

Lugia was hard at work once again in her busy little workshop, fixing one of the Eevee-bots who have been in a bit of an 'accident' again... But Lugia was, however, not very pleased about it, if her grinding teeth were any indication of that

Her larger hands were currently rummaging around inside the smaller Flareon unit, haphazardly ripping and throwing out various motors and components that were either half burnt, or half melted, inside the fake fire type pokemon.

"*Grunt* For fuck sake... What does this make it now, huh? Sixth? Seventh? Tenth time you've ended up here now? And it's not just you i'm asking, fire slut. I'm asking the WHOLE lot of ya!" She barked at the five inactive poke-girls strewn about her worktables, in different states of dysfunction and damages.

"I know very well that all of us are programmed to follow our designated masters' orders, but only to a certain extent! And that also counts for repeat incidents, that said masters like to pull!" She reprimands them, turning her attention back to the Flareon she was bisecting. **"I know that you little shits in particular are retarded, but come the fuck on!"** She yelled, ripping out one of the fire type's overloaded heat engines, and held it in front of the dark eyed poke-girl with a snarl. **"That 'Paul' fella has repeatedly made you do your heat trick inside the sauna during his whole stay here! yet your stupid little A.I can't put two and two together, and deny his request for you doing it in the hot zones!"** She growled, before dumping the engine hard onto a tray of other burnt-out parts.

"Thank FUCK that he pissed off just yesterday! Because if I received the rest of you bitches in the same sorry state as you five, as a 'parting gift' from that dickhead, I swear, I was gonna MURDER someone in the most brutal fashion imaginable!" She threateningly proclaimed, as she moved away from the Flareon and onto the Jolteon. Who in turn looked a bit more singed around the edges, compared to her fiery counterpart.

"And what was your major malfunction again?..." She sighed, while skimming through her clipboard. **"Was reported damaged by attendant Paul, Given explanation was unit blah blah... Batteries were overloaded?!... How the!..."** Lugia looked between the report and the offline Jolteon with disbelief and bewilderment, having a hard time believing what she was reading. **"Cunt... You, out of almost EVERY bot on this resort, has the most durable power core on the market. Capable of collecting and storing extreme amounts of power in that very core, and it also being nigh impossible to overload... How in the bloodiest pits of HELL! did you manage to do exactly THAT?!?"** The legendary screamed in anger at the otter retardation happening around her.

"*Groooooan!* Huuueh... I think I might actually snap..." She whispered to herself while massaging the side of her temple.

Then a moment later, she hears the locks of the garage door behind her disengage, and then the rumble and screeching of the metal door rolling up. Too pissed to even pay her visitors a look, she waves her hand at them in a dismissive fashion. **“If it’s more damaged whores, then leave them by the door, and Piss off!”** She yelled to whoever entered her workshop with a smoldering and tired voice. Her hands having already gone to work detaching the Jolteon’s chest and stomach.

“Heh, Sounds like you are having quite a stressful time at work, ey?” A male voice asked, causing the Lugia to freeze from the unexpected tone, hand locked around a tit of the just detached chestplate,

Turning around, with Jolteon’s chest in hand, Lugia spots her visitor with surprise on her face, only for said surprise to then turn into disgust, once she registered who it was. **“Oh... It’s You... What the hell are you doing here, you shit!”** She growled at her visitor, who turned out to be another fellow mechanic like her, tho one she would really like to fuck in the ass with the business end of a shovel.

“Heey, relax! I was sent over here by management to give you a hand! You really should learn to ‘Chill’ a little from time to time~” The male Lucario calmly told his larger coworker.

The Lucario was of an average build, tho a very fit one at that, and was wearing the same kind of greasy overalls as the Lugia, with the addition of a blue work jacket with the resort’s logo plastered on its back...

“Chill? CHILL!?! Boy, if it weren’t for you being just ONE rank above me, i would fucking bash your little metal dome across this bloody island!!” She hissed with venom in her voice. **“And how in the flying Fuckall, do you expect me to ‘Chill’ when all these budget prostitutes keep on finding their way back into my workshop, a day AFTER I’ve already fixed them!?!?”** She yelled at the blue dog, who didn’t seem to flinch in the slightest and just kept on smiling. In her frustration at seeing him still smiling, she slams the chest plate she held HARD onto the worktable with the inactive Jolteon on it. Not only bending said chest piece, but also leaving a nasty indent on the table itself.

“Braaa! Now look at what you made me do! Now I gotta find a replacement! Just GREAT!” She barked in frustration, as she headed over to her chaotically sorted shelves with parts, and began digging for a new chest piece for Jolteon...

The Lucario moves further inside the frustrated Lugia’s domain, inspecting each of the disabled poke-girls with a thoughtful hum as he walks about the place, until finally stopping just a few steps behind the rummaging Lugia, clearing his voice box.

“Listen, I know that you don’t like me, frankly i don’t like you either, but management sent me here to help you fix these girls in a timely manner for the next couple of months” He explained, which earned him a gruff **“Uh-Huh”** from Lugia. **“So can’t we put our personal grievances aside and be professional with each other until then?”** The Lucario mechanic asked the still rummaging Lugia, who then gave a loud laugh before turning back to him with a replacement arm for a Charizard unit, pointing it at him with a doubtful and amused look.

“Boy, ‘Professional’ is the last thing you are! Every mechanic in this company KNOWS about your hijinks! Either personally or through the reports!... But fine...” She uttered, dropping the arm to turn back and grab the piece she was looking for. **“I’ll play along for now, can’t piss off the big wigs now, can we?...”** She says, holding out the chest piece for him to take. But the moment his paws take hold of its edges, Lugia's free hand grabs hold of the doggo’s right with an iron grip. Pulling him closer so their faces were a mere inch away, and glaring into his eyes with a threatening smolder. **“...But if you try and fiddle with ANY of their settings or components, I swear you this, i’ll rip every single motor in your flimsy little body out, and throw your still functioning body into the incinerator...”** She growls in his face, twisting his hand to the point of almost breaking off. **“Are. We. Clear”**

The Lucario, grimacing a little from the strain being put on his wrist and hand, picks up his smile again. **“H-Heh, Crystal~”** He chuckled

“Hmpf! You better!” She scuffs, then lets go of his wrist and shoves the piece into his chest. **“Now make yourself useful, and go fix that stupid electric cunt over there...”** She instructed him, pointing one of her thick fingers over to the chestless Jolteon behind him.

*“*Amused/Tired sigh* Sure thing ‘Boss~’... But... Would you mind filling me in on what happened to these guys?”* He asked the taller-than-him woman, only to be met with an exasperated groan of annoyance.

“If you really MUST know!...” She says with a strained, sarcastic friendly tone. Pulling up her clipboard to spell out each of the girl’s malfunctions for the dog mechanic.

“Fire bitch overused her heaters till all of her insides either melted or caught fire, Again. Electric bitch somehow blew out her top-of-the-line power core. Leaf bitch fell off the roof and cracked her head open, plus getting her left arm and right lower leg broken off upon hitting the pavement. Water cunt forgot that she wasn’t waterproof, AGAIN!. And then finally, little bitch...” She listed off, before looking over at the still laying Eevee girl on one of the worktables. Looking to not have the slightest scratch on her whatsoever. **“She apparently suffered such a major logic error during her work, that**

her logic center ended up frying her A.I to a crisp... So that makes two we need to replace the CPU of..." She finished, and threw the clipboard over her shoulder. **"There, now you are filled in..."** She said with a sarcastic smile, before frowning at the Lucario **"Now get to it! Chop! Chop!"** She ordered, and went back to work on the Flareon.

With a shake of the head and a roll of the eyes, Lucario goes to do what he was 'ordered' to.

Luc began by inspecting the inside of Jolteon's interior, noting multiple fried wires and circuits, with her board bank and sensor hub seemingly still being intact, tho on closer inspection he could see a few of the chipboards in said bank were broken, and then finally the star of the problem, the core. Which obviously had seen better days, as it was now just a black, and still sparking, mess.

Having his work cut out for him, Luc pulled out his own tools and went to work.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the room, Lugia had just finished ripping out the last burnt part from the Flareon's interior, and now went onto the grueling task of replacing each and every part that she had removed.

When comparing the two mechanics' work flow, one would most definitely see the difference between the two. Lugia's style could be summed up as: Check part, Slam in, Inspect, And then bolt it down with a powertool, and then go on to the next part. Harsh, but fast.

Lucario's was completely different, with more calm and careful movements, yet still going at a timely manner that wasn't at a snail's pace. Making sure that each little thing was placed where they should be placed at, and checking that all of the Volteon's systems were running in the green. Precise, and at a moderate pace.

A little over half an hour later, and the two mechanics were done with their designated bots. **"Hmpf... Not half-bad coming from a scumbag like you..."** She said upon seeing him being done with Jolteon. **"Anyways, since we both got done at the same time, how about you choose which of the three remaining bitches you wanna do next?"** She offered him.

"Oh? Am I hearing that right? Is the most foul mouthed android on this island, being all chivalrous towards little old *me*~?" Lucario teasingly asked, squinting his eyes, and with a little smirk as well.

Lugia frowned harder **“Fucking chose your whore before i change my mind!... Fucking smartass...”** She growled.

“Alright, Alright... I’ll take a gander at the Leafeon. Haven’t tried fixing a ‘Splatter’ case before, so might as well scratch that off my bucket list, Heh...” He Joked, with his chill and friendly tone still present, which was clearly pissing off the giant of a woman, that he still sounded so ‘chipper’ even tho she had thrown nothing but curses at him.

“Fine then! I’ll grab the water bimbo... Got way more experience in dealing with *her* specific malfunction than *you*...” She boasted, and then pushed the newly fixed Flareon off the table before walking over to fetch the lager sister of the eevee group.

“You do you, boss...” He mused, and walked over to the mess that was the grass-type. But after a few steps, he stopped and looked over his shoulder to look at Lugia, who’s big and round ass was straining against the thick fabric of her overalls, as she was currently bent over to pick up a few pieces she had dropped. **“You do you~”** He mused again, with a more devious tone than before...

Once he reached the Leafeon’s table, the blue dog couldn't help but make a pained, muck sound when he laid his eyes on the broken bot. Their body was laid out perfectly on the metal table, with both of the poke-girl’s severed limbs placed at their respective areas, with a little space between them and the main body. Snapped wires and broken endoskeleton jutted out from the damaged limbs, coupled with the snapped hydraulics, who’s fluids were still leaking out.

Checking out the head, where, were he to have had the same ‘repulsions’ as an organic, he would probably have become slightly nauseous from seeing the ‘*poor*’ state of the grass type’s head. One of the girl’s optics had popped out and hung down the side of her face, while the other had only partially popped out, still sitting in its socket but stuck out in such a way that Lucario could easily grab and pull it out the rest of the way. One of their leafy ears were broken off, while the other were bent at a steep 90 degrees on the middle of the ear itself. Some of the rotary cables and flexible bones that made up the ear, jutted out from the teared synth flesh like jagged bone, from the bent point.

And even tho she was lying face up, Lucario could still see, even when looking at her from the front, how her head looked kinda pressed, like that of a half squashed tomato.

Turning her head slowly, he witnessed how all of the head’s contents just poured out in an avalanche of small cables, wires, chips and chipsets, and what appeared to be the broken remains of the Leafeon’s blackbox and CPU.

“Pfff... By the company... I kinda dread to open you up and see what your insides look like... Eweeh...” He commented to the broken machine. Poking the mesh of wires and chips, which was essentially (and used to be) their brain, with a screwdriver.

“You defragging your memory banks or something? What’s the hold up!” Came the angered shout from Lugia, who stood before the big and tall Vaporeon-bot that she had just plopped down on her worktable, and looked over at him with a glare in her eyes. **“We’ve got a schedule to keep, and like you said, ‘We gotta be professional’~!”** She quoted with a fake grin and a bit of sass in her voice, before proceeding to detaching the water-mon’s belly plate, which then let out a good 1-2 liters of water, which streamed out like a short-lived waterfall. **“*Groan* ...I really need to tell the techies to get their shit together and update your dog-ass A.I...”** She tiredly grumbled to the ‘drowned’ Vaporeon, who’s face was stuck in a drowsy smile.

Grimacing in annoyance and giving a huff, Lucario replies **“From how I see it, She’s properly smashed, no pun intended. I would say it’s better for us to scrap her and order a new one from mainla-”**

“What about her main body? Excluding all her limbs. Does that look to be at least above 50% integrity?” Lugia cut him off with her inquiry.

“Not sure, But...”

“Yes or no, beta bitch!” She snapped at him.

Sighing, Lucario rolls the leafeon to her side to inspect her back more closely. **“Eeeh, the spine seems about alright, tho dose need a bit of repair, else it’s mostly superficial damage with a few bent or dented plates and bones”** He answered, and flopped the leafeon back on her back. The hanging eye finally snapped off from the rough handling, and rolled off the table.

“Great, then lub off all the damaged components and fetch some new ones for her! You know the rules like the rest of us, if the main chassis is still in good condition, then we keep them around!. Cut’s down on the bigger replacement costs for commissioning a brand new unit...” She both ordered and re-informed him.

“I know that!...” He calmly snapped. **“It’s just... Seeing them in this state of damage, I would have preferred to just dispose of them instead of wasting time repairing them...”** He explained. But Lugia didn’t seem to like that explanation, as she growled.

“Hey! You picked them because you wanted to try fixing their specific case, so don’t you start getting cold feet because they look like they’ll take some effort from you, you whelp! Equip yourself with some steel balls, and get to the fixing!” She barked while waving a wrench at him, and then turned her focus back on the Vaporeon, who now laid flat across the table with her legs spread and hanging off over the edge.

Reaching inside the water-mon and loosening a few bolts on the inside, which held onto the pokemon’s heavy chest, Lugia then removes said chest plate and heavy tits once they were screwed off, and places the mammaries to the side together with the stomach plate. Giving her now complete access to the whole of the fembot’s interior workings... Which was utterly soaked in water... Causing Lugia to groan out a curse or two again.

Meanwhile, after the legendary had turned her back to the blue dog, Lucario gave the working lugia’s back a glaring side eye, and a slightly bared row of teeth, whispering a growl before whipping his head back down towards the Leafeon. He hated being told how to do his job, even more so about the company policies. In a manner of speaking, HE should be the one giving the orders! He was a higher rank than that oversized whore! But here he was, being a good little ‘pup!’. But Luc kept his cool, and focused on the work at hand. He was gonna teach that woman a lesson in how the hierarchy works, soon...

Starting off, Lucario grabs a cutter and goes about cutting off the semi-mushed head first. The sooner he gets that out of his sight, the less ‘ikky’ he’ll feel while he works. Once done cutting the neck, he takes hold of the head and turns it on its side, stuffing the wire and chip mess that flowed out of it before, back inside, and chucked it over into one of two scrap containers some distance away. Then he moves onto the arms and legs, ripping and tearing the synth flesh away that covered the shoulder and hip joints of the damaged limbs, and started fiddling with each of said joints with his tools, until he manages to get them free and then pop them out with a hard tug. After disposing of the limbs like he did the head, he was now left with the one armed and one legged torso of Leafeon.

Looking at their chest, Luc didn’t really want to open them up and take a look inside... But sadly for him, it was not an option. **“*Sigh*...Here we go~”** He sighed with a heavy breath, and proceeded with the procedure of removing the grass-type’s front platings.

With a click or four on four separate hidden buttons along the sides of the torso, the chest and stomach sections popped up slightly with a **Clunk** and a quiet hiss. Before he even grabbed onto the edges of the detached segments and lifted them away, his artificial nose could already pick up the nice but putrid scent of a punctured lubricant tank, emanating out from the broken bot the moment he popped them open. **“Groan* Oooh boy... That’s not a good sign...”** He mumbled.

Deciding to stop beating around the bush, Lucario pulls the chest away and drops it on the table, beside the torso, and peaks inside for the first time. And to say that the Leafeon's insides were a shattered mess, would be hitting it square on the nose. Motors, Actuators, Control boards, Fluid tanks of both synthetic fluids and lubricant, and a majority of other vital systems, laid loosely in an utter trash heap inside the Leafeon. Being either punctured, snapped, bent, or fried beyond repair, Luc was seriously considering to just say 'fuck it' and throw the broken bot out, there and then, no matter how big of a reprimand he was gonna get from it.

But again, he sucks up his feelings and gets on with it. Collecting every larger broken piece first one after the other, before moving on to the tedious part of collecting every little piece and splinter of the larger parts afterwards. 30 minutes later, and he had cleaned the interior of the torso to the best of his abilities(And patients). Now, all he needed was the new parts.

"Hej 'Boss'. We got all the Leafeon parts?" He asked, while wiping the metaphorical sweat off his brow.

"Brragh!... Mostly we do! But we've run out of heads for that line. So just go and grab the limbs and what other parts you need from storage, and patch that bitch up! Once you're done, throw her headless ass into one of the lockers over there, under the sign that says 'Unfinished work'. Ain't hard to miss" She instructed him with a dismissive wave of the hand, too busy working on the Vaporeon, who's head they were currently fumbling around with in their hands, to even give him the courtesy of looking his way as she told him off.

"...Alright, Boss..." He said with a sour tone, and went off to fetch what he needed. It took him about fifteen minutes to find all the parts, with the majority of that time being spent on rummaging through the disorganized maze that was the storeroom. Like, he found about seven different colored eyes in the box meant for only green colored ones, and about five different kinds of arms sitting in the steel bucket for Leafeon limbs, which weren't even limbs for a Leafeon!.

"Not to offend you anymore then I already am, but you seriously need to clean up your storage. It looks like a damn tornado went through there!" He told Lugia, who at the time was sapping and prodding the Vaporeon's exposed CPU with a specialized tech wand, and a pair of pinchers.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever twink! Better get used to it, because I ain't cleaning SHIT in my shop!" She snared. **"Now less talk and more action!"** She ordered.

Lucario grumbles under his breath while giving her a stinky eye, before continuing back to the Leafeon with their parts clutched to his chest.

Meanwhile, doing one of Lugia's 'Brain' pokings, she manages to bring the head back online in a spittle of sparks, shortly ejecting out from the scalp-less head. "**H-H-H-Hi! Nice toooo-to meet ya! liiiiii-*Beep-Bwoop!* Huh? Where am I? This isn't the hot springs!... And why can't I feel the rest of me?...**" The head asked 'cutesy' like.

"**'My oh my, it seems like your dumb-ass has rounded up in my workshop~'... AGAIN**" Lugia answered the now reactivated Vaporeon, with barely restraint fury in her voice and face.

"**Oh hey Lugia!**" She greeted the legendary, only for said legend to lightly tap her CPU with the tech wand, giving it a small **BZZT!* "**A-A-A-A-A-Aawwooo!... What was that for? Oooh...**"

"**Bitch, i'm not in the mood for 'friendliness' right now. And frankly, I'm not in the mood to ask WHY you were face down in the pool, AGAIN! Because I already know why you were there, and that's because~. ALL of you Eevees are FUCKING retarded!!**" She bellowed at the head, who 'cowered' in fear from the Large women's reprimand. "**Grrr... Anyways, I just needed to see if your head was still 'functional', which it clearly, and regrettably, is. So I'll be pulling the plug on you for now... But I'm FAR from done with your lot!**" She told the head, venom seeping from her every word, before she took hold of the power cord connected to said head and a car battery. "**Nighty Night, Bitch!**" She hissed, and pulled the plug.

The light in Vaporeon's eyes dimmed down before going out completely once more, and Lugia sighed. "**Haaa... Hey! Ass wipe! How's your bitch farring ya?**" She asked Lucario, who was just in the middle of attaching Leafaon's new arm.

"**Grumble** **Fine... But it would go a lot smoother if you don't constantly pester me!**" He answered the larger mechanic. Tools halted mid the attachment work, as he looked over his shoulder to the Legendary, with an annoyed grimace on his face and eyes

"**Ha! The feeling's mutual, Fuck boy!**" She retorted, and went back to work on Vaporeon with a shake of the head and a chuckle. "**You're too soft, you know that?. Guess that just goes to show what kind of role you were originally supposed to play~**" She mused with a mischievous side eye.

Lucario's only response was a growl, and an audible **KRAK!* of the new arm getting locked in place, before begrudgingly moving onto the leg.

“Peh...” She scuffs, turning back to the Vaporeon and begins patching them back together, now that everything seems to be back in *‘working’* order.

After a few minutes, Lucario, with an annoyed grunt, krams the leg into its socket with another **Kraak!** like the arm before. Once done with all the exterior replacements, he went back to the torso and began re-bolting and rewiring all the new parts into and around the interior for the next hour or so. Replacing the fluid tanks and their respective tubing. Screwing down the various chip-banks and their corresponding conduits, and inserting the fresh chips and motherboards into these banks after the fact. Installing some new actuators for the arms and legs. And then finally removing the severed connectors, wiring, throat tubing, and metal structure that remained in the neck stump, for an easier time to connect and rewire the new head onto the frame, once said head finally arrives.

“Huff! Okay, that’s about all I can do for now... Now, just to...” He said out loud, before grabbing the headless body from under its armpits with a strained grunt, his servos wrrr’ing up a storm from the stress of lifting the Leafeon off the table, and dragging them all the way to the lockers across the room. He grunted and cursed under his breath, and even more so when he had to stop to get a better hold of the rather heavy bot he dragged, until finally reaching the lockers and stuffing them inside one of them with a bit of effort.

Kraash! **“There!... Peew! Now that just leaves-”**

“Really took your sweet time with that didn’t ya, Fuck boy!” Lugia barked over from the worktables. **“I would have been done with that bitch in half the time it took you to do it!”** She boasted with a slight scuff, before stepping aside to reveal the small Eevee girl lying on the table, missing her chest and stomach **“But aside from that, i’ve gone ahead and opened the small bitch up for ya! Sparring me the torture of having to stand and watch you working at a snails paste doing such a minute thing!”**

Lucario grimasse a snarl. **“How thoughtful of you, *ma’am*...”** He said, sarcasm dripping from his voice.

“No problem, Bitch boy!” She replied with a smirk, and walked off to the storeroom while stretching her arms and back.

Shaking his head, Luc walks over to the Eevee’s table and gives them a look over. Like Lugia said, the Eevee had suffered no hardware damage of any kind, except for their CPU. So the little brown puffball of a poke-girl looked as pristine as if she came straight out from the factory doors. Looking at her face he noticed how her eyes were locked looking in either direction, with her mouth smiling and slightly open, making Lucario snicker momentarily from the goofy face the Eevee was unfortunately locked into upon their crash.

“You gonna stare at her all day?” He heard Lugia question him. Walking out from the storeroom with a large metal box in her hands, with arms and legs sticking out from the top. Most of them look like spare parts for the more dragon themed poke-dolls on the resort.

Luc’s face turned to a scowl once more, and rolled his eyes. Not giving her the pleasure of him retorting, he instead fishes out his tools from his pockets, and moves back to the middle of the Eevee.

With the Eevee wide open thanks to Lugia, Lucario went ahead with the old song and dance of checking her systems and hardware. However, the moment his multitool torched the inactive poke-girl’s data center, did the Eevee spring into life once more. Shooting straight up from their lying position, they started screaming and bellowing a stream of different greetings and sexual innuendos at breakneck speeds, while their arms would either chop in the air, or thrust forward and back, repeatedly.

Lucario, understandably so, was blown back in fright the moment the Eevee had sprung to life, flinging his tools to the winds as he went **“WAAA-Woah! Woah! WOAHI!”** before promptly tripping over his own feet and falling flat onto his back.

“Gaaa!” He growled in pain, while clutching the back of his skull. And then shortly after his less than graceful fall, does he hear the loud laughter from Lugia, who was currently keeling over from how hard they were laughing.

“HAA-HAHAHAHAAA!! Holy shit! Ooooh, that was just too damn priceless! Hahaha!” She kept on laughing while the Eevee was still spitting out their greetings.

“Huuuu... Man, I needed that...” She said between artificial breaths, whipping a metaphorical tear from her eye before walking around the table, and stopping right where Luc stood a second ago. Grabbing the sporadic Eevee’s shoulder, Lugia reaches her hand inside the small mon girl, before effortlessly ripping out their core with a small spray of sparks and electrical arcs following suit.

The sound of the Eevee’s systems powering down, coupled with the Eevee’s limbs and body slowly but quickly going limp, made Lugia give another chuckle as she held the still sparking core in her hand. **“Heheheh... You wouldn’t BELIEVE how many rookie mechanics i’ve gotten with this trick. Never gets old! Makes it even better with how hard it made you jump, and you are supposed to be well above that of a rookie! HA!”**

“You... You fucking Bitch!!” He yelled in anger while getting back onto his feet.

“Oh cry me a river will ya?! You had it coming anyway!” She retorted with her own angered voice. Gone were the joyful demeanor she had a moment ago from the blue dog’s misfortune. **“How about you go and take a break for now, and let ME handle this last whore in peace, HUH?!”** She suggested to the Lucario, looking him dead in the eyes with her threatening glare. **“Go on, SHOO!”** She snapped while shooing him away with a wave of her hand, before turning back around to the, once again, offline Eevee.

Rage boiled inside his very code. Glaring bloody murder at the back of Lugia’s skull, while his paws were clenched into fists from the sheer fury he was experiencing.

‘That’s fucking it!!’ He thought to himself, teeth bared fully with a growl in his voice box, and pulled out his smartphone. Swiping through the windows till he found the admin app he was granted access to upon his promotion, Luc quickly scrolled through the list of mechanics till he found Lugia’s profile. Opening the profile, he was greeted by the large settings menu of said Lugia, and scrolled down again till he found her maintenance button. **“It’s about goddamn time you learn your place!”** He growled at her, before pushing the button.

“The fuck did you sa- *Beep!*” She was about to bellow out, but then her whole body straightened up and froze, arms clamping down to her sides as she blurts **“Maintenance mode engaged... Awaiting input...”**

“Heh! Now then... Let’s see about that attitude of yours, shall we?~” He mused. Opening her personality settings, and finding the ones he was more interested in.

Dominance. Reduced from a 9 to 2

Intelligence. From 10 to 4

Submission. Changed from 1 to a 10

And finally, Lust. Made that a 10 to, but that wasn’t enough in his opinion, so through a bit of fenangling of the system, he bumped it up to a 20.

And just because he REALLY wanted the whore to squirm, he also bumped up her sensitivity to max.

“Heheheh, that should do it~... Now, how about you and I BOTH take a little break~” He said, and pressed restart.

Lugia sacked forward slightly as she went limp, but shortly after went right back up again **“System rebooted. New settings received. Engaging Unit A.I”** She blurted, as her form was given its fluidity back. Then immediately afterwards, her hands each went to both her nethers and her tits, as she felt an unyielding need burning her insides. Rubbing and squeezing at both locations with a pained squeal of wanton lust.

“Oooh Fuuuuck! Why am i sooo-ho-ho-hooo fucking horny all of a sodden?!” She wailed, before whipping around and seeing the phone in Luc’s paw. **“Haaa~ YOU!!! AaAahH~ You little cucksucking-!”**

“Shut it, slut!” He barked, which made Lugia shut her mouth immediately, and dawned a submissive look on her face. **“The only one here that’s gonna be sucking any kind of cuck is your whore ass! So get out of those clothes and get on your knees! NOW!”** He commanded, while he himself was stripping out of his own clothes.

“Yes sir...” She murmured timidly, yet also lustfully. Unclasping the buckles that held her overalls up with a snappy motion. Letting the straps flop down, followed by the part that concealed her naked chest, letting her humongous breasts flop out with a wiggle.

“Heheheh... Oooh, i’m gonna love this~” Luc commented with a devious grin. His cuck, already halfway out of its sheath.

In less than a minute, both of the robotic pokemons’ clothes were thrown to the winds, with the large Legendary now down on her knees before the lucario, servicing his red rocket with wet slippery slurps and kisses, and a good amount of ball groping too. Getting into the mood very quickly for feisty maneuvers like those, which the lucario certainly didn’t mind~

“Haaa... Yeah, that’s more like it girl~. Show me how a big woman like you swallows cuck for a living!...” He softly yet dominantly told Lugia, grabbing her by the back of the head before shoving the whole of his schmite down her artificial throat, making her gurgle out in shock at first, but then in outright glee as hearts appeared in her mechanical eyes. Loving how she was getting manhandled by the blue doggy.

“Grruckukklulk!”

“Now now, slut! Haven’t you been taught not to talk with your mouth full? Oh wait! Of course you don’t! Why would a big assed whore like you be programmed to anything other than taking dick from your betters!” He exclaimed with a grin, before grabbing her head with both hands and thrusting her head back and forth along his pride like a freight

train. Enjoying the feeling of his knot plopping in and out of her mouth, each time he bottoms out. **“Fuck yeah!~ Your mouth-pussy is the best i’ve had, ever! Hahaha!!”** He laughed between grunts.

After a good few minutes of continues and brutal throat fucking, Lugai manages to force herself off him with a wet ‘Squelch’, making the red dog-rod bounce back against it’s owner’s chest before slamming down on the legendary’s face with a wet ‘clap’ sound of meat. Lucario was about to reprimand her for disrupting his flow, but stopped when the large woman brought her giant gahongas up into view, and sandwiched his canine salami between them. Her mouth grinning in an almost mindless trance of ‘hunger’.

She began wiggling her tits up and down his rod, squeezing them together to give his meaty scepter a few tight thrusts, before going back to massaging it with her bust, and nibbling the crown of it with a hum in her throat. Her pinched eyes looking up at him with a delighted and wanting look.

The blue doggo moaned deeply, eyes going crossed while his spine went slack from the pleasure, bedding back slightly as he let her do her magic. **“Gaaa-hahahaha... Fff-uck! that feels good~”** He sighed, patting her head like an owner would their dog. **“Good girl~”**

After another few minutes of getting his dick serviced, the Lu decided it was time to get on with the show. “Alright, that’s enough dick gobbling for now” He uttered, before pushing the Lugia onto her back with a rough kick to her stomach. Making her sit on the floor with her legs spread, and looking up at him with a submissive and needy stare. “It’s time to pound some legendary ass!” He announced, cock bouncing in response to the declaration.

Lucario practically jumped upon the lying giantess. His head sinking in between her breasts, as he begins to wiggle said head the large mammaries, Inciting a pleased ‘*aah*’ from the Lugia, who proceeded to hold him there with one of her large hands, while the other grabbed tightly onto his buttuchs, giving them a nice clench.

His cuck grinded up against her clit, teasing both her and himself from the eager thrusts he made. Unable to, nor wishing to, resist the temptation of putting her in her place from how she had been treating him ever since he set foot in the workshop. Reaching a paw down between his legs, Luc grabs his cuck and lined it up to her cave, poking her gates hard with the tip of his ‘*spear*’.

With a throaty growl and a mighty thrust, both mechanics howled to the skies as Lucario’s prick went in and down to the base. The dog man opened his maw wide and bit down on one of Lugia’s tits, his tongue slurping circles around her nipple in an utter feral state of lust, as he quickly started to thrust his hips in and out between her thighs. Hammering his cuck into her, but only down to the top of his knot.

Lugia, during the crazed dog's assault of her private areas, was just as out of her mind as the dog was. The hand she used to hold Lucario's head down with, was now partially in her mouth. Three of her fingers were hooked into the inner side of her cheek, as her eyes were almost vacant like, but also manic like. Gushing and shuddering out the dog's name, calling him 'daddy' even, amidst her pleased moans and cries.

Fueled by Lugia's lustful cries, Lucario, as if given a power boost from said woman's pleased wails, swiftly pulls out of her, and before she had the time to ask why he did so, Luc flips the larger woman around onto all fours, pushing her torso down with one dominant paw so only her big bubbly ass was up in the air. With no fanfare about it, he slams his cock right back in there and does her in the good 'ol doggy style way.

For the next five minutes did the blue doggo do nothing but railing the bolts and screws out of Lugia's hips and ass. He growled and barked as the more beastial side of his programming had taken dominion over his body, while Lugia was left drooling on the floor with an absolute mind-blasted look on her face.

If anyone was looking from the sideline, they would definitely say that these two were having a blast!... But sadly, all good things must come to an end at some point.

Feeling his imminent detonation of literal orgasmic proportions, Lucario hammered even harder into large cushion that was Lugia's ass. Forcing his swelling knot in and out of her poor and abused pussy, making the legendary pokemon moan and cry out a mix of pain and pleasure, until it got fully stuck inside her. Shifting his hard and savage thrusts into rapid humps, which didn't seem to bother his currently simpleminded brain. All he cared about was blowing his load inside this bitch, here and NOW.

Then, like a freight train, the inevitable happened. Luc howled into the air, as he gave one last powerful hump into Lugia's hindquarters, and released the floodgates. Pumping her full with all the fake sperm that his synthetic balls could produce, and making the bitch in question join him in his howling with her moans of utter bliss. Her eyes going crossed from the sheer amount of spunk, from which the smaller male was blasting into her.

After a solid minute of sheer nut-blasting, Lucario's tanks had finally run out of gas. Collapsing on top of the equally exhausted Lugia, who in turn seemed to have entered cooling mode to cool down her very hot body, panting like the dog he was, as his mind began to clear from the fog of lust that had besieged him.

Catching his breath, he soon after pushed himself back upon his knees and looked at his handiwork with a tired but proud smile

“Peeew! Hehehaha! Man that was the best sex i’ve had in a while... Right under that one time with that one Gothitelle girl...” He boasted with a laugh. Pulling his softening prick out from the cooling-down Lugia’s warm nethers. He’s cum steadily trickling out from the well fucked clit, which gaped ever so slightly.

“Welp!...” He began, grunting a bit as he rose back up to his full height. **“I say we call it quits for today and finish the last of the work tomorrow!. Because Man, do I need a good recharge after today’s trials and tribulations~”** He avowed, while stretching his creaking arms above his head. His mind and body, completely satisfied with how the day has ended.

But before he had even taken three steps away from the crime scene of debauchery, one of Lugia’s big hands grips around the dog man’s right leg and tugs back hard on it, making him fall face fist into the concrete. **“Gaaow! What the-!”** He yelped, only to then get violently flipped onto his back a moment later, followed by the towering Lugia punching on top of him. Pining him down.

“Ooooh-ho-ho-hoo~ And where do you think your going, Daddy~. We are FAR from done, draining those fat balls of yours... And my pussy is still hungry for your juicy spunk~. Grrrr~” Lugia menacingly said with a psychotic grin on her face. Her once blue glowing eyes now burning a foreboding mix of pink and a deep purple, as they stared down at him with an equally deranged stare of pure, unrefined lust.

‘Oh shit...’ Luc thought, his face metaphorically going pale as he realized the severity of his actions ‘I’ve created a monster...’

[5 hours later...]

After hours of nonstop plowing and banging between the two poke-bots, multiple different positions and overall tempoes, the two poke-bots had finally run out of steam. With the exception of the lucario, who was lying motionless on the floor, maw agape while his eyes stared wide open into the ceiling. His systems, having powered down a good 30 minutes ago from both the depletion of his batteries, and the major overload of continuous pleasure which had been looping through his systems till they couldn’t take any more. Leaving the equally mindbroken Lugia to hump the offline dog’s, surprisingly still hard, cuck. Trying to irk out that last big load, from balls that have long since seized all production due to power loss...

“Ugh, Ugh, Ugh. Oh yeah... You like that, bitch! Give me more-more-more of that dick-ick!-Eeeeh-Oh yeah... You like that, bitch! Give me more of-of thaaa-t Dick!-Uuuuh-Oh yeah-yeah-yeahyeahyeahyeah-BEEZ-Pow!**”** With the sound of a gunshot and a gust of flames, does the plate that covered up Lugia’s power switch and charging port, blastoff. Plinging off the wall behind her before bouncing a few times along the concrete floor. Flames rising out from the now exposed panel, while sparks flew in every other direction, and alerts crackling through a haywire speaker, which soon after died from the heat.

“EEErR-or eR-RoR Eee-rrRrRo-R- Syyyiiii-yyystemmmmmeeeeemmm-PZZT!** aUfgS!gFfdg!hXggf!93671y34fi!-PETYUuuuuooooo.....”** She droned deeply, her head slowly sinking down as the light in her eyes dimmed. And following an ejection of a large explosion of sparks from her flaming panel, said dimming light blinked to darkness. All her systems, going dark...

Shortly after her systems short circuited, did the deactivated Lugia fall down heavily upon the likewise deactivated Lucario. Not only spearing herself on the dog-mon’s chest spike, punching a nasty hole through one tit and into her metallic frame underneath, but also both bending the dog’s snout AND dislodging their head in return, thanks to her weight.

And so it was that the two Mechanics laid in a heap of their own debauchery. Systems either burnt out or crashed so hard that their code got corrupted. And fluids from their ‘vigorous’ love making, covering almost every part of their frames.

Both of them were first found a day later, when a female Greninja came by to drop off some more damaged fembots and manbots... They were shocked to find the both of them in this ruined state, but also slightly pleased to. Since these two were rather known on the island for being both vulgar and vile separately, it put a small smile on the frog girl’s face that they were finally hit by karma... But to be honest, she thought the scene before her was pretty hot~.

[The End]

[Thanks for reading!]