

Nanite Tales: Perhaps a Swim to Cool Off?

Jakal wiped his forehead as he continued onwards. He was on a mission to get to the supermarket a few blocks down, heat wave be damned! Though damned he felt— despite only being out in the sun for about ten minutes, he was already drenched in sweat. It had been like this all week, but today was its peak so far.

Pressing the walk button at the intersection, he pulled out his phone to check the temperature—

“102, damn. Should have gone out this morning.” He brushed his fingers through his damp hair, and then tugged on the collar of his t-shirt. He was wearing cargo shorts and a short-sleeved blue shirt, but it wasn’t enough to keep his body cool. In fact, the shirt itself was starting to get wet, sticking to his torso after he let go.

He opened the app that controlled the nanites in his body. Every once in a while, he would absentmindedly poke around the app and see if he could use the app to his advantage, and *not* just use it to undo whatever mistake or stimuli had hit him that week. Or whatever shenanigans Jen decided to get him into when she got ahold of the app. But no, the tech company that helped him with this still had a very basic understanding of the nanites— so it could only undo the changes back to what he had input as his real form, which the nanites had decided was injured and took every new ailment, injury, or stimuli as a chance to “heal” and “improve” him to their specifications. Even then, it wasn’t always foolproof. Sometimes it took days, sometimes he was left over with functions or parts of whatever happened to him last time... it could be a bit of a lottery.

So while it would be great to crack this thing and modify himself to be more tolerant of hotter climates, for now it wasn’t worth the risk.

The light flashed “walk” as he put his phone down, but hesitated when he saw a green progress bar at the top of his phone. Jakal glanced back at the walking signal, which had now started counting down, and shoved his phone back in his pocket to get a move on. As he stepped off the curb, everything suddenly felt... breezier? But the wind definitely didn’t pick up.

Jakal rubbed his tingling arm, and stopped in the middle of the road as he felt what had happened. His arm was smooth! Not completely hairless, but far less hairy than they used to be— Though looking down, his legs were completely shaven. It was a small difference, but noticeable— that feeling you got right after a shave.

Curiously, Jakal peaked under his shirt, and sure enough the hair there was—

HONK!

Jakal jumped in surprise. He was so preoccupied with the sudden shave to his body, that he completely forgot where he was! He waved apologetically to the driver who was trying to make a turn, and speed-walked to the other side of the four lane road.

Unfortunately, while he picked up the pace he noticed another change occurring. His chest was bouncing. Now, he wasn't so skinny that he didn't have an ounce of fat to his form—there was some slight, unnoticeable bounce and jiggle to his runs *but not this much*. And it certainly didn't usually... *feel* like this. Jakal stifled a moan as he finally reached the other side of the intersection, the hair on his head bouncing around his ears as it grew out.

The driver he had blocked honked his horn again and gave the changing man a rather rude gesture with his hand, but Jakal was too preoccupied to notice. Was his head getting hotter? He openly moaned and then groaned as he looked down at the growing mounds on his chest, little soft nubs poking through his drenched shirt at their peaks. He knew from experience that they weren't done. He felt another moan coming on as they continued to grow, but held it back, shaking as he pulled out his phone and tried to access his nanite's app.

Jakal tried to let his phone unlock by scanning his face, but it vibrated slightly as it failed once, then twice. He swore as he caught his reflection in the phone as it turned off—his face was fully feminine. His hair had now reached about half way down his neck and was curling in the back. Still growing.

He turned his phone back on and tried to type in the password, but his shaky hands kept tapping extra buttons as his body was wracked with pleasure— at first focused on his nipples, but now his groin as well. “Ah!” He shouted out in ecstasy, leaning against a wall as he keeled over. His groin had popped in just as his hips and ass popped out, straining his shorts. Looking back, he saw his shapely behind pulse out one, twice, three times more before stopping. His thighs now caused his shorts to cling to his legs, taut, while his waistband hung loose.

“Fuck it...” He said, panting as the feeling of the transformation started to subside, his tits settling into their more tame base D or E-Cup— which to you or I might sound rather large, but with some of the days Jakal had, those were small. With the changes done, he decided not to waste the walk, he was already more than halfway there. He might as well go shopping like this, it's not like he hadn't done so before and he had done so dressed in worse. Besides, he needed dinner.

As he continued walking— trying to walk carefully to minimize the wobble of his unsupported chest— he checked down at his phone, and saw that the loading bar wasn't yet complete.

‘Of course. The—hng! Clothes!’ He thought as he felt his underwear constrict, giving him a wonderful wedgie. *‘Great, I just hope it isn't a thong.’* Jakal would soon find out exactly what it was, as he stuffed his phone back into his shorts, but it seemed to pass through his pocket and land on the ground. “What the—”

He stopped and looked back, realizing that he was mistaken. The phone had *not* fallen out of his pocket, his cargo pocket had fallen off his shorts! Jakal quizzically reached down and picked it up— noticing for the first time he was wearing sandals as his shorts started to be eaten away, the bottom of one of his legs unraveling and attaching to the former pocket, now a small purse.

He groaned. Clearly whatever clothing the nanites had picked out for this scenario didn't have pockets, which was a bummer. He stood back up, feeling each breast bounce into its own cup as he straightened up, two strings tugging his neck under his shirt as they supported his melons.

"Tsk..." Feeling slightly annoyed, he pulled out his phone from his new purse, and typed in the passcode. As he opened the nanite app, he felt a breeze pass over his ass, and yelped as he looked down.

'Are they making me naked??' Jakal turned his head to see his bare ass cheeks peeking out from under some sort of frilled undergarment.

"No no no no..." He chanted as he saw his shirt being eaten away as well, and soon he could see the nanites weren't leaving him naked, just leaving him in a tiny blue bikini. 'What the hell nanites?!' Jakal said as he looked down at the app. At least the loading bar was done.

Nanite Levels: Heightened
Heart Rate: 85 BPM (Rising, AV 55)
Sex: Female
Height: 5' 10
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Hazel
Other → Command Box →

He tapped the command box option, typed in a command, and read the codes as they listed out.

/list last operations
LOADING...
ENVIRONMENTAL TEMPERATURES EXCEEDING COMFORTABLE LIMITS
CALCULATING RESPONSE...
RESEARCH ENGAGED
"STAYING COOL"
"SHEDDING LAYERS"
"BEACH"
"MINIMAL SWIMWEAR"

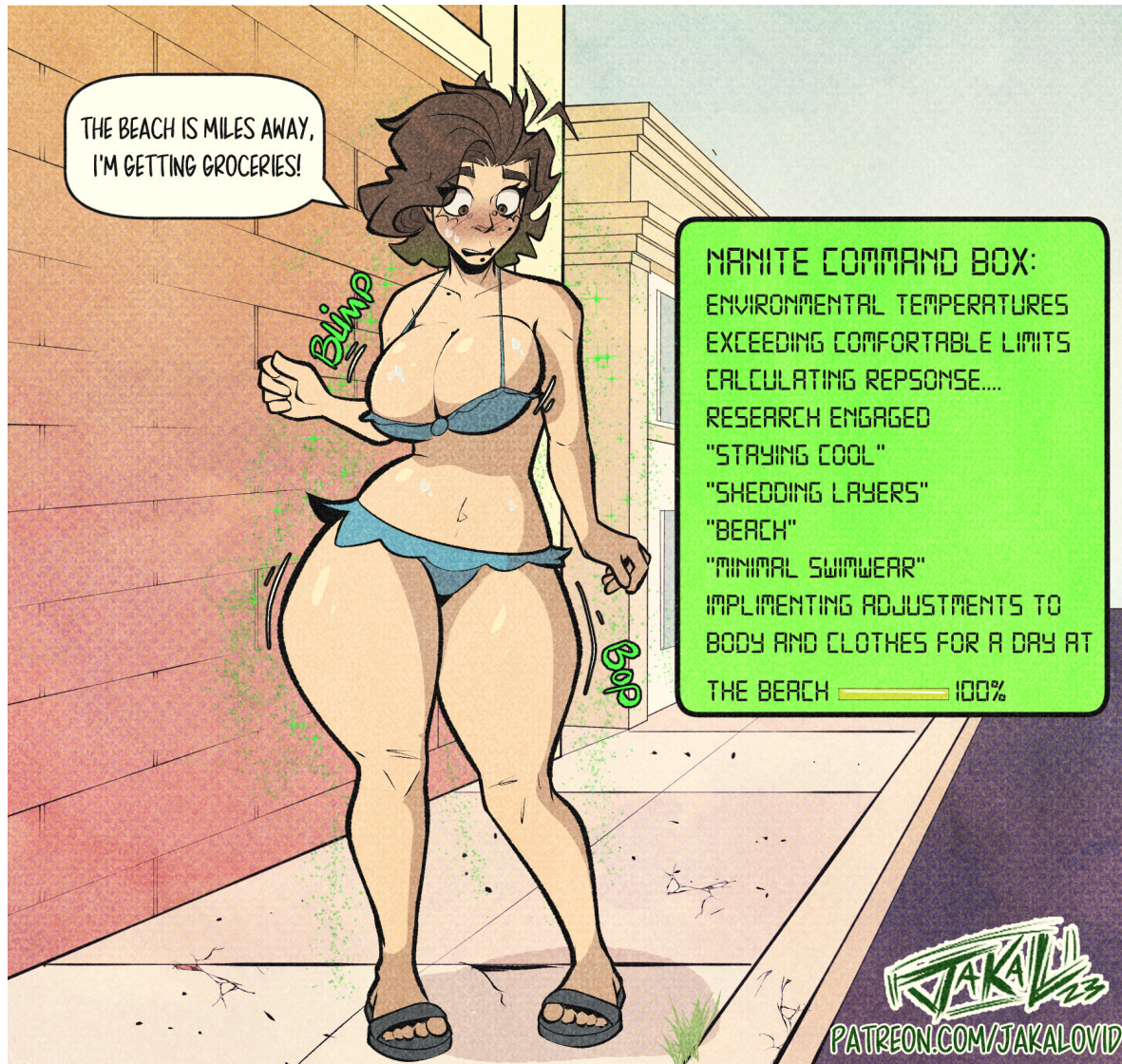
IMPLEMENTING ADJUSTMENTS TO BODY AND CLOTHES FOR A DAY AT THE BEACH.

LOADING...

CONFIGURING

FINISHED. 100%

Jakal groaned once more. "Oh, come on! The beach is miles away, I'm getting groceries!"



He could at least appreciate what the nanites were trying to do, and while he certainly would like to go for a swim today of all stupidly hot days, he wasn't close enough for a casual stroll there, and his growling stomach demanded he complete the task he set out to do. He'd have to pick up some other snacks now as well, the nanites always left him starving after a change.

He typed in the commands,

/revert to base form

/revert to previously archived clothing

LOADING...

And a loading bar appeared, but nothing was loading. He saw a tiny little part of the bar become filled as his hair shortened by maybe half an inch, but not much else. And this was the problem with trying to hack and control alien tech beyond our understanding... with a phone app. He sometimes had better luck on his laptop, but...

He looked at the supermarket, now in sight right across another intersection. He didn't think the supermarket had a no-shirt-no-service rule, and he was pretty sure he'd seen people go to the supermarket in just a sports bra...

But that was a sports bra, this is a—

Another pang of hunger in his stomach finalized his resolve, and he made his way to the intersection, sprinting after seeing that there were only five seconds left on the walk sign.

Jakal quickly realized that was a mistake. He yelped as first his breasts violently bounced free from his small bikini top, and then as he tried to pull the cups up as he ran, one of his sandals fell off. He quickly pivoted and doubled back, tits flopping out again as he quickly reached down to grab the sandal, and awkwardly tried to cover himself up, shoe in hand, as he sprinted to the other side of the intersection.

The light had already turned green... Though with what had just occurred, none of the drivers had really noticed.