

A KO Victory

If Crisis, a green and blue female robotic anthropomorphic utahraptor is her confidence in her own abilities. Great for leading people, taking command, controlling a world or two as a machine overlord and Mistress. Along her wrists are blue compartments which house the hardware allowing her to use electro-blades to slice through her opponents like cutting a hot knife through butter.

“According to my intelligence, Chaos Croc should be visiting this newly acquired city. When the crowds gather as he parades around how great he is, that is when I’ll get him, and in the chaos of it all, I’ll make my escape,” she thinks moving between alley ways, the wind blowing through the buildings, showing no sign of any damages incurred during the attack that occupied the city.

“Strange... this is too quiet. Where are the people? I know he doesn’t just process them all through roboticizers that is not usually his thing,” she thinks peering across a corner, looking down a long stretch of road that her intel indicated that this was the most likely road he’d take to have his victory parade, yet there is nothing, only a piece of a newspaper rolling down the street. Crisis catches the partial headline, “People Disa...”

Crisis’s blue eyes glow softly, her square gem on her forehead reflecting some of the sunlight as the sun comes and goes on this partly cloudy day, *“I’m going to have to rethink this. Perhaps he’s trying something new here,”* she thinks, taking a step back.

“Hi! Are we doing the sneaking game? You aren’t very good at it are you?” says an anthropomorphic yellow and white female robotic vixen. Her pointed ears are large and angular, eyes big and red with big faux synthetic lips. She smiles and waves, her sleek female design with generous curves gave her a very lustful bimbo-like look, far from threatening, the only peculiar part of her is her tail, which looks more like a clockwork key for an old fashion toy, the handgrips shaped like a pair of yellow and white tails.

Crisis electro-blades instantly activate, the triangular blades sparking the air around them, filling it with the scent of ozone and a soft crackling noise. Despite her taking a defensive stance, ready to fight, the strange bubbly fox simply leans forward, showing off her smooth metallic bust, **“You must be Crisis,”** she says with a giggle, simply ignoring the imminent danger she’s in.

Crisis shoots her a look of utter confusion, **“Yes... Who are you and how do you know my name?”**

“My name is T-KO #55412 and I’m here to distract you!” she responds with another giggle.

“Distract me? What in the world...” Crisis mutters, the realization about to set upon her when the trap is sprung.

“She means me surprise!” exclaims someone from behind. Clank, grind, a whirl of metal on metal grinding, Crisis feels her entire body stiffen and freeze. Her internal systems inform her, **“Unauthorized hardware detected. Authenticating...”**

Coming up from behind Crisis is another bimbo vixen machine with the same wind up tail. Crisis manages to turn her head just enough to see one of those same cog-wheel tails now attached to the base of her segmented metal tail.

“Oh you can still move a bit? You must have a strong willed program. Don’t worry we’ll fix that right up!” giggles T-KO #55412.

“That we will sister,” says the other vixen machine, the yellow and white painted bodies with their glowing red eyes and big eyelashes, and triangular bimbo smile, something about it almost felt... alluring to Crisis before her body stiffened more, **“Let’s take you for a little spin sister, that will fix you right up!”**

“I... I am n-n-not your... your sister!” Crisis exclaims, the vixen twisting the tail like a she is some kind of clockwork windup doll, the tail grinding, digging into her body.

Crisis’ internal systems reporting to her, **“Hardware could not be authenticating. Dropping firewalls to connect.”**

Crisis eyes go wide, **“What?! No. Do not drop those firewalls!”**

“Incompatibility found with unit Crisis. Uploading and executing T-KO.exe.”

Crisis feels a rush of data move through her tail base, body shivering, trying to struggle, the yellow vixen tail spinning around, powering itself, pushing onto Crisis systems and programs, **“No, do not execute. Delete! Delete!”**

“Incompatibility detected. Deleting erroneous files.”

Crisis feels a moment of relief but its quickly squashed, feeling the surge of pleasure yet pressing new programs into her mind, **“Deleting files Crisis.will. Deleting files Crisis.system.self.determination.”**

The viral files move through deleting aspects of Crisis’ programing, new thoughts bubbling up inside of Crisis’ mind, **“I am... I am Crisis... I have to... have... to...”** she mutters, the other vixen sisters watching with their big bimbo smiles, hips swaying sensually while they watch.

“Would you like to merge T-KO.exe with Crisis.exe?” Crisis systems ask.

“No... yes,” Crisis responds eyes flickering, remaining blue when the thought entered her mind.

“Warning. Merging of files may corrupt subsystems. Would you like to proceed?”

“N-yes!” Crisis responds internally, the nanites within her systems beginning to be overrun by the new T-KO program, her metallic hair shifting, changing before the other girls who giggle happily while Crisis remains stiff as a board struggling against the assault on her core programing.

“Merging files... merging... merging... one moment please.”

Crisis struggled, her face shifting, changing, her muzzle growing that forced triangular smile, locking in place, **“I have to...”**

The other two vixens look over Crisis, giggling running their hands across Crisis’ body the tail still spinning, locking into her tail base, flooding the raptor’s systems with more viral data, corrupting, changing her, **“You have to what sister?”** T-KO #55412 asks.

Crisis shudders, pleasure moving through her, her thoughts growing hazy... bubbly like she's an organic that has had a few drinks, not drunk but enough to lower inhibitions, a soft buzz in her mind making it ever more difficult and strenuous to think in complex terms.

"Merging of files complete. Updating OS to Crisis-KO. Have a nice day!" her internal systems giggled. Crisis shifts ever so slightly on her high heeled raptor clawed feet, body ready to burst, pleasure and love filling her mind. Love for her overlord Chaos Croc. Love for her sisters. Love to obey. Love to be with her sisters. The thoughts filling and bubbling forward like an overfilled glass of champagne, mind hazy as if she had too much of it.

The other two girls giggle, watching the last vestiges of Crisis fade away, her hair shifting, changing, forming a pair of pointy vixen ears, with a behind the head metallic hairstyle, the nanites working overtime to adjust her body, adjusting her wrist blades, merging them into her body to give her a plump look, curving her body further, widening the hips, upping her bust by half a cup size, **"I know what you have to do sister,"** says T-KO #55412.

The other vixen gives a feigned look of curiosity, **"You do? Whatever could that be sister?"**

"I bet you know sister," she giggles, the two looking to Crisis the tail spin beginning to slow, the process reaching its completion, **"Let's tell her together!"**

"That's an excellent idea sister!" the other exclaims.

Meanwhile within Crisis' mind, ***"Greetings Crisis-KO. Let's get you all hooked up to our T-KO Network! That way you can be connected to all your sisters! Doesn't that sound great!"*** her internal voice states to her

The new personality sifting into Crisis' mind building upon her current, replacing what is not needed, her mind running on the replaced operating system, the new filters, installation of programs, controls, throttling of her processing power, redirecting it into other areas, ***"That sounds lovely,"*** Crisis-KO giggles.

"Connecting to network, network connection established. Uploading and installing sisterhood.network.obedience Installation complete."

In the real world the two vixen sisters say to Crisis-KO, **"You have to obey!"**

Crisis-KO, lets out a soft giggle, **"That... sounds like a good idea... sister!"**

"Error. Unauthorized hardware detected. Ejecting Crisis.Tail hardware now." With a pop and a klank, Crisis former raptor tail pops out of her, the hole sealing up within moments with the help of her nanites.

T-KO #55412 with her triangular smile giggles asking, **"So why did you sneak in here, sister?"**

Crisis-KO giggles happily swaying her hips, **"Obviously it was to join Master Croc's loyal army of Tails-KO units. Sister!"** she exclaims with glee, her new feminine synthetic eyelashes forming, eyes glowing blue and happy giggling with joy.

T-KO #55412 places her hand on her hip striking a little pose, **"An excellent plan, sister!"**

With a sway of Crisis-KO hips she replies, **“Thank you, Sister! I’d like to get these silly raptor parts off me now though!”**

“Right this way then Sister!” T-KO #55412 says ushering Crisis down the street. The other Tails-KO bot reaches down, picking up Crisis’ former raptor tail.

“I think Master Croc would Like this Trophy! I’ll take it to him!” she blurts out happily, holding the tail in her arms, with a soft metallic grind, walking it over to where Croc is, while Crisis happily follows T-KO #55412 to a massive sports complex.

“Sister why are we going here?” she asks.

“Where else would you go to not think anymore sister?!”

Crisis-KO giggles, nodding with her happy smile, **“But of course! Why didn’t I think of that, sister!”**

“Because Tails-KO, don’t think! We simply obey our Master Croc, sister!” she responds with a giggle, hips swaying side to side, leading Crisis-KO down a ramp to a large processing facility where captured organics are held in cylindrical tubes, wanting to get out before they are zapped with roboticizing energy. Their bodies transformed within a matter of moments from simply organic flesh to clean, curvy, bubbling happily T-KO units! The sight of which makes Crisis-KO shiver in delight, the energy filling her, empowering her.

“Of course, sister! All should be sisters in the end!” Crisis-KO giggles, following T-KO #55412 over to a specialized reprocessing area where one of Crisis’ informants that told her all about this perfect opportunity to capture and get rid of Chaos Croc once and for all already had one of the T-KO tails on her. The synthetic dragon, moving through the factory facility, robotic arms stripping and removing her draconic traits, her silver and red armor plates, replacing them with yellow, white and black vixen armor, converting her to be a perfect clone of all of the other Tails-KO units.

“I could have not said it better myself, sister! Please step on the space here, and we’ll get rid of those icky raptor parts, so you can be a complete Tails-KO just like us!” she exclaims happily, motioning Crisis-KO over to a spot with a giant X that says “Tails-KO processing Starts here! Have a nice day!” with a Tails-KO smiley face.

“Yes, sister!” Crisis-KO replies stepping there, the conveyor belt humming to life, lasers, and metal cutting tools ready to strip Crisis of everything that could be considered part of the aesthetic of her former self when the one voice that could gather the attention of everything Tails-KO in the facility at once, including Crisis-KO spoke with their domineering, wonderful voice that made whatever brains they had left melt in pure joy and servitude, Chaos Croc.

“Stop!” he commands the entire facility, stopping dead in their tracks, some in the process about to throw an organic into a conversion pod, leaving them holding a struggling organic begging to be let go.

A large projection of Chaos Croc, an anthropomorphic green male robotic lizard, synthetic black chair covers his head, with one protective metal plate dashing over half of his face, allowing only one red eye glowing, watching the scene before him. With a synthetic sigh he says, **“I only meant the robotic conversion line that Crisis is on you ditz vixens.”**

“Okie dokie Master Croc!” the girls exclaim in unison, the entire facility resuming from its paused in time position, leaving just Crisis-KO standing there, looking dreamingly up at Chaos Croc with her permanent triangular bimbo smile.

“He’s so dreamy,” Crisis thinks, the holographic projection moving in front of her, giving a “close” inspection.

“You know Crisis that you were a bit of an air head, but I didn’t think you were this much of one for falling for such an obvious trap!” he chuckles.

“That’s right Master, I’m just an airhead,” she giggles happily.

“Too bad the worlds will never know how far you’ve fallen... unless, well I am the boss. Update this Tails-KO with the new razor tail design, then report to me. I want to enjoy my newest conquest. Keep the rest and the colors. I want the world to see you Crisis as my bubbling airhead Tails-KO trophy.”

Crisis-KO happily salutes, **“Okie dokie Master Croc!”**

T-KO #55412 also salutes to Chaos Croc, **“It will be done right away Master.”**

Croc gives a domineering smirk, **“Excellent. Bring her to my quarters ASAP.”**

T-KO #55412 tilts her head, placing a finger on her lips, **“ASAP?”**

Croc gives a defeated sigh, **“As soon as possible.”**

“Oh, why didn’t you say so?! It will be done!”

“Good,” Croc replies, the holograph flickering out.

T-KO #55412 motions Crisis-KO over, **“Come, sister! We have the new prototype tail to give you!”**

Crisis-KO follows, **“Wonderful, sister!”**

They head through the facility to a small R&D area where a line of Tails-KO tails of various types are hanging along the walls. One in particular with a yellow rod, a curved end with white, giving the look like a curved razor blade, their eyes locked onto the tail. **“That’s the one sister!”** they say in unison. They look at each other, giggling happily.

T-KO #55412 grabs the tail, **“Turn around, sister! Croc has given me permission to switch your tail! Isn’t that wonderful?!”**

Crisis-KO turns around, **“It sure is, sister!”**

T-KO #55412 attempts to unlock Crisis-KO’s tail, twisting it in the other direction, but in the process, she drops the prototype tail which wobbles and clanks to the ground, **“Oopsies!”** The first Tails-KO tail unlocks, Crisis freezing up like she did when the tail was first put on her.

Crisis-KO’s internal systems report, **“Error Tails-KO tail attachment lost. Unable to function.”**

T-KO #55412 looks over to Crisis-KO giving a hush hand motion, **“Shh, don’t tell Croc,”** she says, tossing the old tail off to the side, picking up the prototype, locking it into the connection port, giving it a spin, locking it into place.

“New hardware detected. Authenticating. Proto-Tails-KO tail attachment found. Uploading new programs,” Crisis systems inform her, her eyes flickering blue, yellow then blue

again, that happy smile unchanging as the data is streamed into her systems without an ounce of resistance.

Crisis-KO mind went through the data, assimilating it into her, the new tail counterbalancing perfectly, her feathered crest attached to her square jewel glowing, thoughts ideas processing, bimbo in thought, bimbo in logic yet so... clever, **“Say sister?”** she asks.

“Yes sister?” T-KO #55412 looks at her with her big triangular smile.

“Aren’t we the best, sister?!”

“Of course, we are, sister!”

Crisis-KO turns to T-KO #55412, sauntering over her, hips swaying, running fingers across the other vixen’s lips, **“And Master Croc deserves the best, doesn’t he?!”** she asks with a giggle.

“Why of course, Master Croc needs the very best, sister!” T-KO #55412 giggles in response.

“Then Master Croc should be us, shouldn’t he? Then he can be the very best like us sister!”

T-KO #55412 stood there, her mind cranking out the calculations, Crisis-KO’s touch tantalizing the machine, her words seeping into her programing, helping make this most obvious logical jump, **“A wonderful idea, sister! I don’t know why I didn’t think of it before!”**

“That’s why I’m here sister, to help with that thinking. I have an idea, come, it won’t take long,” Crisis-KO says, leading T-KO #55412 to another part of the prototype lab...

Elsewhere Croc his arms crossed, foot tapping on the ground with a metallic clank, **“Where are my girls... Can’t get good mind-controlled bimbo help these days,”** he says, looking over a multi-panel view screen, showing various parts of the city, all focused on sleek and well-designed female machines, **“Ah, it’s good to be me. The original would have had my metallic hide if she saw this,”** he says with a smirk, the doors down the needlessly long hallway open, revealing Crisis-KO with the happy triangular smile on her face, **“It’s about damn time. I may be immortal, but I don’t have all the time in the world,”** Croc states turning to her.

Crisis-KO approaches with wide swaying hips, **“Apologies Master, it won’t happen again,”** she responds with a giggle approaching him.

Croc grins, **“You always try to defeat me, yet you are always the one finding yourself defeated. I think you really like to serve me,”** Croc says getting closer, looking over her.

“Why would anyone want to fight you Master Croc? Whoever does that must be a dumb dumb!” she exclaims.

Croc runs his metal claws along Crisis’ bust, reaching around, giving a firm grope while getting behind her, other hand grasping the unique Tails-KO tail.

“I couldn’t have agreed more,” he says leaning in close, his segmented light green metal tail slipping between Crisis-KO’s legs, gently grinding against her smooth metallic crotch, **“I think I will keep you in your raptor colors, my little Crisis-KO. A trophy servant for my**

personal collection,” Croc says, leaning in close against her body, giving Crisis-KO’s breasts a fully lewd grope, while keeping his tail grinding between her legs.

With that permanent triangular grin Crisis-KO replies, **“Okie dokie Master! Your wish is my command!”** she replies, leaning back against him, claws gently caressing Croc’s chin, sliding up along his head underneath his black synthetic latex hair. Like a magician she pulls out a viral chip, latching it onto the back of Croc’s head.

Croc’s red lights flicker for a moment, he twitches a little, feeling a tingle in his mind but is quickly distracted by Crisis-KO’s fingers trailing on his chin and face, their glowing eyes meet.

“Tell me Master Croc, what is your command?!”

“Well that’s easy my little Crisis-KO, its...” Croc trails off his mind growing hazy. He stumbles back rubbing the back of his head, fingers touching the chip, his eyes widening, about to try to remove it, **“Why you...”** he trails off.

“What is it Master Croc?! What is your command?!” she asks with a giggle hips swaying watching Croc struggle against the flow of programming into his mind.

Croc struggles, the sensation, feeling to stare at the lovely Crisis-KO filling him. **“She is so lovely. So wonderful... I should, no wait I need to fight this... fight this urge to... not listen to her. I want to listen. I want to obey,”** Croc thinks, **“I command you to tell me what to do, Crisis-KO.”**

Crisis-KO giggles happily, **“Okie dokie Master Croc. Your wish is my command! This is going to be swell,”** she says, **“I command you to become a Tails-KO unit just like me. Doesn’t that sound swell Master?!”**

Croc can’t help but smile and nod, **“That sounds swell, Crisis-KO, lead the way!”**

“Okie dokie!” Crisis-KO says, guiding Croc through his in-construction home away from home, back to the processing center, **“We’ll get you a nice new Tails-KO tail, and upgrade your chassis so you look as bimbo like me! A wonderful sister unit!”**

“That sounds great Crisis-KO,” says Croc, his body and mind helplessly bound to obey and go along with anything that is said to him by Crisis-KO. A little avatar of himself far in the back of his mind, bound and locked screaming at the top of his little synthetic lungs which no one can hear, not even himself.

“Damn you Crisis! How could you do this to me! I’m the great and wonderful awesome Chaos Croc! I can’t be turned into a Tails-KO unit... again! You know how long it takes to get this undone! Even if it looks sexy, I have worlds to take over and more raptors like you to enslave! You are such a clever girl thinking you can get away with this! I will make you pay Crisis! Make you PAY!”

“Hello Chaos Croc, ready to become a wonderful sister?” T-KO #55412 asks holding up a specialized Tails-KO tail with the twin ends, but with a distinct green marking at the end.

Crisis-KO says, **“She sure is!”**

Croc smiles, **“I sure am!”**

T-KO #55412 nods, **“Okie dokie,”** she says, slamming the Tails-KO base at the base of Chaos Croc’s tail, Crisis-KO moving behind him, giving the tail a twirl, grinding it into him. The nanites flood into Chaos Croc’s body, overriding and converting his programming, altering his code.

Chaos Croc helpless to do anything, simply standing there, a big triangular smile forming on his face, red lipstick at the base, his eye cover, puffing out like a curling hair revealing his other red glowing eye. The black hair curving outwards matching Crisis-KO's altered green metal hair, followed by a sudden pop of tail angular vixen ears. The tail spinning behind Chaos-KO, finishing the addition, Chaos Croc's former tail popping out, the hole covering up, the spinning tail finishing.

"Now do you feel now, sister?!" asks Crisis-KO.

"I feel swell, thank you sister!" Croc-KO replies with a giggle.

"Let's get you fixed up and replace those icky male parts with a nice female body. Let's keep your colors too, you'd make a good trophy for me," Crisis-KO giggles.

"Okie dokie Mistress!" Croc-KO responds, being led by Crisis-KO to the same conveyor belt she was on only hours earlier,

"Enjoy your upgrades!"

"You betcha I will, sister!" Croc-KO says, the machinery coming to life, Croc's body altered and shifted through nanites, mechanical wonders, a hefty green top, black bottom breasts forged, his waist thinned out, segmented metal, hips widening in comparison, thighs thickening, gaining a sensual look, her feet reformed into high heeled boots, attaching to her hips, a long flowing rubber cap with a green outline, finishing the ensemble that is permanently welded onto her new body.

Crisis-KO with her matching triangular green waits at the end of the conveyor belt, giggling with joy, **"My, my, don't you look swell, sister!"**

Croc-KO steps off hips swaying the waist high cap flowing behind her, the Tails-KO tail above it, glowing red oval above her chest, long eyelashes, adding to her bimbo sexual look, **"Thank you, sister! It's good to have an older sister like you to watch after us!"**

Crisis-KO giggles, **"Older sister knows best!"** she says the two standing side by side, filled with joy and desire to the other Tails-KO units already under their control, with Crisis-KO in the lead, their only driving desire now is to make everyone a wonderful sister...

With a hiss, two pods open up across from each other, Crisis and Chaos Croc spring out of their respective pods panting heavily, looking over themselves, not even noticing the other for the first few moments.

"Damn that Croc, tricking me and doing that to my minion! But at least I got him before I got out," Crisis says.

"Damn that Crisis, tricking me with my own Tails-KO unit. Trying to bring them under control will be a pain in my tail. But at least I got her out of it..."

The two machines look up, Crisis looking much like she did before but without the high heeled boots, while Croc looks of an older design both eyes visible, no synthetic hair to speak of, **"Why are you here?!"** they exclaim.

"This is my taken over recovery pod system that I grabbed when I took back my home world," Crisis explains.

“That explains the older body design... this is going to take a while to fix... wait why am I even at this place? You kept my old bodies?”

“Yeah, why wouldn’t I?”

Croc shoots Crisis a look, **“That’s... just weird.”**

“Look who’s talking I fondle the female breasts.”

“Like you minded it.”

If Crisis could blush, she would at this moment, **“Why you... you know. How about we call this one a tie?”**

“A tie where I won.”

Crisis shoots him a look.

Croc sighs, **“Fine. Truce for a week?”** he asks, holding out his hand.

“Truce for a week,” she replies shaking it, both of them crossing their fingers behind their back, **“So what will you do about the Tails-KO units that are now no longer under your control?”**

“Eh, it’ll be fine. What can a bunch of bimbo bots really do?” Croc replies, Crisis leading him to a trans-dimensional teleporter to send him back on his way. Another day, another adventure between two friends/arch-nemeses.