

Nanite Tails: An Order of Coffee with...

Jakal sighed as he leaned back next to the espresso machine. He had been putting off a retail job ever since he moved, but with the bills stacking up right along with the job rejection letters, it became clear what he had to do.

So, as of a couple weeks ago, he was a barista— male barista? Baristo? Didn't matter— now he was a *baristo* at the coffee shop at the end of his street. It paid well enough, but they were located on a quieter side of the city that didn't even have that many customers during the breakfast hours.

But, it was better than his last job as a waitress. Yes, you read that right, waitress.

"Ugh, it's only eleven, but I can't take this anymore." Said Liz, Jakal's coworker, as she came out the back. She let her silky black hair down as she took off her hat and grabbed a muffin. "I'm going on lunch break. I'm assuming you can handle this on your own, newbie?" She asked with a hint of sarcasm as she motioned around the empty shop.

Jakal just nodded and gave a half hearted smile. "You got it, enjoy your break." She untied her apron and walked out from behind the counter, taking a deep breath as though it was a breath of fresh air.

"I'll be back in thirty."

"Take your time."

She left just as four people entered, and gave a brief side look through the window that said "Sorry!" before smiling and continuing down the road.

Jakal closed his eyes for a moment, sighed, brushed his hand through his wavy brown hair, and put on his best customer service smile.

"Hello! What can I get you today?"

The first in line, a mousy looking woman with blonde hair who looked like she was about to fall asleep standing up, swayed for a moment before asking, "Sorry?"

"What can I get for you?" He repeated, furrowing his brow in slight concern.

"Oh, me?" She asked, looking around as though it suddenly occurred to her she was first in line. "Sorry, sorry— can I get a medium, or, erm, 'Moyenne'—"

"Medium is fine." Jakal said with a chuckle.

“Yeah, a moyedium cup of black coffee with two shots of espresso?” She asked, taking a deep breath. “Sorry. Tired.”

“No worries, and I figured.”

She smiled slightly as she paid, and he took down her name. The next in line was an older gentleman, and a regular.

“Heya Saul, how are you?”

“Not bad. Knee hurts.” He scratched his pant leg. “Joint hurts. Gonna rain soon.”

“And they told me I wouldn’t need an umbrella in Southern California— you want the usual?” Jakal asked as Saul listed off his order in exact detail and impressive speed and precision.

The last two in line seemed to be college students, a short guy with round features and short, brown hair, and a lanky girl with red hair tied back into a ponytail. Both were on their phones, but Jakal couldn’t blame them for having to wait in line. He gave them a minute, taking the time to place some cups under the coffee and espresso machine. He turned back around to see the guy showing his friend something on his phone and laughing just as he noticed he was up in line. He put his phone down on the counter and pulled his wallet out.

“How can I help you?” Jakal asked, stepping back into position as the customer made his order, still laughing.

“Hi, can I get an iced—” he chuckled again and looked back at his friend, shaking his head, making a quick comment to her before turning back to Jakal. “Can’t believe I almost said it. I mean, can I get a caramel latte with breast milk and—” He froze mid sentence and became red with embarrassed horror as his friend clamped her hands over her mouth, trying to hide her smile and trying to suppress a giggle.

Jakal raised a brow and glanced down at the guy’s phone. Sure enough, there was that ‘iced latte with breast milk’ meme that was going around. He was guessing that was what they were laughing at before he ordered.

“Jesus, I can’t believe I said it.” He said, shaking his head and trying not to look at his friend. “Erm... sorry— can I have a caramel latte with breast milk—” both he and Jakal winced. “— I mean almond milk.” He gave a defeated sigh, and turned to his friend, who didn’t laugh but continued to smile in disbelief and amusement. “And, erm, I’m paying for her as well... what do you want?”

She finally gave an amused chuckle as she said, “I mean, if breast milk is on the menu, I—” She stopped and looked down at Jakal’s chest, eyes widening and mouth agape. Her friend looked at her, confused, and then looked back at Jakal, his eyes widening as well and his mouth dropping open.

Jakal cocked his head in confusion, looked down before he jumped in surprise at the mounds that were steadily growing out of his chest, pressing his apron out. The jump caused a slight and uncomfortable jiggle, but Jakal quickly tugged his apron forward so his expanding chest was more obscured.

“Heh, these aprons—” Jakal said nervously as they both snapped their heads up to his face. “— they get all bunched up in the most awkward ways.” His voice cracked as it went up an octave, and he cleared his throat, coughing slightly. He was starting to sweat.

‘Not now...’ Jakal thought as he struggled to remain still, fighting the impulse to squirm, scratch, and rub both painful and pleasurable tingling that went throughout his body. Almost two years ago, he was infected with medical nanomachines from another world, which seemed set on making him female, and as feminine as possible. While the changes to his body they caused were random and chaotic at first, he managed to find a tech company that helped him keep things under control.

But, sometimes there were stimuli that still triggered random transformations. Apparently this meme, this order or command, was one of those stimuli.

Jakal patted down his pockets to look for his phone, which had an app that could check in and control the nanites. His face drained of all color.

He left it in the back.

He turned back to the two who were staring at him in disbelief as he grabbed Liz’s hat and pulled it on to try and hide any potential hair changes. It was already way too tight, but if the changes were subtle enough, maybe they won’t notice anymore—

Jakal quickly pulled more fabric up as his chest tightened against the already baggy fabric.

“And you wanted—” Jakal asked, his voice already sounding higher and more feminine.

The girl shook her head for a moment, blinking several times out of confusion and awe as she said, sort of quietly, “Oh, just a, erm... a medium ginger and cinnamon spiced latte—”

“Coming right up.” He said, turning away before they could even pay. He quickly set a few timers and dials as he put Saul’s breakfast sandwich in the oven and grabbed a couple extra cups. He groaned and decided to just head to the back while the oven was heading up as he felt his pants becoming tighter. He hoped to hide his chest by facing away from the customers, but it would be providing quite a view as his hips widened and condensed fat and muscle built up on his ass.

“Can... Can I get extra breast milk with that?” The girl asked in a somewhat curious and somewhat teasing way that made Jakal grimace as he felt another tingle and wave of pleasure surge through him, centering on his chest. He was glad to be in the back room, any more of those sensations from his changes, and he might have gotten a fairly noticeable erection—

POP

He almost collapsed onto the floor. *‘Well, don’t have to worry about getting an erection anymore...’* Jakal straightened up, and walked steadily over to his phone on a nearby shelf. He could feel the jiggling beneath his apron, but was too scared to straighten it out and check on the damage. Grabbing his phone, he quickly checked the app.

Levels: Heightened
Heart Rate: 120 BPM (Rising, AV 65)
Sex: Female
Height: 5’ 10
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Hazel
Other →
Command Box →

He quickly clicked the command box, but knew he couldn’t issue a reversal command until after all current commands were through. His fingers worked fast as he typed:

```
//list current running operations  
LOADING...  
CHAMELEON PROTOCOL 876 ONLINE  
WORKPLACE EFFICIENCY PROTOCOL 056 IN EFFECT  
BREAST MILK REQUESTED X2  
BREAST MILK REQUIRED, APPLYING PROPER FORM  
LOADING...  
INCREASE MAMMARY INPUT R1/ (95% COMPLETE)  
BASE FEMALE/ (90% COMPLETE)  
INCREASE MAMMARY INPUT R2/ (30% COMPLETE)  
PRODUCTION UPON COMPLETION  
BREAST MILK REQUESTED  
INCREASE MAMMARY INPUT R2/ (5% COMPLETE)
```

Liz's hat popped off Jakal's head as his hair increased in volume, little green highlights streaked at the base of his hair as it came messily down a few inches above his shoulders. He reread the commands— did this mean he was going to start lactating?

Jakal took in a gulp of air, and looked down at himself as he tugged down the bottom of his apron so it was taut against his chest— His breasts looked to be close to the normal size they were at his base female form, around an E or F cup, but they still felt tingly— and weirdly full.

He had to get out of here.

Looking at his reflection in his phone and inspecting his body, it looked like his transformation to his curvaceous female form was about complete— but there were possibly more changes left— or maybe it was just making it possible for him to produce breast milk, but not actually actively produce breast milk?

But if he left now while there were still customers, he'd be fired! He could text Liz he was feeling sick and had to leave, but he doubted he could get away with that while people were still waiting on orders. He took another breath, and straightened his apron.

He looked different enough now that he could probably get away with going out there and acting like a different employee, right? Right.

Tits still tingling, Jakal swiftly went back to the front counter. He stopped briefly at the doorway, and called into the empty back room, "Alright, you just rest and feel better!"

He quickly went over to the two customers he was last serving, and— oh, great. More customers were lined up behind them.

"Sorry about that," Jakal said with a smile, face beat red and slightly sweating, "My coworker is feeling a bit under the weather, what did you two order again?"

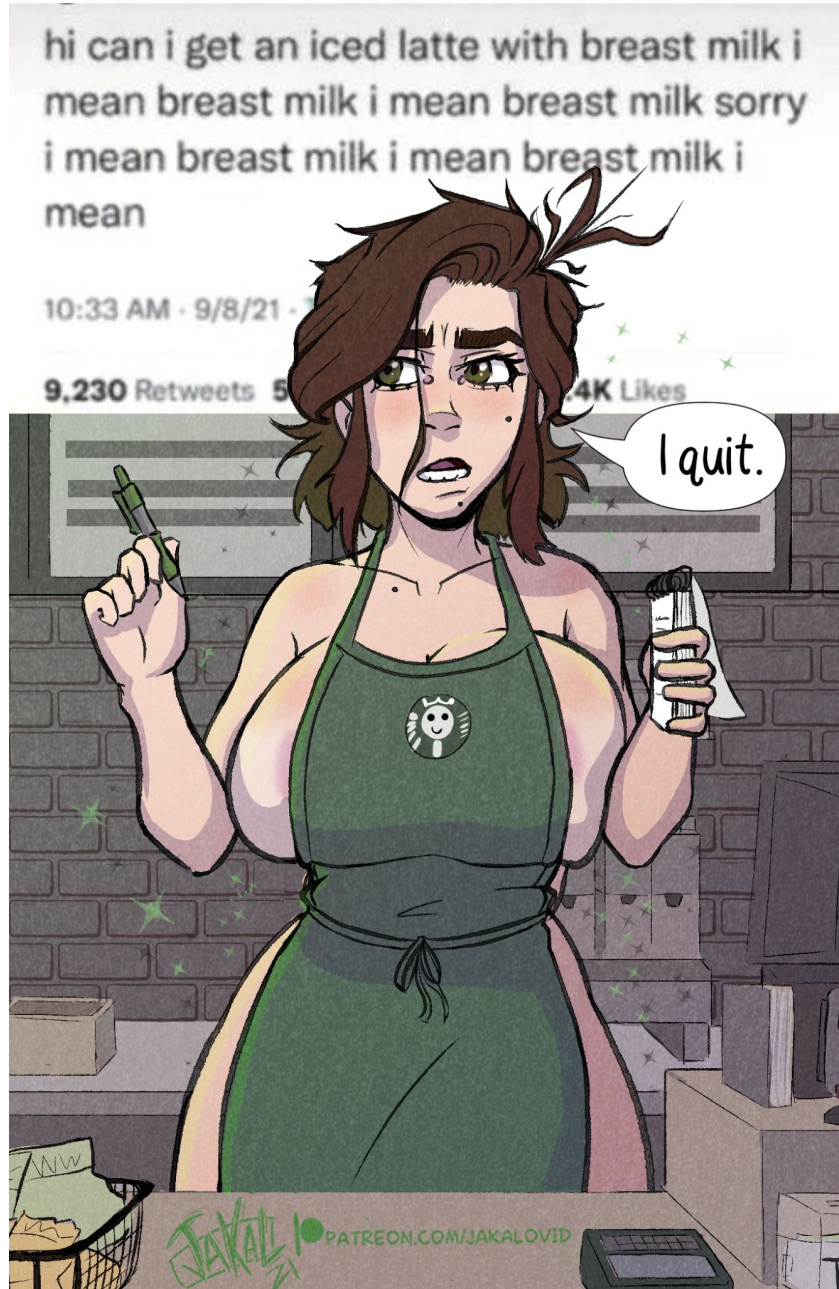
They both looked at him skeptically, and the guy said, very slowly, "A caramel latte with... with almond milk." He was very careful not to say the same words for a third time.

On the other hand, the girl's face turned from skeptical to curiously amused. "And I ordered a medium ginger and cinnamon spiced latte... with extra breast milk."

Jakal's eyes widened and the smile melted off his face as he felt heightened tingling in his breasts and a vibrating feeling on his clothing, followed by a cold breeze making its way around Jakal's body. The girl gave a surprised and awed laugh as he looked down to see all his clothes had been dissolved away, all but the apron. His breasts were barely contained by the fabric, his ass bare.

He supposed the nanites thought the clothes might get in the way of getting milk into the cups...

Jakal stood there in stunned, humiliated, silence for a few minutes as he stared down at himself before he entered a state of deadpan shock.



“I quit.” He said simply, though he then gasped as he felt that filled sensation release, and two wet spots were starting to form on the apron. He noticed the flesh on his tits bubbling up and straining against the fabric. His left boob almost popped free, but Jakal quickly covered his nipples with his hands, pushing his growing breasts against his chest as he quickly made a beeline for the exit.

“What the—” Jakal nearly ran head first into Liz as he went to exit. He paused for a moment, and they stared briefly at each other as Jakal’s melon-sized-and-growing breasts started to leak milk onto the floor. He moved his tomato red face down and quickly brushed past her. He continued at a fast pace down the street.

He had to get back to his apartment— only a few blocks away...

He felt a drop of something wet on his shoulder.

“Oh, shit...” He muttered as he looked up and it started to rain. Barefoot and starting to get soaked, Jakal made a break for it and sprinted down the road, stopping occasionally to try and shove his growing tits back under the apron as they bounced wildly.

It wouldn’t be until he got back to his apartment that he’d remember he left his phone in the back room.