

RENTALS
by Paul Watson
Original idea inspired by LackingCPU
Modified by chatting with Stevie

Steve sighs as he feels the tingling warmth start in his chest. He tries to focus on the screen in front of him, where lines of code stretch hiding (at least) one elusive bug, but it's hard to concentrate when the nanites are literally reconstructing your body.

"Marcus, I am going to kill you." he mutters again, as he does every time this happens, but never manages to go any further with it, not even bringing it up.

The warmth spreads as it always does. He feels his body shifting as the nanites repurpose his mass, redistributing it, pushing his loose shirt out. He bites his lip at the rubbing.

"I. Am. Trying. To. Work. Here." he says irritably, but the tiny little machines pay him no more notice than usual.

I should never have listened to him. He thinks, resisting the quite powerful urge to put his hands on his obnoxiously swelling chest.

Six months earlier, "Come on, it'll be a laugh."

"Then you do it." Steve replies, looking at the blaring neon window signs.

"Nah, man, out of the two of us, who's going to be the better girlfriend?"

"Girlfriend?"

"You think I'd suggest this without getting something out of it?"

Steve lets his thin eyebrows rise.

"Hey, we're friends already. So why not add 'with benefits'?"

"I'm not gay."

"Neither am I. But if you look like that..." he indicates the teenage fantasy made flesh on the poster, the blurbs strategically placed to keep the image just on the right side of legal, "...well, I'm willing to be flexible."

"I'm not going to be able to say no, am I?"

"I mean, sure. At first, but then you'll give in like you do to all my ideas, so why not cut to the chase."

"Ugh. Fine. But you're paying for it."

"Halvsies?"

"Uh-uh. If I'm going to be a 'benefit' for you to play with, I get this gratis."

"Fine, you cheapskate."

"At least I'm not the freak who wants to fuck his best friend."

"Oh, really? So why are you agreeing to this?"

"Well...I...that is...shut up, that's why!"

Marcus laughs as they enter the small, cramped transformation centre.

"Make sure it's reversible."

"Fine." he replies, rolling his eyes, "You'll only be Stevie part-time."

Now, the changes continue, arms more slender, nails longer as her fingers tap at the keys more slowly. She blinks, long lashes flicking out, as her vision changes, putting the glasses aside. *Ok, so that's one benefit. 20-20 vision as boys don't make passes at girls with glasses.* She's gotten used to the darker skin Stevie has, sculpted to Marcus' taste, but that was almost the biggest shock of her new form at first. She gives up on working for the next few minutes, feeling her waist narrow, her trousers stretching against her thickening rear, as the nanites push her into an exaggerated hourglass figure out of an especially horny teenage boy's imagination who considered Jessica Rabbit to be the perfect feminine shape.

She taps her foot as her shoes get looser, her hair forming tight braids pouring over her shoulders

and back. She bites fuller lips thinking of how wonderful it feels to have them held, pulled, twisted around Marcus' fingers as he... She shakes her head to get it back in the moment. She is supposed to be working, after all, even if the nanites reconstructing her are incredibly distracting, especially as they get to work on her phallus. She swallows as much of the moan as she can. *Why does that always feel so fucking good?* And the nanites complete its replacement, finishing that change, leaving her clothes ill-fitting but not so much that she'll have to change, even if they are a bit too...covery for her taste now. *No, that's just the nanites, reducing my inhibitions, making me more...adventurous. Wish they'd mentioned that before I was injected with the infernal little machines. If I'd known I'd have...probably still agreed because Marcus would make that look if I didn't. Guy's a human Puss in fucking Boots with his puppy dog eyes. But that's what caused the current situation.*

Three months ago, "Hey, Stevie, come look at this."

"What is it?"

"Way to make a bit of money."

"You or me?"

"You."

"Then I'm interested." She sashays over, leaning her arms on his head as she peers at the screen, her bare chest dangling against his shoulders.

"Well, mostly..." he holds the phone up so she can see, leaning back against his new pillows.

"Nano-rentals? What's th...oh. Yeah, no."

"No?"

"You want me to rent out my body to an app? Why not just go the whole hog and put me on the game?"

"It's not like..."

She grabs the phone, scrolling up through the details. "So, if I'm reading it right, this app connects to the nanites and lets other people reconfigure their nanites to match parts of my body."

"Exactly, so it's not like it's really you..."

"Shhhh, baby. Stevie's reading. Why do I have to lose the parts, though? If they're not really my parts...oh, legal mumbo jumbo. Something about the regulations not allowing nanites to just copy other people. I can see that. But, technically, this isn't copying because I lose them. Right, right, that makes some sort of sense, I guess. I can't imagine why anybody would...you can make how much?! That can't be right, can it?"

"Like I said..."

"You said a bit. This is...this is more than I make in my actual job. So there must be a catch. Oh, there it is. 'Up to'. So that's what Taylor Swift or Beyoncé would get. Still, it's a lot of money. And I can set 'safe times', limit what they can take..."

"You're thinking about it now, aren't you?"

She presses her finger to the phone, feeling the tingle of her nanites downloading the app.

"Not any more."

Now, *Stupid fine print. Just because I signed it while Stevie doesn't mean I should have to be her to make the trades. What are they renting this...oh, of course.* The nanites buzz in her chest, her breasts disappearing. That always feels weird. Not as weird as when someone rented her entire body for a night and she effectively ceased to exist until the nanites reconstructed her when it was up. That was an experience that she really should have changed the settings to prevent but it keeps slipping her mind, just like setting the time boxes to prevent this sort of embarrassing office accident or restricting the rentals so that it isn't just her tits getting all the attention. Her account dings as the payment goes through, the money making it all almost worth the next three hours as she tries to go back to her 'real' job, once more half glad and half disappointed about not knowing what her 'borrowed' parts are used for.