

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 12: A Drink Between Friends

"So, what are you ordering?" Meg asked, scanning the laminated drinks menu.

We were seated at a high-top table on a lively bar's expansive wooden patio. It looked directly out into a sprawling city park, the late afternoon sun hanging low and casting long, golden shadows across the deck. We had taken a quick detour to our respective houses to drop off the cash and change out of our ill-fitting clothes. I had thrown on a fitted white tee that hugged my newly improved body nicely, along with a pair of dark jeans. Meg had swapped her baggy clothes for a light blue, scoop-neck crop top and a short black skirt that showed off her toned, athletic runner's legs. She looked cute. Familiar.

She was acting different, though. It wasn't anything overt, but after knowing her for over a decade, the subtle shifts were glaringly obvious. She kept shifting her weight from foot to foot. When she looked up at me from the menu to ask about the cocktail specials, she quickly broke eye contact, a faint, rosy blush dusting her freckled cheeks. She tucked a stray lock of her brown hair behind her ear... a nervous tic I hadn't seen since she had a crush on the varsity quarterback in tenth grade.

Reality had completely rewritten her history to harbor a massive, repressed crush on me.

"I'm probably just going to grab a beer," I said, leaning against the table.

"Yeah. Same," she agreed entirely too fast, offering a bright, slightly overly-enthusiastic smile.

I watched her walk up to the bar to order. I wasn't naturally attracted to Meg. She was my best friend. But knowing she wanted me, combined with the raw, predatory drive of my current physical form, sent a heavy rush of blood straight to my groin. I adjusted my stance, feeling my cock thicken against the denim of my jeans. I couldn't help but think back to the sauna. The memory of her thick, sweaty body grinding against my female form was permanently etched into my brain.

When she returned with two pint glasses, she set them down and leaned in close. The scent of her citrus shampoo mixed with the warm summer air.

"Hey," she whispered, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Do you want to mess with anyone here?"

I smirked, tapping the sleek black laptop bag resting against my leg. "I thought you'd never ask."

I unzipped the bag, pulled out the laptop, and set it on the table, keeping the screen angled away from the main walkway. I quickly connected the remote VPN to my desktop at home.

"See those guys over there?" Meg asked, nodding toward a large booth near the railing.

I looked over. It was a group of four classic frat bros. They were loud, obnoxious, and taking up way too much space. As a passing waitress squeezed by their table carrying a tray of drinks, one of them hollered something at her. The waitress forced a tight, uncomfortable smile and hurried away. The guy immediately turned to his friends, miming a crude grabbing motion while staring blatantly at her ass.

Meg groaned in disgust. "There is literally no reason to act like that in public."

"It's what a lifetime of good looks and zero consequences does to you," I muttered, opening the Master PC interface.

Meg looked at me, her brow furrowing slightly. "Yeah, well, you're just as hot as them, but you actually treat the people around you with respect."

I paused, my fingers hovering over the keyboard. That comment caught completely off guard. Right. I *was* hot now. Meg's face suddenly flushed a deep, violent crimson as she realized what she'd just said out loud.

"I mean... uhh... like, you're just... ugh, you know what I mean," she stammered, taking a massive gulp of her beer to hide her face.

I couldn't help but grin. Calling me hot clearly slipped out. "Yeah. Maybe being a dick just runs in their veins."

"We should definitely mess with them," Meg said, eager to change the subject. "We could make them gay! Imagine how freaked out they'd be to suddenly want to fuck each other."

I thought about it, but I wasn't sold. It felt too... tame. I thought back to Mr. Gable, and the brutal, effective lesson I'd taught him in his living room.

"I have a better idea," I said softly. "We could give them pussies."

Meg choked on her beer, coughing into her fist. "Give them... vaginas?"

She looked over at the table of loud, chest-thumping bros. A wicked, brilliant smile slowly spread across her face.

"Yeah," I nodded. "Might be a little harder to act like a massive dick when you don't actually have one."

Meg laughed, leaning over the table to look at the screen. "Oh my god. Imagine the look on their faces when they reach down to adjust themselves and feel absolutely nothing. We have to do this."

"We just need their names," I said.

We listened closely over the ambient noise of the patio. One of the guys stood up, holding a full pint of beer. His three friends started slamming their hands on the wooden table, chanting in unison. "Mike! Mike! Mike! Mike!"

The guy chugged the entire glass in under five seconds. He slammed the empty pint down so hard the thick glass shattered across the table. He roared, flexing his biceps, then immediately snapped his fingers at a busboy to come clean up his mess.

"Looks like we have our first target," I murmured. "Mike."

I typed Mike into the search bar. A dozen options popped up, but the proximity indicator made it easy. I selected Mike Forest, currently located forty feet away. His 3D render loaded on my screen, wearing the exact same backwards baseball cap and tight grey t-shirt as the guy at the booth.

"Done," I whispered.

I clicked over to the Body tab and selected Genitalia. I flipped it from Male to Female. I made absolutely sure the Awareness toggle was flipped ON. He needed to feel this.

I hit APPLY.

Because he was wearing thick khaki shorts, nothing immediately happened visually. Meg and I watched him like hawks. He sat back down, high-fiving his buddy. He laughed at a joke, took a

sip from a new beer, and then lazily reached a hand down into his lap to scratch his balls.

We watched the exact second his brain registered the missing mass.

Mike froze completely. His jaw went slack. He pulled his hand out of his lap, stared at his palm, and then frantically shoved both hands directly down the front of his shorts.

"Whoa, Mike, you okay buddy?" one of his friends asked, laughing at his sudden, frantic crotch-grabbing.

"Uhhh..." Mike stammered, his face draining of all color. "Yeah... I just..."

He looked down at his own lap, his eyes wide with absolute, primal terror. A pretty girl from the next table tapped him on the shoulder, leaning in to flirt, but Mike practically jumped out of his skin. He swatted her hand away, completely distracted and hyperventilating.

"I gotta go to the bathroom," Mike choked out, standing up so fast he knocked his chair backward. He sprinted inside, holding the front of his shorts like his life depended on it.

Meg slapped her hand over her mouth, her shoulders shaking with silent, hysterical laughter.

"Oh my god, it worked. He looked like he saw a ghost!"

"Who's next?" I asked, my fingers poised over the keys.

We heard one of the remaining guys call his friend Chester. I searched Chester Morwell. I made the exact same change, flipping his anatomy to female with the Awareness left on.

We watched Chester shift uncomfortably in his seat a moment later. He crossed his legs, uncrossed them, and then quietly slipped a hand under the table. His eyes bulged out of his head. He looked like he was about to vomit. He didn't even say a word to the remaining two guys; he just stood up and power-walked into the bar, chasing after Mike.

Meg and I grabbed our beers and the laptop, moving to a standing table much closer to the booth to get a better view. Meg was practically vibrating with excitement. We targeted the third guy, erasing his manhood in a heartbeat.

Within five minutes, the three edited frat bros had returned from the bathroom. They didn't sit down. They huddled together near the railing away from the 4th normal friend, their faces pale and slick with sweat. They were whispering frantically to each other, clearly trying to figure out if they had all been drugged with some insane hallucinogen, or if they had actually,

physically lost their penises.

"This is the greatest day of my life," Meg giggled, leaning back against the rail.

I watched her. She was looking at the frat bros, a huge, genuine smile on her face. The laptop was open right in front of me. She was completely distracted.

Now was my chance.

I typed Meg's name into the search bar. Her live render popped up. I kept the Awareness toggle firmly OFF.

I made a subtle adjustment first. I grabbed the waist slider and pulled it inward. I lengthened her legs by an inch, adding a sleek, toned curve to her thighs and calves calves. I hit APPLY.

Beside me, Meg shifted her weight. Her black mini-skirt rode up a fraction of an inch as her hips widened slightly to accommodate the cinched waist. Her light blue crop top hung a little looser over her tightened core. Because Awareness was off, she didn't bat an eye. She just kept laughing at the panicked frat boys.

But I could go further.

I dragged the hip slider out wider. I grabbed the breast slider and bumped it up a full cup size. I hit APPLY.

The change was definitely not subtle anymore. The fabric of her crop top suddenly stretched, pulling tight across a new slightly larger bust. Her thighs thickened, pushing against the hem of her skirt. She got another inch taller, her posture shifting to carry the new curves. But her head, her messy hair, and her freckled face remained exactly the same. The contrast was wild.

My mouth went completely dry. Her body was starting to seriously turn me on.

But... what if I gave her the Mark treatment?

I thought about the gargantuan, gravity-defying bimbo body Mark had forced onto my digital avatar yesterday. I looked at the sliders. My heart started pounding a heavy, frantic rhythm.

I grabbed the breast slider and dragged it massively to the right. I widened her hips to ridiculous proportions, inflating her ass and thickening her thighs. I hit APPLY.

I actually heard the seams of her clothing groan.

Meg's chest erupted. Two colossal, heavy globes of flesh surged outward, stretching her light blue crop top until the fabric was practically translucent. The scooped neckline pulled so low that the deep, plunging valley of her new cleavage was on full display. She was a thick, top-heavy goddess from the neck down, but she still had the plain, familiar face of my childhood best friend from the neck up.

One last change. I opened the Mind tab. I cranked her Libido up to an 8 and dropped her Inhibitions down to a 3. I hit APPLY.

Meg suddenly stopped laughing. She let out a soft, ragged breath, her heavy breasts heaving against the strained blue fabric. She squeezed her thick thighs together.

She turned her head and caught me staring directly at her massive cleavage.

A deep, dark blush spread across her face. "What are you looking at, buddy?" she asked, her voice dropping a register, thick with sudden, artificial heat.

"I... uh... nothing," I stammered, my male brain completely short-circuiting at the sheer volume of her new body.

"You're missing all the fun," she said, leaning closer to me. The heavy sway of her tits was hypnotic. "Look, the three guys are going back into the bathroom. Probably to inspect their new vaginas again. I'm sure they'll learn their lesson."

"Yeah," I swallowed hard, trying to tear my eyes away from her chest. "Or we scar them for life."

We both chuckled, but the atmosphere had shifted entirely. The heavy, suffocating weight of raw sexual tension blanketed the space between us. I couldn't get enough of her body. I was completely ready to fuck her right here, right now, but I had absolutely no idea how to initiate it with my best friend.

Meg caught me looking again. This time, she didn't look away. She bit her bottom lip, her dilated eyes tracing the line of my jaw.

"You've never looked at me like that before," she murmured, her voice breathless.

"Like what?" I asked, stepping a fraction of an inch closer.

"Like... I don't know," she sighed, her thick thighs rubbing together.

I smirked, leaning down slightly. "Sorry."

"No, no," she quickly corrected, reaching out to rest her hand lightly on my chest. "It's okay. It's... nice to be looked at like that for once."

For once? I thought to myself. I had literally just turned her into the most ridiculously proportioned woman in the entire bar. But her mind justified it perfectly.

She looked down, suddenly shy. "It's just... a guy like you..."

She let the sentence trail off. The unspoken words hung heavily in the air. I didn't let her finish the thought. I reached out, threading my fingers into her messy brown hair, and tilted her chin up.

I pressed my lips against hers.

Meg gasped against my mouth, her hands flying up to grip my biceps. The kiss was electric. She tasted like cheap beer and desperate heat. I pulled her flush against my body. The sensation of her gargantuan, impossibly soft breasts crushing against my hard chest sent a blinding spike of pure lust straight to my cock.

Suddenly, she pulled back, her chest heaving. She looked shocked, her eyes darting around the patio.

"Leo, wait," she breathed, her hands resting flat on my chest. "You... you can have any girl here. Literally anyone. Look at you. Plus, with the program, you can alter them however you like... and you want... me?"

I played along perfectly, tracing my thumb over her bottom lip. "Yes. You."

I reached down and unapologetically cupped her massive left breast. My large hand couldn't even span half the width of the heavy globe. I squeezed the soft, dense meat, brushing my thumb over her stiff nipple through the thin blue fabric.

Meg's knees literally buckled. A high, needy whine escaped her throat. "Oh my god."

Maybe I had gone overboard with the sliders, but I didn't care. I grabbed her hand. "Come with me."

I grabbed the laptop bag with my free hand and pulled her through the crowded bar. We dodged the panicked frat bros and ducked down a narrow hallway, pushing our way into the single-occupancy unisex bathroom at the back.

I kicked the door shut and threw the deadbolt.

Meg didn't even hesitate. The lowered inhibitions took total control. She threw her arms around my neck and attacked my mouth. She kissed me with a ravenous, desperate hunger, backing me up against the locked door. She ground her thick, heavy hips against my raging erection, her soft belly pressing into mine.

She pulled back for a fraction of a second, her hands fumbling with the hem of my white t-shirt.

"Wait," Meg panted, her eyes dark and glassy. "Do you want to alter me? I know I'm not exactly the hottest girl around. You can use the laptop. Make me into whoever you want."

I couldn't believe what she was saying while standing there with a pair of gigantic breasts practically spilling out of her shirt.

"No," I growled, grabbing her thick waist and lifting her effortlessly onto the bathroom vanity. "I want you exactly like this."

"I don't know what took us so long," she sobbed, pulling my shirt over my head and tossing it onto the wet tile floor.

I stepped between her spread thighs. The black skirt was ridden all the way up to her waist. I grabbed the hem of her light blue crop top and yanked it upward.

Her massive breasts tumbled out, completely unrestrained. They were pale, incredibly heavy, and tipped with dark, puffy areolas. They swayed and bounced with their own momentum, resting heavily against her upper stomach. I leaned forward and took a thick nipple into my mouth, sucking hard while my hand aggressively kneaded the other heavy globe.

Meg screamed, her head thrashing back against the mirror. Her hands tangled in my hair, holding me against her chest.

As I ravaged her breasts, a strange, disjointed thought flashed through my highly aroused brain. I knew exactly what this felt like. I remembered the blinding, electric shock of having

my own female nipples bitten and squeezed by Mark just twenty-four hours ago. The phantom memory of female sensitivity briefly warred with my current male dominance. Was it better to be on the receiving end? Was the female orgasm actually superior?

I pushed the intrusive, gender-bending envy down. I was a man right now, and I had a job to do.

I reached under her skirt and grabbed the cotton of her panties, ripping them down her thick thighs. Her pussy was absolutely soaked, dripping slick, clear fluid down the porcelain of the sink. I unzipped my jeans, freeing my aching, heavy cock.

I grabbed her wide, plush hips, lined myself up, and drove entirely inside her.

"FUCK!" Meg shrieked, her fingernails digging violently into my shoulders.

She was incredibly tight, the wet heat of her vaginal walls clamping down instantly around my thick shaft. I pulled back and slammed into her again, setting a brutal, punishing pace against the bathroom vanity.

The visual was spectacular. Her massive, heavy tits slapped wildly against her ribcage with every hard impact. I reached up and grabbed them both, using the heavy meat as leverage as I pounded into her. She met every thrust, her thick thighs wrapping tightly around my waist to pull me deeper.

"God, Leo!" she sobbed, her lowered inhibitions erasing any sense of shame. "You're so big! Fuck my pussy! Wreck me!"

The friction was agonizingly good. The raw, aggressive testosterone in my system demanded release. I hammered into her, grinding my pelvis against her swollen clit until she started to violently shake.

"I'm cumming!" she screamed, her inner muscles spasming around my cock.

Her orgasm pushed me right over the edge. I groaned, burying myself to the hilt, and pumped jet after jet of hot seed deep inside her. Meg clamped down hard, milking me completely dry while she rode out the heavy aftershocks of her climax.

I collapsed forward, resting my forehead against her collarbone, our chests heaving in the cramped, humid air of the bathroom.

After a long minute, I pulled out. I grabbed some paper towels to clean us up while we quickly adjusted our clothes. Meg hopped down from the vanity, pulling her stretched-out blue top back down over her heavy chest.

She looked at me in the mirror, a sudden look of worry crossing her face. "That's twice we've fucked since finding that app."

I froze. Right. She remembered the sauna, but her rewritten brain thought she'd fucked a hot guy, not a girl.

"It makes sense," I said smoothly, stepping up behind her and wrapping my arms around her cinched waist. "Our libidos have been running hot since we started messing with the program. It's just us having fun."

Meg let out a long breath, visibly relaxing. "You're right. It's just fun."

She turned around and looked at the laptop bag resting on the toilet tank.

"Hey, can you reduce my breast size?" she asked, hefting the massive globes with her hands. "I know people will definitely notice, but I can just boost them back up next time I go home or something. I just need temporary relief. These things are so fucking heavy my back is killing me."

"Sure thing," I said.

I pulled the laptop out and placed it on the vanity. I opened her profile and dragged the breast slider down from the gargantuan E-cups to a solid, manageable B-cup. I made sure the Awareness toggle was flipped ON this time, so she could feel the change.

I hit APPLY.

Meg let out a loud, groaning sigh of relief as the massive weight instantly evaporated. Her chest deflated, the doughy flesh melting away until she was left with a pair of perky, normal breasts. The blue crop top hung loose and baggy over her chest once again.

"Thanks, babe..." she started, before catching herself. Her face flushed bright red. "Uhh... buddy."

I chuckled, packing the laptop back into the bag. We unlocked the bathroom door and walked back out into the main bar area, heading toward the exit.

As we pushed through the crowd, I faintly heard a guy's voice behind us say, "Yo, did her boobs just... I could have sworn they were..."

Meg grabbed my arm, pulling me toward the front doors. "Come on, let's get out of here before we get too drunk and ruin more lives with that thing."

I laughed, slinging the laptop bag over my shoulder as we stepped out onto the evening sidewalk.

I was completely oblivious. I had absolutely no idea that the three panicked frat guys had been standing right outside the bathroom hallway. I had no idea they had watched Meg walk in with massive breasts and walk out completely flat-chested while I carried a glowing laptop.

And as Meg and I hailed a cab, I had no idea that Mike Forest and his two dickless friends were currently following us into the street.