

# Tech Tg

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*Written and edited by PgFalcon*

Hi, my name is Sam, and I'm a scientist. I'm also 16 years old.

Being rather smart like I am comes with its costs and Benefits, but I believe that the Benefits far outweigh the cost. This is one instance where it is definitely true, back when I had perfected my patented nanobot technology. Let me tell you about it.

It was a school day, and I had physics, which I love, but what I'm looking forward for is not math. It's revenge. On my hand is a watch, a bit bulky but nothing's perfect. It is in fact a very powerful computer that I had designed myself with a little help of a program I call "Rose". Rose is the only sentient program made by man, and I brought her into the world when I was ten. It was an accident really, I was trying to create an adaptive firewall, that would remember and learn, but it became so much more. It became Rose, and with her I have jumped several centuries ahead of this world. I built tiny little robots that she could control, and from that day she set them to work, building. Building better robots for a start, then creating robots to mine, to refine, to dig and create. Within a year, underneath my house was a complex manufacturing facility utilizing materials from the earth, and occasionally rarer materials that we get over the internet. She quickly expanded it to fit me, and now it's our laboratory, with a small army of robots to gather resources for us. We want for nothing there.

This watch carries Rose, and was designed by Rose. She's constantly designing and building better computers for herself, and over half of our robotic workforce is involved in creating better or more precise machines to manufacture her shell. I have a receptive computer in my brain that is in effect a monitor for Rose to show me things. I see them as an overlay on what I'm actually seeing, and I can turn it off at will.

"Sam, are you sure you want to do this? You have a small chance of being caught, and you said yourself that that's the last thing you want."

"What's the possibility?"

"30,000 to one against."

"Those aren't bad odds."

"So long as you know. There he is! Don't miss him!"

"I won't," I reply, using the monitor as a targeting device. Carefully I point my watch at Luke, and then click on the "fire" button at the very bottom corner of my eye with a casual thought. Luke slaps the back of his neck, then turns around. Finding no-one, he resumes his conversation.

“Success! Nanobots separating and powering up. Should I begin the duplication sequence?”

“Yes.”

“How many?”

“Dunno, how many do you think is necessary?”

“Depends, only a few hundred is technically necessary, but then alteration of his physiology will take months. Too many however, such as several billion, would pose a threat to his health.”

“Ok, the most that can safely operate inside of his body.”

“Five hundred million should be sufficient. Replication will take approximately 1.5 hours if he has the necessary materials in his body, and I predict he does. I’ll run a task bar to keep you posted on the progress. Have you decided what to do first?”

“Yes, I would like to make him female, but no breasts yet.”

“Of course.”

The wait is unbearable, but I get through the next period anyway. The second the time is up, Rose sends the necessary instructions to the nanobots to begin reconstruction of not only his body, but his entire DNA structure. It will be as if he was never male. This time, however, the wait is much shorter, and I have him in my class this period. Sitting behind him and to the left, I execute the program. The changes will be complete in half an hour. While waiting for a reaction, I aim my watch at the kid next to him, Jericho, who is partner in crime with Luke. I fire the nanobots into him, and they start reproducing inside of him as well. Then I sit and watch. At first Luke only scratches himself a little more frequently than one might expect, as if his balls itched. Ten minutes pass, and he’s starting to become distracted, and starts to feel around his crotch, ever so subtly. For the next five minutes his face goes from wonder, to nervousness, to fear, as he holds his crotch. People start noticing his odd behavior, and that’s when Luke asks to go to the bathroom. Snickers follow him with comments about holding in his pee with his hands.

“Rose? You have nanobots in position to control his hormones, right?”

“Right.”

“And some attached to his inner ear so that I can talk to him?”

“Of course, just like we planned.”

“Just Checking. Send the nearest camera after him, I want to see this.”

“Sure thing.”

Seconds later a video pops up in front of me, blocking out my view of the classroom. It doesn’t matter, I studied this chapter weeks ago by myself. On the screen is Luke practically running for the bathroom.

The robot follows him close to the floor. Slipping into the bathroom after him, the robot runs up the wall and onto the ceiling. From a small heads-up I see that it's one that's disguised as a cockroach.

Luke takes off his pants after locking himself in a stall, and stares at his crotch. I can't help but stare myself. Where Luke presumably used to have balls and a dick, he now has a flat, neat, hairless pussy. With a shaking hand, he touches it.

"I thought that it wouldn't be finished for another 10 minutes or so."

"And it won't be, but it's almost entirely the inner-structure of the vagina and womb that are unfinished. The final changes to the visible portion of his genitalia were complete several minutes ago."

"Ah, that makes sense." Luke is gently pulling back the lips of his pussy only just so, then jerks his hand away. After a few seconds of heavy breathing he then looks around, as if confused, and his knees angle ever so slightly together. Then he presses his legs tighter together, and places his hand over his pussy.

"Oh my god, he has to pee." I say.

"But he doesn't want too."

"He has to eventually."

Luke grimace's, then sits down on the toilet. Shortly after he releases a torrent of pee, and looks as if he might cry. It's clear he has no idea how to pee as a woman, since he gets pee all over his legs. Or maybe that's just how girls pee, I dunno, but he stands up and starts to wipe himself up, skirting around his vagina until he absolutely has to touch it, finally wiping himself there too. He then pulls up his pants, and looks down at himself. I don't know if you realize this, but men and women look distinctly different in the pants area, and it is definitely noticeable that Luke's crotch is as flat as any cheerleaders. It couldn't help any that his pants fit real snug. Ironically when he bought them it was probably to show off his package.

Luke obviously notices this too as he presses on his crotch with his hand, then pulls on his jeans trying to make a bulge appear. Luke's face grows more desperate, but quickly starts to unroll loads of toilet paper, packing it in his pants. It's a dam good thing he wears tighty-whitey's or else the toilet paper probably wouldn't stay in place, but he does it. I can hardly notice the difference.

He goes back to class and sits down, sitting lower in his seat as if to attract less attention. He glances around a lot nervously, and feels himself to make sure the toilet paper is in place. When anyone speaks to him, he answers in clipped sentences. I smile.

"Make him horny Rose, I wanna see Luke squirm."

"Righty-o."

The effect is almost immediate. Luke wiggles in his chair, trying to find a comfortable spot. His breathing becomes audible, and quickens. His face flushes, and he presses his legs together. His hand drifts down to his pussy, but is quickly drawn back up and placed on the desk.

“Let me talk to Luke, but don’t forget to change my voice.”

“What do you want to sound like?”

“Good question, umm... I guess a hot goddess voice, got any like that?”

“Like this?” Rose replies, but her voice might as well be that of Aphrodite’s herself. It’s incredibly mysterious and sexy.

“Perfect! You’re the best Rose.”

“I try.” A little button in the corner of my vision appears, the video having closed itself when Luke reentered the classroom. It says ‘talk to Luke’ and I press it down.

“Luke?” I say. Luke stops moving in his chair, his face displaying just how uncomfortable he is, and looks around him.

“Who said that?” he asks. He only gets weird looks, then turns back around in his seat. He’s breathing really hard now, and is really flushed. The subtle, sweet smell of a wet pussy is starting to drift around the room, and a couple of guys smile and look around for the source.

“It’d be best if you didn’t talk, they can’t hear me.” Luke straightens in his seat. I release the button temporarily to say to Rose “Get ready to give him a womanly figure, if you know what I mean.”

“It’ll take forty minutes to complete once you give the go ahead,” she replies.

“Luke, I know what you’re feeling and I can help you. You need to have your first orgasm as a woman, whether you want to or not. Now, we can do this the hard way, or the easy way. The easy way involves the restrooms and a vibrator, right now. The vibrator is hidden under the lip of the sink. The hard way could get interesting.”

Luke ever so slightly shakes his head no, obviously fighting the throws of sexual arousal.

“Alright then, I’ll talk to you again in forty minutes.” Then to Rose, “Execute the program.”

A small taskbar appears in the corner of my vision.

For the first five minutes Luke just continues to squirm in his seat, his pussy swollen with blood, but very soon changes are making themselves apparent. Firstly, his nipples become bigger and stand on end, poking out of his shirt. He doesn’t even notice it until the girl next to him points it out. He quickly covers his chest, horrified. He leans forward on his desk to hide his perky nipples.

But that won’t help him, because his chest is steadily expanding. At the same time, his waste is slowly narrowing and his hips widening. Already his hips are straining at the skin tight jeans, cutting into his skin.

Now twenty minutes have passed, and he’s covering his expanding chest with his arms, leaning on the desk. So far no one has noticed anything, but it’s only a matter of time. He can’t possibly get up now to

go to the bathroom without everyone seeing his cleavage. Also, Luke's muscle definition has gone way down, though his stomach is flatter than it's ever been. I wonder whether his jeans are going to explode. As Luke grows slimmer and curvier, he also grows a little taller. He goes from 5'4" to 5'7", and as such his shirt slowly begins to show off his flat stomach and belly button. He looks like he's in great pain, and finally reaches down to undo the button hook on his jeans, springing open his fly with the pressure his hips were under. His breasts are fairly well supported by the tight, stretchy muscle shirt, and I'm amazed no one has noticed yet.

Suddenly I have an idea, and open up a small capsule of construction drones.

"Rose, could you please engineer Luke some sexy panties out of his underwear?"

"I would love to, one thong coming up." She answers. The grey dust inside the capsule rises into the air, and like a fine mist settles on Luke's pants. They immediately start to dissolve as the small robots harvest elastic and cotton for the panties, while at the same time constructing a bright red triangle in its place that only just barely covers his small, swollen pussy. Luke, of course, is immediately aware of what is happening, and tries to brush away the dust without attracting attention. The nanobots finish the thong, and quickly dissolve his underwear and the toilet paper into dust.

"Ok, ok!" he whispers to himself quietly, "I'll do it. Just stop!"

He wasn't quite quiet enough, however.

"Stop whatOHMYGOD Luke! Are you okay?" the girl next to him stands straight up, holding a hand over her mouth. This of course brings the attention of the rest of the class down on Luke.

"Dude! Luke's a dike!?!"

"Luke's got a pussy!"

"Yeah, and he's horny as hell!"

"You mean *she's* horny as hell!! HAHAHAHA!"

"Are you sure she's Luke? That's impossible."

The collective voices of the entire class garble together into one astonished, inquisitive mess. Luke stands up, and his pants fall down revealing the sexy red thong. Several guys whistle. Luke snatches up his pants while trying to cover his perky breasts at the same time. He's actually starting to cry, and runs from the room. I tail him with three different robots. As he runs, (he runs like a girl now) I can see that his hair has visibly lengthened, his jaw is weaker, and his stubble completely gone. His shoes fit loosely on his much smaller and daintier feet. The task bar is nearly complete at the bottom of my vision, with only his hair left to change. He is incredibly hot, his skin soft and tanned, his flat stomach, his frail hands, his now shoulder length light brown hair, his perky, soft breasts which are neither big nor

small, but rather a happy medium between. He actually almost looks like Angelina Jolie if you don't look at his face, except that she probably wouldn't be wearing men's jeans that didn't fit her. Luke stops, then screams at the hallway,

"What the fuck are you doing to me! *Why* are you doing it to me!?"

"I'm making you a woman, but don't worry. I *could* undo it, but why I should if you don't do what I ask?"

"You mean, if I use that vibrator...you'll change me back?" Luke's pussy is running a bit down his leg and soaking through the fabric of his thong. He reaches behind him to pull the thin material out of his butt crack, but it just goes right back. He must be incredibly horny.

"I didn't say that, but let's make a deal. If you do everything I say then this time next week I'll undo everything I've done to you. Every time you refuse... I'll add one day to your sentence.

Luke nods, biting lips that are fuller than they used to be. While he still is undeniably Luke, neither would you know that he was ever male by looking at his face anymore. His hand trails down to his pussy and cups it, then nods. He turns and runs to the bathroom. He's about to enter the men's room when I stop him.

"Ah-ah-ah, women's."

Luke turns and goes into the women's restroom. It's deserted, and Luke quickly locates the dildo under the lip of the sink. It's straight, narrow, and metal. He immediately drops it.

"I can't do this!"

"Sure you can."

"No, I won't!"

"Eight days then? At this rate you'll be a woman forever."

"No!" he sobs, "I'll do it I'll do it!" breathing rapidly and raggedly, he kicks off his shoes and his jeans. Then he carefully pulls down his thong, revealing a wide open pussy, swollen lips puffing out to reveal dark pink folds within. He's dribbling just a little.

Luke takes the dildo in one hand, and puts it against his flaring lips, but immediately cries out as the cold metal touches his sensitive pussy. He picks it up, and tries again, gasping this time but not dropping. He's panting now, and slowly pushes the dildo into his pussy, sucking in breath as he does, but he doesn't get any farther than his outer lips.

"I can't! It's too big!"

"No, it isn't."

Luke uses his hands to spread open his labia.

“Look, my pussy hole is smaller than a freaking pencil! How am I supposed to fit this dildo up there!”

“I trust you’ll manage it.”

Luke cries out in frustration, then places the dildo at his pussy again, and starts to slowly push it in, working it bit by bit with a back and forth motion. His expression quickly transforms as his body begins to find relief.

“Oh God, oh my God this.... feels good.”

Luke is slowly but surely fitting more and more of the dildo up his pussy, and having small, perfectly spaced spasms in his hips. He starts arching into the dildo, and pushing on it harder.

“Oh God! Ugh!”

He then seems unable to stuff more of the dildo into himself, and is obviously frustrated. He has gotten three inches successfully inside of him, but is now apparently blocked by his hymen. But after a few strokes he suddenly goes a little deeper, and cries out in pain. A little blood stains the floor, but not a whole lot. In fact, I’d say his hymen broke remarkably easily.

Luke doesn’t even pause, and soon is taking the entire dildo up inside of himself and obviously loving it. He’s making very loud noises, noises not unlike those that most women make as they make love or masturbate.

“Turn on the vibrator Rose. Maximum power.”

Suddenly a loud buzzing can be heard, and Luke screams. He looks about to orgasm, and moves the dildo in and out faster, the movement getting more and more jerky as he approaches climax. Then, seconds later, his entire body clenches up, and he cries out in a little gasp as his entire body shakes. He’s nearly hyperventilating. Then lays there with the vibrator in his pleasure hole, his cum streaming onto the floor, and starts to slow down for the first time in a while.

Sadly, this is not to last. As small gang of black kids roaming the halls had heard Luke, and enter the bathroom to investigate. Inside they find a beautiful, half naked teenager with a dildo up her snatch.