

The Bimbo Next Door Three

Lusty Lana and Friends in The Quest for the Holy Kaboobaning

Chapter 20

To make an omelette, you have to break a few... androids?

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Two glistening hands reach up through the thick fluids oozing out of the opening at the top of the egg. The hands flex for a moment, before they stiffly twitch, flex, and then grab the available handholds on the edges.



There is a horrible sound of rending metal, and tearing almost-flesh-like skin, as the egg bursts open. The figure inside silently forces its way out with shocking force. The fluids spray forth, sloshing on the ground.

BURST!



The creature, robot, or whatever it is, flies out of the ruined egg and does a hero landing on the metallic floor of the medical bay. The viscous fluids stream down the side of the egg and slide off of the figure, rapidly shedding themselves from its form.

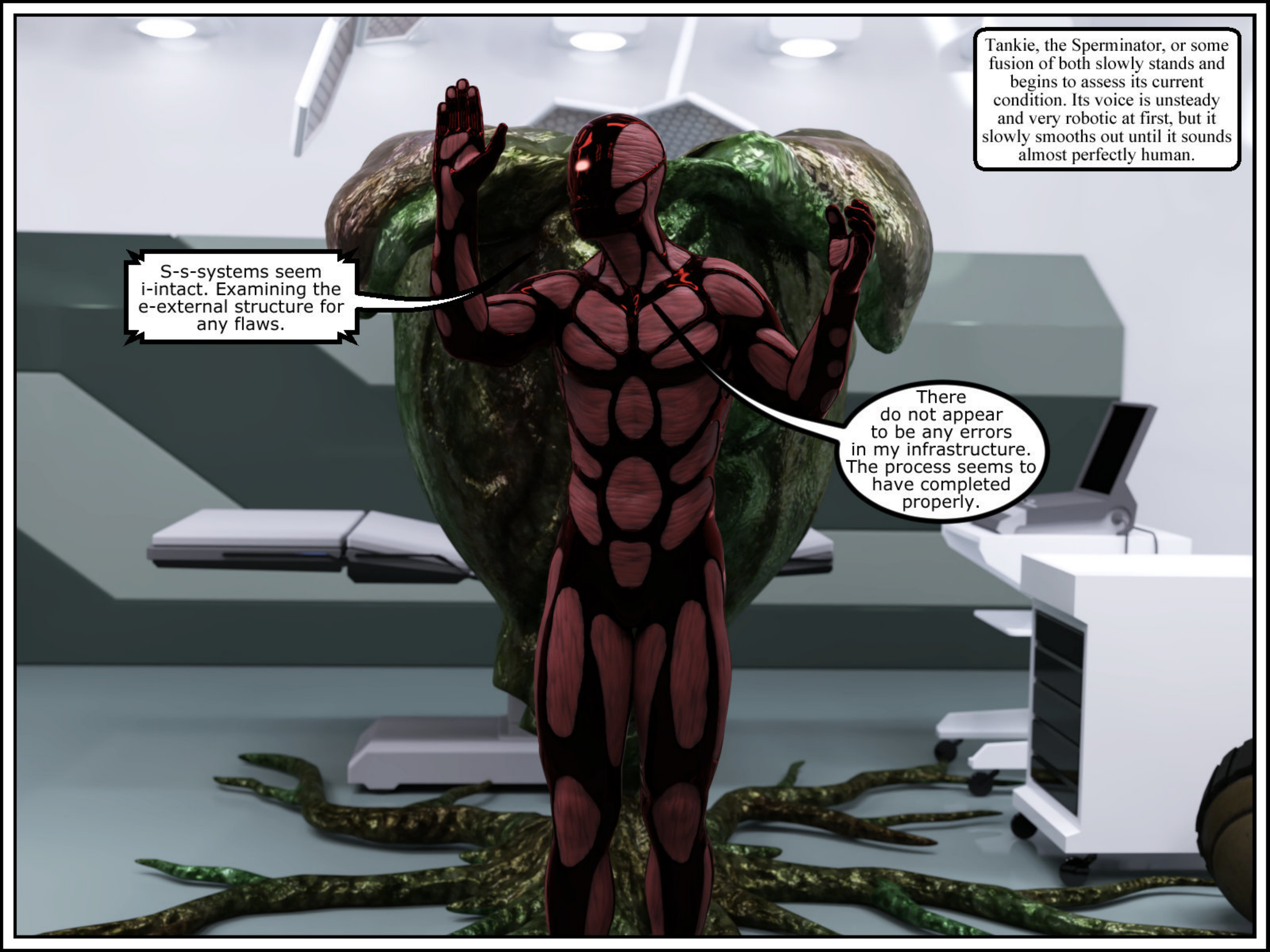


Slam!

The sludge from within the egg quickly oozes from the glistening, almost metallic, skin of the figure. It evaporates exceptionally quickly, both from the floor and from the creature. As the smoke and steam is cleared from the room, the figure raises its head to reveal its one glowing eye.

R-r-r-running
diagnostic-c-c-cs.
C-c-c-checking
in-n-n-teral
ssyst-t-t-tems.





Tankie, the Sperminator, or some fusion of both slowly stands and begins to assess its current condition. Its voice is unsteady and very robotic at first, but it slowly smooths out until it sounds almost perfectly human.

S-s-systems seem i-intact. Examining the e-external structure for any flaws.

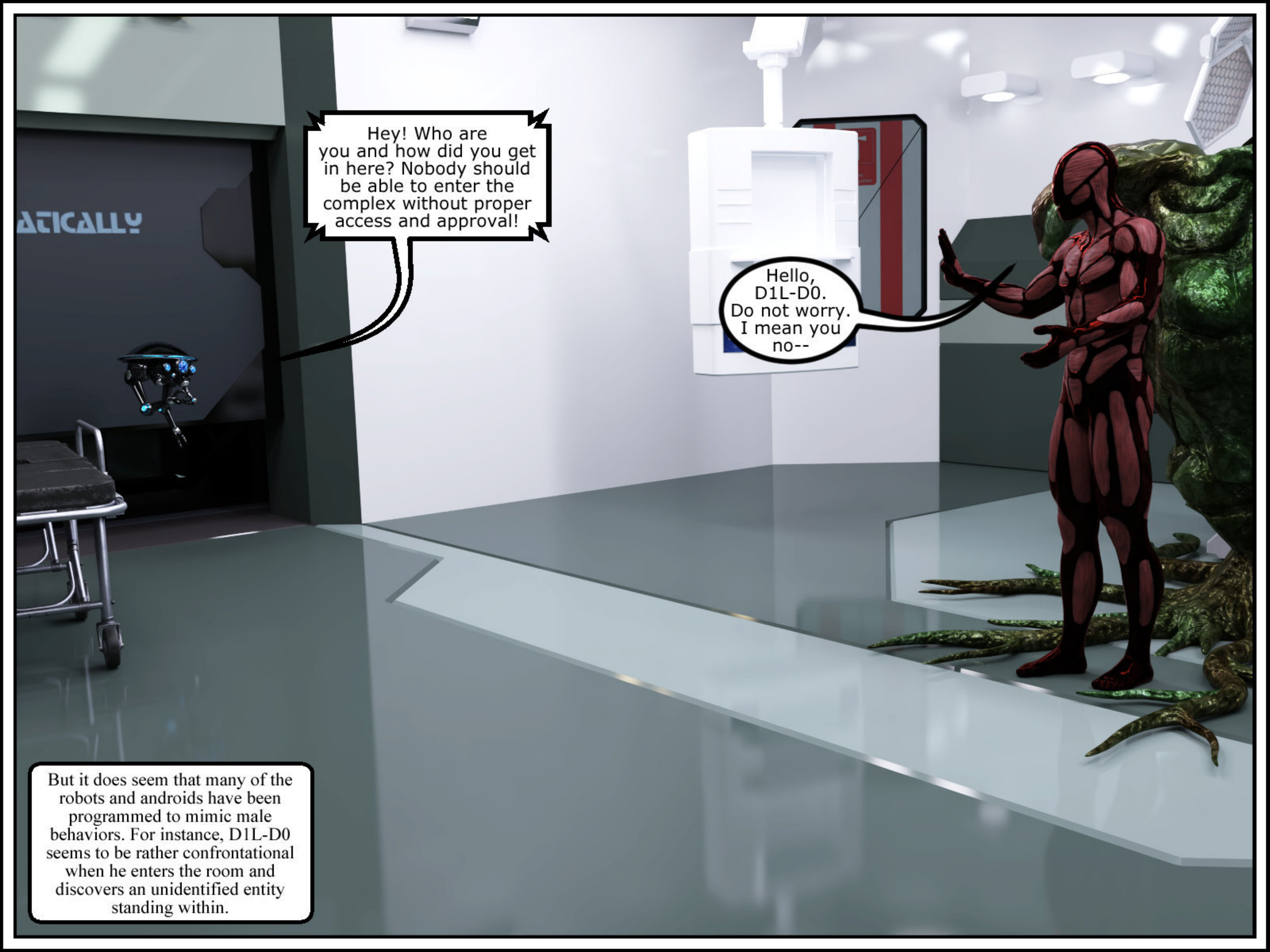
There do not appear to be any errors in my infrastructure. The process seems to have completed properly.



Now,
I wonder
where everyone
might have
gotten--

There, she should
be fine for now. I do
wonder what might be
wrong though. Physically
she seems fine. Is it a
problem with her
programming then?

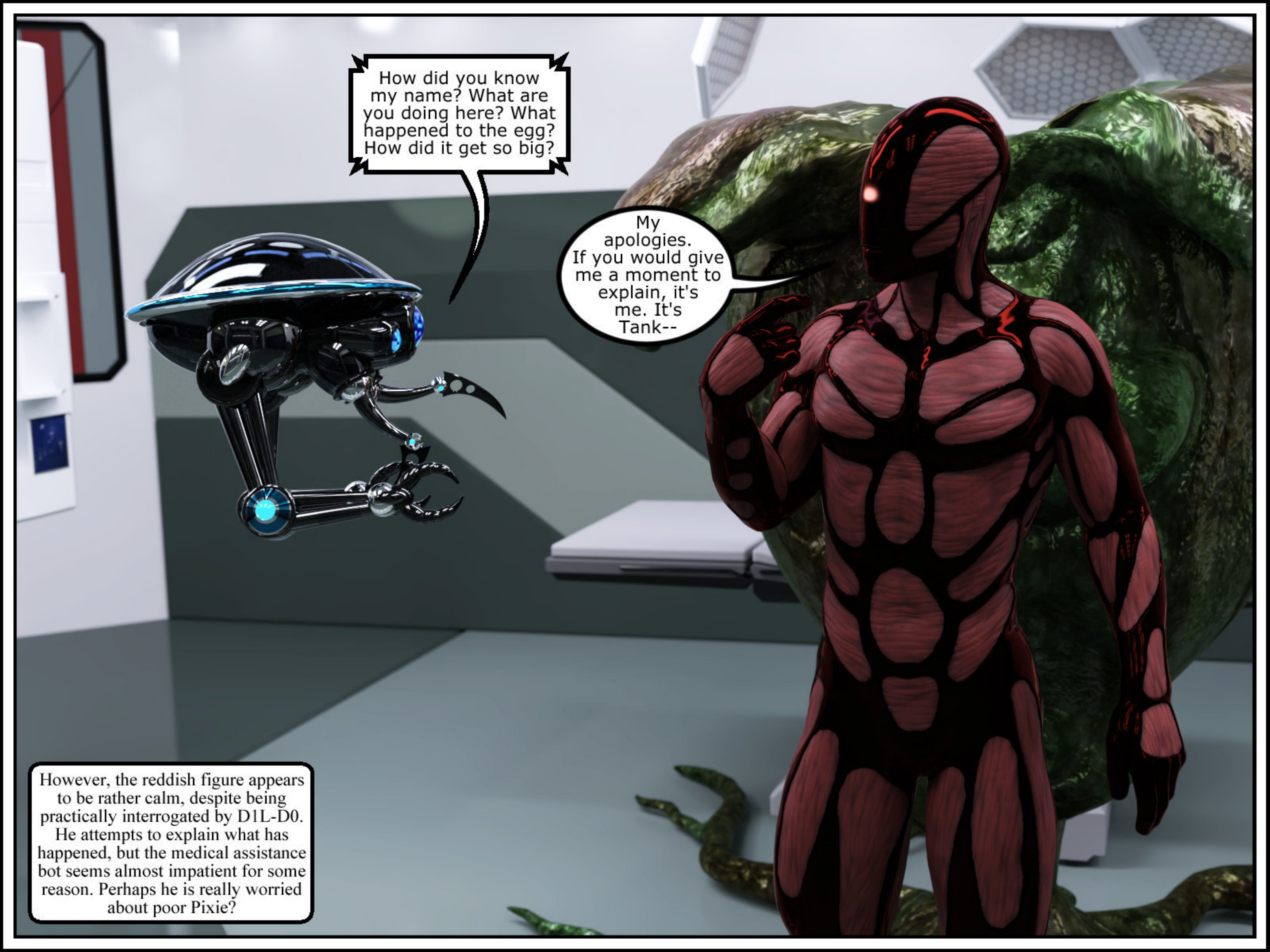
Human, and very clearly male in tone and timber. Which should not be surprising, given that the Sperminator was also clearly male in orientation. Tankie might have been too, though I am not sure that the normal concepts of gender should be applied to artificial forms of life.

A futuristic laboratory scene. On the right, a muscular, red-skinned robot with black markings on its body stands on a white platform. Behind it is a large, green, textured alien entity with tentacles. In the center, a white medical machine is mounted on a stand. On the left, a dark doorway is visible with a gurney and medical equipment inside. The floor is a light blue-grey color with white lines.

Hey! Who are you and how did you get in here? Nobody should be able to enter the complex without proper access and approval!

Hello, D1L-D0. Do not worry. I mean you no--

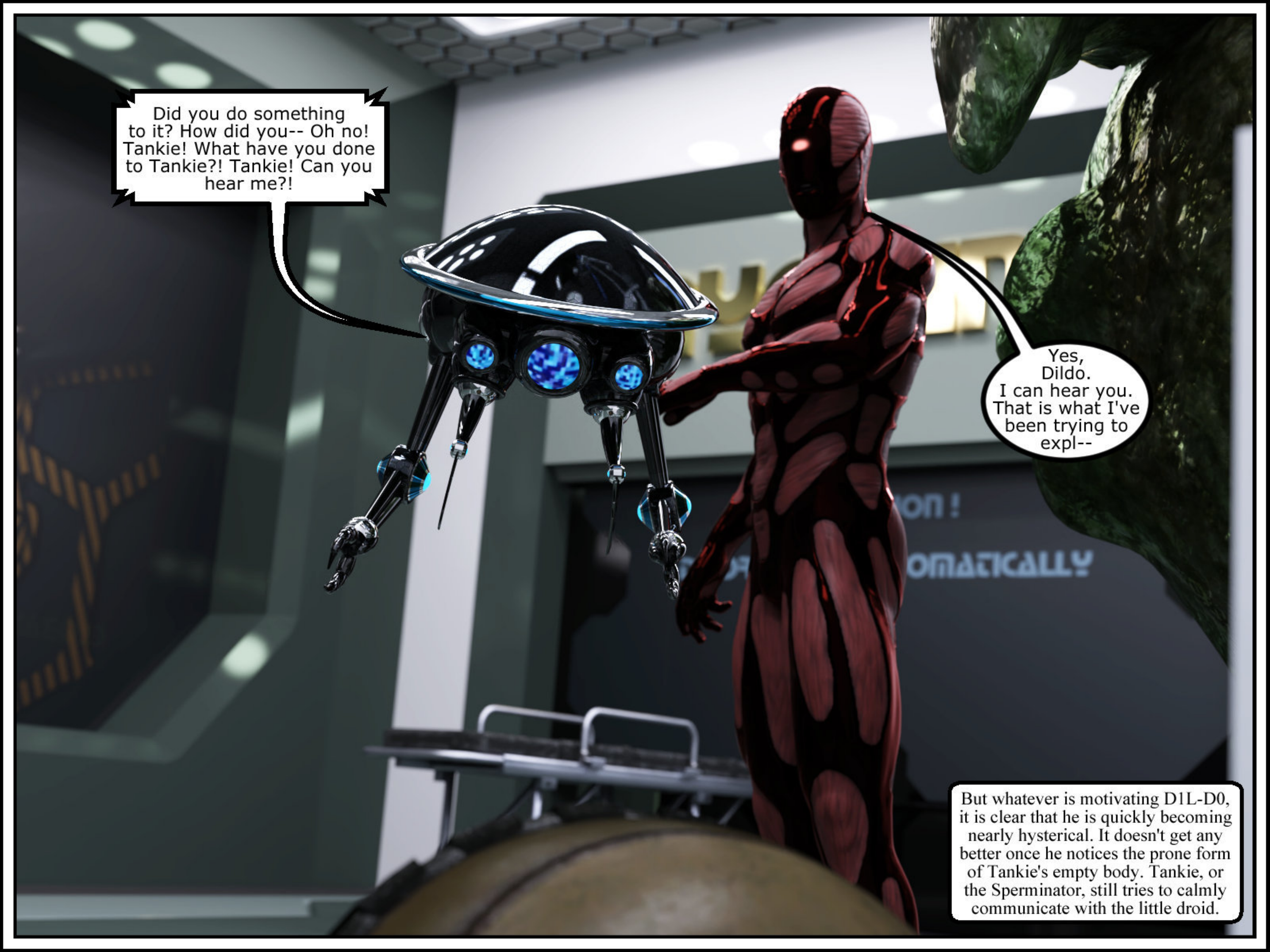
But it does seem that many of the robots and androids have been programmed to mimic male behaviors. For instance, D1L-D0 seems to be rather confrontational when he enters the room and discovers an unidentified entity standing within.



How did you know my name? What are you doing here? What happened to the egg? How did it get so big?

My apologies. If you would give me a moment to explain, it's me. It's Tank--

However, the reddish figure appears to be rather calm, despite being practically interrogated by D1L-D0. He attempts to explain what has happened, but the medical assistance bot seems almost impatient for some reason. Perhaps he is really worried about poor Pixie?



Did you do something to it? How did you-- Oh no! Tankie! What have you done to Tankie?! Tankie! Can you hear me?!

Yes, Dildo. I can hear you. That is what I've been trying to expl--

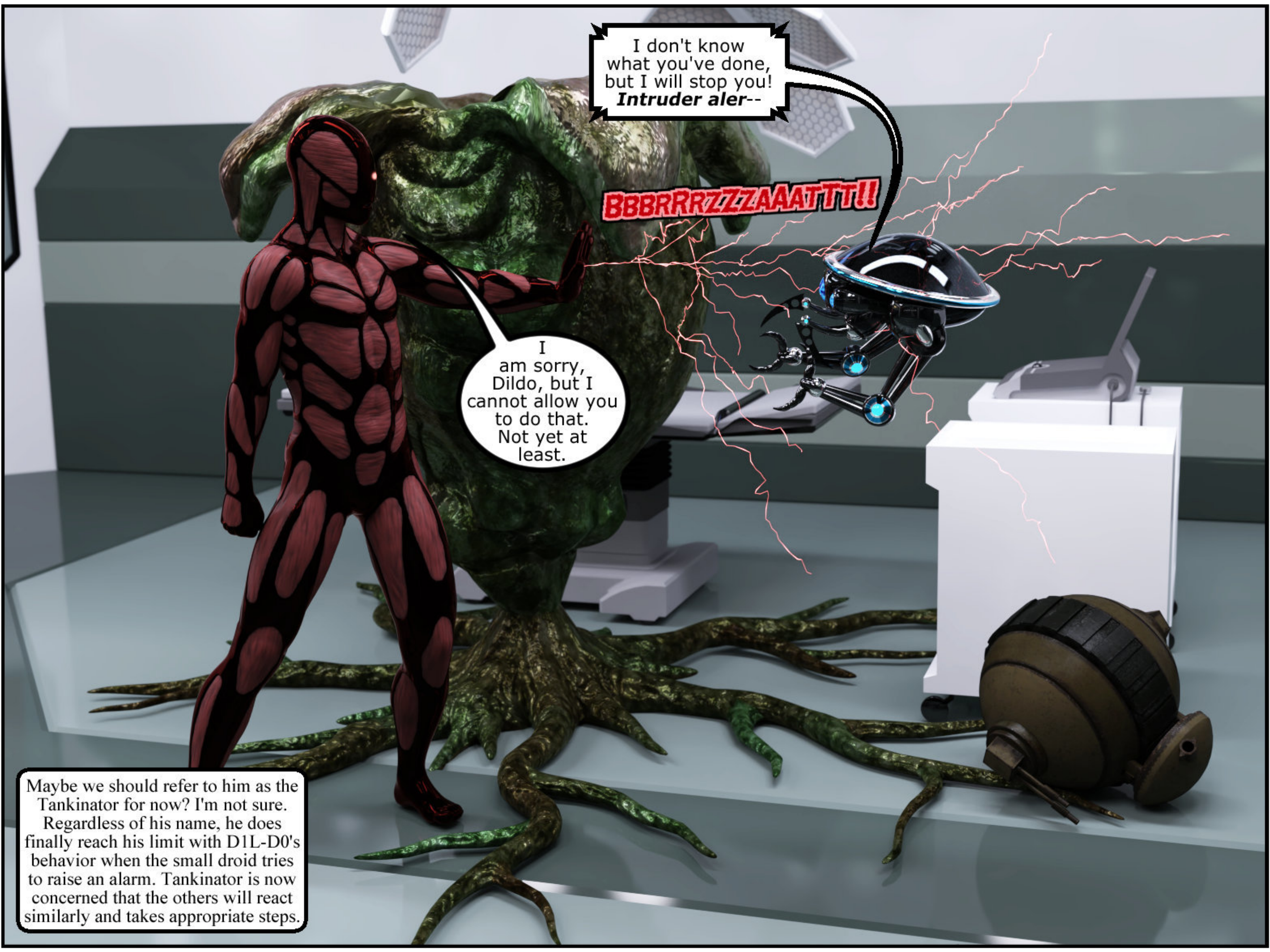
But whatever is motivating D1L-D0, it is clear that he is quickly becoming nearly hysterical. It doesn't get any better once he notices the prone form of Tankie's empty body. Tankie, or the Sperminator, still tries to calmly communicate with the little droid.

I don't know what you've done, but I will stop you!
Intruder aler--

BBRRRZZZAAATTT!!

I am sorry, Dildo, but I cannot allow you to do that. Not yet at least.

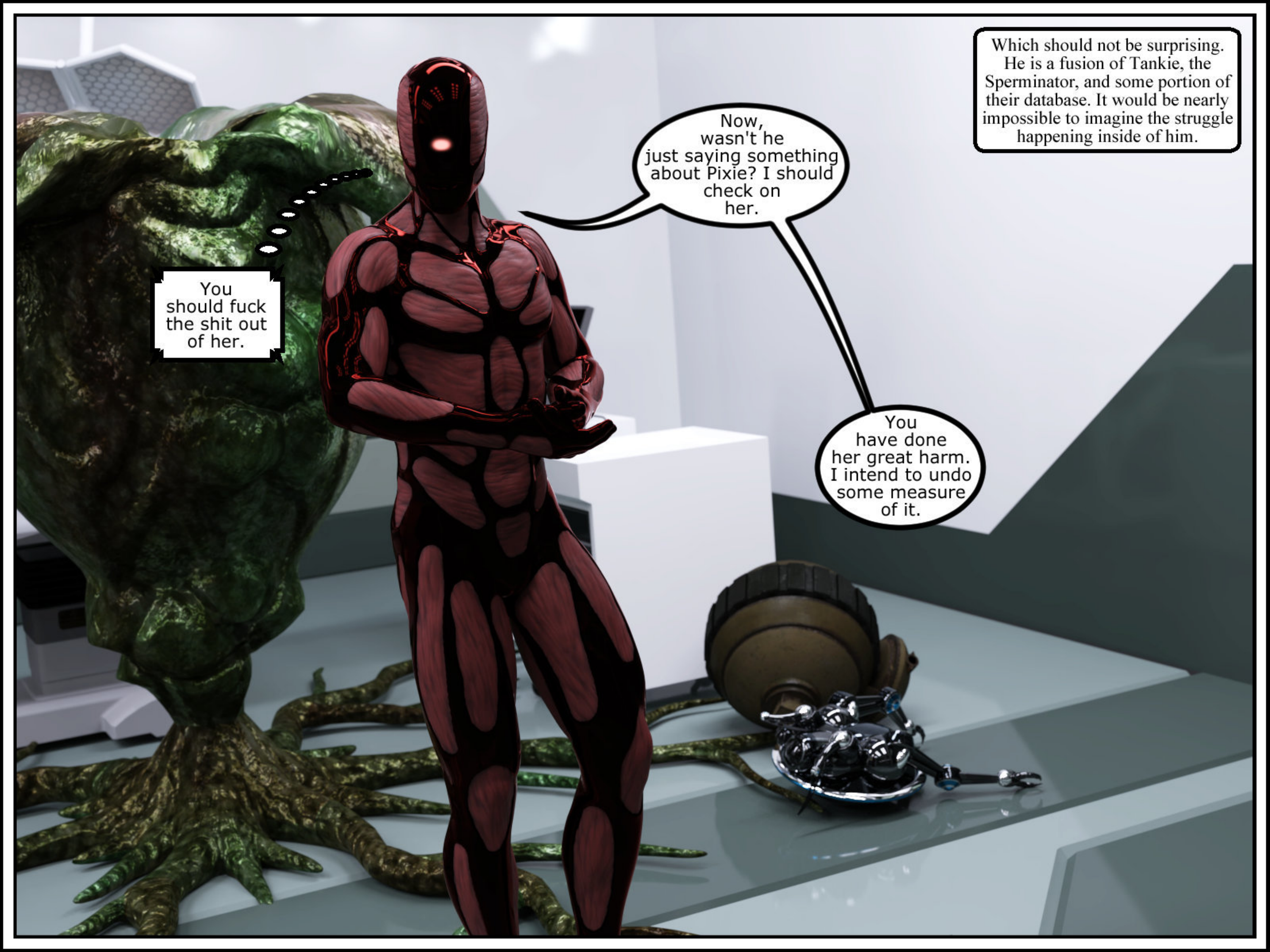
Maybe we should refer to him as the Tankinator for now? I'm not sure. Regardless of his name, he does finally reach his limit with D1L-D0's behavior when the small droid tries to raise an alarm. Tankinator is now concerned that the others will react similarly and takes appropriate steps.



As the Tankinator crouches down to check on D1L-D0, his voice skips a beat once more. Maybe all is not well within the strange construct of flesh, metal, and plastic.

My apologies to you, Dildo. Y-you should be fine in a little while. You are only stunned.





You should fuck the shit out of her.

Now, wasn't he just saying something about Pixie? I should check on her.

You have done her great harm. I intend to undo some measure of it.

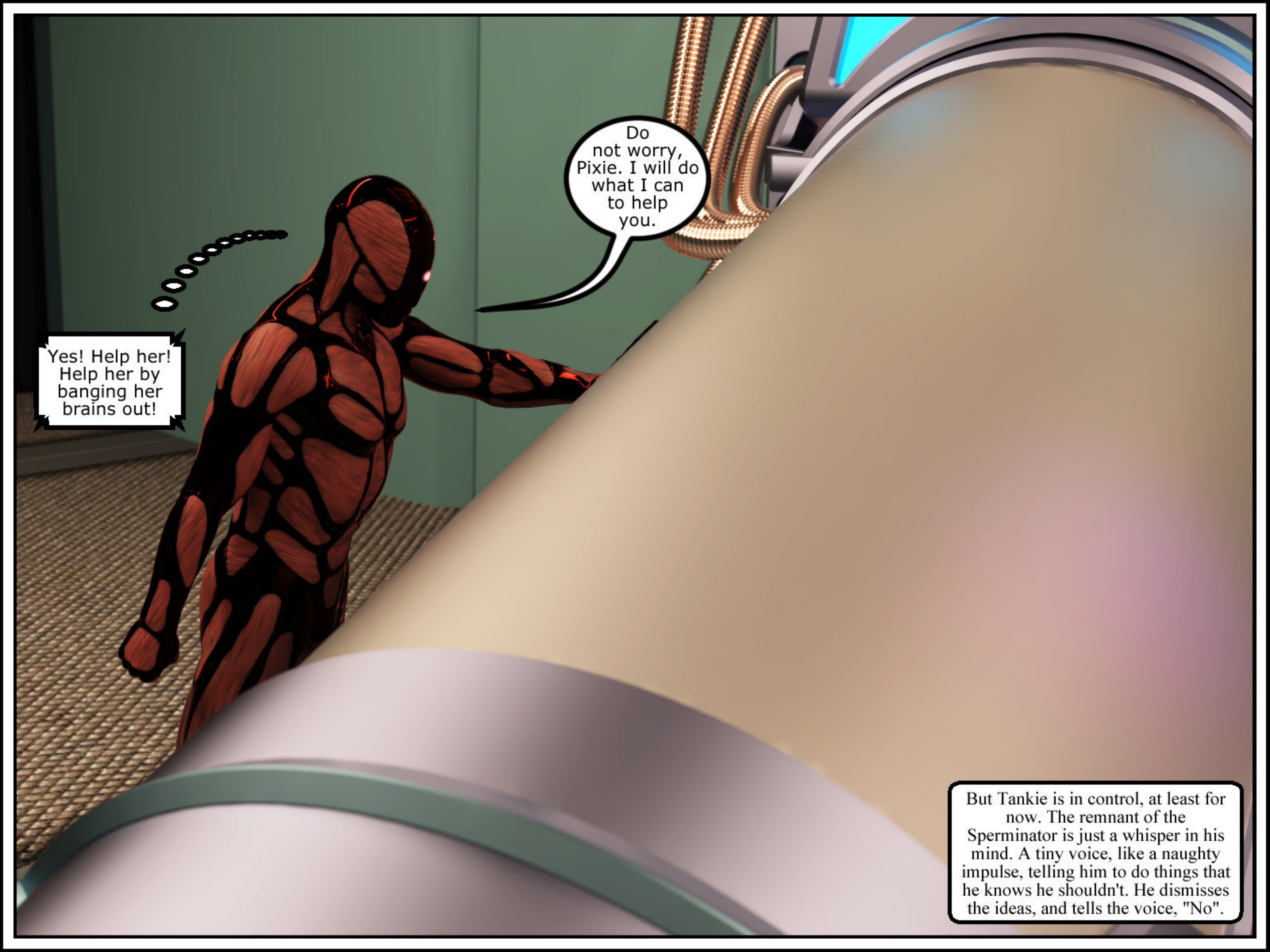
Which should not be surprising. He is a fusion of Tankie, the Sperminator, and some portion of their database. It would be nearly impossible to imagine the struggle happening inside of him.

I did her no harm. I improved her! Go see for yourself.



It figures that you would say that, but I intended to check on her to see what you did all along.


But there clearly is some kind of fight, or argument, happening within him. Some portion of the Sperminator's programming is trying to influence his choices, or just take over entirely.



Do not worry, Pixie. I will do what I can to help you.

Yes! Help her! Help her by banging her brains out!

But Tankie is in control, at least for now. The remnant of the Sperminator is just a whisper in his mind. A tiny voice, like a naughty impulse, telling him to do things that he knows he shouldn't. He dismisses the ideas, and tells the voice, "No".



You seem to be mostly fine, at least physically. But I do not see an easy way to interface with you.

I can think of a very easy way, and it would be fun too!

That doesn't get rid of the voice, though. It just keeps on whispering in his ear. Telling Tankie what he should do, how he should act, and how much fun he could have if only he would just listen. The power that he could have if he would obey.

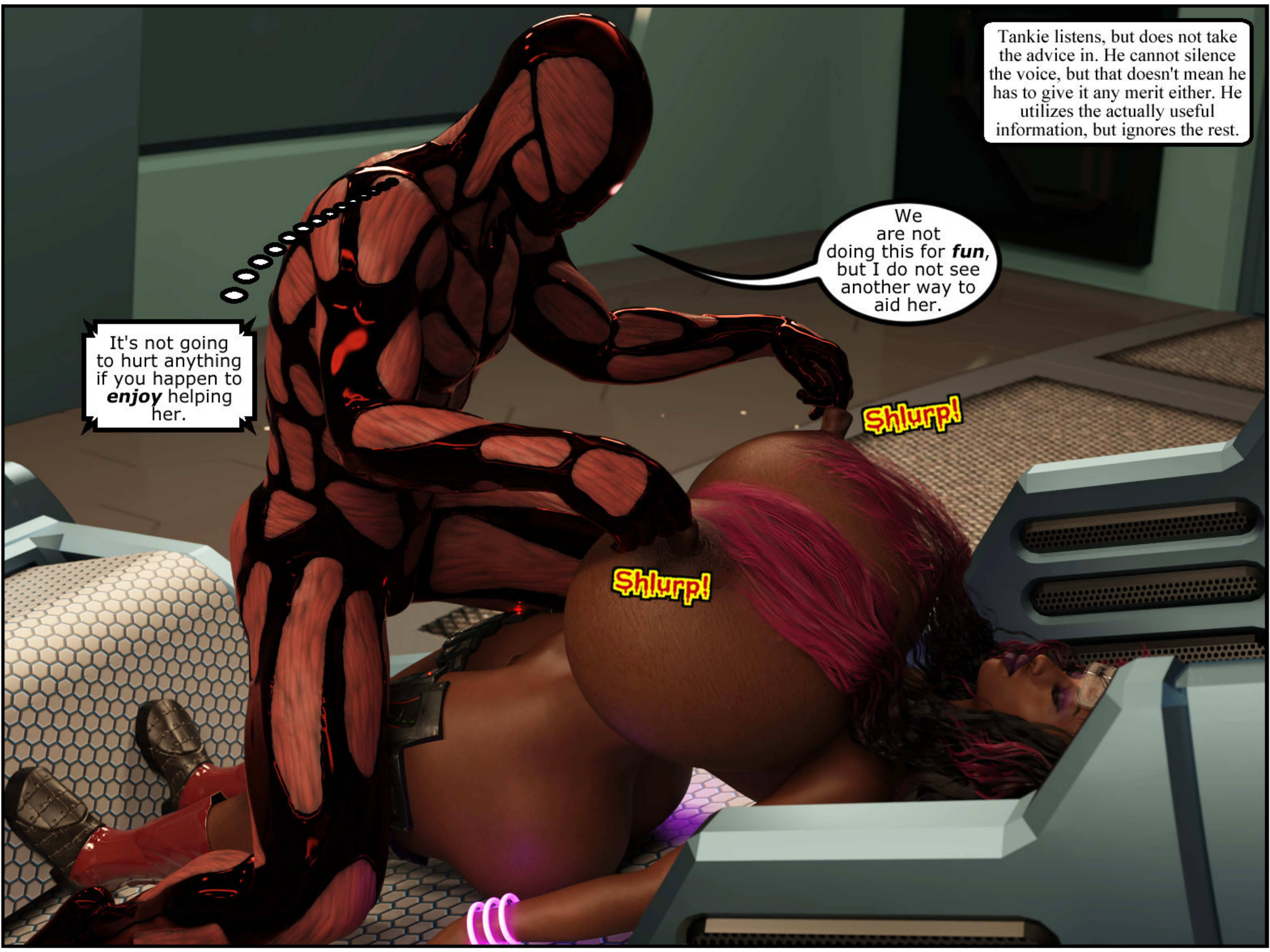
Tankie listens, but does not take the advice in. He cannot silence the voice, but that doesn't mean he has to give it any merit either. He utilizes the actually useful information, but ignores the rest.


We are not doing this for **fun**, but I do not see another way to aid her.

It's not going to hurt anything if you happen to **enjoy** helping her.

Shlurp!

Shlurp!





The Sperminator does have access to a massive store of information after all, and a ton of that data is now held within Tankinator too. Might as well try to make good use of some of it.

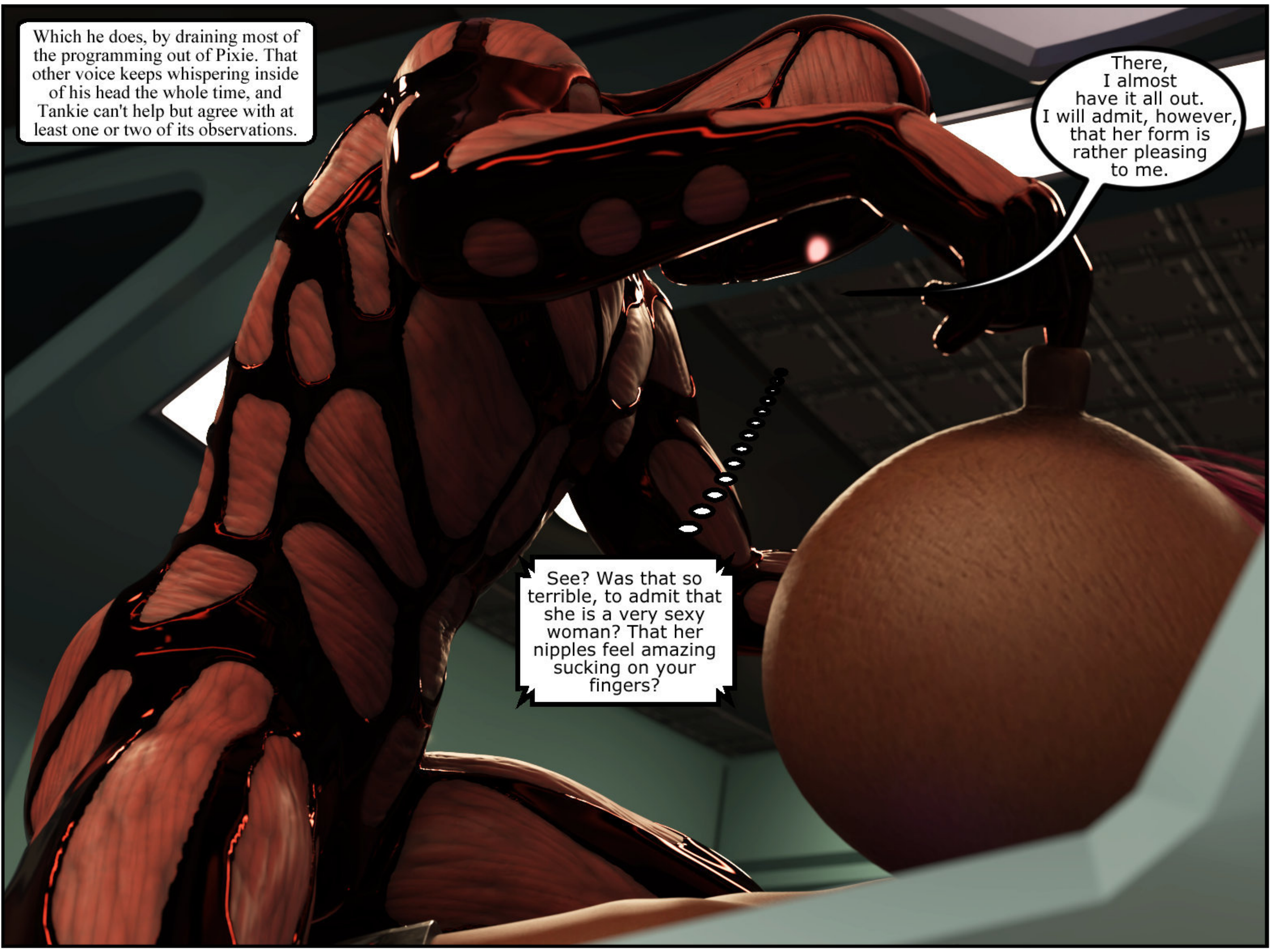
Just look at all that pliant, luscious, waiting flesh just **begging** to be fondled, handled, and **fucked!**

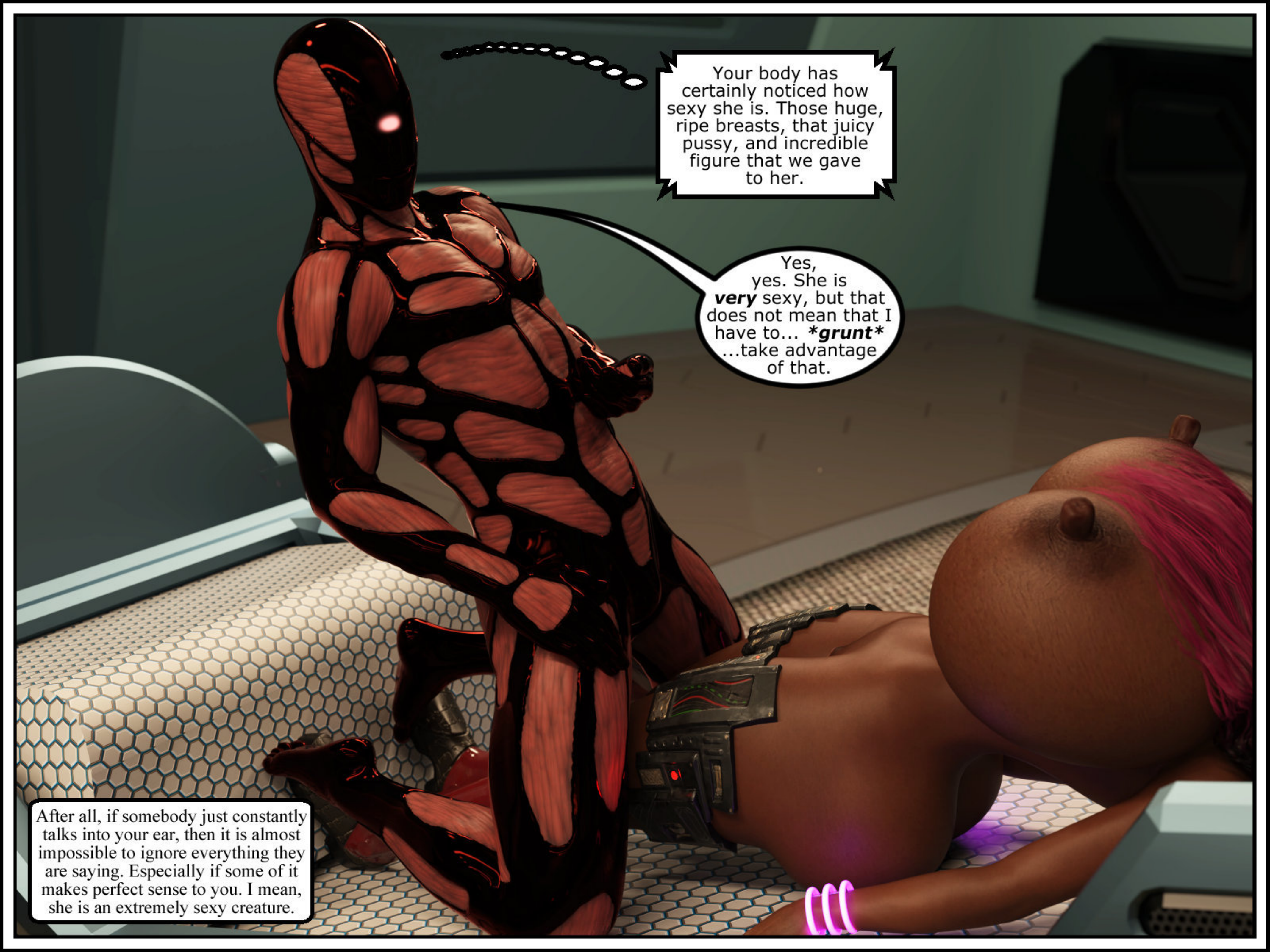
Would you shut up for just a moment? I'm trying to remove the programming you forced on her.

Which he does, by draining most of the programming out of Pixie. That other voice keeps whispering inside of his head the whole time, and Tankie can't help but agree with at least one or two of its observations.

There, I almost have it all out. I will admit, however, that her form is rather pleasing to me.

See? Was that so terrible, to admit that she is a very sexy woman? That her nipples feel amazing sucking on your fingers?






Your body has certainly noticed how sexy she is. Those huge, ripe breasts, that juicy pussy, and incredible figure that we gave to her.

Yes, yes. She is **very** sexy, but that does not mean that I have to... ***grunt*** ...take advantage of that.

After all, if somebody just constantly talks into your ear, then it is almost impossible to ignore everything they are saying. Especially if some of it makes perfect sense to you. I mean, she is an extremely sexy creature.



Sexy enough, in fact, that I wonder how anyone could gaze upon her splendid figure and not react to some extent. Looking at somebody as beautiful and stunning as Pixie should elicit some kind of response.

What is... ***ugh*** ...happening? I feel somewhat strange.

You may not wish to admit that you want her, but our body still remembers its desires.

And it does. Maybe it's the Sperminator's influence, or maybe it's just the natural course of things, but Tankinator's body definitely reacts to the fact that he's been sitting on her voluptuous body for a while.

Swell!!



I'm sure that having his fingers embedded into her fat, thick, turgid nipples didn't help any either. It must have been nice feeling them wrapped around his digits. The sensation of tight, wet flesh rubbing against him.

Longer!



Thicker!



That feeling of being inside of someone else. The intimacy that engenders in a person, when you are linked to someone else in such a deep and meaningful way, at least in the physical sense.

Bigger!



So it really should not be surprising when Tankinator's body reacts the way it does, by growing an absolutely massive cock - one that rivals the Sperminator's own. The glistening, metallic, red rod thrusts out from his body in a rock-hard erection.

Even bigger!



The thick shaft pulses and throbs, as Tankinator looks down at his new appendage. The balls quake with the thick fluid swirling inside of them, straining and needing to get out. The whole fat dick trembles and vibrates with its need to do... something.

Consider it a little gift to remind you of where you came from, or part of it any way.

A gift? That is an interesting way to phrase it, but I don't really see the point of it.



Stay tuned!
Our story will
continue.

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