

# Elevator Troubles (Nympho TG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commision for Jack Mackenzie**

*Pete has just landed in Cancun after committing one of the greatest acts of embezzlement Silicon Valley has ever seen. He thinks he's gotten away with it, but the board knows exactly what he's done, and where he is, and what to do with him. His system is swarming with nanobots they use as a cautionary measure, and now every time he steps in a lift, he is not just travelling up or down, but straight to womanhood.*

## **Elevator Troubles**

The board members watched the footage of Pete Samson exiting the Cancun airport and grabbing a ride to his luxury hotel.

“So he thinks he’s gotten away with it, huh?” said one voice.

“Oh, yes,” said another. “Embezzled us for nearly twenty six million with that clever little syphoning program of his. A young intern was the one to catch it.”

“Brilliant bastard,” said a third voice. “Too bad he tried to fuck us over, we could use talent like that.”

“Well, it’s too late for that,” came a fourth. “He clearly has no loyalty.”

“Which means,” said the first, speaking again. “We can use our insurance policy. I trust his body still has the nanobots?”

“I’ve confirmed it with the leads down in computing,” number two replied. “His body is swarming with them, but the distance will be a problem.”

“A guy like this, we can’t let go unpunished.”

“We have a solution; we can bounce a signal whenever he gets in and out of the elevator at his hotel. His passkey will be the trigger.”

“Excellent,” said the fourth voice, its owner folding his hands as he relaxed back into his seat. “What are we thinking? Brute? A skinny weasel? Something inhuman altogether?”

It was the second voice that spoke this time; “I have an idea for the board to vote upon. Our company has been getting flack for a lack of gender diversity, and besides, we should reward that young intern and his peers who helped spot the financial issue in the first place.”

A series of smirks came across each of the members of the tech company board’s faces.

“All in favour, raise your hand and say aye.”

“Aye!” they said as one. It was decided.

\*\*\*

Pete Sampson couldn't be happier. He'd just flawlessly siphoned over twenty five million freaking dollars into his bank accounts and escaped, none the wiser. He was only in his early thirties and had done the impossible; pulled the wool over the eyes of those asshole tech bros and stolen from an entire industry. And now he was here, working on getting a tan in Cancun, ready to live out the rest of his life in the lap of luxury and the company of fine bikini-clad women.

Already, he'd slept with a few. Shallow women were drawn to money like moth to a flame, and between his new Porsche, his extensive credit, his occupancy of the penthouse suite of the glitziest hotel in town, and his general carefree nouveau rich attitude, he was certainly pulling. Half the women here were clearly angling to become his new trophy wife, but Pete wasn't ready for that just yet. He just wanted to plough some pussy and blow some 'hard-earned' cash, especially since he wouldn't be running out anytime soon!

"You'll call me again?" one woman asked him, a Sarah or Sasha or something. She was a real cute olive-skinned chick with lovely thighs and a supermodel's face.

"Of course, baby," Pete said, flashing his requisite salesman's grin, the same handsome blonde-haired look that had helped him get away with so many scams in the past. "Just got some stuff to take care of. Don't let me see you near that pool without that little bikini I bought you, you hear?"

She giggled, and it was music to his ears. He had no plans to actually form a relationship with her - her chest was too flat, for one, and her voice during sex hurt his ears, too high-pitched! - but he wanted to keep his options open. So he gave her a passionate kiss goodbye for now, remembering just how well she had milked his balls last night, and then slapped her on the ass as she walked away.

"Fuck yeah, this is the life," he said. "And those morons at Telenna Co still don't know I ripped them off. Ha, suckers!"

He moved back through the hotel lobby and got into the elevator. It was time to change out of his swim stuff and into some stylish tourist wear, ready to hit the town. But as he hit the button, a strange shiver came over him. It was like a series of electrifying sensations, not powerful but certainly strange - had all hit him at once. Pete shook it off; it was just static electricity or something, no doubt.

The elevator ascended, taking him to the top floor, and during that short time his nanites activated. He had no idea that the strange little vaccine he'd received when taking the job had even been nanobots. If told so, he probably would never have taken on the job, and scammed another company. That was, if he believed such nanotech existed anyway.

But because he never knew, Pete also didn't realise the changes that were occurring in his system.

They were subtle at first, with barely any outward sign. The machines worked to begin the process to flip his XY chromosomes to the feminine XX. This process began, but would take time to ramp up. For now, it was just a first forgettable series of signs; a slight murmur in his stomach where the beginnings of a nascent uterus formed, and again for a pair of ovaries developing separately, all too small to even remotely count as organs just yet. Signals were sent to his skin to clear up the pores and blemishes, the nanobots working quickly to make his skin just that little bit smoother. Lastly, his nipples grew just subtly, and his eyelashes extended just a tetch too.

But Pete had no knowledge of this, just as he had no knowledge that the board of Telenna Co was watching his every move whenever he exited the hotel. He may have had the penthouse suite, but a certain male intern of Telenna Co, as well as said intern's coworkers, had been rewarded with a several week vacation, paid for by the company, down to Cancun. And their room was just one floor down from Pete's.

It was only a matter of time before the two parties were destined to meet.

\*\*\*

Pete strode down the street in his sharp grey suit. The weather was getting just a little hot for such a get up, but that didn't matter too much to him. He'd just had a meeting with some managers of the local banks and made some hefty transfers to some pre-arranged accounts. Naturally, he'd been pampered as hell, but it was important to make a good impression, especially when you were intending to live in the lap of luxury for the rest of your life. No doubt many fellow tourists and locals assumed Pete was just having one last 'sun, sea, and sex' rodeo before settling down with a wife or building a home or just resigning himself to the old nine-to-five.

He planned to be living such paradise a lot longer.

The first few days of his stay were simply wondrous. He did indeed bask in the sun, working on his tan at the beach. And he did hit the sea, naturally; scuba-diving and whale-watching and even going skiing for the first time in years. He was surprised at how well he took to it; he hadn't expected his body to feel so youthful, but that was the effect a lot of money and a lot of ill-gotten joy can have on one's life, he supposed. The sight of bikini-clad beauties were also there to liven him up, and that tied in the third part of his endless rodeo: the sex.

God, the sex.

He had more than his share of it. Flash enough cash in front of the right women at the right places and you'll never stop drowning in pussy: that was his philosophy. The local Mexican beauties of Cancun were especially a favourite for him; he loved their bronze olive skin and thick, luscious black hair. Many of them clearly appreciated his golden hair and handsome looks too. Yes, he could live forever like this, he decided. Not always in Cancun, though he had to be careful not to be caught, but perhaps a stint in Morocco? Some time in Thailand? A lovely holiday in Brazil? The sky was the limit, as far as he was concerned, and why not check a lovely lady off of his list of passions from every corner of the globe?

"Damn fools," he said again, reclining back in bed with a lovely lady sleeping beside him. "Damn fools let me get away with it all."

And he was right . . . until it all started to go wrong.

It was the very next day. Pete had ridden the elevator up with a lovely olive-skinned Mexican beauty named Gabriella. She was a fine thing, especially in her cute crop top and denim shorts that left her lovely midriff exposed. She had to be only twenty years old, but the thirty three year old man didn't mind; hell, he was feeling so good lately that he looked like he was in his twenties himself!

Suddenly: "*Ughhh . . .*"

Gabriella looked with concern at him as he swayed a little, clutching the rail inside the elevator.

"Are you okay?" she asked in a somewhat thick accent.

"F-fine," he said, feeling flushed for a moment. "I just . . . struggle a little with elevators is all."

It was a weak statement, he knew, but it wasn't altogether incorrect. For some reason, travelling up and down to and from the penthouse suite of the hotel often left him feeling slightly odd and flushed, though it was only temporary each time. He managed to contain his embarrassment and give a boyish smile.

"Don't go telling anyone, it's a childhood embarrassment."

That made her smile again, and restore a semblance of normality and excitement to the proceedings.

"Only if you make it worth my while, Pete," she said, grinning back.

*That* got him aroused, but nevertheless the odd sensations were stronger this time. The nanobots he had no idea were in his system were activating once more. Over the past few days they had given small adjustments to Pete, as well as large internal ones. The small stomach aches he attributed to the local spicy food and his weak stomach were from his now quite-expanded uterus and ovaries, while the youthful appearance, greater energy, and lovely skin he assumed to be the result of the sun was, in fact, their doing, priming him for his future new body. But now the stage was fully set, and they were ready for more radical

changes. As Pete guided Gabriella out of the elevator, his member felt strangely numb. It was shrinking slightly, the nanobots reversing its bodily development. The same was true of his musculature: they had made him more youthful, but now it was time to follow the more female template. To that end, deposits of fat were slowly redistributed, and the bones around his face reshaped subtly. He scratched his rear when Gabriella wasn't looking, feeling an odd pressure there that irritated him. He had no idea that it was the nanobots influencing further growth, melting down the muscles of his torso and sending them all the way down to his rear to give it a more peachy shape in the future. Even his nipples expanded slightly, and small pockets of tissue forming behind them. At first, it would simply look like his pectoral muscles needed a bit more definition, but eventually, their shape would be obvious.

"Everything alright?" Gabriella asked.

"Fine!" he announced, wincing slightly and brushing his fingers across his left nipple. It produced a stronger sensation than expected, and he had to suck in some air. "Just that damn elevator!"

"Maybe take the stairs next time, *senor?*"

"No way, not when I plan to tire a lovely *chica* out in a different way, *si?*"

She rolled her eyes and chuckled at his silly inclusion of Spanish, but then they were in his penthouse suite. There was the seemingly-mandatory tour, the amazement at the spacious locale he'd gained for himself, the excitement to try out the large hot tub and enjoy room service. And then, after a bit of wooing and a shared drink, they were fucking like animals on the rug carpet in the main room. She rode him, but to Pete's irritation the foreplay took longer than expected to get himself up and running, and when he was finally erect he could have sworn he was smaller than usual. She didn't seem to mind much though, because Gabriella slipped her tongue into his mouth, moaning as she mounting him. He gasped.

"Yeah, that's the s-stuff."

"You are a very sexy man, Pete," Gabriella said. She took her top off and shook her shoulders letting her breasts jiggle. He cupped them, causing her to moan yet again.

"You're not so bad yourself. You've got a great set of *tittas*."

She giggled. "*Tetas. Tetas*. Mhmmm, and I like this. Ooh, I love a man with large nipples."

To Pete's shock, she ran her hands over his nipples, caressing and squeezing them. He was about to comment on how no women he'd met had really shown an interest in male nipples before, when suddenly they stiffened, seeming almost to throb as they distended, erect with arousal. He nearly bit his tongue from the lovely sensations produced.

"Ohhhh, what the - !? How are you doing that?"

She looked surprised herself. "I'm not doing anything, but I like it. It's like a little pair of breasts. Mhmm, mind if I suck on them?"

Pete nodded, more surprised than anything. He stammered as she licked and sucked on his nipples, even as he squeezed and groped her breasts. But in truth the sensitivity stopped him from fighting back; it was so fucking arousing that he finally achieved his usual hardness within her. Soon they were back to fucking properly again, her bouncing on his cock, both of them drawing near to the moment of pleasure.

"You are so beautiful, Peter! Not handsome, but beautiful! Like a woman, I like it! I've always wanted a man with a softer side, a really gorgeous look and - ohhhhhhh!!!"

He came, but far less than usual. All the annoying talk from her about how he looked pretty or had 'little breasts' was a real turn off. His male orgasm was embarrassingly tiny, and he could have sworn he ejaculated only the tiniest bit of issue. When that was done, his penis went almost immediately soft again. Gabriella fell upon him, holding him close and still rubbing his delicate nipples.

"Your voice cracked when you came," she said, kissing his neck. "I liked that."

Pete just furrowed his brow. His voice *had* cracked, as if he were a boy in puberty. Hell, his voice sounded off lately anyway. Too light and high for his tastes; he was clearly luxuriating a little too much and forgetting how to be a man. And this soft flab on his chest! His stomach was flatter than ever but obviously all that fine dining was going somewhere; perhaps some laps in the pool were necessary?

"We don't have to chat about that," he said. "I mean, I like to think I gave you quite the manly experience."

She smiled and kissed him. "Yes, a sensitive man. One who knows how to style his hair. You must have sisters. Mhmmn, and your skin! It's even better than mine. It's good to finally meet a man who is in touch with his feminine side."

Pete pouted, and pulled away from her.

"Yeah, I think it's time for you to go."

\*\*\*

Another ride down the elevator, this time on a mission to get his body back in order. Pete was a little galled to realise how much he had let himself go just in the few days he had been in Cancun. The place was a tourist destination for a good reason, what with its many beaches, its hotels and entertainments, casinos and clubs. But already his normally handsome appearance was looking far too soft.

"Damn nipples," he grumbled, rubbing them through his shirt as he descended. "What the hell is going on with that? Have I caught a bug or something?"

He gripped his rear for a moment, feeling a pressure there, too. Already the nanobots were activating once more, the signal linking to the use of his elevator passkey almost immediately and leaving the thief at the mercy of their transformative uses. Back at Telenna Co, the many nanobot experts and data analysts were pouring over the readings his body was giving off, the enormous amount of data providing all sorts of interesting avenues for further development and future profit. But Pete was still completely in the dark about his coming humiliation, even when the doors opened just one floor down from his suite and several young men in their twenties piled on, each of them in touristy getup and clearly ready for a day at the beach.

“How are you?” one man said, a dark-haired fellow who was impressively tall.

“Oh, you know,” Pete said weakly.

“I don’t!” the man said. “I’m guessing you’re enjoying the last sun, sea, and so on rodeo, ha? That’s me and my friends here, for sure. Company vacation trip.”

“I guess you could say I’m doing the same,” Pete said, scratching the back of his head. His hair was thicker than it should have been - did he need a haircut?

“Very nice! Going to the beach?”

“The pool, today. Trying to keep in shape in the land of paradise and all.”

The men seemed to exchange a series of snickers and murmurs that left Pete unexpectedly blushing.

“I’m not missing anything, am I?”

“Oh, not at all!” the tall man said. “I’m Nathan, by the way. I think we’re your neighbours one floor down. Nice job swinging that penthouse suite. I’d love to see it someday.”

“I reckon we will,” another man said, and the group chuckled.

Pete nodded with uncertainty. That heated flush was coming over him again, and he had to grab the rail to contain himself. Strands of hair pushed further from his scalp in a mad itch, and his facial features feminised yet further, his nose shifting to become smaller, a little more defined. His jaw, previously quite manly, became a bit more slim. What was left of his facial hair shrank back into his skin, pulled back and repurposed by the nanobots for future use. But the best changes were happening beneath his clothing: his nipples distended as a sudden arousal came over him, and more of his musculature melted away to form a pair of breasts that were now easily small but noticeable A-cups. His waist slimmed, the excess tissue fed right into his buttocks and hips. The rich man squirmed on the spot, wincing at this, and the men watched with clear interest.

“Ignore m-me,” Pete managed, voice cracking embarrassingly again. “I’m just bad with elevators.”

“I’ll say,” one of the men said.

“Shut up Shaun,” Nathan said. “You have a good day now, Pete.”

They left the elevator as it opened, and Pete followed after them, warning signs shooting through his brain and a strange little bounce in his chest.

“Wait, how did you know my name?”

The one called Nathan paused and looked back. He had a smirk on his features, looking Pete up and down. It made the changing man feel . . . strange. Almost aroused. The man’s forearms were not particularly muscled, but they looked . . . appealing, for some reason. And that face . . . handsome. Same went for his height. He snapped out of his as Nathan responded.

“Oh, it was mentioned by one of the receptionists. The guy living it up in the penthouse. Again, hope to see it soon!”

The group of four men chuckled as they left. Pete made his way to the pool, trying not to think about how weird his body felt.

“Just a few laps in the pool a day. That will get me back into shape.”

\*\*\*

The pool wasn’t working. Neither was the private running track he’d hired. Neither was going to the gym. Neither was cutting back on the food and drink! Nothing was keeping his body in check, and worst of all, whatever was causing him to change was starting to make him look like a damn *woman!* There was no denying it at this stage: he’d visited the club just to try and score some hot chicks and make himself feel better, only for a number of women to tell Pete, “sorry, but I’m not a lesbian. Best of luck though!”

It had been humiliating, and the worst part was that when he tried to cover his body, something just felt *wrong* about doing so. Hell, he’d literally gone on a shopping spree and purchased some shirts and shorts that fit his reduced body better. Anything that didn’t show off his widened hips and smaller waist, and especially what increasingly felt like goddamn *tits* on his chest, just felt all wrong.

“What the fuck is going on with me?” he whined more than once in his increasingly soft voice. “I can’t even bring myself to cut my hair anymore! It’s down to my goddamn chin! I’m looking like a chick now. Fuck!”

And this was happening just as his libido was starting to skyrocket further. It wasn’t just the busty chicks either, Pete was also checking out the hot dudes from time to time. At first he thought it was just envy at how much more manly and clearly well-hung they were, but soon he was eyeing their abs and biceps and bulges with more interest than any straight man’s attention should have warranted. It was all kinds of wrong, but it got even worse when he stepped onto the elevator and found himself in the same space as Nathan and Shaun



and the other two young men, whose names were apparently Ravi and Lee. The quartet eyed him up, and it was hard for him not to do the same in return, especially since his chest was bloated up enough that it seriously looked like he had B-cup boobs.

“Well, someone looks a bit different!” Nathan declared. “You’re looking good Pete, if you don’t mind my saying.”

Pete had to bite his lip, even as the usual strange sensations overcame him as they descended together down the elevator. His breasts - and they were truly a woman’s breasts, even if he was still deep in the River Nile on that one - grew subtly, expanding further by siphoning away more of his height and weight. His pelvis expanded wider, and his stomach, still a bit masculine, became toned and smooth. Some of these changes were even visible as they unfolded; Ravi and Lee were had manoeuvred themselves in such a way that they could easily see Pete’s ass, which was expanding in real time, causing him to grunt a little and touch his butt.

“Nghhh . . . I feel weird. I think I’m reacting to something here.”

Again, there was that snigger from the group.

“You look fine!” Ravi said. “Trust me, you look younger than you did two days ago! I reckon that penthouse suite is doing wonders for you.”

“Reckon we can see it with you, just once?” Lee asked.

Pete had no idea why they were so insistent on this point, but for the first time he was actually tempted, and couldn’t figure out why. Something in him was starting to yearn to please these strangers, especially so because they were male. He hadn’t taken a woman up for a few days now, not after that disaster with Gabriella, but his own arousal had continued to skyrocket, and now there were four young men who wanted to spend time with him.

The elevator ride ended, and the doors opened. The nanobots, which had been doing a number on his mind and opening the pathways for a sexuality change, released their hold on him. Pete gasped, getting a little bit more control over himself.

“M-maybe another time,” he said, voice cracking up another half-octave, hair now below his chin and looking a lot more golden and perfect than before. “I think - I need to call a doctor!”

He speedwalked out of the elevator into the hotel lobby, trying to make sure his hips didn’t sway from side to side and failing to do so.

“Jesus, he’s going to be fucking perfect as a woman,” Shaun said, watching her go.

Nathan chuckled. “Dude, I get her first when she’s fully changed. Don’t forget I was the one to spot the anomaly on the payments.”

“And I presented the technical data for you to pass to the board!” Ravi said.

“Fine, you can go second. But no one is making a move just yet while the nanobots are changing her. We’re here to get data - remember, it’s not vacation time until she’s truly changed, we just have to appear like it so he doesn’t catch on.”

“We can still try to influence him, right?” Lee asked. “Try the verbal stimuli to further the nanobot’s mental changes?”

“Of course. And . . . I was thinking we could start leaving him presents. Maybe even a *bikini*.”

The others all grinned. The Board was going to reward them very well, but the true reward was still yet to come. As Pete looked back one last time at the group and blushed before leaving the hotel, they all knew that the transforming man was clearly starting to get it bad for them. Which meant it was time to turn up the heat.

\*\*\*

Something was so very fucking wrong. Pete had made an appointment with a GP and was willing to splash a heap of cash to get it done ASAP. His body was looking so much like a woman’s that it was intolerable by this point: he had actual *tits* that bounced and wobbled and had a clear weight. When he shifted position they moved, and without anything to support them his big nips were on display at all times. This was coupled with an increasingly hourglass figure, slender feet and hands, and a general softness that betrayed everything about the macho sex-loving man he professed to be.

But he couldn’t make the appointment.

There was no explanation. He just . . . couldn’t.

As soon as he’d gotten down from the elevator again, having made the call, he cleared away the sudden mind fog and found himself simply unable to attend his appointment, or go to a hospital, or see anyone. He became physically nauseous just by trying to focus his thoughts in that direction. The same nausea now applied to his own clothing. To the conman’s disgust, instead of getting his freakish changing body checked out at a medical facility, he instead got it checked out at a damn high-class mall. He still had millions and millions of dollars to drop, having spent only a microbial fraction of his ill-gotten gains so far, and now the urge to dress up and look sexy rose up within him. But instead of getting another smart casual shirt or fine grey suit, he found himself looking at dresses.

Fucking dresses!

It was the fault of whoever had left a heap of clothing strewn near the entrance to his door. Perhaps one of the girls he’d fucked, or something. There was a sexy pink bikini, and a nice blue dress, and a hot green crop top that would show off his midriff perfectly. He had to

throw them in the trash straight away, but it made him itchy to find new feminine clothing anyway, as if something had been activated in his brain (it had).

“What the fuck am I doing?” he muttered to himself, very aware of just how small his penis felt and how big his definitely-not-but-totally-are tits had become.

“Can I help you?” a Mexican storewoman in a stylish green dress asked, coming over to Pete’s side.

“I - no. I’m just looking. Um, for something that fits me, I guess. Shit, I don’t know what I’m doing.”

The woman smiled broadly, and Pete couldn’t help but admire her makeup. It really brought a lot to her face, especially the delicate eyeshadow and soft red lipstick. It made him want to try the same, despite how completely stupid and weakly feminine that impulse was.

“I’m more than happy to help, miss. You are American, yes?”

“I - yes. I am.”

“Down here for holiday?”

“Yes, but I’m having some troubles with my body. I need to . . . find something that fits.”

He paused. Pete had intended to state that he needed a hospital; then perhaps this woman could call an ambulance or something for him. But his lips just didn’t want to finish the words, and his body desperately wanted something with a bit of *slink*.

“Well, welcome to Cancun! We have some of the most dazzling dresses at prices that Americans like yourself will just love! Let me show you some of our variety . . .”

The end result was that Pete left holding several bags worth of clothing, along with kits of makeup he’d purchased further inside the mall. He stumbled about, his hips swaying from side to side still as if automatically programmed to do so (which they were, courtesy of the nanobots), and even his hair was starting to look utterly radiant - he just hadn’t been able to resist getting it done a salon, even as the woman serving her kept commenting on how “pretty” she was and how so many men would love a “gorgeous blonde like you.” It sickened the man to his stomach, but something about his brain was utterly misfiring, because he couldn’t get away from it all!

The woman at the hotel counter had to ask him his name before he could get into the penthouse suite, and to Pete’s utter shame he had to sweeten his voice and talk like he was a goddamn bimbo or something.

“Oh, I’m, uh, Patricia. Call me Pattie. I’m Pete’s . . . girlfriend.”

The woman smirked. “Ah, another girlfriend. My apologies.”

The judgement from her almost looked like . . . jealousy. Her eyes had flicked down to Pete’s chest, which was verging on a goddamn C-cup by this point, enough to fill his shrunken, daintified lady palms, and a small part of his brain lit up with brief pride, making

him straighten his back. Another hotel guest smirked as he passed: an older man who winked at Pete. It made his skin crawl, and his nips harden with unwanted arousal.

“This is fucking nightmare. I need to stop it!”

When he stepped into the elevator, he sagged, feeling the strange female weights upon his chest. He was holding his bags of clothing, having refused to let a porter aid him despite him calling her ‘*senorita*’ so respectfully, and her own weakened strength.

“Get back to America,” he said to himself. “Something in the air here. Or the food. Something fucking weird. No one just turns into a fucking chick! No one!”

But then the signal of his passkey was relayed to his nanobots, and another series of changes hit him. This time, they were *big* changes.

“Ohhhhhh,” Pete moaned, clutching his breasts and bending over. “What’s - what the f-fuck is - nnhghghh!!”

A mix of discomfort and undeniable pleasure rocked through his core, making him moan in strange ecstasy. The nanobots had done most of what they needed, and now they flooded him with female hormones and converted entire masses of XY chromosomes, all while shifting his body further towards womanhood. Pete gasped as his breasts grew, becoming larger until a button literally pinged off of his blouse-like shirt, leaving him with a deep and alluring line of cleavage.

“No! What the f-fuck! How can they - they’re like D-cups! Ohhhh!”

More like Double-D’s, because they grew yet again, sucking up more muscle and tissue from elsewhere in his body. His hands flung to his rear again, caressing over his sensitive hips as they too widened, leaving him with a set of babymakers and a peachy rear that would get any red-blooded man’s attention. His penis shrank down, becoming a mere nub between his thighs, the latter of which had thickened and softened, leaving him with devastatingly attractive legs.

“Fuck! This can’t b-be happening! Ahhhh - this can’t be - ngnh - happening! Ohhhh, my f-face! My fucking f-face!”

His eyelashes grew, his lips became fuller, and a horrifying thought came to him immediately as he took in his reflection in the elevator mirror: they looked like the perfect kind of lips to suck a nice, hard *cock*.

“Mhmmm,” he murmured, barely able to contain the arousal. Something burrowed within his body, pushing towards his member but not quite making. It was like an emptiness, a powerful desire. The nanobots were carving a perfect vaginal passage into being, but couldn’t quite make it so by the time the elevator doors opened. They did have time, however, to up the soon-to-be woman’s libido yet again, and flip his sexuality fully. As Pete took ragged breaths, staring at his now very busty body’s reflection in the mirror, he realised two things:

- 1) The woman in the mirror was a goddamn smokeshow, with the kind of body even he hadn't enjoyed fucking before.
- 2) Despite how utterly fuckable her tits were, how hot her face was with its perfect cheekbones and come-fuck-me gaze, he felt nothing. Nothing but a weird, reluctant pride at looking so good, but not anything like arousal.

Pete scrambled out of the elevator, bigger tits bouncing and almost causing a wardrobe malfunction. As soon as he got out the strange flushing heat in his core dissipated, and it finally made him realise.

"The elevator. It's the goddamn elevator!"

"Hey there, hot stuff," came a voice, one that Pete recognised. He looked up to see the quartet of young men coming his way. "Are you heading down? Happy to ride with such a good looking woman, if you don't mind me saying."

Pete tried to cover himself, but only accidentally ended up pushing his tits further up, revealing more of their heft and cleavage.

"I - I'm not a hot chick!" he cried. His voice spoke otherwise: it had a slightly husky raw quality to it, the kind of sensual purr that wouldn't be out of place on a femme fatale.

Ravi and Lee looked at one another and chuckled.

"Could have fooled us," Shaun said. "Seriously, you look fine as hell."

"You don't - I know I look amazing, but I'm not meant to . . . I'm meant to be on the penthouse floor!"

Nathan stepped forward, and it made the near-woman bite his lip. The other man was so tall, so virile. Pete could almost swear he could feel a wetness between his legs, but that was impossible, right?

"Ah, you're one of Pete's girls, right? He has them up in the penthouse suite, one floor above. Funny that you came to this floor instead. Maybe you wanted to meet some other men, huh?"

Pete swallowed. What was up with these guys?

"Do you know something?" he asked, trying to get them to look in his eyes rather than at his chest. "About what's happening to me? You're doing this, aren't you?"

The others exchanged a look.

"We're not doing anything, technically," Lee said. "That's all you."

Pete's eyes went wide, and he dropped his hands to his side. Before he could say a thing, Nathan stepped forward and grabbed Pete's bags, then stepped into the elevator.

"Going up?" he asked.

Pete shook his head. "I - I can't. The elevator changes me. But you know this, don't you? You're from Telenna Co, aren't you?"

Nathan, the de facto leader of the group, gave a simple nod.

“New members, really. Only paid interns, at least we were, until we got promoted upon noticing what you’d done. You stole a lot of money, Pete Sampson.”

Pete stepped back, heart thumping. “Fuck.”

“That’s exactly what we were thinking,” Lee said. “If you step into that elevator and go up . . . well, we can finally see the interior of that apartment, huh?”

The urge was there. God, the urge was there.

“How is this happening to me? The elevator is fucking changing me somehow. What are you doing to me?”

“It’s nanobots,” Ravi explained, getting a bit too close for comfort, and yet in a way Pete’s body wanted even more of. The man’s rich dark skin and well-defined arms, let alone that sexy beard . . .

“Nanobots?”

“We’re a tech company developing them, remember? Let’s just say the board had an insurance policy against corporate sabotage, Pete. And now we get to reap the benefits as the ones who caught you out and traced where you were going. The elevator isn’t magical or anything, it just helped set the signal to activate the nanobots in your system.”

“You’re telling me that I’ve got fucking robots in my body that are changing me into a goddamn woman!?”

“You will be a woman,” Nathan said. “If you step into that elevator one more time. A woman who has needs. The kind of needs a group of four guys like ourselves would be more than happy to see to, if you catch my drift.”

Pete was breathing heavily now. His breasts were rising and falling like great pillows upon his chest, and part of him yearned for them to grow even larger. To become a huge set of titties that would look perfect in a bikini, big enough to almost bounce out of one. And that would also mean another change downstairs, between his lovely thighs . . .

“Oh God, no,” he whined, though his voice made it sound almost like a purr. “I can’t do that. I don’t want that! Shit! I’ll give you back the money!”

“We’ve already got it, thanks to Lee’s technical wizardry here. We’ve talked to the banks stowing your cash. It’s being transferred back as we speak. Most of your purchases and credits have been cancelled . . . except for that penthouse suite. It’s still in your name, but your name won’t be worth shit when you’re a woman. But if you have four guys who are all super into how hot you are, we’d be more than happy to stand up for you. Among other things.”

It was too much. Pete had to run, but the presence of these four men were driving his hormones wild. And yet he knew that if he entered that elevator, even if he went up just one single floor, his transformation would be complete. The changing man clenched his hands,

trying to think of a way out of this situation. Except all that came to mind were images of those men before him, now naked, dicks hard and ready to plough into *her* fertile passage. Ready to massage her tits and make her cum like she'd never cum before.

"Ohhhhhh," Pete moaned, staggering back. "I can't - I can't help it! I need it!"

"We can hit the elevator, if you like," Nathan suggested.

Pete nodded rapidly, still with his eyes shut, still playing out that sexy scenario in his head. It was a nightmare, it was a dream. His nipples were throbbing, wanting to be pinched and licked and sucked upon.

"P-please . . . I'm n-not strong enough. I need a *sexy man* to do it for meeee."

Her voice was enough to make the men hard, and the way she was starting to show more of her cleavage as she fidgeted with her clothing. Nathan hit the elevator button, and instantly the nanobots activated for one final bout. That brief moment of female identity became utterly permanent as the final neural transformation was delivered. Pete moaned, clasp the space between her legs as her penis and testicles withdrew, melting away to allow for her vaginal passage to become fully formed, connecting to her new vulva. It was an intoxicating experience, and it caused other ripples of change too: her waist became even smaller, her hips and butt larger, and best of all were her tits, which swelled up yet another cup-size to become magnificent E-cups, straining at her shirt like ripe cantaloupes.

"Mhmmm - nnhgggh! Oh f-fuck! Why did I - why did I do thisssss! Ohhhh!"

The doors opened, and the nanobots left one final present: yet another boost to her libido. Pete stood there, the new and complete woman panting, her body barely contained by her clothing which was loose in some places, but tight in all the right ones. Even the four young men were taken aback by the raw sexuality of her appearance.

"F-fuck!" she repeated, cupping her orb-like breasts. They overflowed her palms, and had to bite her lower lip and moan, her eyes never leaving them. "Fuck! F-fuck. Fuck me! I need you to fuck me!"

Nathan and the others didn't have to be asked twice, because she was already grabbing them by their collars and dragging them to her penthouse suite. She scanned the card, heart beating, fearful of what she was doing but unwilling to fight her lustful needs.

"Nice pad," Lee remarked.

Pete grabbed his face. "Shut up and fucking tear my goddamn clothes off already!"

None of them needed to be told twice. Their mission had succeeded, and now it was going to bear fruit beyond their wildest dreams. Pete was so horny she thought she might *die*. As she tore off her shirt with their help, and removed her pants as well, she was deeply, *deeply* aware of just how shameful she was acting. Her mind screamed in horror, not wanting to fuck these men, terrified of what the nanobots had done to her.

But her lust was more powerful than her willpower, and soon the need to feel these delicious men, to see and touch and lick and take in their cocks was all too powerful.

“Ohhhhh, I can’t h-help it!” she whined, as Nathan became the first to caress and lift her tits, his thumbs rubbing her nipples. “The nanobots have made me such a f-fucking naughty slut! I want all of you to f-fuck me one at a time! This body needs all of you! I hate that it does, you bastards, but I need your cum! All of your cum!”

Nathan, Shaun, Ravi, and Lee all exchanged a momentary look between themselves. Each had the biggest smirk of their lives plastered upon their features.

“I think this is gonna be the best work vacation ever,” Nathan said.

Pete whimpered as he squeezed her tits again. They were so damn sensitive that it made her want to forget all about any of her hesitations. She could give a shit about being stuck as a horny slut later, for now she just wanted to belong to these men; to be their nympho bimbo. The new woman pressed herself against both Nathan and Shaun, rubbing her divine chest against them and letting them run their hands all their way down to her ass.

“I n-need you!” she moaned. “Please hurry up and make me your fucking conquest already!”

They did, and she relished it. Nathan and Shaun both had her, kissing and caressing and feeling every inch of her, making her new pussy utterly wet. Her juices slide down her thighs even as she helped the two men get to the bedroom, all while the two others decided to tour the suite and enjoy themselves, readying for their turn.

“So fucking sexy, Pete,” Nathan, said before kissing her.

“I - I am!” she cried when she was released, crawling up onto the bed. “But c-call me Pattie! While I’m a woman. While I need your hard c-cock!”

“Oh, we’re going to be calling you Pattie a lot longer than that,” Nathan quipped, before climbing on top of her. “Just like you’re going to be screaming my name out in a moment, when I do *this*.”

He gripped his cock and guided it into her entrance, before *plunging* into her. Pete’s - no, *Pattie’s* eyes went wide as she felt her new womanhood suddenly filled by this man’s hard dick. Her vaginal muscles clung to him, milking him, and soon he was thrusting in and out of her, slowly at first, but faster and faster. She felt ashamed and humiliated, but unable to stop herself from spreading her legs wide to receive him, and to cry out louder and louder as he played with her tits and kissed her soft neck. She couldn’t even stop herself from bucking her hips, letting him slide even deeper. Her arousal was off the charts, her need to play her part all the greater thanks to the mental changes wrought upon the former man by the nanobots.

The company’s revenge was final, and she was addicted to every moment of it!



“Yesssss,” Pattie cried, shaking her shoulders in a way that made her huge tits wobble heavily on her chest. “Make me a woman! Make me yours! I wanna make it up to all of you! I want to - ugghhhh! Ahhhh! OHHHHH!!”

She came, and the orgasms swept through her body like a wildfire. Moments later Nathan seized up, and she received another set of orgasms courtesy of the sensation of his seed shooting up deep inside her. Words were beyond Pattie as she whimpered, biting into his shoulder just to contain herself. Finally, after what seemed like an agonising eternity of shameful bliss, she collapsed back, and a panting Nathan got off of her.

“Your turn, Shaun,” he said. “Then Ravi and Lee.”

Shaun approached her, losing his top in the process. “You up for round two in a few minutes, hot stuff?” he asked.

Pattie looked up at this once-intern. This man who had helped discover her plot, and unmade it, ruining her life and making her little better than some top-heavy nymphomaniac. She should have hated him, but instead she simply moaned sensually, and spread her legs wider. Nathan’s cum was leaking from her, but she didn’t care anymore.

“I’m ready right now, lover boy,” she cooed. “I need more than one cock to please me tonight.”

Shaun crawled on top of her, and the rest was history.

History, and a whole lot of pleasure.

\*\*\*

Pattie never did change back into Pete. One doesn’t steal twenty eight million dollars from the company and get to spend over a hundred thousand of it and then just get away. No, she had to be made an example of, and she was over the next two weeks, pleasing those four boys in every possible way imaginable, and then some. By the end of their vacation the cock-hungry woman had basically written a new version of the Kama Sutra in her head, and when she wasn’t getting fucked in the penthouse she was wearing hot dresses and in the arms of one of the four of them, or lounging by the pool or in it while wearing a too-tight bikini that left one’s jaw hanging.

It was utterly embarrassing for Pattie, of course. This wasn’t the life she’d imagined. The company had taken the money she’d stolen back and left her at the mercy of men she couldn’t help but be ravenously attracted to. She initiated sex just as much as they did, and soon it was second nature to her, another embarrassment.

And yet, for all of her comeuppance, she was still in Cancun. Still in the lap of luxury. Still in stylish clothing and having sun, sea, and sex as much as she wanted. And with

another round of corporate members set to come down to see her as soon as these four boys left, well, it didn't look like her Cancun dream was ending any time soon.

Perhaps Pattie had the last laugh. It was on the company's dime, after all.

**The End**