

The Collector: Fabia's Tune-Up (Robotization, Expansion, Bakugan)

Fabiabot's motors whirled as she marched into the trophy room, a box bearing her mistress's brand-new sex doll clasped tight between her hands.

Striding into the center of the chamber, she turned on the spot, scanning the stacks of shelves rising to the ceiling. They stretched endlessly in all angles, bearing countless different items: sexdolls, onaholes, lewd posters and figurines, condoms, dildos, butt plugs, and plushies and puppets and infinite other amazingly erotic things.

At last, she found the empty spot her mistress had assigned to her latest acquisition: it flashed a bright blue in her vision, the fourth of four slots, though the three matching parts of the set were yet to enter their position.

Striding forward, Fabiabot summoned a ladder with a thought. It rose from the cardboardium of the floor with a sound like a flowing mud, climbing all the way to the spot she'd selected. Placing the sexdoll's box under her arm, she started to clamber up it.

Moving like the machine she was, it didn't take her long to reach her destination. Balancing with mechanical precision, she plucked the box from under her arm, placed it on the shelf, and paused for a second to study the blonde-haired face on the other side of the plastic window. Her duty accomplished, she made to climb back down the ladder and move onto the next item in her list.

This was where things started to go wrong.

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The sound of a crash snapped Shushuka's attention from her screen. Leaping to her feet with a cry of surprise, her ears flat and her tail low in fright, she looked left and right in search of the source. "What was that? What's happening, nya?" She'd just been about to collect some fun new toys too!

Leaving the processing room behind, she ran through the saucer's halls until she reached the trophy room, where, to her horror, she found her beloved servant Fabiabot lying in pieces across the floor.

"Oh nyo!" Shushuka rushed forward. "Fabia! Nyou didn't damage any of my trophies, did nyou?" Kicking aside one of the robot's broken arms, she bent down and picked up its head, raising it to her own with a frown. "Fabia? Are nyou still in there?"

"Positive, Mistress," said the robot, eyes flashing as she spoke.

"Good, good. Nyou *didn't* break any of my trophies, did nyou?"

"Negative, Mistress."

“Phew,” said Shushu, wiping the sweat from her brow. “I was all worried about nyoth—Arrrrhgh!” Her eyes went wide in horror. “Fabia! Nyou’re one of my trophies too! Arrgh!”

Heart pounding, she hurried to snatch the robot’s pieces off, tucking them under arms, between her legs, and when she finally ran out of space everywhere else, into her cleavage. Having gathered up everything she could, she rushed out of the trophy room and down the corridor to the saucer’s workshop. “Don’t worry, Fabia! We’ll have nyou put back together in nyo time whatsoever, nya!” She dumped the robot’s pieces onto the platform in the center of the room and snapped her fingers to summon a control console. Detaching from the wall, the little tablet floated over to her.

“Okay,” she said, stroking her chin. “Let’s see. How should I...? Well, let’s just start by reassembling nyou, of course.” She tapped a button.

The span of ceiling above the platform rippled like a puddle and puckered like a butt, disgorging a number of sticky tendrils, oozing with lubricant. Descending, they suckered to Fabia’s broken pieces and snatched them into the air, where, directed by Shushu’s button mashing, they smashed them together like a child with their action figures.

After much trial and error, they succeeded in putting Fabia mostly back together, and one final tendril descending to apply some tape.

Watching this, Shushuka cocked her head and frowned. “Nyo... this is nyo good, nya. I can’t have some broken doll like nyou in my collection, nya. That doesn’t work at all.” She shook her head. “Nyo, I’m going to have to give nyou a complete overhaul.” She pulled up her sleeve, exposing the flabby muscle underneath. “Let’s start with nyour butt. I’ve always thought it could use an upgrade. Do nyou like the sound of that, Fabia?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Oh, but first...” Raising the console, Shushu tapped a key. “Let’s turn off nyour artificial personality while I work.”

She bunched a button on the controls, and Fabia’s eyes flashed once and went blank. Her head dropped.

A second later, it snapped up again. Blushing a bright red, Fabia looked around, her eyes wide in shock. “Wh-what’s going on?! What have you done to me?!” She squealed, struggling to squirm free of the tentacles binding her, not that they’d let her.

Giggling, Shushu pushed another button on the console.

As Fabia watched, her eyes wide in terror, two of the tentacles suckered to her butt, and with a terrifying suction sound...

Pop! Her asscheeks popped off entirely. “What are you doing?!”

As she struggled to escape their grip, another pair of tentacles latched to her boobs, making her scream in lust as they coiled around them. "Let go! Let go! Let go!" Instead they did the opposite, tightening till she could only scream, and with one final, enormous *pop*, off they came entirely. Fabia squealed as she watched them hauled away. "Stop!"

With a series of cracks and pops, the tentacles took apart Fabia's limbs, leaving her torso hanging suspended in the air, unable to do anything but shake from side-to-side. Finally, a particularly thick tentacle coiled down from above and, curling around, slipped between the stumps of her legs. Fabia screamed as its tip tickled her pussy. "N-no! Don't go in there! Don't go in there! Don't—!"

Schlup!

She moaned till it hurt her throat as the tentacle forced its way inside her, stretching the lips of her sex tight around its girth as it slipped deeper, deeper, deeper still, until at last she could only throw back her head and whine, unable to bear the sensation whatsoever. Her neck sparked as she shook, quaking with ecstasy.

Finally, the tentacle pulled out, and with it came the rest of her poor, abused pussy, leaving only a large hole in her roboticized groin. Fabia screamed as it carried her sex away. "No! Stop! Bring it back! Please! I need that!"

As the tentacles spirited away Fabia's pieces, Shushuka stood and watched with a smirk on her face. "Nyow for nyour upgrades, nya." She tapped another button on the console, and with a squelch from above, more tentacles descended. And these came bearing gifts.

One bore a massive pair of breasts, each so large you could have fit Fabia's entire head inside it. They jiggled as they descended, their ridiculous nipples pointing ahead, thick as fists themselves.

One bore a gigantic butt, its cheeks just as large as her new boobs, if not bigger. They swung up and down with a rhythmic *bowoing* as they descended, clapping and striking and shaking and rippling against each other, like two giant sacks of pudding. Fabia whimpered.

Finally, one bore a long pink tip, plasticky, and capped with the most exaggerated parody of a vagina Fabia had ever seen. It looked less like a pussy and more like a donut—the only thing off was the equally ludicrous clitoris sitting at the top. "N-no," she cried, as she realized what she was looking at. "No! You can't put that thing inside me! You can't! You—!"

Ignoring her, Shushu swept her fingers over the controls, and with an audible squelching, the tentacles set about installing Fabia's new parts. She screamed as they forced them onto her, pressing the new breasts to her chest till they connected with a click, then repeating the same process for her jiggling new ass.

Finally, a tentacle slipped inside her new vulva, and as Fabia watched in terror, guided it between her legs. She squealed as it entered her, from raw panic, not pleasure, of course—she didn't have anything down there to feel pleasure yet. But the tentacle kept

pushing, pushing, straining her new vagina around it as it forced itself deeper and deeper, until at last, with a *click*—

Fabia's head snapped back with an orgasmic scream as her new vagina connected and all the sensation she'd been unable to receive flowed into her in a single, mind-shattering instant. Her body shook with the force of it, her fat new nipples erect, her thick new ass jiggling, and her giant new lips oozing lubricant.

With a giggle, Shushu tapped her controls and had the half-finished robot lowered down to her. Seeing her new curves make her cock twitch in her catsuit—she couldn't wait to peel it out and test them herself.

Actually, why wait...?

As Fabia struggled to recover her breath, Shushu tore her catsuit open, allowing her fat rod of a member to spring out, erect, into the air. Precum dripped from its fat mushroom tip as she advanced, a grin on her face, towards the robot in the air.

Recovering from her orgasm, Fabia heard the sound of approaching feet and looked down with a moan. "N-no!" she cried, straining against the tentacles. "No! Please! Not that! Not that!"

With a snap of Shushu's fingers, the tentacles lowered Fabia to the floor. The perfect height for Shushuka to slip her cock between her fat new boobs, grip them strongly by the sides, forced them tightly together (shuddering as they squeezed her penis so firmly), and without further fanfare, started to buck. Her cock made a loud *schlup*'ing sound it slipped between Fabia's breasts, tip occasionally poking out of her cleavage.

"P-please, no...! Don't...! Please...!"

Breathing hard, her grin growing even wider now, Shushu tightened her grip and bucked and bucked and bucked, enjoying the feeling of Fabia's new breasts sliding up and down her penis. Despite her robotic nature, they were exquisitely lifelike: soft and fat and jiggly, neither too firm nor too saggy. They were perfectly perky, and barely two minutes passed before they managed to bring her to orgasm.

With one last jerk of the hips, Shushu thrust her cock forward and came. Her tip popped out of Fabia's cleavage and erupted like a volcano, spewing a fountain of thick white fluid right into her face. Fabia could only moan.

Pulling out of her tits with a pop, Fabia snapped, and the tentacle wrenched Fabia back to the air, just a little. The robotgirl sobbed, semen and tears alike dripping from her face. She came to a stop level perfectly with Shushu, face to face, breast to breast, crotch to crotch, and without waiting for her reaction, Shushuka grabbed her maid by the hips and guided her cock—still rigid as ever—into the fat new hole between them.

It took a second for Fabia to overcome her shock. "No! Please, not there! Not there! Please don't put it in me! Please don't put it—!"

Schlup! Shushuka's cock slammed deep into Fabia's new pussy, stretching its plump rubber walls wide around its girth. And as Fabia wailed and moaned, her head snapping back, and her eyes rolling in ecstasy, Shushu tightened her grip, pulled back, and started to pump. The wet smack of her thrusting rolled through the room, and with each pump she fanned the fire in her groin a little hotter.

Soon, she was panting, panting hard, and the pressure in her gut was a little bomb, just waiting for someone to set it off. She breathed in, pumped, breathed out, pumped, breathed in, pulled her cock back, breathed out, thrust it back in again, and with each motion, the atmosphere got a little tighter, her prey squealed a little more, and the bomb in her balls came a little closer to detonation.

Finally, the inevitable came. Semen filled Fabia's pussy in an instant and blew backward, splattering all over the floor. The robot herself went limp, her brow sparking as she rebooted.

Giggling, Shushuka pulled herself out and shook herself off. "Ah, that felt good, nya." She called the control console over and tapped in the command to have Fabia rebuilt and reactivated. "I need to give nyou a check-up more often~."