

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 10: Stuck As A Sex Craved Woman

The click echoed like a gunshot in the dim bedroom.

Because my own finger had physically depressed the mouse button under the crushing weight of Mark's hand, the Master PC security lock was completely bypassed. No error message popped up to save me. Instead, a bright green loading bar flashed across the screen to confirm the massive batch of physical and mental rewrites.

Mark let go of my hand and leaned back to watch the monitor.

I stumbled backward. A deep, resonant hum began to vibrate violently through the floorboards. A blinding, suffocating wave of heat slammed into my chest and my brain all at once.

My body warped with terrifying speed. My spine arched forcefully as my waist cinched inward, crushing my ribs together until I possessed an impossibly tight, exaggerated hourglass figure. The displaced fat rushed downward and backward, inflating my ass until it ballooned outward. The simple grey cotton panties I was wearing were instantly swallowed up by the massive, thick cheeks that pulled my center of gravity completely off balance. My thighs thickened with plush, heavy meat, glistening with a sudden sheen of slick sweat.

Then came the chest. My modest, elegant breasts exploded. The skin stretched paper-thin as pounds of new, doughy flesh pushed outward. They swelled into gargantuan, gravity-defying bimbo jugs that rested heavily against my upper stomach. The tight white crop top I was wearing groaned under the sudden, immense strain. The scooped neckline was pulled dangerously low, practically bursting at the seams to contain the sheer volume of my overinflated cleavage. The soft fabric turned translucent from my sweat, perfectly outlining my stiff, aching nipples. The sheer weight of them pulled my posture forward, making my back ache instantly. I gasped, wrapping my arms under the massive globes just to support them.

I looked at Mark, completely terrified.

But Mark just stared at the computer monitor, looking deeply annoyed. Because the

Awareness toggle was left off for this specific edit, reality had instantly rewritten itself for him. Mark looked right at my massive, hyper-sexualized body and saw absolutely nothing new. To Mark, I had always looked like a top-heavy, dripping wet pornstar bursting out of a tiny white t-shirt.

"Stupid game didn't even animate," Mark complained, tossing the mouse onto the desk.

I opened my mouth to speak, but the words died in my throat. The mental edits hit me like a freight train. The Nymphomania. The Cum Addiction. The Breeding Kink. My rational, male-oriented brain completely dissolved into a thick, suffocating fog of pure, unadulterated lust. Every single coherent thought was violently erased and replaced by a singular, burning need to be stuffed, stretched, and filled with hot semen.

The physical sensations were completely overwhelming. My vaginal canal throbbed with a hollow, agonizing emptiness. My pussy was weeping uncontrollably, soaking the crotch of my grey panties with a heavy, slick puddle of female arousal. Every time my thick thighs rubbed together, the friction against my swollen clit sent a blinding jolt of pleasure straight to my brain.

Driven completely feral by the mental rewrites, I crawled across the carpet toward Mark. I was practically drooling. I grabbed his bare knees, looking up at him with wide, desperate eyes. I needed his thick cock again. I needed to feel it stretching my tight entrance apart. I needed to taste his sticky pre-cum on my tongue.

"Please," I whimpered, my voice sickly sweet and breathless. "Fuck me again. Fill me up. I need it so bad. I want you to breed me."

Mark laughed, gently pushing my massive, heavy breasts away with his hand. "Give me twenty minutes, babe. I just came. I need a breather."

I whined, rubbing my wet, meaty thighs together. The denial was physical torture. I was a slave to the programming.

Mark turned back to the computer, completely fascinated by the interface. "This program is crazy though. I wonder if I'm in here."

He typed his own name into the search bar. His live 3D render popped up on the screen, detailing his muscular physique perfectly. He was amazed. He started looking around the

ceiling and the corners of my bedroom for a hidden webcam.

"Let's see how weird this game can get," Mark chuckled to himself.

He grabbed the mouse and started messing with his own sliders as a joke, entirely unaware of the actual power at his fingertips. He flipped his own sex from male to female. He tweaked the body sliders, giving his avatar a thick, curvy figure and a set of full, heavy breasts. But then, chuckling at his own perverse joke, he went into the genitalia tab and swapped the female anatomy back to a male penis. He was effectively building a futanari version of himself, keeping his impressive, throbbing male endowment completely intact while slapping it onto a hot girl's body.

He noticed the Awareness toggle at the bottom of the screen. Wondering what it did, he curiously flipped it to ON.

I could not handle being ignored. My body was burning from the inside out. I was so desperate for attention and completely devoid of all boundaries. I climbed up onto the desk right next to the monitor. I pushed my colossal, sweaty cleavage directly into his line of sight, the white crop top barely holding the heavy meat together. I tried to straddle the keyboard to force him to look at me, my wide hips grinding against the plastic.

"What are you fucking doing?! Get off the desk!" He yelled.

As I shifted my heavy, plush ass, my thick cheeks pressed down hard onto the right side of the keyboard. I felt the keys crunch under my weight, accidentally depressing the 'Enter' key.

A deep hum instantly vibrated through the room.

Mark suddenly gasped, his entire body jerking backward in the computer chair.

His broad, muscular chest forcefully swelled. The hard pectoral muscles softened and pushed outward into solid, heavy female mounds. His waist pinched inward dramatically, his hips flaring out into a soft, plush feminine shape. The dark hair on his arms vanished, leaving smooth, flawless skin.

Because Awareness was left ON this time, Mark felt every single agonizing second of the shift. He looked down at his own body and completely panicked. He grabbed his new, plush breasts in absolute horror.

"What the fuck is happening?!" Mark screamed, his voice cracking into a higher, softer pitch.

I didn't care at all. Consumed entirely by the nymphomania and the cum addiction, I was completely blind to Mark's panic. I didn't care that his chest was suddenly sporting a pair of perfectly round female globes. I didn't care that his jawline had softened into a pretty, feminine shape.

All I saw was the thick, heavy cock resting in his underwear between his smooth thighs.

I dropped to my knees right between his legs. I pulled his boxers down, and I grabbed his thick shaft with both hands, frantically stroking the hot, veiny skin. A drop of slick pre-cum beaded at the tip, and I leaned forward, eagerly lapping it up with my tongue. The taste sent a shiver of pure, unadulterated ecstasy down my spine.

"Breed me," I babbled, completely lost in the sauce, popping the thick head of his cock into my mouth and sucking greedily. My massive breasts rested heavily on his thighs, the stiff nipples rubbing through my sweat-drenched crop top. "Please, pump your cum into my pussy. Get me pregnant right now."

Mark shoved me away, absolutely terrified. He kicked his legs out, trying to escape my desperate grip. "Get off me! What the fuck did you do to me?!"

He frantically clicked around on the computer, trying to undo whatever curse he thought he had just triggered. He dragged his sliders back to normal and mashed the 'Apply' button on the screen.

A red box flashed on the monitor: ERROR. PRIMARY USER REQUIRED.

Mark was hyperventilating. He looked at the error message, then down at me. I was practically purring, rubbing the soaking wet crotch of my grey panties against his calf and trying to get my mouth around his dick again. I was completely useless to him, a mindless bimbo entirely enslaved by my own dripping hole.

He shoved me off a second time, planting his bare foot against my shoulder. He grabbed the mouse and started searching for a reset button. He typed my name back into the search bar, pulling up my Leonora profile. He clicked the dropdown menu for the saved presets. He scanned the list and found one labeled "Baseline Leo".

Mark clicked it.

The 3D render on the screen instantly shifted. The colossal-titted, thick-thighed bimbo vanished. In its place was a wireframe model of a scrawny, flat-chested, entirely average eighteen-year-old boy.

Mark stared at the screen in utter disbelief. He looked down at the drooling, hyper-feminine slut grabbing greedily at his crotch, and then back up at the male avatar on the monitor. The realization hit him like a physical blow.

"You're..." Mark stammered, his eyes wide with horror. "You're a fucking dude?!"

He realized he was trapped in this bizarre, female-bodied nightmare unless he got this crazy person to hit the 'Enter' key. He tried to physically grab my hand and force it onto the keyboard, but he no longer had his muscular male upper body. His new female arms lacked the strength to overpower me while I was so intensely focused on trying to swallow his cock.

Mark looked at the AWARENESS toggle. He purposefully left it ON. He wanted to know exactly what the hell was happening, and he wanted to see me fix it.

He looked down at me. I was completely unbothered by his panic, just whining and begging for his semen, my massive ass in the air. Mark realized he had to use my programming against me.

"Hey," Mark said, forcing his higher voice into the most dominant, authoritative tone he could muster. "Listen to me."

I stopped whining and looked up at him, my bimbo eyes wide, glassy, and completely obedient.

"If you hit the 'Enter' key right now," Mark promised, "I'll fuck you. I'll pump you completely full of cum just like you want."

My face lit up with pure, unadulterated joy. "Yes! Please!"

I reached up blindly, slapping my delicate hand down hard onto the 'Enter' key. I didn't care at all what it did. I immediately dove right back down between his legs, eagerly fondling his penis in anticipation of my reward.

The green loading bar flashed across the screen.

My body violently snapped back. The gargantuan bimbo jugs vanished into thin air, leaving my chest completely flat beneath the white crop top that now hung loosely over my skinny frame. The thick, plush meat on my thighs evaporated. My exaggerated hourglass figure crunched back into a scrawny, unremarkable male shape. The dripping, aching pussy between my legs inverted, pushing outward to form my normal penis and balls beneath the grey cotton panties.

But the physical change was nothing compared to the mental one.

The heavy, suffocating fog of nymphomania instantly evaporated. The intense submissiveness and the mind-melting cum addiction were wiped clean from my neural pathways. The mental sliders reset to their default male values.

I blinked rapidly. My rational, male consciousness crashed back into my skull with staggering force.

I looked down. I realized I was a guy, kneeling on my own bedroom floor wearing a woman's crop top and panties, affectionately stroking the rigid dick of another guy who currently possessed a soft female figure and a set of perky breasts.

I screamed in pure, visceral disgust.

I scrambled backward across the carpet, my bare back hitting the wall. I pulled my knees to my chest, utterly horrified and deeply nauseated by what I had just been doing. The phantom taste of his pre-cum was still lingering on my tongue.

Because Awareness was left ON during my reset, Mark remembered absolutely everything.

Mark just watched a dripping-wet, massive-breasted bimbo magically morph into a teenage boy right in front of his eyes. He realized the horrible truth. This guy had intentionally made himself into a hot chick specifically to fuck him.

Mark scrambled into the computer chair. He looked completely sick to his stomach.

"You sick fuck!" Mark yelled, his voice cracking. "Change me back! Fix this right fucking now!"

I was shaking violently, the adrenaline and panic warring in my system. I scrambled up from the floor, my male body feeling light and entirely wrong after spending the last hour as a hyper-feminine slut. I lunged for the keyboard.

"I'm sorry! I'm fixing it!" I babbled, my voice cracking.

I quickly clicked the dropdown menu on Mark's profile and selected his default baseline. I made absolutely sure the Awareness toggle was ON. I wanted him to know it was fixed. I couldn't handle the guilt of erasing his memory after violating him like that.

I hit APPLY.

Mark gasped as his body snapped back. The soft, feminine curves dissolved instantly. His chest flattened out, the breasts vanishing as thick, hard pectoral muscles reformed under his skin. The smooth skin roughened, and his jawline hardened back into its rugged, masculine shape.

He was himself again. But he retained every single memory. The magic, the gender-bending, the terrifying reality manipulation. Mark realized this wasn't some twisted dream. It was a completely fucked-up nightmare, and it was entirely real.

Mark looked down at his normal hands, panting heavily. He looked up at me. His eyes were filled with pure, unadulterated terror.

"You're a fucking psycho," Mark hissed, backing away toward the door.

He didn't even bother to put his pants back on properly. He grabbed his jeans and his belt from the floor, clutching them to his chest. He turned and sprinted out of the bedroom, his bare feet slapping against the hardwood floor of the hallway. I heard him scrambling down the stairs, followed by the loud, heavy slam of the front door.

I was left completely alone in my bedroom, standing near the desk in just the stretched-out grey panties and the white crop top.

I collapsed back into the computer chair. My breathing was ragged and shallow. I was physically shaking from head to toe. I rubbed my face, pressing my palms into my eyes. I felt deeply, profoundly embarrassed. The phantom sensations of the bimbo programming were still echoing in my brain. The desperate need to submit, the craving for semen, the utter loss of my own identity.

I had completely erased my own free will for a cheap thrill, and I almost got trapped in it forever. If Mark hadn't figured out how the program worked, I would probably still be downstairs right now, mindlessly begging any guy I could find to knock me up.

The sheer power of the Master PC was exhilarating, but it was incredibly, dangerously potent. One wrong slider, one accidental click, and you could permanently overwrite your own soul.

I vowed to be way more careful with the Mind tab from now on. Mark knew the truth now. He knew what I could do. But who would ever believe him? If he went to the cops and told them a teenage boy used a magic computer program to turn into a big-titted girl to sleep with him, they would lock him in a psych ward.

I stood up, stripped off the women's clothing, and pulled on a comfortable pair of baggy sweatpants and an old t-shirt. I crawled into my bed, feeling completely emotionally and physically exhausted.

Tomorrow, I had to face Meg at the mall. Tomorrow, we were starting our actual transformation business. We were going to alter the reality of strangers for cash.

But tonight, lying in the dark, I just felt incredibly lucky to be myself again.