

Android 18's Nerdy Reprogram

Jolting herself into a standing position as she woke up, Android 18 shifted her eyes back and forth as she tried to figure out where she was. Her initial confusion only increased as she brushed aside her neck-length locks of blonde hair to look over the mundane appearance of the classroom lit by the buzzing, fluorescent bulbs in the ceiling. As she looked over the desks and white tiled floors, she fixed up the black vest and white top to try and bring some semblance of sense to what was going on. She brushed off the dirt from her blue jeans as she recalled the scuffle with the hooded figures that had attacked her. Recalling how they had knocked her out with a strange gas, she pulled her black gloves tight at the thought of beating them down when she busted out of the building.

“Well, well, looks like you’re finally awake.”

“Who’s there?” 18 called out.

18’s gaze eventually fell on the TV at the front of the room placed on top of a stand wheeled cart. Looking at her from behind the screen was a man with grey, frizzy hair and wide glasses. As she stepped closer to the television, she grimaced at the unsettling grin on his bearded face.

“My name is Dr. Teld, my dear,” the man said. “I’ve been charged by the remnants of the Red Ribbon army to give you a little re-education.”

“Re-education?”

“That is correct. You’ve been rebelling against your masters for far too long. While Dr. Gero was unable to find a way to reign you in, he did provide the proper tools to get the job done. The fact that you’re here is proof of their effectiveness.”

Crossing her arms, 18 stomped right up to the screen. “Keep telling yourself that. I’ll see if I can give you a reality check after I break out of here and slam your face through a few walls.”

“Ooooooh, so feisty,” the doctor replied, more delighted than terrified. “Yes, you should be an excellent target for the nerdification program I’ve developed. It will change your mind and body into something more feasible for us to control. Don’t worry, the process should be mostly painless. Well, as long as you’re a good girl and listen to your teacher.”

“Teacher? What the hell are you-“

Before 18 could get another word out, the screen blinked off from the doctor to be replaced with an image of swirling, black and white lines. She let out a laugh as she thought that their master plan was a cheap attempt at hypnotism. Rearing back her fist, she got ready to smash the screen to begin rampaging through the facility to teach her captors a lesson.

As 18 tried to slam through the glass, her hand came to an abrupt stop as if being pulled back by invisible puppet strings. Try as she might, the most her body would allow her was a harmless tap against the screen. Straining herself in an attempt to break free of the unseen restraints triggered something to echo in her mind.

“Be a good student. Sit down and study.”

“Fat chance,” 18 replied, gritting her teeth as she reeled back her other fist. “Do you really think that a cheap trick like this is going to-“

“I SAID SIT DOWN YOUNG LADY!”

A shudder went through 18’s body as the words rang through her ears. Putting her fist down, she could feel her body begin to move on its own. Try as she might to disobey, her legs

still carried her over to the desk placed closest to the TV. Forced to sit down, her head turned towards the television to gaze into the swirling abyss.

“Good. Now, let’s start by getting you into a more suitable outfit,” the doctor’s voice commanded. “That attire is unbecoming of a studious woman such as yourself.”

“What are you talking about you shtupid-“

18’s body eased up just enough to allow her hand to shoot towards her mouth. Reaching past her lips allowed her to feel the set of buck teeth she had developed. Her attention was taken away from the enlarged incisors thanks to a popping sensation along her face. While she couldn’t see what was going on at first, she was given a momentary glance at herself as the screen went black. She managed to see the freckles that had spread across her cheeks moments before the reflection was replaced with the hypnotic swirls again.

The sudden reappearance of the pattern hit 18’s mind with a strange force of energy. Grasping at the sides of her desk as the feeling coursed through her, she chewed on her lips with her prominent, front teeth as she tried to fight against it. While she was able to keep her mind partially intact, her mental state began to unfurl as she watched her clothes begin to change before her very eyes.

It started with her boots being swapped out for a modest pair of black, flat mary janes. The no nonsense shoes were complimented by a set of ankle high, white socks that seemed to disintegrate her jeans as they slid up her legs. For a few moments, her underwear was left exposed to the various cameras she suspected were spying on her. While normally she would have reacted with righteous fury, something inside of her made her let out an embarrassed gasp and make her cheeks turn bright red as she tried to desperately cover up the white panties. Her

humiliation only dissipated once a plaid, red skirt appeared around her waist to just barely cover up her undergarments.

“What’s going on?” 18 asked, trying to work through her lisp. “How is it possible to change my clothes like this?”

“It’s quite simple my dear,” the doctor explained. “The great Dr. Gero put many fail safes in place should you rebel against him. One of which is a special program that can physically alter your mind and body into one more fitting of the obedience he sought. While he was cut down before he could come up with the right parameters to keep you in line, we managed to make a... creative decision on how best to quell your rambunctious attitude.”

“I swear you better stop this before I—”

A bright flash from the screen made 18 let out another lisp of shock. Even after the light faded, her vision was still left as a blurry mess. While she couldn’t see absolutely everything, she could feel her body continuing to change.

The vest around her torso disappeared to make way for her top as it transformed into a thick, red sweater that tightly wound itself around her upper body. As the sleeves reached down to her wrists, the gloves on her hands were flung away to allow red, rubber bracelets covered in text that her poor eyesight had no chance of reading to appear. Continuing to chew on her lips she tried in vain to see what was written on the accessories; holding on to the slight hope that they would hold a clue on how to escape the bizarre classroom.

18’s attention was drawn away from the bracelets by a small, metal box placed beneath the TV. Sheepishly getting out of her seat, she shuffled her way towards the container, driven by some innate urge. Picking up the box and opening it up, she discovered something that offered some relief for her vision, but at a dire cost.

Placing the glasses on the tip of her nose, she blinked a few times to adjust herself. Despite the wide rims and unfashionable appearance of the lenses, it did the trick in giving her back her eyesight. Her improved reading ability allowed her to look over the bracelets clear as day. Confused by what she saw, she mindlessly began to speak out loud.

“Math ish for winners,” 18 sputtered out, the spit flying from her mouth and onto the floor.

“Shchool ish the besht,” she continued as her fingers adjusted the red bow tie around her neck.

“The greatest shuperpower ish brain power,” she continued, her lisp altering slightly as metal braces wrapped around her teeth.

“Shcholars will rule the world,” she finished, tilting her head back and forth in confusion, ignorant of the way her hair styled itself into a pair of pigtails held together by familiar, red ribbons.

A high pitched beep brought 18’s attention back towards the screen. Where there had once been only resistance, was instead replaced with a strange buzzing that enveloped her very being. The feeling wasn’t anything close to unpleasant. If anything, the sensation was a comfort to her brain that further rewarded her with sweet caresses to her brain the longer she stared.

Driven by this sensation, 18 shuffled her way back over to the TV. Pressing her face right up against the screen, her glasses reflected back the swirling mass that had captured her full attention. Unknowingly, she let her mouth hang open to allow droplets of spit to leak from her teeth. The force grew stronger the longer she stared, as if a pair of invisible hands were trying to drag her in. Just as she was about to go over the edge, a slip of her foot against the leftover puddle of her drool sent her tumbling forward into the TV stand.

18's ears rung with the sound of metal hitting the ground as she found herself sprawled out on the floor. Sitting herself up, she ran her fingers through her messy hair to rub at a sore spot on her forehead. In a daze about what was going on and where she was, her bespectacled eyes eventually fell on the television lying on the floor. Letting out a wheezing gasp as she realized what she had done, her mind raced to think of a way to fix the TV. However, she didn't even have a chance to stand up before the door opened to reveal a familiar face.

"Well, this is unfortunate," Dr. Teld remarked as he walked in. Stepping over the fallen television, he fixed his lab coat bearing the red ribbon army's logo before adjusting the straps on his briefcase. "Especially when you were so close to a break through."

"I'm sho shorry professhor," 18 said, staggering to her feet as she tried to make her uniform look presentable. "I got too excshited and... and..."

"There will be no more of that," Dr. Teld replied. "You can make up for your little error by showing me how far you've progressed. Now tell me, who are you?"

"M-my name is Android 18, shir," she answered, nervously fiddling with one of her pigtails.

"What is your occupation?"

"I-I don't really have one," she answered, pushing her glasses up her greasy nose. "I jusht an average univershity shtudent whoshe trying to passh her classhes to get into a good mashtersh program."

"Indeed, indeed," Dr. Teld said, nodding his head in agreement. "And what is your opinion on the Red Ribbon Army?"

"The Red Ribbon Army?" 18 asked. "I've never heard of shomething like..."

18's eyes went wide as a sliver of her former self peeked through. "Wait, you're the one responsible for making me like this. You turned me into some kind of clumsy nerd. If you think you're going to get away with this, then you've got another thing--"

"Silence, young lady!" the doctor shouted, silencing 18 and making her incapacitated with nervous shivers. "It appears that you are still in dire need of some modifications. Thankfully, your creator programmed another method of getting you to comply."

Placing his briefcase on the desk, Dr. Teld undid the clasps and reached for something inside. Momentarily slipping out of her shoes in the process, 18 leaned to the side to catch a glimpse at what he was holding. This ended up only worsening her fears as she beheld the wooden handle clenched tightly in his palms. Her teeth grinded back and forth with anxiety as the fluorescent lights reflected off of the smooth surface of the doctor's paddle.

"Come along, young lady," the doctor said, using the imposing weapon to gesture towards a chair in the front of the classroom. "You need to accept your punishment."

"There's no way I'm going to let you--"

18 let out a gasp as the doctor stepped forward to grasp her wrist. Though in the past it would have been effortless for her to break free from him with her super human strength, something was off. Try as she might to struggle free, he managed to keep a vice-like grip on her. Only now realizing that her strength had been greatly weakened by her transformation, she couldn't do much as he dragged her over to the seat.

"Still so rebellious after everything the Red Ribbon Army has done for you," Doctor Teld commented as he sat down. With a single tug, he managed to pull 18 down to leave her bent over his legs. Grasping the edge of her skirt, he pulled it up to leave her bright white panties and

bubble butt on full display. “It pains me to have to serve you this punishment, but just know that it is for your own good.”

“H-hold on now, you can’t be serious,” 18 pleaded, squirming as the doctor kept her in place with a single hand placed on her back. “You’re right, I’m sorry. I’ll be a good girl I promise. Please, you don’t have to-“

18’s cry for mercy towards Dr. Teld was proven fruitless as he brought the paddle slamming down against her rear. The impact made her fingers stretch out and an unflattering gasp leave her lips. Still reeling from the leftover pain of the impact, she tried to console herself with the thought that a single smack would have been enough. Unfortunately, she was very wrong.

Mere seconds after the ripples of her first spank subsided, Dr. Teld repeated the process with increased force. The second impact had the same result of pain and humiliation overtaking 18. This time, her gasp came with a spray of saliva that sprinkled across the floor. Clenching her fingers to fight through the pain, she took her chance as the doctor reeled his arm back once more.

“Professor please, you’ve made your point,” she said with tears in her eyes. “I’ll be a good girl, I promise. Please don’t-“

18’s begging fell on deaf ears as the doctor increased the speed of his impacts. Each spank was harder than the last, showing how determined he was to forcefully meld her body into a more subservient form. As the spanking session continued, 18 could feel a series of thoughts in the back of her mind grow stronger. Though she tried to resist it with the last of her former personality, it was only a matter of time before they gradually took over her thoughts. As what

was left of her old self slipped away, the pained gasps that left her mouth were replaced with a different kind of sound.

By the time 18's buttocks had been turned a bright shade of red, moans of pleasure began to leave her lips each time the paddle was brought down on her cheeks. Curling her toes and clenching her fingers, she tried in vain to hold back hisses of pleasure by nibbling on her lips with her metal wrapped teeth. Becoming enamored with the sensation led to her giving up any form of resistance to the doctor's will. Swinging her pigtails up and down, she let her saliva-drenched gasps of ecstasy freely leave her mouth until her professor finally stopped the onslaught.

"Hmm, it appears that the operation was a success," Dr. Teld said as he pulled 18's skirt back into place. "In hindsight, perhaps a little too well. You may stand up now."

Released from the doctor's grasp, 18 got back to her feet and tried to remain standing on her shaking legs. "T-thank you shir," she said, twirling her pigtails with her fingers as she smiled at him with her metal mouth.

"You are quite welcome," Dr. Teld replied, putting on a wide grin. "If you behave yourself, I could see to it that you receive more treatments like that in the future. Am I understood, young lady?"

"Y-yesh professhor," 18 eagerly replied.

"Excellent, then that will be all for your classes today. If you head out the door and down the hall to your left, there will be a group of soldiers, er, I mean attendants to show you to your room."

“A-actually,” 18 said, raising a shaky hand, “if it’s alright with you, I would like to continue my shutdiesh a bit longer. I never got a chance to finish the video. I-I hope that’s not ashking for too much.”

Dr. Teld’s smile grew even wider. “You have nothing to worry about. It makes me feel warm inside to hear an up and coming scholar so eager to continue their education.” Walking over to the television screen, he put it into an upright position. Though the screen was cracked from the fall, it was still able to turn on when he hit the power button.

“I’m afraid that this will have to do for now,” the doctor said turning away just as the swirling pattern reappeared to avoid getting caught in its gaze. “Enjoy yourself, my dear, but don’t dawdle for too long. We have a long day of... studying ahead of us tomorrow.”

“Yesh shir,” 18 said, shuffling over the television as he took his leave.

Squatting down on the floor, 18 leaned forward to get as close as she could to the screen without bumping into it again. Letting her mouth hang open once more, she took great joy in the buzzing sensation that tickled her brain. Getting in closer by standing on her tip toes, let her put her bespectacled vision right up against the TV to increase this feeling. She was too engrossed by what she considered extra credit to care about the fact that her position raised up her skirt to show off her still reddened butt cheeks. She treated her sore rear as just another sign that she was well on her path to becoming the perfect teacher’s pet.