

K1R1K0 (Roboticization, Futanari)

The hangar door clanged as the team stumbled into the base, steam still rising from the blast marks covering their outfits like lunar craters.

“Well,” said Kiriko, brushing herself off. “*That* didn’t go well!”

The others shot her a glance.

“No kidding!” cried D.Va, her squeaky voice shrill with annoyance. “Maybe it would have gone better if you’d done your job and guarded the healer instead of running around playing ninja!”

Kiriko huffed. “*That* is a cultural stereotype. I wasn’t ‘playing ninja’, I was using the power of the Fox Spirit to teleport behind enemy lines and stab people with my kunai.”

Beat.

“There’s a big difference.”

“Urrrgh!” D.Va threw up her hands. “You made me look like an idiot on stream, you stupid newb!”

“Hey, come on now,” said Tracer, placing a calming hand on the younger woman’s shoulder. “Don’t be like that. Kiriko’s still new to the team. Everyone takes a little time to learn to work together.”

D.Va snorted. “I don’t remember taking *this* long.” She folded her arms as the four of them entered the base’s common area.

“Perhaps we should have a quick chat about strategy?” said Tracer, looking around to see who was in favor. Mercy nodded. D.Va rolled her eyes but said nothing against it. And Kiriko... Where was Kiriko?

“Neat! My favorite!” Tearing open a box of donuts, Kiriko held one to her mouth and took an obnoxiously loud bite. “Gomenasai, Fox Spirit!” she mumbled, cheeks bulging.

Tracer’s smile flickered. “Oh, um, hang on—I bought those for...” Voice trailing off, she threw a ‘help me’ glance at Mercy. Overwatch’s Chief Medic had her eyes locked on their new member, her pupils filled with a coldness so intense it made Tracer want to shiver.

She’d spent half the battle protecting Mercy in place of Kiriko, but the medic had still taken a lot of hits...

“A strategy discussion seems like an excellent idea, Lena,” she said, the warmth returning to her expression. “But first I’d like to give our newest member a quick check over... I’m a little worried about her, oh, let’s say her blood sugar.”

Kiriko stopped chewing and looked down at her donut.

Mercy smiled. "Kiriko, would you like to accompany me to the medbay?"

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The medbay door shut with a hiss, sealing the two of them into the chamber.

Swallowing the last of her donut, Kiriko looked around, struggling to conceal her surprise. The base's medbay clearly served double-duty as Mercy's laboratory: medical equipment lay alongside machines in states of disrepair, only some of which Kiriko recognized. Defibrillators, heart monitors... there was even a Caduceus staff modified to resemble a witch's broom. Kiriko smirked—she wondered if Mercy had put it together for Halloween or something.

In the very center of the chamber stood a bulky metal chair, like something out of a dental patient's nightmare. At Mercy's prompting, Kiriko took a seat.

"So, Kiriko." Mercy had switched out of her battle uniform and into a more casual outfit. Casual for Mercy, at any rate—it still featured a lab coat and stethoscope. "How have you been enjoying your time at Overwatch so far?"

Kiriko winced inside. Should we answer truthfully, or...? "Eh, to tell the truth, it's not really what I was expecting. I kinda thought it would be a little more..." She waved her hands around vaguely, unsure how to describe it. "...Heroic?"

Mercy smiled, though there was an odd coldness to her eyes that Kiriko really didn't like. "Ah, the hero's life has a lot of difficulties hidden to those on the outside. Not everything is quite as simple as it is in your..." It was her turn to gesture vaguely. "...comics."

"Manga?"

"Indeed." Mercy smiled and leaned in closer. "As it happens, it's one of those difficulties that prompted me to ask you here."

Kiriko smiled. "Oh, you're talking about my blood sugar, right? You don't need to worry about that. The Fox Spirit takes care of it for—"

Mercy placed a finger on Kiriko's lips. "Shh." Kiriko froze, face red. The medic's fingers felt so soft.

Smiling, Mercy pulled her finger away. "Actually," she said, leaning in even closer—so close Kiriko started to sweat—"I wanted to talk to you about something more personal..."

Kiriko swallowed. "Y-you don't mean—?"

Mercy smiled. "How is your sex life, Kiriko?"

Kiriko managed to turn even redder. Big drops of sweat beaded on her head and landed in her lap. She slammed her legs shut. "I-I-I, er, well, I haven't really had a chance—I-I've been so focused on the Fox Spirit and—and taking care of my hometown... I've never really gotten around to—"

With each word from Kiriko's mouth, Mercy's smile grew a little wider. "It's okay," she said, "I understand. You're still a young woman. There's still plenty of time before you become—ah, what does your culture call it? A Christmas Cake? Ahah."

Kiriko flinched.

Mercy placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "However, I do worry that your sexual frustration is having a negative effect on your combat performance. I couldn't help but notice earlier that you were very eager to run ahead and score a kill."

Kiriko bit her tongue. "I—I don't think—"

"Are you masturbating regularly?" asked Mercy.

Kiriko could have melted. "I-I-The Fox Spirit *forbids* it—I—"

"Ah, yes, that explains it," said Mercy, tapping her chin knowingly. "You, my dear, are sexually pent-up. No wonder you're so aggressive in the field."

Kiriko could only gape at her. How did you respond to something like that?

"Fortunately," continued Mercy, approaching the medicine cabinet on the far wall, "I have a biotic perfect for dealing with that little problem." She extracted a syringe of glistening pink fluid.

Kiriko swallowed. "Are—are there any side effects?"

Mercy smiled a cold smile. "All drugs have side effects, darling. You should trust your doctor's judgment." She tapped her nose.

"Well..." As much as Kiriko hated to admit it, Mercy was probably right. She'd been tempted to masturbate once or twice since joining the Fox Shrine, and while she thought she'd gotten over the urge, she couldn't deny certain sights brought it on again... sights like Cassidy's firm buns bobbing beneath his pants when he ran ahead of... She blushed. A treatment wouldn't hurt, especially if it was affecting her performance on the field.

She swallowed. "I'll take it."

"Excellent," said Mercy. She struck like a scorpion. The needle was in Kiriko's arm before she'd ever processed the motion

"Ow, hey!"

"My apologies, darling." Mercy chuckled as she depressed the syringe. "Now, you may feel a brief tingling before..." She trailed off, a thin smile creeping onto her face. "Well," she said darkly, "it should be self-explanatory." She tossed the empty needle away.

True to Mercy's words, a tremble passed through Kiriko's body. She gasped as it reached her groin, instantly turning her sex into a blazing inferno. Face red, she slammed her legs shut. "Um... Mercy? I think—nn!—I think it might be having the opposite effect!"

Chuckling, Mercy pushed a little button.

With a pair of harsh snaps, two thick manacles tightened on Kiriko's wrists. She gasped. "M-Mercy? Mercy? What are you—?"

"Do you recall me radioing you?" asked Mercy, expression darkening. "In the middle of the firefight?"

Kiriko gulped. Radioing her? Oh, that was right—she'd been in the middle of the enemy base, kicking people in the face, when her comm had started blaring.

Mercy smiled. "I can see you do." She leaned in close. "While you were having fun playing ninja, I was fighting for my life against two of TALON's best agents. Fortunately, Tracer was on hand to perform your duty for you. Unfortunately, at least for *you*, I don't take kindly to being abandoned so some snot-nosed new recruit can play hero."

Kiriko's sex felt as if it were actually on fire. She could feel the heat spreading through her, setting every inch of her body aflame. Face red, she panted desperately for breath. "You're... you're *poisoning* me?"

Mercy laughed, sounding genuinely amused. "Oh no, of course not. I am a doctor. Do no harm and so on. No, I'm going to solve your sexual frustration problem once and for all." She smiled. "I doubt you'll like the taste of your medicine though." She chuckled darkly.

Before Kiriko could ask what Mercy meant, a fresh wave of tingling rolled through her body. With a gasp, she screwed her eyes up tight and shivered in her restraints as her pussy caught fire. A ceaseless flow of juice poured from between her legs as her burning sex all but melted. She'd never felt so horny in her life.

"Now," said Mercy, "let's get that cheap costume off of you." With a thin smile, she produced a pair of scissors.

Kiriko could only squirm in her restraints, panting for breath, as Mercy neatly sliced apart her shrine maiden's outfit, cutting through the belt and ripping apart her skirt and top. Having torn away Kiriko's outergarments, she chuckled darkly and turned her attention to Kiriko's under ones, snipping open her bra and panties in a pair of simple motions. Kiriko thrashed, struggling to find the breath to protest.

“There,” said Mercy at last, tossing the last few scraps of Kiriko’s clothing into the waste bin. “You won’t be needing *those* anymore.”

A flash of heat in her sex made Kiriko moan. “What are you... what are you *doing* to me?”

Mercy checked the clock. “That should become apparent aaany second now.”

Something kicked Kiriko in the stomach. With a gasp, she looked down... and screamed to see her belly hardening, turning smooth and vaguely shiny, as if her skin were being replaced with a plastic facsimile.

“Ah, the physical changes are finally beginning,” said Mercy, smiling playfully. “I can’t wait to see what you end up looking like.”

Kiriko whimpered. *E-end up looking like?!*

As she watched through trembling eyes, the wave of smoothness spread outward from her core, turning everything it passed hard and matte and distinctly inorganic.

At the same time, she felt a tingling in her fingers and toes. Flexing her hand to the best allowed by the restraints, she gasped to see her fingers undergoing a very similar change. Where it touched her joints, her skin split with a series of little cracks, leaving gaps through which glinted the silver of metal. Kiriko moaned in horror.

Like a pair of invading armies, the transformation attacked her from two directions simultaneously, working outward from her core and inward from her limbs. Kiriko herself could only watch in horror, struggling to pull her arms free of her restraints. Internally, she felt as if all her organs were inverting—strange clickings and snappings sounded inside her, as if some vast industrial foundry had been compressed into her chest. Every few seconds, she felt a little jolt, as if a new connection had been forged, a new wire plugged into its socket. She juddered, quaking in shock.

Like spilled paint, the wave of change flowed over her body, reaching her chest and groin almost simultaneously. Kiriko screamed as the former tingled madly, her nipples hardening to diamond in an instant while the breasts behind them swelling into a pair of fecund dumplings. She moaned as they jiggled, looking strangely smoother, more natural, than the rest of her altered body.

Just as she’d recovered from the swelling of her breasts, the transformation reached her sex, and Kiriko’s second scream made her first one sounded like a polite cough. As she writhed, body aflame, her vagina spread itself wide, labia pumping into a fat, fleshy donut. Further back, her anus tingled as it did much the same, while her asscheeks strained to copy her boobs, bloating into two thick lumps of dough, bloated and jiggly. She felt them squished beneath her and screamed in utter ecstasy.

Having finished with her torso and limbs, the wave of biotic madness washed to Kiriko’s new. Through trembling, teary eyes, she watched her chin turn as hard and synthetic as her arms. A second later, it reached her mouth, and her moan cut off abruptly as her lips spread

themselves wide, plumping up into another fat, pink hole. Her teeth and tongue simply melted away, reducing her mouth to a long, slick tunnel.

As the tingling of the change spread further, Kiriko felt it inside her head, working its magic on her brain. It felt as if she were freezing, all her water turning to ice. Things that had once seemed fluid solidified, trapped in rigid new shapes, and no matter how hard she struggled against it, she couldn't resist. Her soul was crystallizing, turning harsh and mechanical.

Stop it! Stop it! Please, you can't do this to me! Stooo—

With a little buzz, Kiriko's thoughts cut out.

A moment later, activity resumed: ++ *Please wait. Unit is rebooting. Running diagnostics. System Status: Green. Loading Retropersonality Module. Please wait.* ++

—ooooop!

Kiriko blinked. Her eyelids made a little snicking sound as they closed, like a camera's shutter. Had something just happened?

As her hair finished converting into a bright, cyan wig, the wave of nanites hit a wall and bounced back, washing all over her. Tiny changes peppered her form: seams ran down her torso and limbs, splitting to reveal the machinery beneath her artificial skin, especially at her joints, while a pair of hard, triangular ears pushed themselves out of her hair. Beneath her, a long tail, furry and cyan to match, wormed its way out of her coccyx. Only as it swished, plush and fluffy, behind her did the tingling of the biotics finally start to die away.

Kiriko sat in silence, her heart not pounding but *thrumming* like the engine of a chair. She could feel it shaking in the mount of her former cage, hear the tremor of it rolling through her form, feel the energy flowing out of it through her former nerves. Trembling, she breathed deep, and something inside her *whirred*—as if a fan had spun up to draw in extra air.

Eyes shaking in their sockets, Kiriko turned to Mercy—the doctor loomed over her, a sickly smile on her face. “Wh-what have you done to me?” There was an edge of static to her voice, as if coming through a less-than-perfect mic.

“Why, I should think it's obvious,” said Mercy. “You were having problems with sexual frustration, so I've given you a form to let you better sate your suppressed desires. You don't need to worry about your virginity anymore. What use would a sex robot ever have for such a concept?”

“A sex robot?!” Kiriko tried to leap to her feet. Only the manacles round her wrists kept her seated.

“Indeed~,” said Mercy, taking a step forward.

As the older woman's figure filled her vision, Kiriko blushed (the piezoelectric cells forming her cheeks reacting to an increase in voltage triggered by a shift in her Retropersonality's

simulated emotions) and tried to pull away, but the chair kept her firmly in place as Mercy straddled her.

The medic's own cheeks flushed red—when the woman breathed out, Kiriko thought she saw steam. And between Mercy's legs—

Kiriko squeaked.

Mercy looked down, following her gaze. “Oh my, I got so carried away I almost forgot about my penis. My apologies—you're not the only one who's been subject to my medicines.” She laughed.

“Why would you give yourself a penis?!”

“Oh, I didn't just give myself a penis.” Mercy chuckled. “Regardless. Kiriko: Freeze.”

Before Kiriko could even open her mouth to respond, her entire body locked up completely. She tried to struggle against it, but no matter how hard she fought her new form refused to obey her. She was as inanimate as a puppet with its strings cut.

Mercy smiled. Leaning in, she kissed Kiriko on the cheek. “You probably won't enjoy this, but who would care about a sextoy's enjoyment of the act?” She laughed and slipped off. “Kiriko: Switch to Primary Personality, but keep your Retropersonality running in the background, please. Unfreeze.”

A little switch flicked in Kiriko's brain. “Yes, Mistress,” she heard herself say.

Grinning, Mercy pressed a button on her little remote and with a pair of clicks, Kiriko's manacles came undone. “Kiriko: Stand Up.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Kiriko could only watch from the confines of her own head, wanting to scream, as her body stood on its own accord, bloated new boobs and buttcheeks shaking with the motion.

“Mmm~, perfect,” said Mercy. Licking her lips, she pinched her pants and dropped them to the floor, followed seconds later by her lacy black panties. Her cock, long and veined, hung free, hard as Kiriko's new body. The balls beneath it looked so full they could burst. She'd never seen anything like it.

With a whirr, her body moved on its own. “Does your erection mean you wish to use me, Mistress?”

Kiriko's heart—or engine, or whatever—sank. *No! Nononono!*

Mercy chuckled. “You're very perceptive, Kiriko.” She took a seat on a little dialysis machine and spread her legs. “Why don't you do something about it?”

“As you wish, Mistress. Which hole would you like your doll to use?”

"Let's start with that cheeky little mouth of yours," said Mercy, smiling smugly. "I can't tell you how long I've wanted to stuff my cock in it. If only to shut you up." She laughed.

"As you wish, Mistress." As Kiriko fought to escape, her body took an emphatic step forward and knelt on the ground in front of Doctor Zeigler. Raising her head, she brought the medic's cock into full view. The monstrous organ filled her sight like a gigantic serpent, its veined length twitching, precum dribbling from its tip. Oh, and the *smell*. Kiriko wanted to pull away and retch. Instead, all she could do was watch through the windows of her own eyes as she took the penis in her hands and guided it delicately to her wide, toothless tunnel of a mouth.

Schlup!

The salty taste of precum and sweat filled Kiriko's mouth. She felt veins. *Why do I still have my sense of taste?!*

She had more than a sense of taste though. As Mercy's girth stretched her mouth wide, little tremors of ecstasy surged up her nerves to her brain. F-fuck, it felt as if Mercy had stuck it in her pussy.

Shivering, Mercy closed her eyes and placed her hands on Kiriko's head, running them through the strands of her artificial hair, over her bulky ears, and finally seized her tightly. With a deep sigh, she pushed Kiriko's head back... before pulling it forward harshly, slamming her cock deep into Kiriko's mouth.

As Mercy's tip pounded her throat, Kiriko squealed inside. *Nnn~! Stop! Stop! Please!*

Shuddering, Mercy tightened her grip and pumped Kiriko harder.

Despite her personality's protests, Kiriko's body was more than happy to work with this. Within a couple of pumps, it moved back and forth on its own, the lubricated tunnel of her mouth clinging tight to Mercy's shaft even as one of her hands fondled the doctor's balls.

Mercy screwed up her eyes and shivered, face red and covered in sweat. "That's it," she said between deep pants for breath. "I can tell I—nn~!—tell I programmed you well!"

"Thank you, Mistress," said Kiriko, voice entirely unmuffled by the swollen shaft in her mouth.

As the inner Kiriko whimpered in horror, her body tightened its lips and pumped harder and faster, making Mercy scream in delight. Finally, Kiriko felt the doctor's cock twitch. Time seemed to pause as she realized what was happening. *Nononono—!*

With a scream of pleasure, Mercy grabbed Kiriko's head and came. Thick semen, hot and sticky and saltier than anything she'd ever tasted, filled her mouth. It made her want to throw up.

Chuckling, Mercy popped her penis free of Kiriko's lips and wiped its glistening shaft all over Kiriko's face. "Mmm~, did you enjoy that, fuckdoll?"

“Your semen is delicious, Mistress,” said Kiriko. Even as she shivered in disgust, she heard a sound like a vacuum and felt the cum filling her mouth sucked down her throat. A part of her—a digital ghost of her previous, biological self, perhaps—wanted to gag.

Mercy chuckled. “Good doll. Now, Kiriko: Freeze.”

Kiriko locked up.

“Kiriko, switch to Retropersonality and unfreeze head only.”

To her shock, Kiriko found she could move her lips again. She struggled to find something to say.

“What do you think of your new body?” asked Mercy, wiping her cock on a tissue and reaching for her panties.

“Y-you came in my m-mouth...” said Kiriko, struggling to put her disgust into words. Tears spilled from her eyes to mingle with the cum on her cheeks.

Releasing her pants with a snap, Mercy laughed. “Oh darling, if you think that’s the *worst* that’s going to happen to you...”

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Kiriko’s swollen new buttcheeks and boobs bounced like a quartet of the world’s jiggiest puddings as she marched out of the medical bay, the tight new outfit Mercy had prepared for her squeaking with every step. Mercy had called it a maid’s uniform, but it had more in common with a bikini than any uniform Kiriko had ever seen. As she walked, she felt its straps digging tight. She wanted to run away and hide—she’d never felt so ashamed.

As per Mercy’s instructions, she made her way to the common area, where D.Va sat with a controller in her hands and Tracer lay reading a book. The two of them looked up at the sound of heels clacking.

Coming to a stop, Kiriko pinched the flimsy, see-through scraps of her ‘skirt’ and curtsied. “Good afternoon, Mistresses. I’m your new servant, Kiriko, and I’m ready to sate your every desire.”

For a second, the two of them stared at her, blinking.

Then D.Va burst into laughter. “O.M.G. Mercy actually did it. I thought she was trolling.”

“No, I was quite serious,” said Mercy, appearing behind Kiriko. “I had enough of dealing with the little slut’s disdain for strategy.”

“Did you really have to turn her into... this though?” asked Tracer. “Isn’t that a little harsh?”

“Who cares?” said D.Va, tossing aside her controller and leaping to her feet. “What kinds of features does she come with?” She zipped around Kiriko like an overexcited bunny rabbit. “Is she reverse compatible?”

“Why don’t you try her out?” said Mercy, flicking a glance at D.Va’s bulging crotch. “I promise she’s everything you’d ever want in a sex doll.”

D.Va laughed. “Hey, want to come back to my room and let me fuck you?!”

No! Of course not! “It would be a pleasure, Mistress.”

Despite this positive response, D.Va frowned “Urgh, does she have to do the mindless slave routine?”

Mercy smiled. “As it happens, she has a suite of personalities, including her original, that you can switch to. She’ll list them all if you ask her, but allow me to give you a taster... Kiriko: Switch to ‘Princess’ Mode.”

Kiriko jerked as her brain changed gears. She could *feel* her mind switching course, thousands of little switches all flicking themselves. “Like, you got it, Mistress.” Her posture shifted from demure to cocky in an instant. “Urgh,” she said, putting her hand on her hip, “why won’t one of you fuck me? Don’t you know how horny I am?” Kiriko couldn’t believe what she was saying.

D.Va burst into laughter. “She sounds like such a brat! I love it! Hmm... I feel like it would get old really quickly though.”

“Psssh,” said Kiriko, rolling her eyes.

“Let’s try another one,” said Mercy. “Kiriko: Switch to ‘Honey’ Mode.”

Again, that strange feeling of disconnection, as if someone were rewiring all her neurons. Without a word, Kiriko threw herself at D.Va. “Oh, darling, aren’t you ever going to make love to me? I know we’ve had a tough time of things recently, but I promise to bake you your favorite pie! ...Darling?”

D.Va pulled away, nose wrinkled in disgust. “Ew, no way!”

Mercy chuckled. “Yes, I suppose that is a little much.”

“Don’t you have something that would be more fun to punish? Something with a little more personality than a mindless maid?”

Mercy tapped her chin. “Let’s see... Kiriko: Switch to ‘Innocent’ Mode.”

Her words pulled another lever in Kiriko’s brain. She groaned as her mind flipped for the third time in as many minutes.

As she struggled to collect her thoughts, her body spread its arms and looked down at itself in horror. "Aiiiiiii!" With a high-pitched squeal, she struggled to cover her breasts and her groin. "Mercy-sama! What have you done to me?" Giant tears burst from her eyes.

D.Va all but fell to the floor in laughter. "It's perfect! Come on, Kiriko, let's go have some fun!" Grabbing Kiriko's arm, she dragged her in the direction of her room.

"Eh?! D.Va-chan! D.va-chan! Waaaaaaait!"

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Slamming the door behind her, D.Va threw Kiriko onto the bed. She could only lie there, whimpering and struggling to cover herself as the MEKA pilot stripped off, throwing her suit to the floor in a heap.

Freed of its constraints, D.Va's cock bulged into the air, veiny, throbbing, and grossly disproportionate to her short, slender figure. The sight made Kiriko snivel in fear. "P-p-please don't bully me, D.Va-sama!"

"Oh shut up." Leaving Kiriko on the bed, D.Va turned to her desk and started typing away at her keyboard. Kiriko could only watch, uncertain what was happening, as the gamer set up a camera and stepped back, a picture of her appearing on the monitor. "Hmm," said D.Va, cocking her hips. She stepped aside to make sure the camera had a good view of the bed, and grinned. "There, that should do. I want my viewers to get a good look at your stupid slutty body!"

"D.Va-chan... Stop! You're bullying me!"

Drawing herself up to her full (but still unimpressive) height, D.Va grinned a malicious grin and wrapped a hand around her shaft. "입 다물어! Shut up, you stupid foxslut! Don't you know how much your stupid, high-pitched voice annoys me? How did you end up so squeaky?!" she squeaked. "Did you swallow a tank of helium or something?"

Kiriko covered her eyes and cried big blubbery tears into her hands. "Y-you're so mean, D.Va-chan..."

With a growl, D.Va leapt onto the bed. "I told you to be quiet! Shut up and spread your legs!"

Kiriko whimpered even as she obeyed. "N-no! I'm saving it for my future husband!"

D.Va laughed. "Sex robots don't have husbands, idiot! What are you, stupid?"

"P-please, D.Va-sama! Don't take my virginity!"

With a laugh, D.Va turned back to her desk. *Click*. "Hey, guys! Tonight I'm coming to you live from my bedroom. I know you guys have had enough of me jacking off my giant girlcock, so today we're going to do something—or should I say *someone*—a little different!" She giggled. "That's right, tonight I'm testing out a special new toy that my teammate just bought me!"

Look!” She grabbed Kiriko by the shoulders and spun her to face the camera. “It’s Overwatch’s newest member, Kiriko! Say hi to all my thousands and thousands of viewers, Kiriko-chan!”

“Eeeeeek!” Inside, Kiriko shrank in horror even as her body struggled to cover itself.

D.Va simply laughed. “Doesn’t she sound stupid? Just a minute again, she was whining about me taking her virginity! As if a sex robot should care about its virginity!”

On the screen, D.Va’s chat filled with laughing emojis.

Laughing herself, D.Va pulled back her hips. “Diving in!” *Schlup!*

In the confines of her own head, Kiriko screamed as D.Va’s enormous rod slammed deep into the slick depths of her artificial pussy. *NO!* she screamed inside. “Noooo!” she cried outside. “Noooo! D.Va-sama! D.Va-sama, stop bullying meeeee!”

Biting her lip, D.Va pulled back and thrust even harder.

As D.Va’s enormous shaft crashed into her with the regularity of a piston, Kiriko bucked and shuddered on the bed, alternating between cries of pleasure and pleas for mercy. Inside, her mind roiled in delight, reduced to a cauldron of bubbling soup by the ecstasy flowing through her. On top of everything else Mercy had done to her, she’d also made Kiriko’s pussy a thousand times more sensitive. Kiriko could feel every vein on D.Va’s cock—feel every slight twitch it made as it pumped into her depths. With each thrust, it made her feel a little hotter, a little readier to throw back her head and cum. “Nnn~! D.Va-samaaaaa! Stoooooop!”

Ignoring—or more likely encouraged by—Kiriko’s screams for mercy, D.Va screwed up her eyes and pounded her like a punchbag, thrusting so hard Kiriko was certain she’d tear. Sweat poured from the gamer’s reddened face as she bit her lip and quickened her pace. Beads of the stuff flew everywhere with each pump she gave.

“D-D.Va-sama!”

“Urrrgh!” With a groan of disgust, D.Va put her hand over Kiriko’s mouth. “Urgh, so annoying!”

“Mmmphf!”

Holding on to Kiriko’s mouth with one hand, D.Va grabbed one of her swollen breasts with the other and slapped it from side to side, smirking like a jackal as Kiriko quivered beneath her. Chuckling, she pinched one of Kiriko’s fat nipples and guided it to the camera, where she tweaked it to the amusement of her viewers. “She’s supposed to be a fox, but I think she’s more of a cow, isn’t she, chat?” She laughed. “Why don’t you say ‘moo’, fox-cow? Say ‘moo!’ for my chat!” She took her hand off Kiriko’s mouth.

Kiriko sniveled. “You’re so mean, D.Va-sama...” She took a deep breath. “Mooo! Moooo! MOOOO!”

Shaking in laughter, D.Va gave one last, titanic thrust and grunted, biting her lip. Kiriko felt the gamer's cock twitching, readying itself to explode.

With a final moan, D.Va came, pumping Kiriko's pussy so full of semen that the stuff blew back and spurted out of her, spraying all over the bed. In an instant, D.Va's chat filled with money emojis.

Extracting her sticky shaft, D.Va wiped it on Kiriko's belly and giggled in amusement. "Oops, sorry about your virginity, Kiriko-chan!" She winked at chat.

Kiriko whimpered. "You're not going to bully me anymore, are you, D.Va-sama?"

D.Va just laughed. "What? No way—why would I stop now?" Turning back to the camera, she stroked her cock for the viewers. "Which hole should I use next, guys? Biggest donation gets to choose!"

"Urgh, I'm exhausted," said D.Va rolling off the bed. "I really need to take a break."

Her chat filled instantly with disappointed comments.

"Relax! I'm not ending the stream. I've still got something planned for you." With a smug grin, she turned back to Kiriko, who lay quivering on the bed, coated in semen. "Let's see... I don't know if this will work, but... Kiriko: Raise Sensitivity to Maximum, Remove Pleasure Cap, and Lock Orgasm. Can you do all that?"

Kiriko shivered internally and externally. "O-of c-course... D.va-sama, b-but—but, if I do that... I'll just keep getting hornier and hornier without being able to—"

"I know that, you stupid foxslut! That's why I told you to do it! Now hurry up!"

"Y-yes, D.Va-sama!" Internally Kiriko gulped. What was D.Va trying to do to her?! "Settings adjusted, D.Va-sama."

"Perfect," said D.Va, wiping off her cock and slipping back into her outfit. "Now start masturbating. And don't stop till you're ordered!"

No! "O-okay, D.Va-sama!" With a fearful little whimper, Kiriko raised her hand, stuck out two fingers, and slipped them into her sticky, cum-filled pussy with a squelchy little schlup.

Utter mind-rending ecstasy, a thousand times stronger than anything she'd ever experienced, coursed up her spine and slammed into her brain like a thunderbolt. Kiriko screamed, internally and externally both. "D.VA-SAMA! D.VA-SAMAAAAAAA!"

D.Va's chat filled with laughing emojis.

AH! AH! AHHHH! Fingering herself with the subtlety of a jackhammer, Kiriko could only scream as bolt after bolt of utter, undeniable pleasure shot through her system, each a little stronger than the last. As they struck her brain, she lost all sense of reality. Time melted and ran like wax. The bedroom, the monitor, all of it vanished—all she could sense was the fingers in her pussy and the orgasmic ecstasy slamming into her brain. *Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhh!*

Worse than the pleasure was the pressure. With each little motion of her fingers, Kiriko found herself slightly closer to an orgasm she could never reach. Even as she writhed in delight, her body tensed for a blow that was never coming, tensed till her fear turned into an utter, despairing yearning. *LET ME CUM! LET ME CUM! LET ME CUUUUUUUM!* She felt as if she were being slowly roasted over a flame. *AAAAAAAHH!*

Lost in the mind-melting rapture of her growing pleasure, Kiriko didn't notice the door open or see Tracer enter the room until her fellow agent spoke.

"Kiriko." The word cut through Kiriko's thoughts like a knife, snapping her instantly to attention. "Stop."

Just like that, Kiriko stopped moving. The fire burning inside her didn't go anywhere, of course.

Closing the door behind her, Tracer approached D.Va's desk and switched the computer off. She clicked her tongue. "Honestly, what a wanker. Imagine filming yourself getting off." She shuddered and strolled over to the bed. "You okay in there?"

Kiriko sniveled. "Tracer-sama! You have to let me orgasm! Let me orgasm! Oh Fox Spirit, let me cum!"

Tracer backed away, blinking in shock. "Um, okay?"

Kiriko screamed as the giant balloon in her sex popped. Throwing back her head, she screamed like she'd been murdered, writhing so hard she worried she'd tear herself apart. Finally, with a whimper of delight, she fell back and lay there on the bed, shivering in utter ecstasy... Her internal fans whirled as she gulped down air. "Th-thank you, Tracer... sama..."

Tracer shook her head sadly. "Can you switch back to your normal personality? I'm really not a fan of this innocent schoolgirl routine."

Kiriko felt her brain click. Her expression went blank. "As you wish, Mistress."

Tracer winced. "No, I mean your *real* personality. Your old one."

Kiriko's brain clicked once more. Just like that, she had control of herself again. Gasping for breath, she snapped upright and sat there panting, feeling as if she'd just woken from a terrible nightmare. "Th-thank you..."

“No worries,” said Tracer. “Er, maybe we should get you cleaned up. You’re looking really... sticky.”

A blob of cum dripped from Kiriko. She stared in shock as it landed in her crotch before drawing in a deep breath and hacking and spitting desperately. “Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew!”

*

Tracer’s bed creaked as Kiriko sank into the mattress, her mechanical new body deforming it beneath her. A photo of Lena and her girlfriend—Emily?—sat on the bedside cabinet. Seeing it, Kiriko felt a hint of resentment.

Shivering, she took the wet cloth Tracer had given her and wiped herself down, struggling to clean out her mouth in particular. Threading it through the plump hole of her lips, she squirmed at the alien feeling of the smooth tunnel behind it. How could Mercy have done this to her?

As she finished cleaning her mouth, the door opened, and Tracer stepped inside. She locked it behind her with a click and approached the bed in silence, expression unreadable. “All cleaned up?” she asked, clearly struggling to sound cheery.

Kiriko nodded. “As clean as I’ll ever be,” she said. “I think I’ll be tasting semen forever.” She shivered. “Tracer, you’ve got to get me an antidote! You’ve got to get Mercy to turn me back!”

Tracer winced. “I don’t know if I can do that... it’s not really...”

“Please!” Kiriko all but grabbed her.

Tracer shied back, rubbing her arm. She frowned in annoyance. “You probably understand this by now, but Mercy isn’t someone you want to get on the wrong side of. She’s an angel if you’re in her good book, but the second you step out of line...”

She looked Kiriko up and down and blushed a little.

Kiriko could only gape (to the extent her new mouth was capable of anything other than remaining in a goldfish-like ‘O’). “Th-then... you’re just going to leave me like this?”

“What am I supposed to do? If I go out there and ask her to turn you back, she’ll think I’m taking your side. You think I wanna end up a sex machine too?”

Kiriko flinched, unsure whether to scream in frustration or cry. “What am I supposed to do then? Just give in and get used to being a f-fucktoy?”

Tracer rubbed her arm. “Well, you never know,” she said, smiling lamely, “you might get used to it!”

“くそ!” Kiriko leapt from the bed. “If you won’t help me, I’m going to confront her myself. Right now!”

Tracer's eyes widened. "Nonono! Don't do that—! Who knows what she'll—"

Someone knocked at the door. "Tracer? Lena, dear? Are you in there?"

Tracer and Kiriko froze.

"Lena, darling? Do you have our new plaything with you? I want to make a quick examination..."

"Just a minute!" called Tracer. "I'm getting changed!"

Mercy laughed. "Oh come now. I'm your doctor—I've seen you naked plenty of times." The door handle started to turn.

Eyes wide in panic, Tracer spun to Kiriko. "Lie back and pretend I've just finished fucking you!"

Kiriko's body took this as a command. She threw herself back and spread her legs, baring the thick hole between them. Tracer hurried to undress.

Mercy smiled as she stepped into the room. "Ah, there's our cute little fox friend. Were you two having fun together, Lena?"

Tracer zipped her pants up and blushed. "S-Something like that."

Grinning like a wolf, Mercy took a seat on the bed. "Now, now, there's no need to be coy with me." She ran her up and down Tracer's thigh... and the foot-long sausage running down it. "Remember, your sexual health is as much my concern as your physical."

Red-faced, Tracer swallowed. "O-o-oh, thanks, Doctor."

Mercy smiled. "Speaking of," she said, assuming a more business-like tone. "As I said, I wanted to analyze our new toy in use. I've already put one of her holes to good use myself, and I'm told Hana had some fun with a second, but there's still one little orifice any of us have yet to playtest..." She smirked.

Kiriko found her heart running as if on turbo. Just thinking about what Mercy was saying made her butt hurt.

"What do you think?" asked Mercy, giving Tracer's thigh another little pat. "Perhaps you'd like to try it out for me?" She leaned in as if to give Tracer a kiss. "It would make me *very* happy."

Tracer shivered. "I-I don't know, Dr. Ziegler... I've already used her so many times, I—"

"Oh, not to worry," said Mercy, retrieving a little pill from her pocket. "I had a feeling you might be spent, so I came prepared with an experimental libido-booster." She smiled like the devil.

“Oh-oh-oh,” said Tracer, allowing Mercy to press the pill into her hand.

“Zum Wohl!” said Mercy, miming the motion of swallowing it.

With a sad little glance at Kiriko, Tracer copied her. *Gulp!*

It didn’t take long for the pill to take effect. As Kiriko watched in increasing fear, the red blush afflicting Tracer’s face deepened. Lena breathed in deep, releasing thick clouds of steam, while between her legs her cock visibly strained against her bottoms.

Chuckling, Mercy ran a single finger along its length, making Tracer squeak and bite her lip to keep herself from cumming. “Oh my, it’s even more effective than I expected. Let’s get your clothes off before you stain them, dear. In the meantime, Kiriko: assume Optimal Anal Position 1.”

It took all of Kiriko’s strength not to squeak in horror. Limbs whirring, she sat up and flipped over, planting her face in the bed’s cushion and sticking her butt up in the air. From behind her came the grunts of Tracer struggling to pull her bottoms off. Finally, they came free with an audible snap, and Kiriko heard the bed squeak as Tracer clambered onto it.

“Oh my,” said Mercy, voice thick with amusement. “It seems that little pill has had some effects on your length as well. My, my, how intriguing.”

Tracer made a primal, lustful noise. It made Kiriko whimper in horror—just what had Mercy done to her?

A pair of hands seized her asscheeks, fingers digging deep into the flesh as they stretched her buttocks apart. A second later, something large and wet poked her exposed anus. Kiriko squeaked.

“Was that a whimper?” asked Tracer. “Did you leave her on ‘Innocent’ mode, Lena? I wouldn’t have expected that from you. Kiriko: switch to Primary Personality.”

Kiriko’s brain clicked. “Yes, Mistress.”

Mercy chuckled. “Now, Kiriko, I want you to tell me *exactly* how much you love the feeling of Lena’s fat cock filling your rectum. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Delightful. You may begin when ready, Lena.”

“Nn~! Ah!”

Tracer’s cock, thick and long and hard and veiny, pumped to rigid erection by the effects of Mercy’s pill, slammed deep, deep, into Kiriko’s exposed anus. As it stretched the tunnel of

her rectum wide, a needle of pain lanced her mind followed instantly by an overwhelming bolt of pleasure. She screamed inside, thoughts alight. "Oh! It feels good, Mistress."

Panting for breath, Tracer pulled back and thrust again, slamming her cock even deeper. She wailed in delight as Kiriko's fat cheeks rippled like two clumps of dough struck by a sledgehammer.

"Ooooh!" crooned Kiriko. "Ooh, it feels so good, Mistress. Lena's big cock is really stretching my anus! Oooh, it feels so good!"

Inside, Kiriko wanted to die. As bolt after bolt of utter orgasmic energy crashed into her brain, her mind came apart, blown into a thousand melting shards. *Nn~! Nn~! Stooop! Stop it, please! Oh Fox Spirit! Fox Spirit! Nn~!* She wanted to scream.

Mercy laughed. "Did you hear that, Lena? She's enjoying it!" She slapped Kiriko's ass, making it ripple even more. "Put some more spirit into it!"

With a wild wail, Tracer pulled back and thrust harder.

For almost a full minute more, Tracer pumped and pumped and pumped, slamming her giant shaft into Kiriko's depths till the latter was certain it would break her. With each thrust, Kiriko rippled and shook and gave a brief spurt of encouragement. "Ooh, it felt good, Mistress!" "Ooh, harder!" "Fuck me harder, Mistress!" Inside, she could only whimper in tortured delight.

Schlup! Schlup! Schlup! Schlup! Each pound of penis into Kiriko's ass pumped up the balloon inside her a little larger, making the pressure of its pleasure just that little bit worse. She wanted to screw up her eyes and bite her lip in ecstasy, but all she could do was take it with a smile, until at last—

Schlup!

Finally, Tracer's cock twitched, she gave one last intense thrust, and with a grunt, she came, filling Kiriko's hole full of semen.

Groaning, Tracer pulled herself out. Kiriko, meanwhile, froze where she was. "Thank you for fucking me, Mistress," she said. Her mental voice was a little less happy: *...Turn me back... Please...*

Mercy clapped and laughed in amusement. "That was an excellent performance, Lena. I'm surprised to see you're still erect though. What was that you said about being spent?" She laughed. "My little libido-booster must have been even more effective than anticipated."

She gave the moaning Tracer's cock a good pump. "This calls for more testing."

Kiriko lay on the floor in the middle of the base's common area, her face against the ground and her ass up in the air. Frozen, unable to move at all, she heard the slap of footsteps as Mercy and D.Va joined them.

"You want us all to use her together?" said D.Va, her high-pitched squeak of a voice like a knife to Kiriko's ears. "Isn't that, like, a little tricky to organize?"

"Worry less about the logistics and more about how much you'll enjoy it~," said Mercy, sounding amused. "Especially after you've popped one of my magic little pills. Lena here can testify to their efficacy, can't you, Lena?"

"R-right, Doctor."

"Take a look," continued Mercy, "she's still hard up from the last one." Her mellifluous laughter filled the air.

"Wow!" cried D.Va. "Just look how big her cock is now!"

Mercy smiled. "It's quite wonderful, isn't it, darling? Now, which of our dear fox's holes would you like to play with?"

D.Va pinched her cheeks. "Her big fat mouth, of course! I wanna hear her use her stupid, squeaky voice when she's got a mouth full of gamer cock!"

Mercy laughed. "Excellent choice. Lena, what about yourself?"

"Huh? O-oh, I'll just have whatever's left over..."

"I'm in the mood to try her anus, so I suppose that leaves you her vagina. If you'd like to lie down... Let's see. Kiriko: stand up and get ready to mount Tracer."

Kiriko's servo-motors whirred. With a quick 'yes, Mistress', she pushed herself off the floor and spun to face her former teammates. Tracer had already stripped, and as Kiriko watched she lay flat on the ground, cock sticking up like the mast of a ship. She flicked Kiriko an apologetic glance as she approached, though it was soon replaced by a look of lust at the sight of approaching pussy.

Rummaging in her coat pocket, Mercy retrieved three little pink pills and handed one to Tracer and D.Va. "Prost!" she said, popping her own. The others copied her.

Barely a second passed before the pills' effects took hold. With a gasp, Mercy seized a nearby table as a growing bulge stretched her pants. Elsewhere, D.Va moaned and scrabbled at her own cock as it fought to escape her suit. Finally, on the ground, Tracer shivered, red-faced and panting, as her already hard cock throbbed and twitched, doubly erect and tall as a flagpole.

Mercy panted for breath, struggling to remove her pants. "Perhaps we should have undressed first... Kiriko, hurry up and mount Tracer!"

“Yes, Mistress!” *No, no, no!* Spreading her legs, Kiriko straddled Tracer’s form, the fat donut of her pussy hovering over Tracer’s glistening tip. With a whine of straining motors, she lowered herself, bringing the pink donut of her pussy down around Tracer’s shaft.

As one, the two of them screamed. One aloud, one internally.

“Now...” Pumping her cock, Mercy struggled to catch her breath. “It’s our turn, Hana!”

“You got it!” Grinning, D.Va bounded over, cock bouncing with every little leap. Straddling Tracer herself, she grabbed Kiriko’s head and guided her veiny-riddled cock to Kiriko’s lips. “Open wide, lol!” *Schlup!*

Kiriko moaned as a second lance of pleasure struck her core. No sooner had she recovered than a pair of manicured hands dug into her asscheeks and spread them wide apart. *N-no!* she thought, struggling to stay coherent. *No! Please no! Not all three at once! Not all three at—!*

Schlup! Mercy’s giant cock crashed into the depths of her anus, its massive girth straining her rectum wide. Inside, Kiriko’s mind turned a white hot flare of pure, refined ecstasy. She couldn’t think except to scream in delight.

As her mind teetered on the edge of orgasmic oblivion, her body raised its hips and dropped them back down the length of Tracer’s cock. At the same time, D.Va and Mercy pulled back and thrust.

Three spears of orgasmic energy stabbed Kiriko in the soul simultaneously. She screamed inside, voice a wordless wail of pleasure. “It feels good, Mistress! Please, fuck Kiriko harder!”

She raised her hips again. D.Va and Mercy pulled back. *Thwap!*

Lightning ecstasy coursed through her, incinerating those few thoughts that remained to her. “Fuck Kiriko harder!”

Moaning and panting, Mercy and D.Va obliged, each pound of their swollen cock harder than the previous. Each Tracer bucked on the ground, eyes rolling back in delight.

Thwap! “Fuck Kiriko harder!”

Thwap! “Ffff-fuck Kiriko harder!”

Thwap! “F—ff—fcuk Kiiii—Kiriko—Kiriko harder!”

As ecstasy surged through her wires, her heart sped into overdrive, making her chest and the giant boobs dangling from it shake. Sparks flew from her head—she jittered and juddered. And still they continued to fuck her, harder and harder, until—

In sequence, the three came: first Mercy, then D.Va, then finally Tracer. To the sound of their moans, semen filled Kiriko's body. Her internal fan whirled to suck it up, before crackling to a halt and popping off its axle. As the three of them extracted their shafts, she collapsed, cum dripping from all her holes and several different seams. Sparks crackled around her head, snapping and fizzling.

"FFfff—Kirik—ha—Fuck—K—K—Kk—Hard—Zzzip!"

"Oh dear," said Mercy.

*

The hangar door clanged behind them as the team stumbled into the base, cocks bulging beneath the crotches of their pristine, undamaged outfits.

"Fuck, I'm sooooo pent-up!" whined D.Va, rubbing her shaft through her suit. "All that winning made me soooo horny!"

"The excitement of battle is an excellent aphrodisiac," said Mercy, chuckling in amusement and fingering her own shaft playfully. "Isn't that right, Lena?"

Tracer swallowed and crossed her legs. "R-right."

Mercy smirked. "Perhaps you'd like to accompany me to my office for a 'personal examination'?" She winked.

Tracer gulped. "Th-thanks for the offer, but I'd really like to catch some sleep."

"Suit yourself." Waving her hand, Mercy turned to join D.Va in the common area. Tracer turned and scurried to her room.

Closing and locking the door behind her, she hurried to throw off her outfit and rummage beneath her bed. After a few seconds of fumbling, she pulled out a metal tube about the size of a flashlight and capped with a circle of pale flesh.

As ever, the sight made her want to wince a little. For all her skill, Mercy hadn't been able to do much for Kiriko. Their former teammate had taken so much damage she'd been almost unsalvageable. The best Mercy had been able to achieve was to extract her CPU... and the three holes that had led to the damage in the first place. Kiriko lived on, though Tracer didn't envy her fate.

Biting her lip, she guided her rigid shaft into the fleshlight's hole.

On the plus side, at least they were winning now.