

# MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 5: Gender Euphoria

The click of the mouse echoed loudly in the quiet bedroom.

Almost instantly, a deep, resonant hum vibrated through my bones. It started in my core and radiated outward, a wave of profound heat that melted away the rigid angles of my male frame. I watched in a trance as my thighs thickened, the muscle softening into a plush layer of fat that pushed my knees closer together. My hips flared outward with a dull, painless popping sensation, altering my center of gravity. Beneath my oversized t-shirt, I felt my waist pinch inward, the fabric suddenly hanging loose around my midsection.

But the most intense shift was happening lower down. I looked at my boxer briefs. The familiar, comforting bulge of my manhood was actively receding. It felt like stepping into a freezing pool, the sensation of my balls drawing up and vanishing into my abdomen. The shaft followed, shrinking, inverting, turning inside out until a deep, aching void replaced it. A sudden rush of warmth flooded my groin, dampening the cotton of my underwear.

God, it was so hot to watch. Knowing I was doing this to myself, rewriting my own biology with a simple program, sent a dizzying spike of adrenaline straight to my brain.

I couldn't stand the barrier of clothing anymore. I grabbed the hem of my t-shirt and yanked it over my head, tossing it to the floor. I shoved my boxers down my legs and kicked them away, leaving myself completely naked in the blue glow of the monitor.

I looked down. Where my dick used to be, there was now a neat, hairless mound, split down the middle by a slick, pink crevice. It was glistening in the dim light. I reached down with a trembling hand, my slender, feminine fingers brushing against the soft outer lips.

A jolt of electricity shot straight up my spine. My knees buckled slightly.

I parted the folds, exploring the wet, alien geography. It was incredibly slick, producing a steady flow of clear fluid just from the sheer anticipation. Slowly, hesitantly, I pressed my middle finger against the entrance and pushed.

It slid inside with a wet, squelching sound.

My breath hitched in my throat. It felt... incredible. The walls of muscle clamped down around my digit, hot and tight and pulsing with a life of their own. I curled my finger, pressing against the spongy tissue inside, and a wave of pure, concentrated pleasure washed over me. It felt impossibly filling, a sensation of being stretched and occupied that my male brain couldn't fully comprehend.

I pulled my finger out with a pop and slid it back in, groaning at the friction. I must be a virgin like this. I was completely untouched. A dark, intrusive thought flashed through my mind. If a single finger felt this overwhelming, this stretching, what would an actual dick feel like? A thick, hard cock driving into this tight little space?

A violent shudder racked my body. The thought alone made my pussy clench and weep more fluid down my thighs.

I brought my free hand up to my chest, seeking purchase, but my palm found only a modest, perky A-cup. My thumb brushed over the small, hardened nipple. It felt sensitive, sending a wave of heat straight down to my clit, but there just wasn't much to grab onto. I closed my eyes, keeping a steady rhythm with my finger inside my dripping pussy, and pictured the women I had altered. I saw Mrs. Gable's massive, swaying E-cups spilling out of her nightgown. I saw Mr. Gable's humiliating, magnificent F-cups resting on his arms. I saw Chloe's colossal tits squished against the cafe table.

I loved boobs. I had always been a boob guy.

What would it feel like to actually carry that kind of weight? To look down and see nothing but flesh?

I opened my eyes. My breathing was ragged, my skin flushed with a feverish heat. I pulled my wet finger out of my pussy and dropped into my computer chair. The leather was cool against my bare ass.

I looked at the Master PC interface. The avatar of Leonora stood there, cute and petite. I moved the cursor to the Breasts slider. I didn't even think about the consequences. The lust was a blinding fog.

I dragged the slider up to a C-cup. The digital render updated, the chest swelling into a pair of

very respectable, firm breasts. I looked at the screen. But my memory flashed back to Chloe in the bathroom, the way her tits had slapped against her ribcage. A C-cup wasn't enough to satisfy this itch.

I grabbed the slider again. I bypassed D, E, F, and G. I dragged it all the way across the bar until it hit J.

The avatar on the screen lurched. Two absolutely titanic globes of flesh erupted from the digital chest, pushing outward until they completely dominated the torso. They looked absurdly heavy, resting low against the ribcage, the nipples stretched wide.

I stared at the screen, my mouth dry. They were gargantuan. Just looking at the render made a fresh wave of wetness pool on the leather seat beneath me. I moved the mouse to the APPLY button and clicked.

The reaction was instantaneous. A deep, groaning ache bloomed behind my sternum. I gripped the armrests of my chair and leaned back, gasping as the skin across my chest pulled tight. It felt like someone was inflating balloons directly under my flesh.

I looked down. The small A-cups were surging forward, expanding at a terrifying, exhilarating rate. They swelled past my peripheral vision, blotting out my lap. The skin stretched thinner and thinner, faint blue veins rising to the surface as the sheer volume of fat and tissue multiplied exponentially. I felt the massive influx of weight settling against my ribs, heavy and warm. The areolas expanded, darkening and spreading out across the sheer surface area of the new growth, while the nipples puffed out into thick, sensitive points.

They just kept growing. The heat was immense. I watched in awe as the left breast pushed against my arm, soft and yielding, while the right breast spilled over the edge of the desk. The sheer gravity of them was undeniable. They were heavy, pulling down on my chest with a constant, dragging pressure.

When the expansion finally stopped, I sat frozen, completely overwhelmed.

I reached up and grabbed them. My hands sank deep into the plush, doughy flesh. They were unbelievable. My fingers couldn't even span a fraction of their width. I pushed them together, creating a chasm of cleavage that was miles deep. They were so soft, so incredibly dense.

I stood up, the sudden shift in my center of gravity forcing me to widen my stance just to keep

from falling forward. God, they were heavy. I felt the strain in my lower back immediately.

I walked over to the full-length mirror on the back of my door, my new J-cups swaying and bouncing with a heavy, delayed momentum with every single step.

I stared at my reflection. It was the hottest thing I had ever seen. A petite, slender girl sporting a pair of breasts that looked like they belonged on a porn star. They hung low and proud, resting against my upper stomach.

I started to fondle them, kneading the heavy mounds, watching them deform and jiggle under my hands. I pinched one of the massive nipples. The sensation was duller, less of a sharp electric shock than when they were small, but the deep, internal ache of the heavy flesh shifting made up for it. It felt incredible just to possess them.

My legs were shaking. I needed release.

I abandoned the mirror and crawled into my bed, the mattress sinking under my knees. I laid back against the pillows. The gigantic boobs flattened out slightly, spilling into my armpits and riding up to my collarbone, a suffocating blanket of my own flesh.

I spread my legs wide, exposing my slick, swollen pussy to the cool air of the bedroom. I brought my right hand up to my left breast, grabbing a massive handful of it and squeezing hard, while my left hand trailed down my stomach and found my clit.

I started to rub. Hard and fast.

A high-pitched moan escaped my lips, a sound completely foreign to my ears. I pumped two fingers deep into my dripping hole, twisting my wrist to grind against the sensitive internal ridges. The friction was agonizingly good. I rolled my nipple between my thumb and forefinger, pulling on the heavy breast tissue, using the pain to sharpen the pleasure building between my legs.

I writhed on the sheets. I pulled my fingers out and spread my outer lips wide, using my thumb to relentlessly attack the little nub. My hips bucked off the mattress, chasing my own hand. I switched angles, pulling my legs back, trying to stretch myself open as wide as possible. I imagined a thick cock burying itself in me, filling the void completely.

"God," I whimpered, my voice breaking. "Fuck, yes."

The tension wound tighter and tighter, a coil of pure fire in my lower belly. I pumped my fingers faster, the wet slapping sounds echoing in the dark room. The massive tits bounced against my chest with every frantic movement.

I felt the edge approaching, a terrifying, beautiful cliff. I squeezed my giant breast as hard as I could and jammed a third finger into my pussy.

I shattered.

The orgasm ripped through me like a physical explosion. My vision went entirely white. My back arched off the bed, my toes curling so hard they cramped. I screamed into the empty room, my vaginal walls spasming violently, clamping down on my fingers with bone-crushing force. Wave after wave of blinding pleasure crashed over my brain, melting my thoughts into a puddle of static.

I collapsed back onto the mattress, my chest heaving. The aftershocks rolled through my body for what felt like hours, little tremors of heat echoing in my groin. I pulled my fingers free and wiped them lazily on a towel.

I lay there in the dark, my heart hammering against my ribs, completely satisfied. The exhaustion pulled at my eyelids. I wrapped my arms around my massive, heavy breasts, burying my face in the soft cleavage, and drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep.

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"Leo... wake up."

I groaned, burying my face deeper into the pillow. The light filtering through the window was obnoxiously bright. "Five more minutes, Mom," I mumbled into the fabric.

A loud snort of laughter echoed from the foot of the bed. "Oh, so I'm Mom now? Come on, dude, get up."

I froze. I opened one eye.

Standing at the foot of my bed, looking down at me with an amused smirk, was Meg. She was wearing a faded dark t-shirt and denim shorts, her hair pulled up into a messy bun.

"Whoa," I rasped, pushing myself up on my elbows. "Uhhh, hey dude."

The voice that came out of my mouth was not my own. It was soft, melodic, and undeniably female.

My hands flew to my face, rubbing my eyes. My fingers tangled in long, silky hair that spilled over my shoulders. Oh shit. The memories from last night came crashing down like an avalanche. The Master PC program. The gender swap. The masturbation. The massive titties.

I panicked, my eyes darting to Meg's face, expecting her to be shocked. But she just stood there, completely unbothered, hands on her hips. I racked my brain. Did I leave the AWARENESS toggle off? I couldn't remember.

She laughed at my wide-eyed expression. "Did you forget to set your alarm or something?"

"Uhhh, yeah," I stammered, my female voice still shocking me every time I spoke. "Sorry."

I sat up properly, stretching my arms over my head to crack my back. As I moved, the blanket pooled at my waist, falling away completely.

The two gargantuan breasts swung forward, settling heavily against my ribs. I felt the sudden, crushing weight of them and immediately looked down. They were astronomical, two mountains of pale flesh dominating my torso.

Meg crossed her arms and rolled her eyes. "Whoa, okay girl, no need to rub it in. I get it, you have spectacular breasts."

My brain short-circuited. *Right. I have tits. I can't just go topless anymore.* I stared down at my them, then back up to Meg. She wasn't freaking out. She called me 'girl'. She acknowledged the boobs but treated them like a known, established fact. I guess that confirms it. I must have left AWARENESS off.

Wow. I really went overboard last night.

"Look," Meg sighed, turning toward the bedroom door. "Why don't I go make us some coffee. Meet me in the kitchen when you're dressed."

She walked out, pulling the door shut behind her.

I scrambled out of bed, the J-cups immediately pulling my posture forward. I had to physically heft them up with my hands just to stand straight. They looked absolutely ridiculous on my small frame. And Meg didn't bat an eye.

I rushed over to the desk and woke the computer monitor. The Master PC interface glowed to life.

I looked at the toggle in the corner.

AWARENESS: OFF.

I let out a breathless laugh. So that was it. To the rest of the world, to Meg, to my parents, I hadn't magically transformed overnight. To them, I had always been Leonora, a girl with breasts so enormous they defied basic physics. I considered changing back quickly, but I figured like this it was going to be an interesting morning. I must have been so exhausted from that earth-shattering orgasm that I forgot to change back or set an alarm.

I opened my dresser and dug through my clothes. I grabbed an oversized white t-shirt, pulling it over my head. The fabric caught on my massive chest, stretching dangerously thin over the projecting curves. The hem barely reached my navel, turning the shirt into a makeshift crop top. I grabbed a pair of my old boxer briefs which left an empty space for where my junk used to be, and some black shorts, slipping them on.

I took a deep breath, cupping my breasts from underneath to support the weight, and headed out into the hallway.

The journey down the stairs was an absolute nightmare. With every step I took, the massive tits swayed and swung with violent, heavy momentum. They bounced up and slapped against me, then dropped back down with a sickening pull on my skin. My lower back was screaming by the time I reached the bottom step. God, is this what bras were invented for? I had to clamp my arms over my chest just to walk into the kitchen without causing a scene.

Mom must have already left for her morning shift at the boutique. The house was quiet, smelling of roasted coffee.

Meg was sitting at the kitchen island, scrolling through her phone. She looked up and slid a mug across the marble counter.

"You're alive. Great. Here's a coffee."

"Thanks," I muttered, carefully lowering myself onto a barstool. I rested my heavy breasts on the edge of the counter to take the strain off my back.

We started chatting. It was surreal. We talked about her trip to Europe, the hostels, the train rides, the food. It really was as if nothing had changed between us. She still called me 'dude', she still treated me with the same casual, sarcastic affection we always shared. She even mentioned a girl she saw at a cafe in Paris, saying, "She had that dark, broody look you're always drooling over." So, in this reality, Leonora was apparently into women. Which made sense, considering Leo was.

And the entire time, I was hyper-aware of the massive mounds of flesh resting on the counter between us.

"Oh, and we went cliff jumping in Italy," Meg laughed, taking a sip of her coffee. "It was terrifying. I jumped off this forty-foot rock into the Mediterranean." She looked at my chest and smirked. "I kept thinking, man, Leo would never be able to do this. You'd knock yourself out with those knockers hitting the water."

My face flushed a deep, burning red. "Shut up," I mumbled, hiding behind my mug.

"Hey, I'm just saying," she teased. "It's one of the few times I'm actually not jealous of your ridiculous genetics."

She went on to tell me about a brief fling she had in Rome. Meg was usually pretty reserved, but she opened up about a guy she met at a bar. "It was nice, you know? We had a great night. But then he just totally ghosted me the next morning. Left before I even woke up. Typical."

"That sucks," I said genuinely. "He's an idiot."

We finished our coffee in a comfortable silence. Meg had been my best friend since elementary school. We bonded over being the awkward kids, and we had always had each other's backs. There was never any romantic tension between us. She was like a sister to me.

She set her mug down and spun her stool to face me. "So, dude. What was this big secret you wanted to show me?"

I set my mug down. A slow, mischievous smirk spread across my face.

"You won't believe me if I told you. So let me show you."