

Jakal waved goodbye as his friends left his apartment. The first in-person dungeons and dragons game since before the quarantine, and it was a blast. They had even gotten him a gift as thanks for continuing to DM virtually throughout this whole thing.

He picked up the gift, and chuckled. It was a joke-shirt, and one he'd definitely wear next time they played. On it, there were two twenty-sided-dice with the twenty facing up, with the words "Yes, they're natural" around it.

"Heh... I'm definitely wearing that for my next game tomorrow." He said to himself as he draped it over his shoulder, and started cleaning up the mess left behind by the session—boxing the minis, deconstructing his 3D map, and disposing of the snack bags and drink canisters.

There was a slight tingling sensation on his shoulder where the shirt lay, and he dropped an empty can of soda in surprise and fear. He pulled the shirt off his shoulder, and hurriedly pulled out his phone, immediately opening it to the nanite app and checking over the stats.

Levels: Normal
Heart Rate: 100 BPM (Rising, AV 70)
Sex: Male
Height: 5' 10
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Hazel
Other →
Command Box →

He clicked the last option.

Command Box:
/Maintain base form
MAINTAINING. NANITES INACTIVE.

Jakal typed in a command in the box, thumbs moving rapidly.

/System analysis: triggers
LOADING...

He felt a slight tingle go through his body. That was normal when the system was doing a diagnostic.

LOADING...
COMPLETE.
WOUNDS/DISFIGUREMENT: FUNCTION 663 (CODE ALTERED)
CHAMELEON PROTOCOL PAUSED
MILK: FUNCTION 983 FEEDING PREPARATION (PROCESSING
CODE ALTERATION)
FATS: FUNCTION 876 PROPER STORAGE (CODE ALTERED)

Jakal shook his head as he looked at the “milk” function. “Guess I’m still basically lactose intolerant this week, unless I want some milkers of my own.” He muttered as he continued to scroll through all the functions and code triggers in the Nanite’s hive software. Everything besides the milk function seemed to be operating as normal.

Staying in the command panel, which would tell him the nanites current commands and directives, he flipped the shirt back onto his shoulder, and waited for any sort of response...

Nothing.

With a sigh of relief, and a laugh, Jakal put his phone away and finished cleaning the room. Must have just been a pinched nerve or a phantom itch or something. He *had* to stop being so paranoid. The nanites were (for the most part) fixed! They weren’t so sensitive to stimuli anymore. Sure, when he commented about a hot day it put him in a sundress, but a nice walk later and a quick few quick commands, and he was back to normal.

The incident with the milk was a bit different... After a rather expansive transformation, the nanites had too many system errors trying to figure out what went wrong, and it wasn’t like he could just type “I have huge tits!” In the command box— well, he did, but the software didn’t understand the command, nor the issue. Jakal had to send a complaint to the company who gave him the software. Weird little niche shopping chain for altering tech, but they were the only ones who gave him a solution to malfunctioning alien medicale nanobots. A day later his chest had shrunk, and a few days after that he was back to being a man.

But the software still seemed to be sorting out the bug that caused the milk-incident. And who knows how many other errors the ‘helpful’ nanites may still bring. The tech was alien, after all, earth-based software could only analyse and control so much.

Jakal entered his room, tossed the shirt to the side, undressed himself, and retired for the night, reassuring himself that he was fine for the time being.

The next morning, he woke up groggily. His eyes slowly drifted open, but he woke up instantly and groan when he saw a large lump sticking out from his blanket, coming from his chest.

“Shit, not again!” He complained as he pulled the sheets back, and then froze for a moment.

It was just a pillow.

He laughed at the absurdity of it— at some point in the night, in his tossing and turning, he must have pulled a pillow there. Jakal gleefully pulled the pillow away, and checked over his body....

“Yep. Still a guy.” He said to the empty room as he rolled out of bed. *That* certainly woke him up. Jakal walked around his room, collecting some paints from the pile of clean clothes he had yet to put away— *I should probably get on that if I don’t want the nanites to make me into a maid like last time*— and plucked the D20 shirt from where he had tossed it the night before.

He quickly checked the sizing, making sure it was men’s clothing (accidental crossdressing has gotten him into a few pickles before) and then grabbed his phone to check the nanites again.

Everything seemed to be normal.

Jakal pulled the shirt on, and walked over to look at himself in his bathroom mirror.

“Fits pretty well... maybe a size smaller than I would have preferred, but it still fits.” He grinned. The rest of the party— a different group where he was the player rather than the dungeon master— was going to get a kick out of this.

A tingling feeling washed over Jakal as he nearly dropped his phone.

“No, nope, just a quick chill...” He looked in the mirror and gasped. His hair was slowly creeping longer, taking on a green tinge at the tips, and he was definitely wearing lipstick.

Looking down, he saw that his body was getting slimmer, the slightly-too-tight shirt still clinging to his form as the fabric of his jeans shifted around and became tighter. He reached down and tugged at his pants to confirm his fear: they were a stretchy fabric closer to jeggings.

“No no no no...” He started chanting as his voice became higher, cracking midway through. He quickly opened the nanite app again, and went down to the command box.

Command Box:

/Maintain base form

**ERROR. CHAMELEON PROTOCOL RESUMING. ALTERING
BASE FORM TO BETTER FIT ENVIRONMENT: 35%**

Jakal tried to type a command for it to stop, but found it pointless. You couldn't enter a new command while one was being executed.

The number jumped to fifty percent as he felt his pants stretching in the rear. He looked back just in time to see his ass finish bubbling and jiggling outwards, filling out the stretchy-pants nicely. His hips had already thrust themselves outwards while he was looking at the app. Looking in the mirror, he had a pear shaped figure, his waist already constricted in some, and his broad shoulders now petite.

Seventy-two percent

His face was twitching and adjusting as the hair finished, growing almost shoulder length. Jakal turned around and rubbed his swollen ass as he looked at it in the mirror.

“No bigger than the last time... So far it looks like it might just be my standard female form.” He reminisced in resignation. What was happening was happening, all he could do now was wait for the command to be finished before going back in and typing up a fix.

The counter ticked to eighty percent when Jakal felt his nipples tighten up, a shock of pleasure going through them. He looked down to see that they were clearly larger now, like eraser tips poking through his shirt, which had only gotten tighter as the changes continued.

“Here we go...” He winced as he felt fat and breast tissue start to build up behind his engorged nipples, grabbing onto the sink for support and balance as wave after wave of electric pleasure shot through him as his tits bubbled outwards. This caused a new set of uncomfortable feelings as he felt an erection struggle against his pants. But, suspiciously, not terribly uncomfortable— was he still wearing boxers?

SNAP!

Well, not any more. From the wedgie he was guessing a thong, or maybe the simple panties were just too tight on his huge ass.

Eighty-eight percent.

He looked down to see that his new breasts had now reached the standard E-F cup that came with his base female form... but they kept growing!

“Oh—hnnng— shit!” He stifled a moan as he thrust his hips and, with a pleasurable sucking feeling, the nannies rearranged his plumbing while his knees almost buckled. His pants were a lot more comfortable now.

Ninety-three percent.

“Come on... Stop!” He said through labored breath as his tits continued outwards, becoming the size of small melons before the nanites stitched together a lacy bra over them. Jakal sighed, thinking that was the mark of the end, but looking back at his phone he cocked his head curiously.

Ninety-five percent?

He looked down and groaned and his body spasmed from another wave of pleasure as his tits continued to press outwards, the bra growing with it.

One-hundred percent.

Jakal panted, out of breath, as he leaned on his kitchen sink. He looked up in the mirror, eyes widened.

“They’re huge!” He reached down and grabbed the sides of his chest, regretting it instantly as he gave another shiver of pleasure.

“My god...” He took a moment to admire himself in the mirror, pulling up his shirt to reveal his massive jugs, contained in a black lacy bra. Pulling his shirt back down, he observed it was doing a good job of containing his new titanic tits. Though the font and graphics were stretched, and what was supposed to be a conservative neckline was stretched down to show a peak of cleavage.

“I guess I shouldn’t have expected anything less with this shirt...” He said with regret as he brushed his hair out of his face. Hopefully after this bug was worked out, he could wear it without the change. He did quite like it, otherwise.

Jakal walked back to his bed, wincing with the way his chest jiggled and swayed with even the smallest movement, though it did distract him from the sway and bounce of his rear. He sat down on his bed, carefully as to not invoke the wrath of the jiggle, and opened the nanite app, looking at the command box.

Command Box:

/Maintain base form

**ERROR. CHAMELEON PROTOCOL RESUMING. ALTERING
BASE FORM TO BETTER FIT ENVIRONMENT: 100%**

**CONVERSION COMPLETE. SUBJECT NOW FITS APPAREL’S
IMPLIED HUMOR.**

Jakal groaned. Seriously? He now had to be careful about what jokes he wore on his shirts? He had way too many graphic tees for this not to be a problem. He typed in the command:

/Return to base form.

LOADING...

He felt a shiver run over him, and looked down to see... nothing changed. He looked back to the command box.

LOADING...
BASE FORM ALREADY LOADED. ENTER NEW COMMAND.

WHAT??!

Jakal typed the same command in, but it came up with the same response. He went back to the statistic page.

Levels: Normal
Heart Rate: 90 BPM (Rising, AV 70)
Sex: Male
Height: 5' 10
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Hazel
Other →
Command Box →

He threw his phone at his pillow, and put his face in his hands, his forearms pressing against his tits. The software had glitched, it didn't recognize anything as wrong. He'd have to email tech support again and get this sorted out... And considering it was a Saturday, he'd have to wait a few days for this to be actually resolved.

Jakal sighed. Of all the forms from the past few weeks to gets stuck with, *this one* glitched into his base form. The one with the stripper tits. Great. His eyes wandered down to his chest again.

And if the software and nanites look at THIS as a base, flat chested, male form...

Jakal shivered. He'd have to *really* avoid dairy products, or any other trigger this week. He looked over at his pile of clothes, resolving that it needed to be taken care of *now* before the nanites decide the house needs a maid.

While folding his clothes, Jakal took out his phone to text today's D&D group. *Better call in sick, or they'd REALLY get a kick out of this shirt.*

NANITE COMMAND BOX

CONVERSION COMPLETE: SUBJECT NOW FITS APPAREL'S
IMPLIED HUMOR.



I guess I shouldn't
have expected anything
less with this shirt...

JAKAL

PATREON.COM/JAKALOID