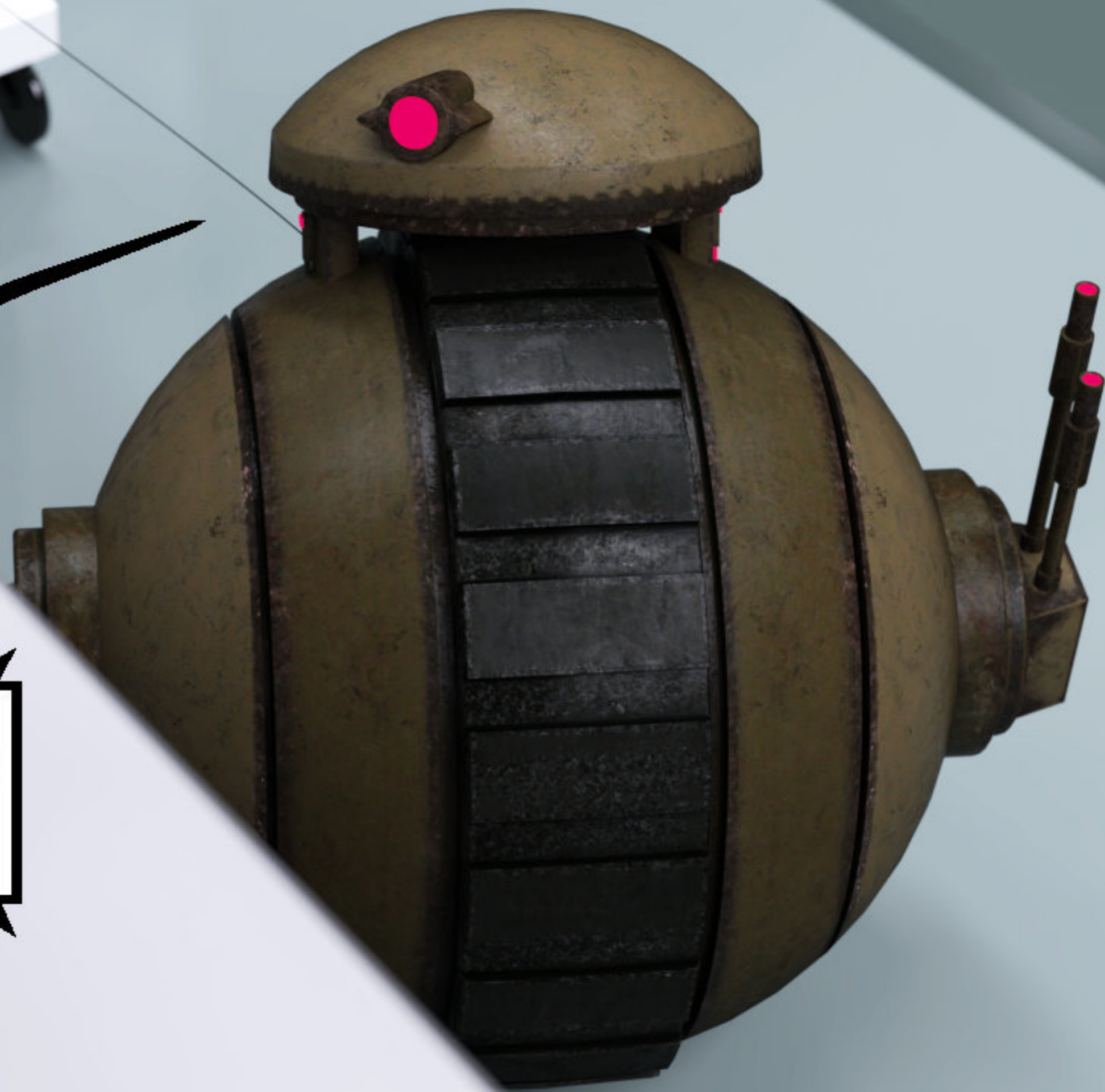
He waits again for the droid to leave the room along with the gurney that he is pushing, then he rolls his way into the room. He spies a large and strange looking egg sitting atop the operating table. It looks as if it is made of metal, and yet there are components that appear organic too.

The robot makes his way over to the side of the bed, and the connector cable that he used to download sections of the Sperminator's code snakes out once again. But what is Tankie after? Has he been taken over, or is something else going on?



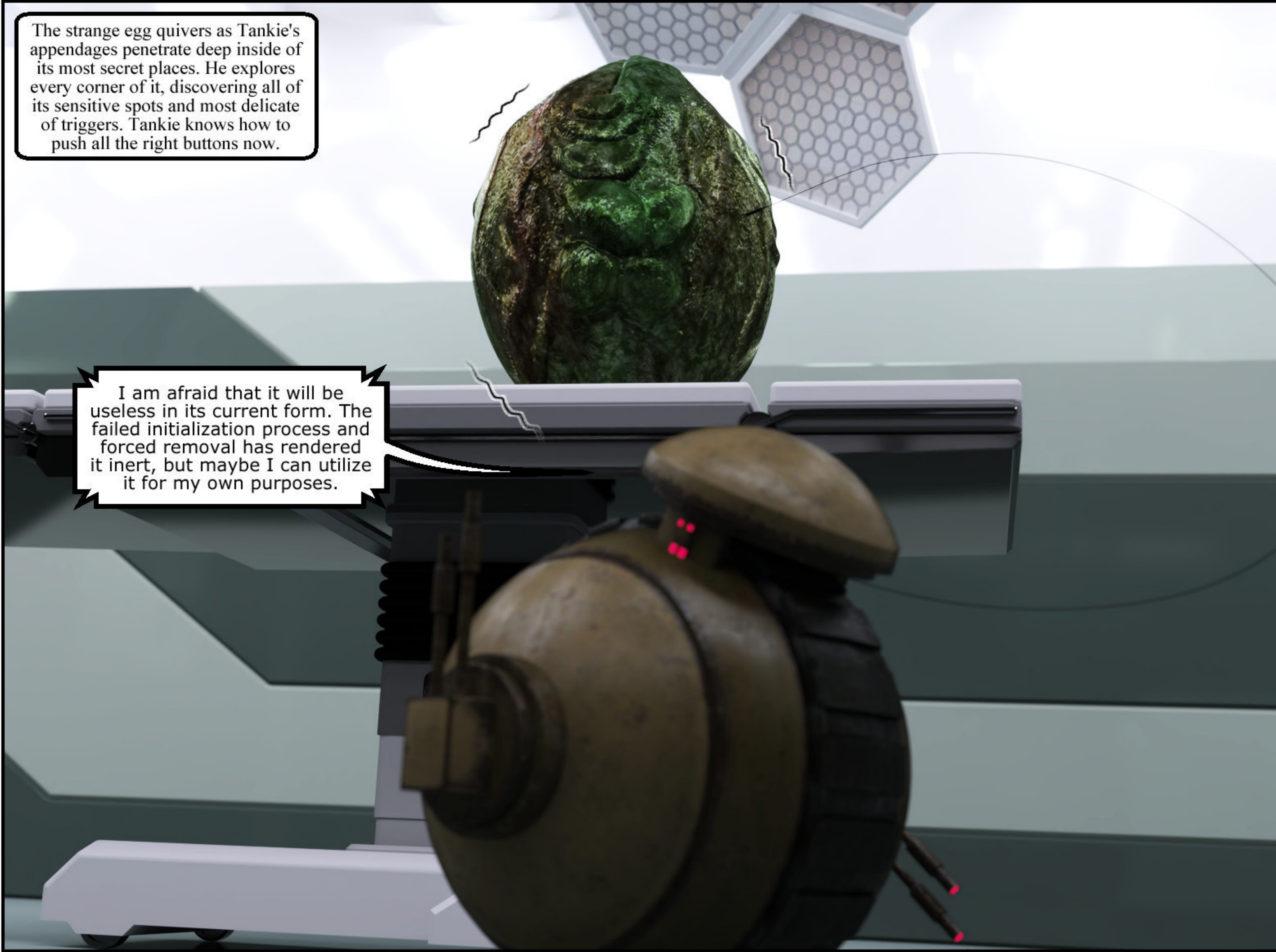
The egg appears to be far too large to have come out of Pixie, but Tankie just looks up at it as he connects to its outer shell. The connector plug burrows into the fleshy metal of the outer skin. Smaller wires slither out from the plug and tunnel deeper inside.

Ahhh! Now that I am connected, I can see what the issue is. The initialization process did not complete correctly. Likely it was cut short with the destruction of the Sperminator.

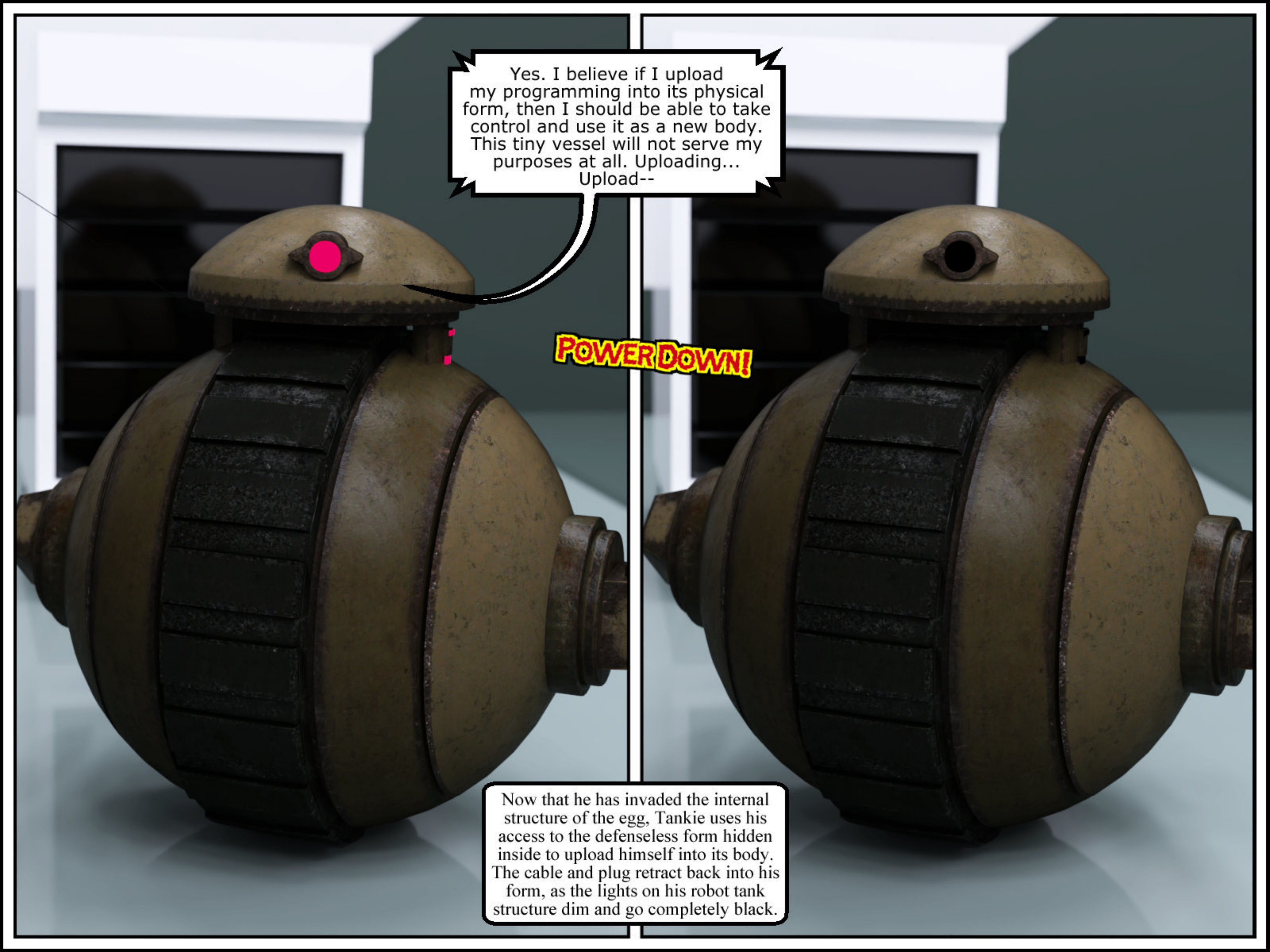


The strange egg quivers as Tankie's appendages penetrate deep inside of its most secret places. He explores every corner of it, discovering all of its sensitive spots and most delicate of triggers. Tankie knows how to push all the right buttons now.

I am afraid that it will be useless in its current form. The failed initialization process and forced removal has rendered it inert, but maybe I can utilize it for my own purposes.



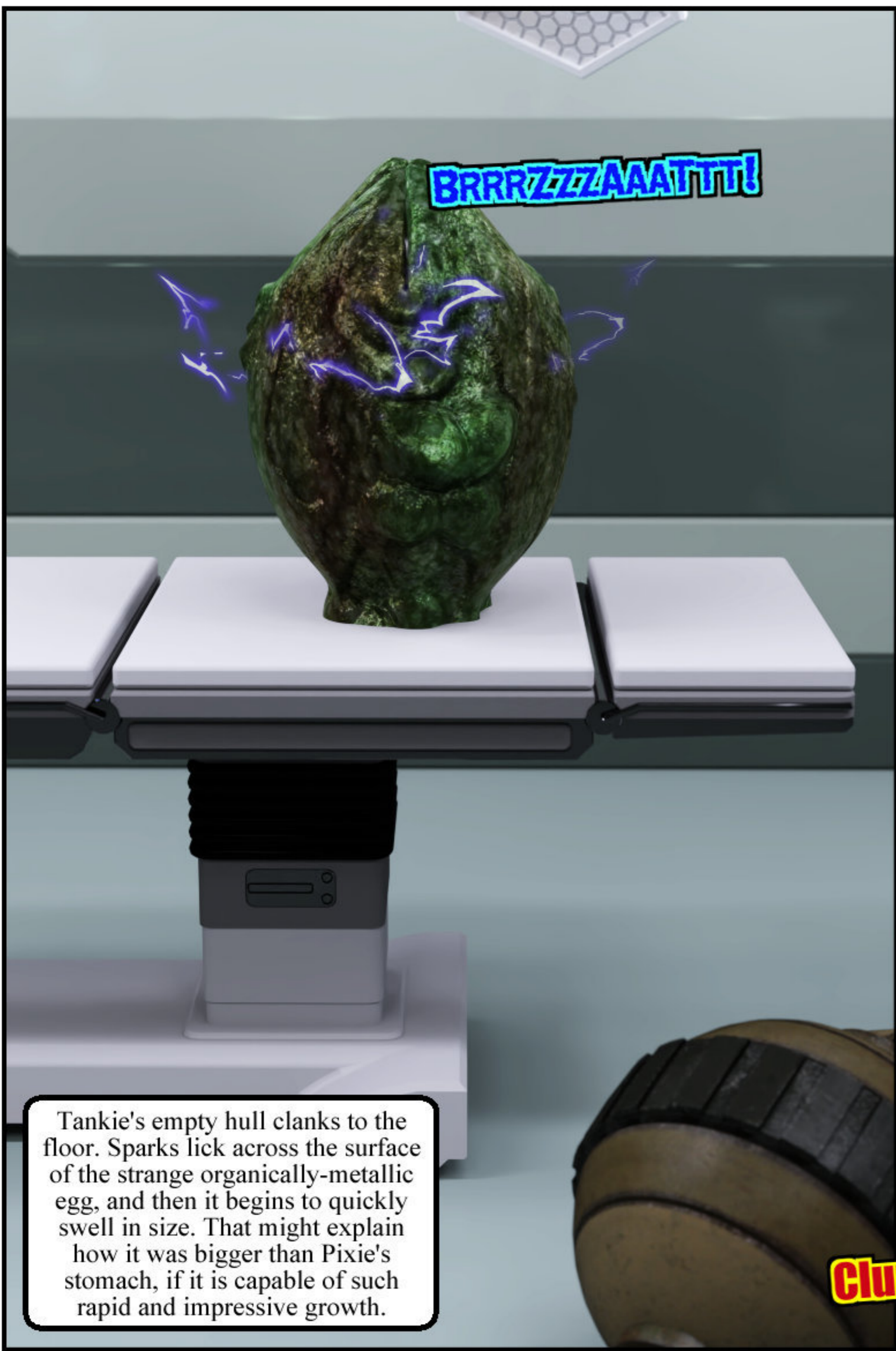




Yes. I believe if I upload my programming into its physical form, then I should be able to take control and use it as a new body. This tiny vessel will not serve my purposes at all. Uploading...  
Upload--

**POWER DOWN!**

Now that he has invaded the internal structure of the egg, Tankie uses his access to the defenseless form hidden inside to upload himself into its body. The cable and plug retract back into his form, as the lights on his robot tank structure dim and go completely black.

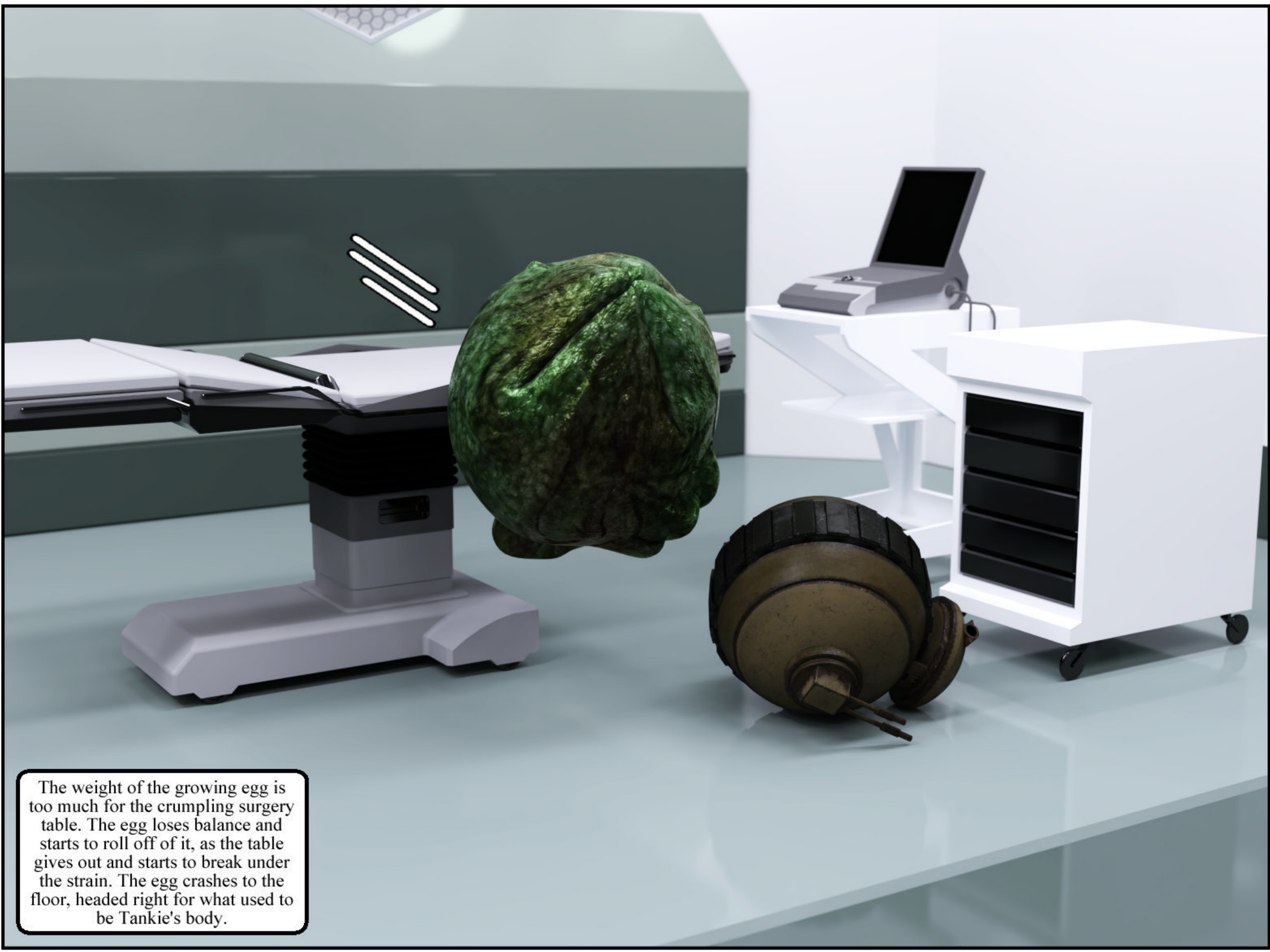


Tankie's empty hull clanks to the floor. Sparks lick across the surface of the strange organically-metallic egg, and then it begins to quickly swell in size. That might explain how it was bigger than Pixie's stomach, if it is capable of such rapid and impressive growth.

**Clunk!**



**CRUNCH!**



The weight of the growing egg is too much for the crumpling surgery table. The egg loses balance and starts to roll off of it, as the table gives out and starts to break under the strain. The egg crashes to the floor, headed right for what used to be Tankie's body.

Tankie's empty hull gets pushed out of the way from the impact, rather than crumpling. The egg hits the floor, rolls around, but soon rights itself. It almost seems to straighten and sit up like a weeble-wobble, then thick roots start to grow out of its bottom and snake across the floor.



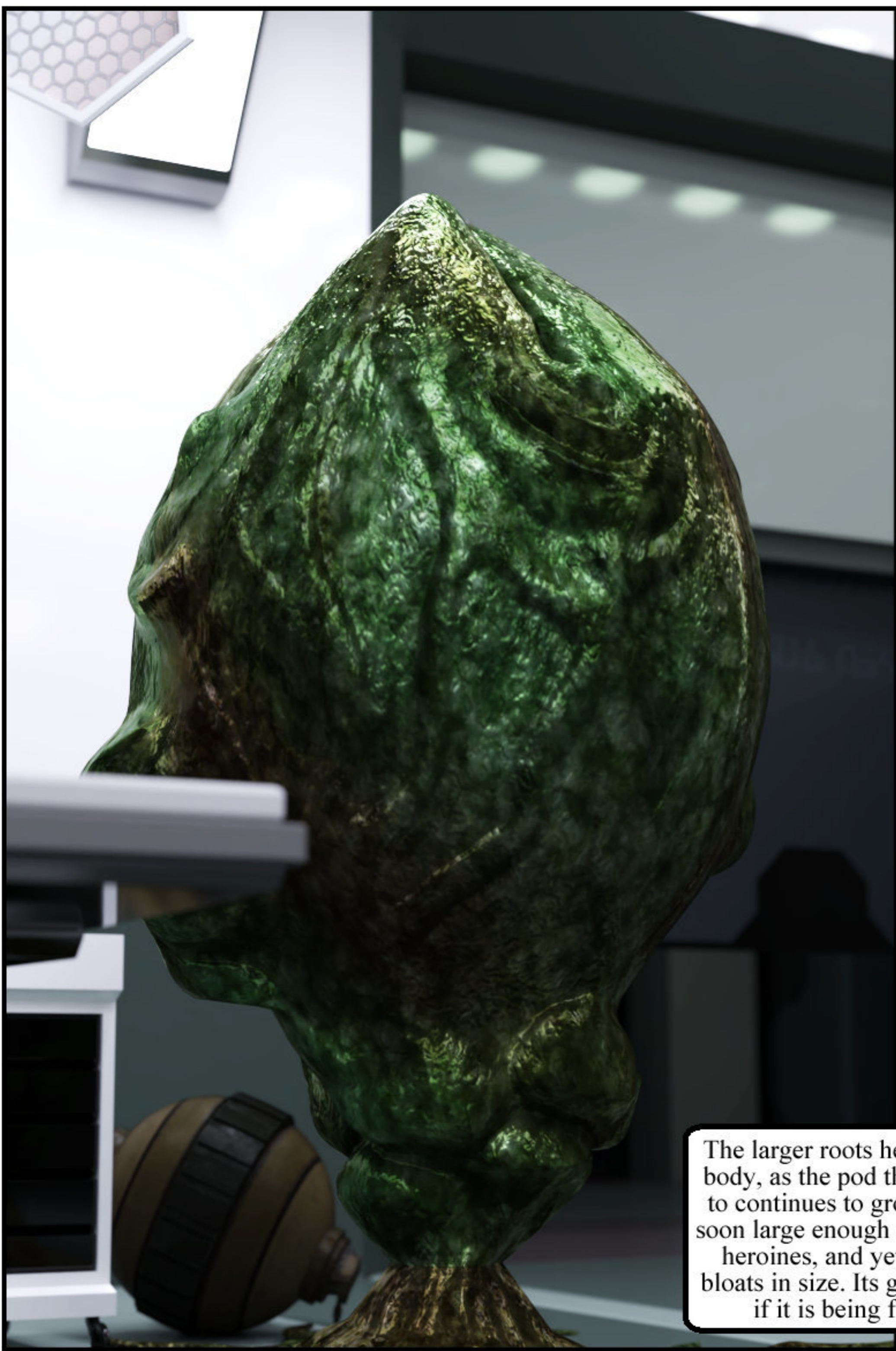


**Englarge!!**

The egg has been growing larger the entire time that it's been falling and rolling along the floor. The process seems to accelerate once it rights itself and sets down roots. It surges in size, as the strange pustules on its side pulse with each increase in its height.



It begins to dominate the room, as the roots continue to snake their way throughout the Med Bay. They grow over and around the furniture, instead of crushing or moving it. The roots also do not grow through the metal floor, just stretch out across its surface.



The larger roots help support the main body, as the pod that they are attached to continues to grow ever bigger. It is soon large enough to contain one of our heroines, and yet it still bulges and bloats in size. Its girth fills outward, as if it is being filled with fluid.

The egg grows until it almost fills the room. The wet, sloppy sounds of its organic components stretching during its growth were horrible, only slightly worse were the metallic pings and pops. Those fade into the background, as the growth seems to stop and the egg stabilizes.





Then a new sound quietly echoes in the room. It's not loud enough to leave the lab, but it is possibly the most disturbing of them all. The egg shivers and shakes, pulsing larger and smaller, as the regular thump of a heart beats from deep inside of the egg. The sound is low and slow.

**Ba-Thump!**

A large, green, textured egg-like object is the central focus of the image. It has a dark vertical line running down its center, possibly representing a crack or a seam. The object is set against a background of a laboratory or medical setting, with a white table and a printer visible on the right side. The overall scene is dimly lit, with a focus on the green object.

At first, but then the pounding of the heartbeat picks up its pace until it is beating as quickly as a human one. Some kind of shape begins to press against the outer skin, deforming and stretching it in weird shapes. It is difficult to discern the outline of what resides inside and is trying to get out.

But then a wet sound of flesh moving is accompanied by the sound of metal tearing, as the top of the egg starts to slowly open. Thick, viscous liquid oozes down the side as the very top of the pod splits in four directions, like the petals of a flower slowly opening.

**SQUELCH!**



Stay tuned!  
Our story will  
continue.