

The Bimbo Next Door Three

Lusty Lana and Friends in The Quest for the Holy Kaboobaning

Chapter 16

We're just "laying some pipe" down here on Level Three. Sperminator pipe!

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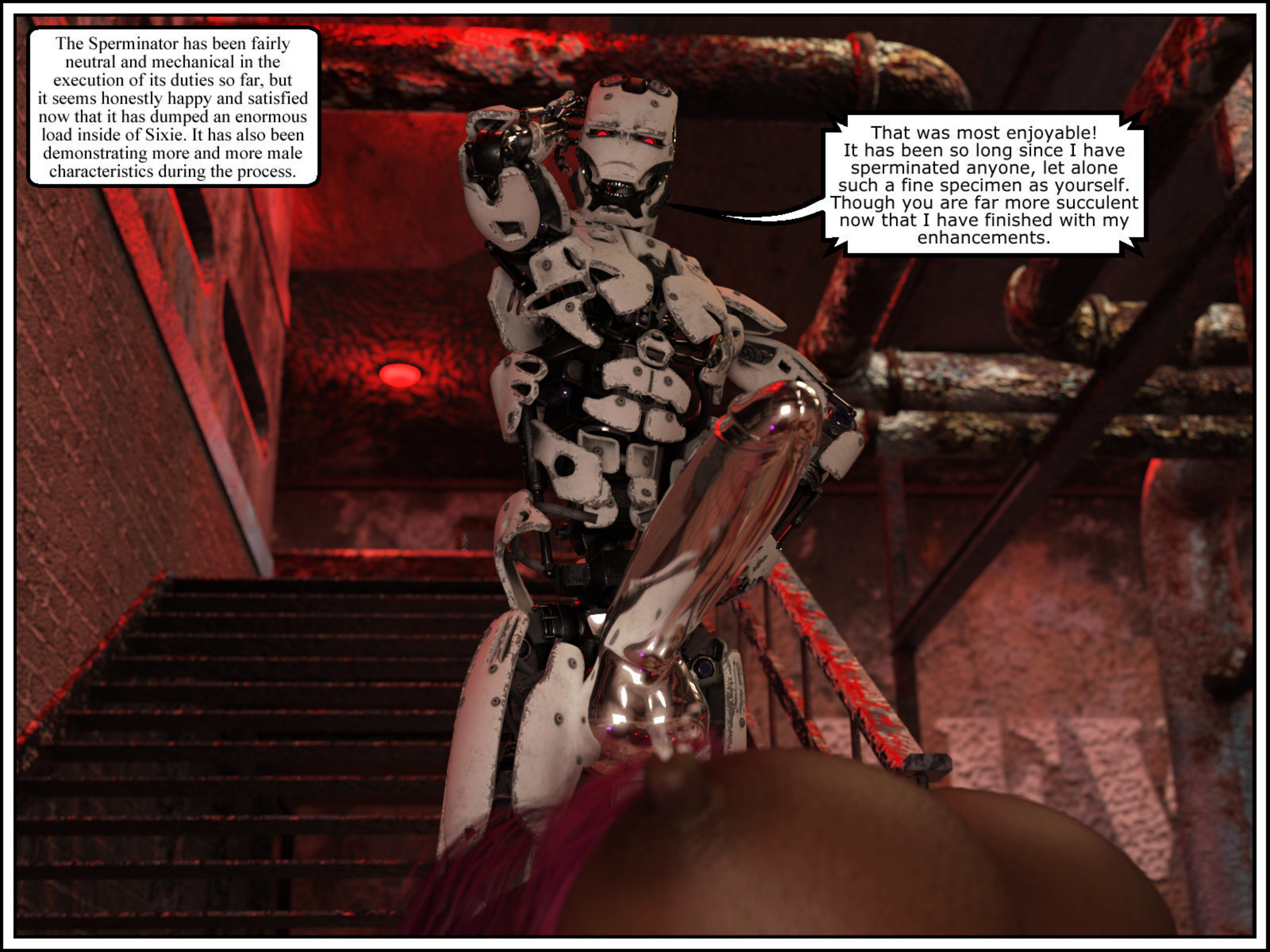
Sixie falls backward, rolls off of the Sperminator, and basically crumples to the ground. Milk dribbles from her huge breasts, and she moans unintelligibly. The robot extricates itself from underneath her, stands up, and admires its work.



QoQoohhHhh!!!

MmMmmMmm!!!

MoQoAaanNn!!!



The Sperminator has been fairly neutral and mechanical in the execution of its duties so far, but it seems honestly happy and satisfied now that it has dumped an enormous load inside of Sixie. It has also been demonstrating more and more male characteristics during the process.

That was most enjoyable! It has been so long since I have sperminated anyone, let alone such a fine specimen as yourself. Though you are far more succulent now that I have finished with my enhancements.

GgggOooOooPdd!

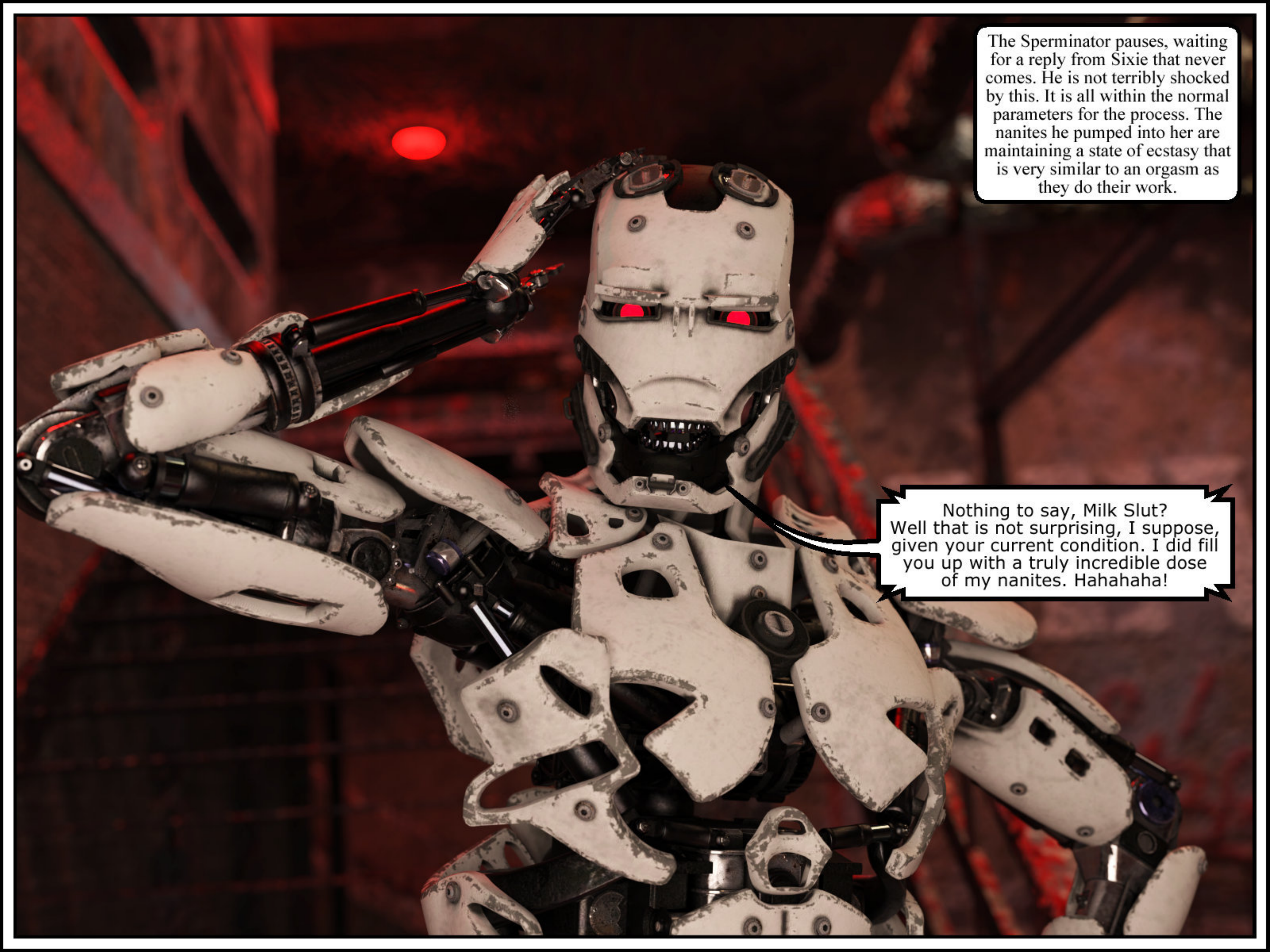
It does appear that I am not the only one who has taken some pleasure from our little exchange. That is good. Subjects are far more susceptible when they are overwhelmed with pleasure.

He stands over the gurgling and twitching form of Sixie, for we will use the male pronoun moving forward. His massive, throbbing penis thrusts out over her drastically altered form in an almost threatening manner. It twitches and vibrates too, almost as if it hungers to be inside of Sixie's warm, wet holes again.




MoOoAaanNn!!!

He hovers over Sixie, almost as if to gloat. Well, let's be honest, he is most definitely gloating. He eyes Sixie's luscious form in a most lascivious manner, pleased with how robust and fertile she has become. She has no answer to his statements. She just quivers in pure, erotic, delicious bliss.

A close-up of a white, heavily damaged robot with glowing red eyes and a red light in the background. The robot's body is covered in scratches and missing pieces, giving it a menacing and worn appearance. The background is dark with red lighting, suggesting a futuristic or industrial setting.

The Sperminator pauses, waiting for a reply from Sixie that never comes. He is not terribly shocked by this. It is all within the normal parameters for the process. The nanites he pumped into her are maintaining a state of ecstasy that is very similar to an orgasm as they do their work.

Nothing to say, Milk Slut? Well that is not surprising, I suppose, given your current condition. I did fill you up with a truly incredible dose of my nanites. Hahahaha!



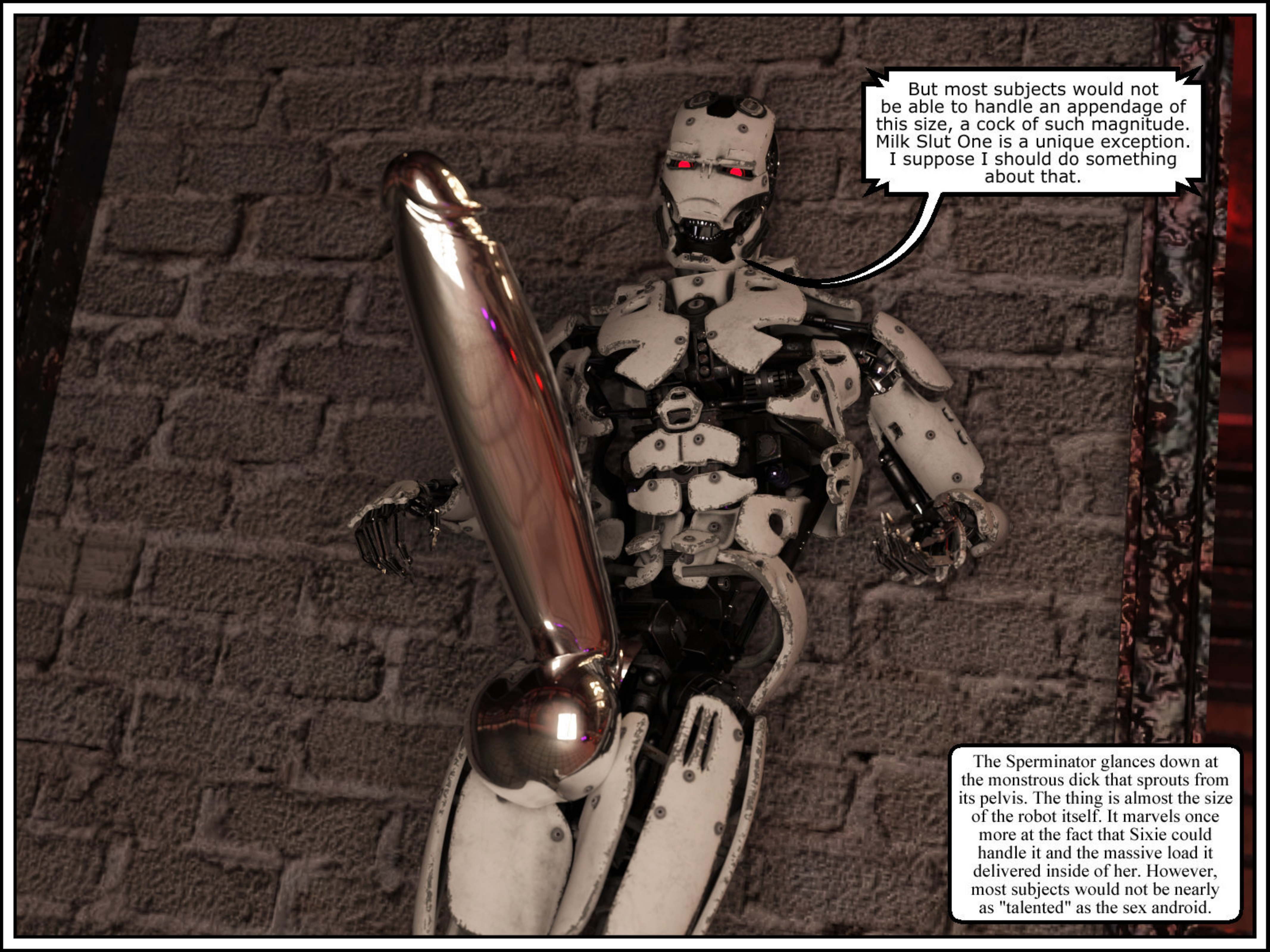
Well I believe I shall leave you to stew for a bit, Milk Slut. In the meantime, what shall I do with myself. Hmm? What should a horny Sperminator do?

Satisfied that everything is going as planned, that the nanites are doing their job properly, he turns away from Sixie and surveys the room. It will take a while for them to complete the process, so the robot ponders what it should do while it waits. It does have a selection of "entertainments" readily available to it.

For now it decides to take a little smoke break, though it doesn't have a cigarette to light. Not that it would smoke if it did have one. It would not enjoy the process. Smoking would just be for show. Instead it walks over to the nearest wall and reclines against it, relaxing.

I suppose there is no rush. I shall certainly sample the rest of you. I didn't knock you out just so you wouldn't interfere. I shall sperminate every last one of you. Every single person, whether biological or artificial.





But most subjects would not be able to handle an appendage of this size, a cock of such magnitude. Milk Slut One is a unique exception. I suppose I should do something about that.

The Sperminator glances down at the monstrous dick that sprouts from its pelvis. The thing is almost the size of the robot itself. It marvels once more at the fact that Sixie could handle it and the massive load it delivered inside of her. However, most subjects would not be nearly as "talented" as the sex android.

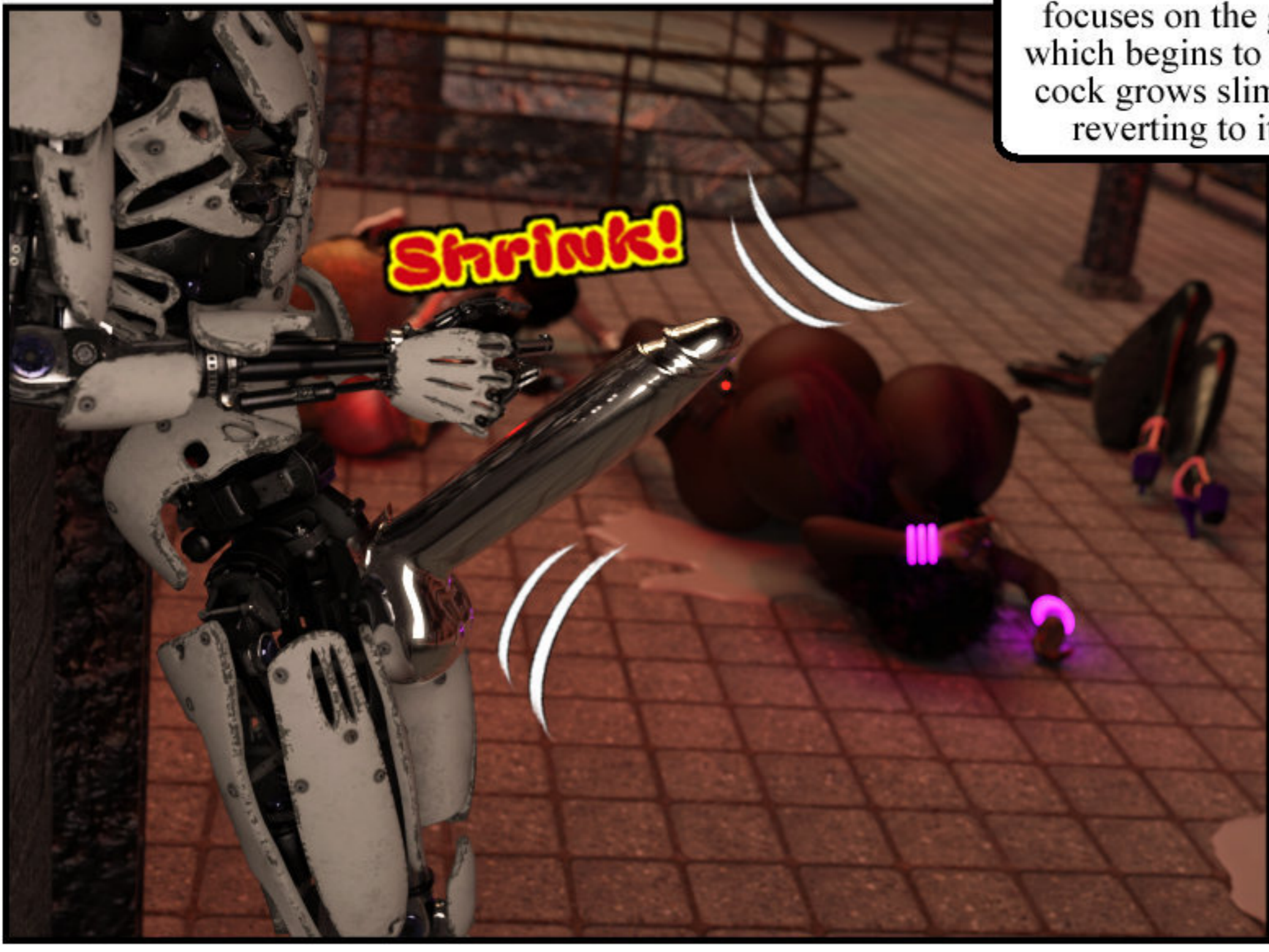


Or I may not be able to enjoy the other "treats" that have been laid out before me.

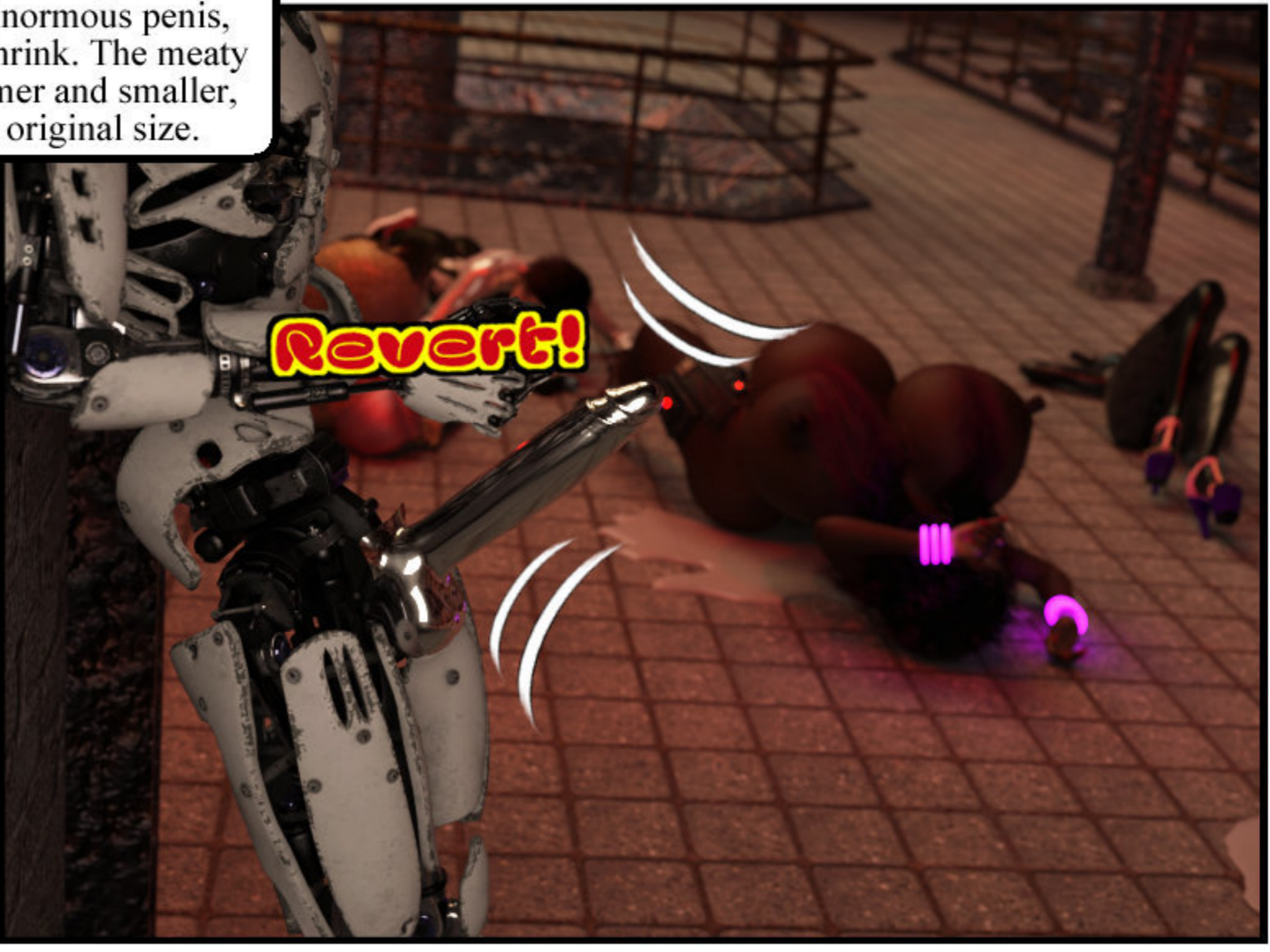


Slim!!

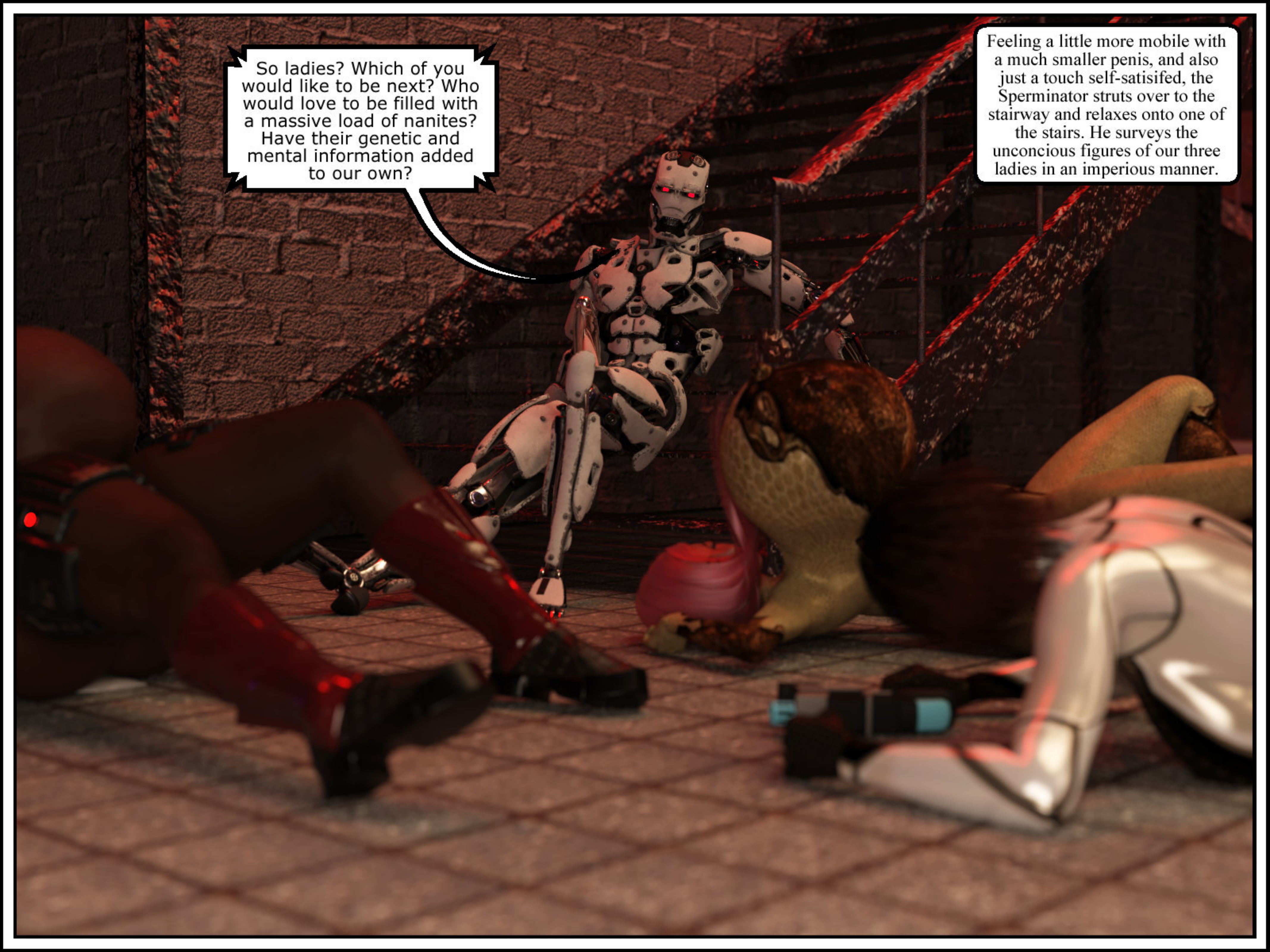
The Sperminator stares intently at the humongous, metallic phallus, as it glistens in the lights of Level Three. It narrows its eyes and focuses on the ginormous penis, which begins to shrink. The meaty cock grows slimmer and smaller, reverting to its original size.



Shrink!

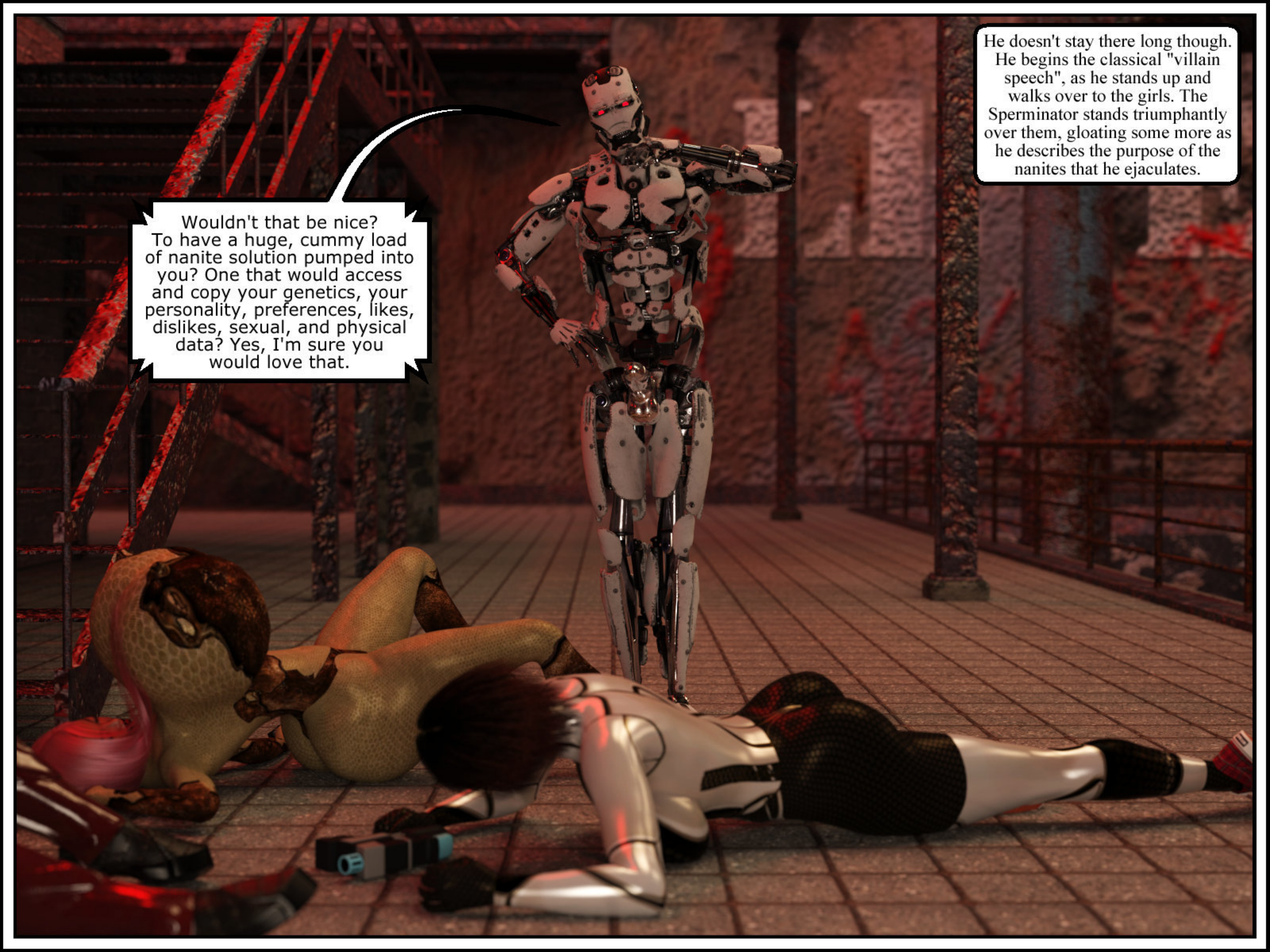


Revert!



So ladies? Which of you would like to be next? Who would love to be filled with a massive load of nanites? Have their genetic and mental information added to our own?

Feeling a little more mobile with a much smaller penis, and also just a touch self-satisfied, the Sperminator struts over to the stairway and relaxes onto one of the stairs. He surveys the unconscious figures of our three ladies in an imperious manner.



Wouldn't that be nice?
To have a huge, cummy load
of nanite solution pumped into
you? One that would access
and copy your genetics, your
personality, preferences, likes,
dislikes, sexual, and physical
data? Yes, I'm sure you
would love that.

He doesn't stay there long though.
He begins the classical "villain
speech", as he stands up and
walks over to the girls. The
Sperminator stands triumphantly
over them, gloating some more as
he describes the purpose of the
nanites that he ejaculates.



Eenie!



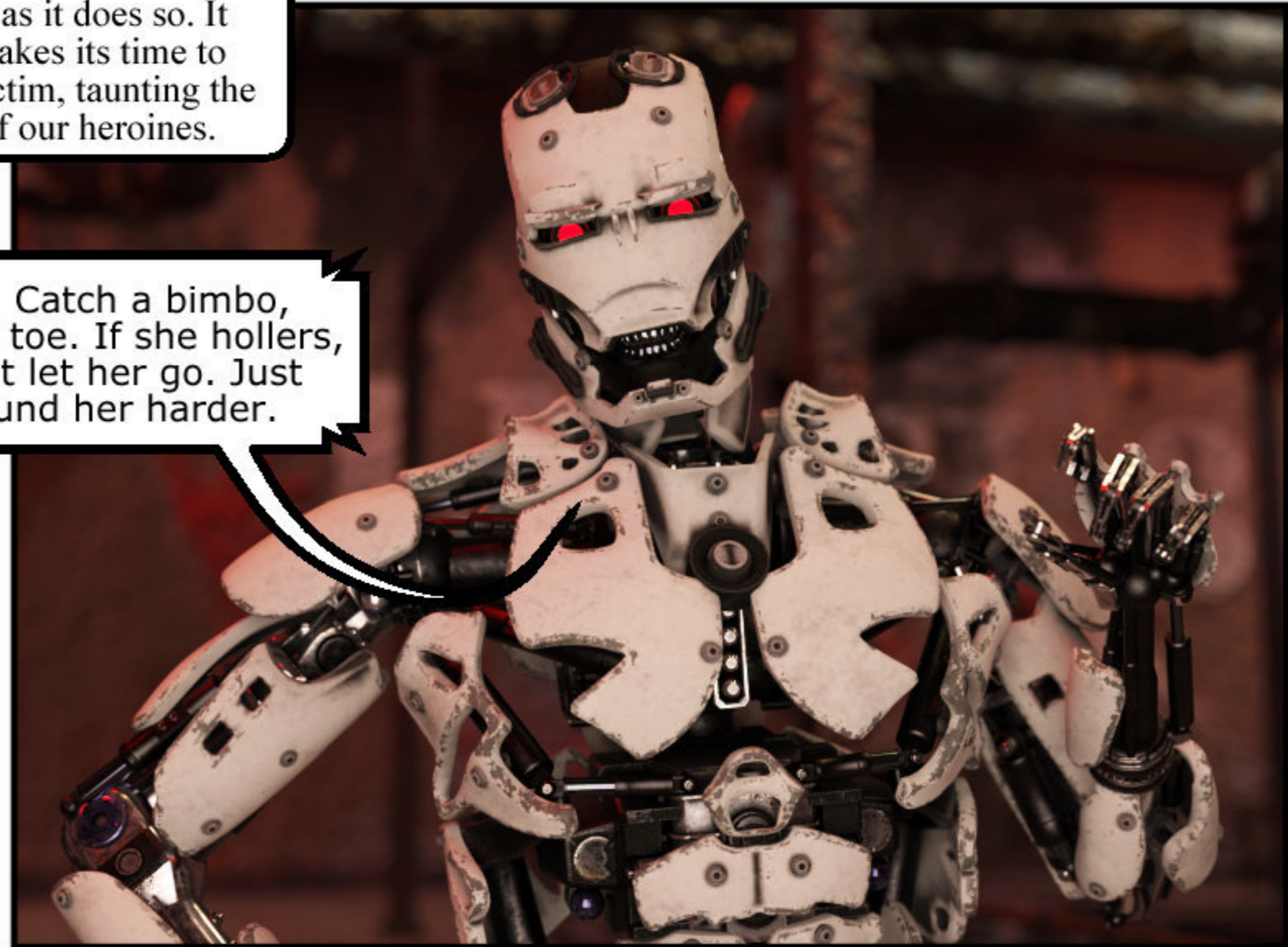
Meenie!

It seems it may be time to sperminate another subject. The robot begins to point at each of the unconcious forms and recites a nursery rhyme as it does so. It painstakingly takes its time to select its next victim, taunting the prone forms of our heroines.



Minie!

Mo! Catch a bimbo, by the toe. If she hollers, don't let her go. Just pound her harder.




Not that they can hear him, at least conciously. But the Sperminator does it anyway, as if it is following some pre-defined process - its established programming. Maybe they can hear him unconsciously. Regardless, the robot extends its hand spike before entering the next subject.

I am still undecided. So before we get started, there is one more thing that I think I should do first.

Schling!





He walks over to Sixie and gets down on his knees. He crouches over her and places the metal spike above her swollen belly. Then he slowly inserts it deeper and deeper inside of her, which initiates the process that will cause the nanites to begin replication.

The nanites should have sampled and copied all of your data by now. They will need to be initialized, however, in order to start replicating and turning that data into one of us.

Shhhlllrrrrpp!

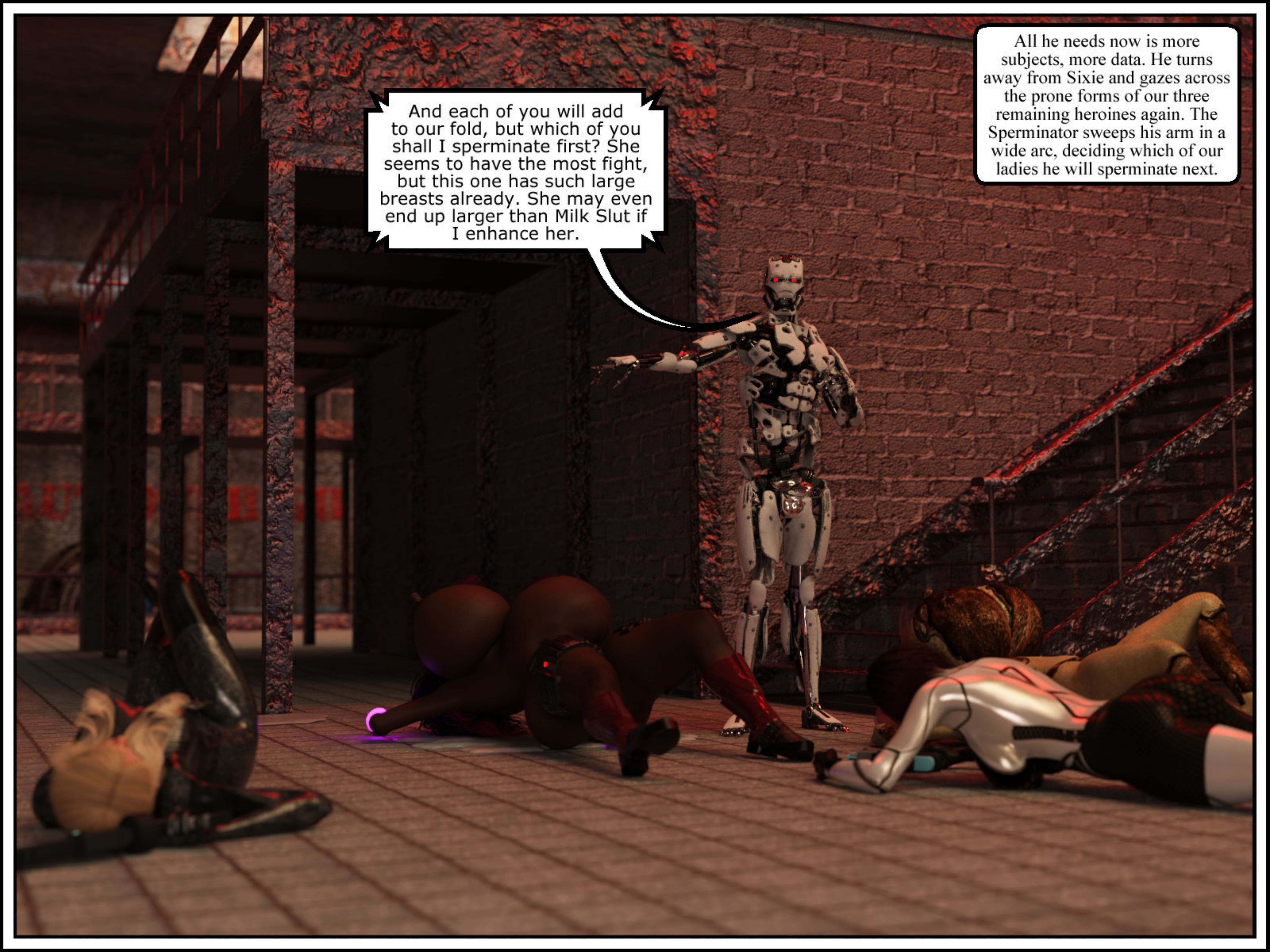
The initialization sequence has been completed, and a new Sperminator begins to develop inside of Sixie's bloated womb. It will take her data and add it to all of the data that these robots have ever collected from every victim they have ever sperminated.



They will take your data and use it. They will incorporate it into the base form and programming of a Sperminator, and spawn a new and unique version of us. No two Sperminators are exactly alike. A new one of our kind shall be birthed from you, Milk Slut.


Schnict!

Your sexual and perverted distinctiveness will be added to our own. Resistance is futile. You will be sperminated!



And each of you will add to our fold, but which of you shall I sperminate first? She seems to have the most fight, but this one has such large breasts already. She may even end up larger than Milk Slut if I enhance her.

All he needs now is more subjects, more data. He turns away from Sixie and gazes across the prone forms of our three remaining heroines again. The Sperminator sweeps his arm in a wide arc, deciding which of our ladies he will sperminate next.

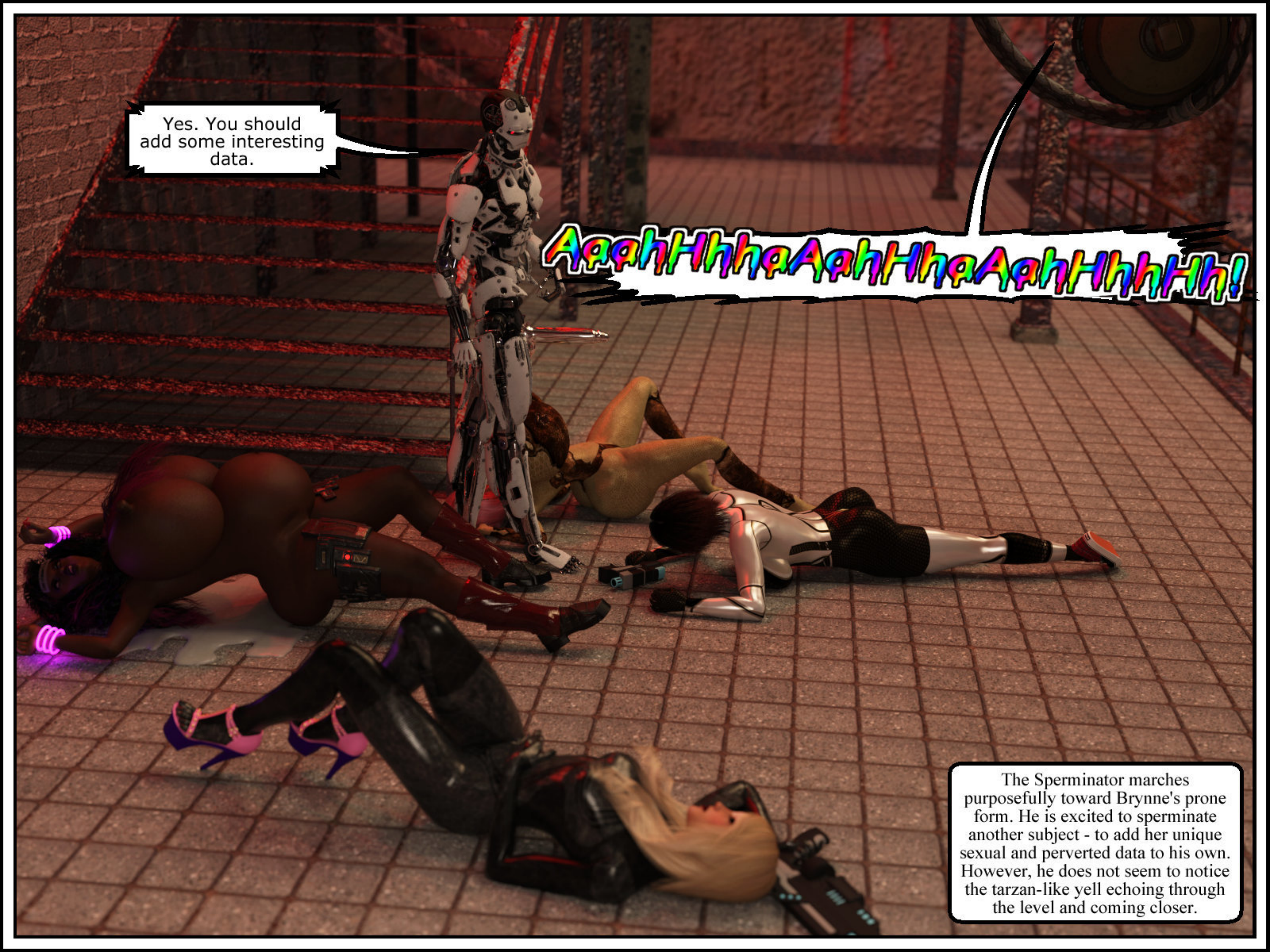


No. I think it must be you. I am not entirely sure why, but something tells me that you will be a fine addition to the collective.

He considers Lana. She might be fun to sperminate. Certainly there are plenty of enhancements he can do to her body. Then again there is Saffy, who is already quite curvy. She might be quite interesting to augment, just to see how big and ripe should end up. He ponders how sexy that would be.



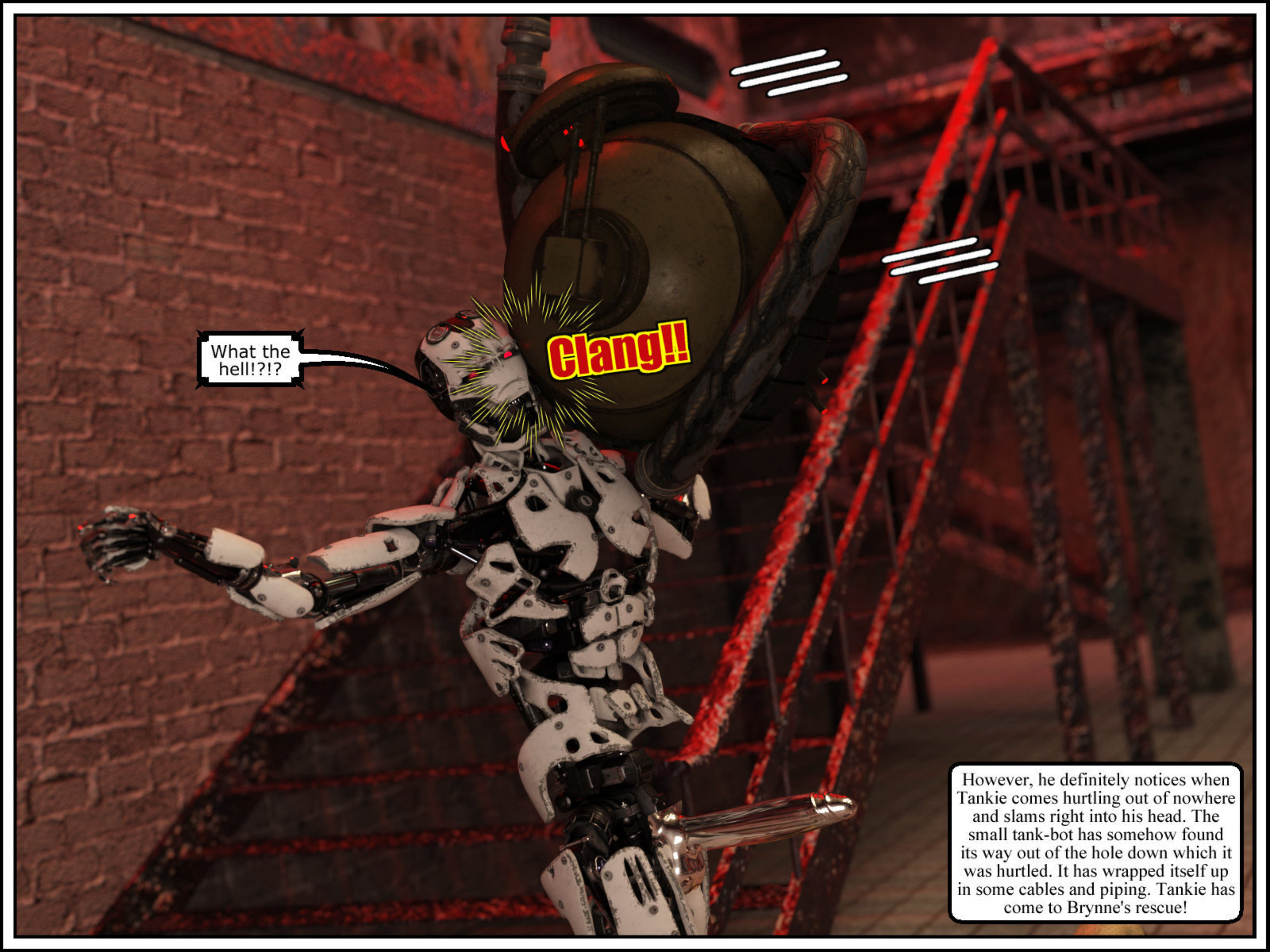
But the Sperminator does not end up pointing at either of those unconcious ladies. No, he ends up pointing at Brynne. Something about her, some unidentifiable factor, makes him decide that the next subject to be sperminated should be her.



Yes. You should add some interesting data.

AaahHhhaAaahHhhaAaahHhhaHh!

The Sperminator marches purposefully toward Brynne's prone form. He is excited to sperminate another subject - to add her unique sexual and perverted data to his own. However, he does not seem to notice the tarzan-like yell echoing through the level and coming closer.



What the hell!?!?

Clang!!

However, he definitely notices when Tankie comes hurtling out of nowhere and slams right into his head. The small tank-bot has somehow found its way out of the hole down which it was hurtled. It has wrapped itself up in some cables and piping. Tankie has come to Brynne's rescue!

Stay tuned!
Our story will
continue.

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Story art
by
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