

Nanite Tales: The Renaissance Faire

Jakal took a deep breath— despite being relatively close to the city, the air still felt different at the renaissance faire. Cleaner... *‘Though in some ways a bit dirtier’* He thought as he wrinkled his nose while walking past a pigpen.

This small town, located in a camping ground and built specifically for this purpose, looked totally authentic to the faire’s theme, dirty pigpens and all.

Well, almost totally.

Off to the side there was a line of vendors in various carts and shops, all with phones and iPads out to scan credit cards. Sure, it broke the illusion a bit, but it was necessary—and it wasn’t as though Jakal himself wasn’t breaking the illusion.

Looking down at himself, he glanced briefly at his red graphic tee and jeans, and then eyed a clothing booth that had all sorts of garments and shoes, run by a woman who looked sort of scandalous compared to the conservative gear around her. She was wearing what looked like a take on a renaissance-time courtesan outfit— it was a frilly pink and black outfit, with a corset and small, frilled cups underneath attached to shoulderless sleeves. Her dress extended down to her ankles in the back, and all the way up to the bottom of her corset in the front, showing off the bottom of her frilly undergarment that came to about mid-thigh and exposing her legs.

Jakal walked up to her booth, looking around at the clothes while trying to avoid glancing at her cleavage.

“Looking for anything in particular?” She asked.

“Well, I was thinking of—” He stopped mid sentence as he saw the price of the clothing. Far too rich for his blood. “—erm, I’m just looking around. Window shopping.” Her saleswoman attitude seemed to have dropped slightly as she noticed my own drop in interest.

“It’s all handmade,” she explained. “And hand stitched by me and my friends. We even make our own perfumes from old recipes.” She motioned from the clothing to some little spritzer bottles. Jakal picked one up out of curiosity.

“Courtesan Fragrance?” He asked, bewildered, while reading the label. “Isn’t that basically a prostitute? Why would anyone want to smell like a prostitute?” She snatched the bottle from his hand with a huff.

“It’s part of our ‘Courtesan’ line.” She motioned to the getup she was wearing, keeping a friendly smile on her face but she was clearly annoyed. She gave Jakal a spritz of the perfume in his face. “And it doesn’t smell bad at all. See? Now are you going to buy anything?”

Jakal’s face tingled where she sprayed him, and he gave a sneeze— though she was right, it wasn’t that bad a smell. Not terribly strong either.

“Bless you.”

“Thanks, and I’m coming back with some friends tomorrow, I’m sure they’d be more interested in this than me, I’ll point them your way.” He said, rubbing his nose as his face stopped tingling.

Her expression lightened up and she gave a genuine smile.

“Thanks! I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

Jakal nodded, and started walking away towards one of the dining pavilions. He was starving. But on the way, he stumbled and grabbed a wooden pillar for support as his pant leg caught on something. Looking down, he saw it had caught on.... His other pant leg? What?

His pants were starting to stitch together, ripping up the inseam then stitching to the other leg.

“Shit!” he swore, and looked around— Nobody had noticed anything yet, so he quickly hopped over to a picnic table, sitting on a bench while the table itself hid his pants as they stitched together into a jeans skirt— no, wait, the fabric was becoming lighter, looser and red. He pulled out the contents of his pockets before they became integrated, and his pants were soon a red ankle length skirt.

“What the hell is going on?” He mumbled as he opened his phone— he had to figure out why his nanobots were acting up, but his phone quickly blinked off. “Damn it!” Luckily he packed a portable battery for exactly this. He plugged it in, and the phone’s battery symbol blinked on to indicate it was charging, all while he felt a new breeze on his legs.

Looking down, he saw the front of the skirt retreating up his legs, and soon tucked under his belt, exposing his boxers as they became a pair of lace white panties. He blushed, and pulled his skirt together, looking around to make sure nobody noticed— but the nanites had him covered, and his shirt had already started becoming tighter, smoother, and white, becoming a sort of frilly undershirt with empty cups over his chest. The bottom had extended past his belt, to about mid thigh.

Now some people were starting to throw him some odd glances. He got up, stumbling in his new heels as his belt started to stretch, creeping up his torso and becoming the same crimson color as his skirt, which now had distinctive white lace around the edges.

He kept his head up, not looking down at his body or the odd stares he was getting as he rushed to the nearest bathroom, but not before the breath got knocked out of him, and he stopped as he looked down to see there was now a corset restricting his waist. While stopped, he heard someone call out with a laugh,

“Hey man, nice dress! Might want to shave your legs next time.”

His face became red, and he quickly hurried to the bathroom as someone else yelled a supporting “You go, girlfriend!” Which really didn’t help.

He rushed into the mens room, someone shouting “Hey, wrong bathroom lady!” as he rushed into a stall, ignoring the heckler.

As his phone booted up, he looked down at the damage and groaned— it looked like that saleswoman’s courtesan outfit! Looking down at the little amount of space between the corset and his chest, he breathed a sigh of relief.— he wouldn’t have to worry about hefting around a pair of melons, if it got that far.

His phone finally turned on, and he opened the nanite control app, taking note that his nails were painted red as well at this point.

Levels: Normal

Heart Rate: 120 BPM (Rising, AV 65)

Sex: Male

Height: 5’ 10

Hair: Brown

Eyes: Hazel

Other →

Command Box →

He clicked the command box to see what the hell was going on.

Command Box:

**FOREIGN CHEMICAL DETECTED.
ERROR.
FOREIGN CHEMICAL DETECTED.
E//.RRO;R
CHEMICA1 3rr0R
/r whte_rbt
CHEMICAL IDENTIFIED, FOREIGN CONTAMINATE
ADAPTING TO— INTERNET SEARCH
FOUND: COURTESAN FRAGRANCE
FOUND: COURTESAN CLOTHING LINE
UPLOADING CLOTHING LINE TO BASE MODEL
UPLOAD COMPLETE
CHAMELEON PROTOCOL: PAUSED/ERROR/RESUME
ADAPTING PHYSICAL FORM: 0.5% COMPLETE
ERROR: COMMAND PAUSED, POWER FAILURE.**

He sighed in relief, his phone shutting down stopped the nanites from altering his body. He began typing a command.

Command Box:

**/discontinue command
DISCONTINUE//ERROR// CONTINUE
SESSION RESTORED
ADAPTING PHYSICAL FORM: 10%**

Jakal shouted out and nearly dropped his phone as a wave of brief pain and immense pleasure, followed by some nausea washed over him as he felt his groin rearrange itself. His fingers fumbled with the phone as it spun around in his clumsy hands.

Command Box:

**/disanklvioauhg ngb
ERROR
COMMAND NOT RECOGNIZED
CALCULATING MOST LIKELY RESPONSE BASED
ON PAST NANITE USAGE**

“Shit shit shit shit...” He began chanting as his voice rose several octaves. He felt a popping sensation as his testicles retreated past his shrunken penis— now a clit in the folds of his vagina— becoming ovaries once they reached the right spot in his abdomen.

“Ma’am?” He heard from outside the stall as someone knocked. “Are you okay? I figure you had to be pretty sick or pretty drunk to run into the wrong bathroom like that, especially with the... erm... noises you’re making.”

“I’m fiiiineee!” Jakal moaned as he spasmed while his hips cracked outwards. He leaned back against the wall of the stall as his ass started pushing his pelvis forward, expanding as it pressed against the stall. Looking down at his legs while he panted, he saw they were now rather plump and hairless.

The discomfort of the corset lessened as his waist pulled in, his torso, shoulders, and arms becoming narrower and hairless. He could see his chest hairs being dissolved, eaten up by the nanites before his eyes.

And as he looked down at his chest, he noticed how his areola were already the size of half-dollars, with nipples the size of eraserheads poking outwards. He stifled a continuous moan as they became pleasure centers, pulsing as fat and breast tissue was slowly constructed under his skin by the nanites, making perky little tits that made Jakal’s hips thrash around as they pressed against the inside of the corset, pushing outwards until his bust was around a D cup, tight against the corset with an impressive display of cleavage as a result.

Not the size he anticipated when he saw the garment, but it could be worse. He reached up and felt his hair, then his face— during the growth of his breasts, he hadn’t even noticed the nanites completed their transformation— his hair now just above shoulder length, his face rounder, smoother.

He sighed as he looked down at the command box.

Command Box:

ADAPTING PHYSICAL FORM: 100%
EXECUTING GUESSED COMMAND FROM
/disanklvioauhg ngb

“What the— oh FUCK!” Jakal dropped the phone as another surge of pleasure washed through him, and his tits started to bubble and swell outwards until each one was larger than his head. They were barely, and painfully, contained by his strained corset. It wasn’t designed for a chest this large!

Panting from effort and pleasure, Jakal brushed the hair out of his face and picked up his phone, finding some difficulty in bending over in this dumb outfit as the motion made his tits pop out of the corset. Frustrated, he did his best to stuff them back in, stifling yet another moan from the way he was groping himself.

He typed another command.

Command Box:

/Revert to base form and clothes
ERROR
Er?R0/R
E/ROR

He raised a brow in shock, and tried it again, but got another string of error messages. He groaned and sat down on the toilet. He was going to have to call the tech company again.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“Ma’am, are you sure you’re—” Jakal swung open the door, turning his anger towards the young man outside the stall.

“Yes. I’m fine. Thanks.” He stated rather plainly, and then became crimson in embarrassment and fury as the guy couldn’t take his eyes off Jakal’s chest, which was practically spilling out of his corset.

“Ugh, fuck this. I’m not letting this ruin my time at the faire.” He said as he pushed past the man, and stormed out of the bathroom, painfully aware of how much his chest was bouncing as he did.

Jakal took a deep breath, and beelined toward the nearest mead stand, trying his best to ignore the jiggle on his chest, the sway of his hips, and all the lustful and pervy stares he was getting as he walked through the crowd.

