

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 11: The Price of Perfection

I sat in the secluded back corner of the food court. The Friday morning mall crowd was just starting to trickle in. I was early. My laptop was already open on the small table and the remote VPN was securely tunneling back to my desktop at home. The Master PC interface glowed with its retro grey borders.

I was currently sitting there in my baseline male form. I was meant to change into Leonora before leaving the house, but after the absolute nightmare with Mark last night, I'd been genuinely terrified to even look at the program. The truly scary part wasn't just that I almost permanently lost my identity to a digital slider. The scary part was that I vividly remembered exactly how much I loved being a mindless, cum-addicted slut in the moment.

Just thinking about the feeling of Mark stretching me out on my own bed sent a hot rush of blood straight to my groin. My penis started to harden instantly. It pushed against the fabric of my shorts and created a very obvious, embarrassing tent.

"Fuck," I muttered under my breath.

I looked down at my lap and then back to the screen. I couldn't be sitting in a public mall with a raging boner. I quickly clicked onto my profile and scrolled down to the Body tab. I left everything else exactly the same but flipped the Genitalia setting from Male to Female. I clicked apply.

The shift was localized and incredibly intense. I felt a sharp, icy sensation as my erection completely dissolved. My balls retreated upward and vanished into my pelvis. The heavy shaft inverted rapidly, turning inside out to form a deep, slick vaginal canal. Soft, hairless outer lips plumed outward against the cotton of my boxers.

Well, no more worrying about random boners. But the sudden presence of a pussy brought an entirely different problem. The phantom memory of getting fucked was still lingering in my brain, and now my new female anatomy was responding. I felt a thick drop of slick fluid leak from my fresh slit, dampening my underwear. I actively considered going into the Mind tab

and dropping my libido down to zero just so I could focus. But the mere thought of touching my own mental sliders made my stomach twist with anxiety. No. It was okay. I just needed to focus.

"Hey, how come you aren't Leonora yet?"

I jumped, my hands flying off the keyboard. I looked up. Meg was standing right next to the table. She was wearing a loose black men's tank top and a pair of baggy tan chino shorts. She'd clearly come dressed to accommodate the muscular male frame of Morgan. I could faintly see the outline of her flat chest beneath the tank, and a distinct lack of anything filling out the front of her pants.

"I just wanted to wait," I answered, quickly closing my legs to hide the wet spot forming on my boxers.

Meg slid into the booth opposite me. She gave my baggy white t-shirt and athletic shorts a skeptical look. "Okay? I guess you're going to look like a weird tomboy in those clothes once you transform."

"It's fine, I'm wearing my girl clothes underneath," I explained.

Meg burst out laughing. "So you're currently Leo wearing women's underwear? I absolutely have to see this."

I glared at her across the table. "Well come on. We probably shouldn't risk being seen here changing completely. Let's do this fast."

We both sank low into the leather booth, making sure the tall potted plants completely obscured us from the main walkway. I turned the laptop slightly and pulled up Meg's profile. I switched her gender to male and hit apply.

Meg let out a low grunt as her body forcefully expanded. Her shoulders cracked and broadened immensely. Thick, dense slabs of pectoral muscle swelled beneath her black tank top, filling out the fabric perfectly. Her arms thickened with heavy veins and a layer of dark hair. Her jawline squared off. Beneath the table, I knew her female anatomy was forcefully everting into a thick, heavy cock that now filled out the front of her chino shorts.

"God, that feels weird every time," Meg rumbled, her deep baritone voice vibrating across the table.

I quickly changed myself next.

I selected my Leonora preset and hit apply. The familiar, beautiful heat washed over my body. My shoulders narrowed and my waist cinched inward. Two modest, perky breasts pushed out from my chest. I quickly pulled my baggy white t-shirt over my head, revealing the delicate white camisole with laced edges I'd worn the day before. I unbuttoned my athletic shorts and slid them down my smooth legs, exposing a pair of tight, brown ribbed workout shorts that hugged my new feminine ass perfectly.

Meg let out an impressed whistle. "I love that look on you. Very athletic." She glanced down at my lap. "God, it's so much easier having nothing down there, isn't it?"

That prompted me to ask the obvious question. "How did your penis experiment go last night?"

Meg grinned widely, leaning back in the booth. "It was fucking awesome. I literally spent two hours just stroking it. The sensitivity is insane. I totally get why you guys are always jacking it. It's fun!" She leaned forward, resting her thick masculine arms on the table. "What about you? What did you do with your upgrades?"

My heart skipped a violent beat. I thought about the massive bimbo tits, the nymphomania, and the feeling of Mark's cum painting my stomach. I swallowed hard.

"Oh, you know," I stammered, looking away. "I just changed back to normal and went to sleep."

Meg raised a thick, suspicious eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yeah."

"Okay fine, don't tell me then, weirdo," Meg chuckled. "Time to get to work anyway."

I felt a lingering wave of anxiety about being Leonora again, but I shook it off. We had a business to run.

It didn't take long before we were approached. Lacey, the petite, previously flat-chested girl we'd gifted with bigger boobs yesterday came practically running up to our table. She was flanked by four of her friends.

"Here they are! I told you guys!" Lacey squealed excitedly. Her new, heavy mounds bounced prominently beneath her tight shirt.

Meg and I introduced ourselves as our alter egos. The four new girls stared at us with a mix of intense skepticism and desperate hope.

"Lacey said you guys can magically alter bodies," a blonde girl asked, looking at the laptop. "Is that actually true?"

"Of course they can!" Lacey chimed in, grabbing her own full breasts and lifting them for emphasis. "Feel these! They're completely real!"

Meg offered a charming, masculine smile. "Lacey was a demonstration. Any changes today are going to cost you. What's your name?"

"Brittney," the blonde girl answered.

I quickly typed Brittney into the search bar, watching her live 3D avatar load onto the screen.

"Well Brittney," Meg stated confidently. "Each transformation is a flat one thousand dollars."

The girls stammered at the price, their eyes going wide. But then they looked back at Lacey's impossible, perfect cleavage. The proof was undeniable.

Brittney stepped forward, pulling her phone out. "I want bigger boobs too. But not massive. Just a solid handful. Like a nice, full shape."

"Coming right up," Meg said. She gave her our Venmo details. We waited in silence for a minute until the notification pinged on Meg's phone. The thousand dollars had cleared.

I grabbed Brittney's breast slider and dragged it up. I didn't want them to look fake. I shaped them to be perfectly round, heavy globes of soft flesh that would sit beautifully on her chest. I hit apply.

Brittney gasped loudly, dropping her phone onto the table. Her tight sweater instantly began to stretch. The fabric groaned as two heavy, plush orbs of flesh pushed outward from her ribcage. The growth was hypnotic. The soft meat swelled and expanded, gaining immediate weight and density. She brought her hands up, her fingers sinking deep into her new cleavage.

"Holy shit!" one of her friends screamed.

"Oh my god, they're so heavy," Brittney whimpered, completely overwhelmed by the sudden tactile feedback of possessing huge tits. She squeezed them together, her face flushed with

pure joy.

While she was busy admiring her new assets, a taller, more confident girl stepped up. "I'm Vanessa. I want an hourglass figure. Cinch my waist and give me a huge ass."

I typed Vanessa into the search bar and loaded her profile. "That's a massive structural change," I told her smoothly. "It's going to be double the price."

She looked incredibly annoyed, but she didn't see an alternative. She transferred two thousand dollars. I went to work on her sliders, narrowing her waist to impossible proportions and inflating her glutes until her jeans were practically begging for mercy. When I hit apply, her bones cracked and her fat redistributed instantly. She spun around, admiring her colossal new ass in the reflection of a nearby store window.

The last girl standing there was incredibly timid. She was still staring at Brittney's new cleavage when Meg turned to her. "And you? What's your name?"

"Emily," she mumbled nervously, twisting her fingers together. "I'm actually happy with my body."

"No problem," Meg smiled.

"But," Emily interrupted, her cheeks burning bright red. "I have another request. Mental."

Meg looked curious. "What is it?"

"I want to enjoy giving blowjobs," she confessed, her voice barely a whisper. This completely stunned everyone.

"Seriously?" Lacey gasped. "They can't do that! That's literally changing your brain!"

"Actually," Meg said, looking at me. "I think that's possible. Right, Leonora?"

I froze completely. Mental changes. The mere mention of the Mind tab sent a horrific shiver down my spine. I took a shaky breath, trying to push the panic down. I typed Emily into the system.

"Let me see," I muttered, my fingers trembling slightly as I navigated the interface. I dug deep into her psychological settings. I found a specific sub-category for sexual preferences. Oral fixation was currently set to a 1.

"Yeah, I can do it," I confirmed.

"I hate doing it, but my boyfriend loves it," Emily explained nervously. "I just want to please him without feeling disgusted."

Brittney laughed, proudly pushing her new breasts out. "God, at that point why don't you just make yourself a total exhibitionist? You'd please literally every man that way."

Emily's eyes widened. She actually looked like she loved the idea. "Can you... can you do both?"

I swallowed hard. "Yes. That'll be another thousand."

She paid immediately. I dragged her Oral Fixation slider to maximum. Then, feeling a dark, twisted sense of power, I found her Exhibitionism slider and pushed it all the way to a 10. I made absolutely sure the Awareness toggle was ON. I hit apply.

Emily blinked rapidly, bringing her hands up to clutch her head. A soft groan escaped her lips.

I watched the exact second the programming took root. Her posture completely changed. The nervous, timid energy evaporated. A deeply glazed, incredibly lustful look washed over her eyes. She let out a shaky, rattling breath, her thighs squeezing together. I could physically see the dark wetness instantly seeping through the fabric of her light blue jeans. Her panties were completely soaked.

She looked up. Her dilated eyes locked directly onto Meg's handsome, masculine face.

She stepped uncomfortably close to the table, leaning forward so her chest rested against the edge. "You know, Morgan," she purred, her voice completely transformed into a husky, dripping drawl. "I just realized how incredibly attractive you are. You have such a strong jaw. I bet you taste amazing."

Meg blinked, completely taken aback by the sudden, intense flirting. "Uh, thanks?"

Emily smirked, her tongue darting out to wet her plump lips. The exhibitionism completely took the wheel. She casually hooked her fingers into the loose neckline of her t-shirt. With a slow, deliberate movement, she pulled the fabric down sharply. She completely exposed her bare, pale breasts to us, her nipples already stiff, dark, and aching for attention. She thrust them forward, giving Meg a highly explicit, private show right there behind the potted plant.

"Do you like them?" she whispered, her hips swaying slightly as she stared directly at Meg's

crotch. "I'd love to get under this table and show you how thankful I am."

Lacey, Brittney, and Vanessa gasped in absolute shock.

"Emily, what the hell are you doing?!" Lacey shrieked, her eyes going wide. She lunged forward, frantically yanking Emily's shirt back up to cover her exposed chest. "You never act like this! Have you lost your mind?"

Emily just giggled, completely unbashful, fighting against Lacey's grip so she could keep staring at Meg.

"We are leaving," Lacey declared, grabbing her friend's arm and dragging the dripping wet, newly minted slut away from our booth. But before she disappeared around the corner, Lacey looked back at me. "Hey! I am coming back another day. I just need to save up some more cash, but I definitely want another upgrade."

Meg, currently possessing her straight female mind, was completely weirded out and utterly oblivious to the raw sexual power radiating from the horny girl. "Uh, okay. See you later."

I sat at the table, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm. It worked. The mental edit was flawlessly subtle but incredibly potent.

"Holy shit," Meg laughed, shaking her head in amazement. "We just bagged four grand in ten minutes! I need to go use the men's urinal again. Watch the laptop."

Meg walked off toward the restrooms, leaving me completely alone at the booth.

While I waited, I pulled up my own profile. I looked at the 3D render of Leonora. She was cute, petite, and athletic. When I wasn't attracted to women, I really liked this body. But now that my baseline libido was oriented toward females, looking at Leonora just didn't do it for me. She wasn't hot enough.

I remembered the hyper-attractive version Mark had made me yesterday. When I'd been her, I hadn't appreciated the beauty since I wasn't attracted to women at the time. But that version was a little... extreme. I then thought about the incredibly gorgeous version of myself that Meg had sculpted the other day. The one she had absolutely no memory of because I'd reset myself.

Screw it. I wanted to be hot again.

I started adjusting my sliders, carefully recreating the beautiful, lean hourglass figure. I widened the hips to create a sharp, dramatic curve. I plumped the lips and sharpened the cheekbones. Then, I hovered over the Awareness toggle.

If I turned it OFF, how would reality rewrite itself for Meg? She knew I'd just swapped my gender an hour ago. How would she rationalize me suddenly becoming a supermodel?

I thought about the logic of the program. If I turned awareness off and made myself incredibly hot, the universe would simply assume that my baseline male form was also incredibly hot. It would rewrite reality so that Meg always thought her best friend Leo was a gorgeous, attractive guy. That perfectly explained why my gender-swapped female form would be a bombshell.

It was flawless logic, and besides, I wanted to see if that's how it actually played out. This could be just another useful test. Convinced it was a good idea, I flipped Awareness to OFF. I hit apply.

The thrill of the transformation was electric. My bones shifted gracefully. My waist tightened into a corset-like grip. The soft flesh on my hips expanded into a pair of plush, perfectly rounded curves that filled out my ribbed workout shorts immaculately. My face tingled as my features rearranged into striking, flawless beauty.

I looked down at my chest. I couldn't resist. Now that I was actually attracted to women, I couldn't stop thinking about the tits I had yesterday... I grabbed the slider and gave my tits another generous boost. Not quite the same size as what Mark had done, but a nicer boost than what Meg had given me in this form. I hit apply, and gasped as the flesh surged outward against my camisole. They swelled into heavy, thick mounds of soft meat. I brought my hands up and hefted them, utterly enjoying the heavy, swaying weight in a deeply sexual way that I couldn't appreciate when my brain was strictly male.

Meg returned a minute later, sliding into the booth. She looked at me, her eyes lingering on my heavy cleavage and my flawless face. Because Awareness was off, she didn't see anything new. To her, I was just naturally this gorgeous.

"Damn," Meg muttered, a slight blush creeping onto her masculine cheeks. She quickly avoided eye contact, looking down at the table. "I wish I was as hot as you are when I'm a normal girl."

I smirked, thoroughly enjoying the sudden awkward tension. "You're cute enough, Meg"

The rest of the day was an absolute gold rush.

A few others approached us, claiming to know Lacey and the girls. One woman named Brenda, a tired-looking mother of two, desperately wanted her pre-pregnancy body back. I gladly took her three thousand dollars, searched her name, and erased the stretch marks, tightening her stomach back into flawless youth.

A young couple, Jake and Sarah, approached nervously. Jake wanted a bigger dick. I pulled up his profile and actively had to suppress a laugh. He possessed a literal micro-penis. I charged him two grand and dragged the slider up to a heavy, respectable eight inches. Sarah practically wept with joy.

Another older man named Arthur approached about his severely balding head. Meg offered to give him shredded abs too, but Arthur said he liked being lean. We restored his thick, luxurious hair for a grand.

We did our absolute best to keep things completely discreet. We made sure nobody in the immediate vicinity noticed the miraculous, instantaneous physical changes occurring at our table. But we both knew that at this rate, it wouldn't be long before people started putting the pieces together. We'd eventually need a private office or a legitimate shop front. But looking at the massive pile of Venmo transfers on Meg's phone, we'd easily be able to afford a building by next week.

Just as we were preparing to pack up, a guy in his late twenties approached the table. He looked nervous. He claimed he knew Jake and Sarah from earlier.

"What's your name, man?" I asked, resting my heavy breasts on the table.

"Derek," he answered, crossing his arms. "What's your return policy?"

Meg laughed out loud. "No refunds, buddy."

"No, I mean," Derek clarified, looking around the food court to make sure nobody was listening. "What if I'm not happy with a change? Can you undo it?"

We hadn't considered that. Meg opened her mouth to say no, but I leaned forward.

"We can offer temporary transformations," I said smoothly. "With a fifty percent deposit. You pay up front for the transformation. If you hate it, you return, we undo the change, and you

collect half your money back."

Derek thought it over. "So if I never come back?"

"We assume you're happy with your new body, and we keep the full amount," I smiled.

"Deal," he said instantly. "I want to look like a hot chick."

Meg looked completely bewildered. "Why the hell do you want to be a girl?"

I knew exactly why. He wanted to experience the sheer thrill of it. He wanted to feel the wetness, the extreme sensitivity, and the overwhelming power of female submission. He wanted exactly what I'd experienced.

Meg was about to deny him, but I quickly typed Derek into the search bar and pulled the laptop closer. "We can't replicate real people. Describe your ideal change, and I'll execute it."

Derek eagerly described a total bimbo. He wanted huge, heavy jugs, a massive ass, and a blonde bob haircut. We charged five grand for it. He transferred the money. I found his profile, flipped his sex to female, altered the proportions exactly as requested, and hit apply.

Derek let out a high-pitched squeal as his body rapidly collapsed and reformed. His broad chest erupted into a pair of colossal, bouncing globes that completely tore the seams of his polo shirt. His hips cracked and widened, inflating his ass until his jeans were suffocating his new, thick thighs. A mop of blonde hair sprouted from his scalp.

He looked down at his massive, spilling cleavage. He couldn't believe it. He grabbed his own heavy tits and squeezed them mercilessly, moaning softly at the friction against his new, sensitive nipples.

"You might need some better clothes, lady," Meg laughed, thoroughly weirded out.

"See you later!" the newly minted bimbo giggled in a breathy voice. He turned and literally ran out of the food court, his hands firmly clutching his bouncing, heavy breasts the entire way.

That was it for the day. It made total sense that it took a little while for word to truly spread, but with the undeniable, physical proof walking around the city, it wouldn't be long before people were seeking us out in droves.

I finished tallying the money on my phone. We'd made over twenty thousand dollars in a

single afternoon.

"Okay, change me back," Meg requested, stretching her thick arms.

I pulled up Meg's profile on the screen. I hovered my cursor over the preset dropdown menu. But before I clicked it, my eyes drifted over to her Mind tab. I noticed something completely different.

Under the Relationships category, her status with Leo had always read: Platonic Best Friend.

But now, it read something entirely new: Has a massive, repressed crush on Leo.

My heart skipped a beat. I looked up at Meg. She was purposely looking away from me, a faint blush still painting her masculine cheeks. Because I'd used the Awareness OFF trick to make my baseline male self incredibly hot, reality had rewritten Meg's entire history with me. Because I was now a gorgeous, attractive guy in her memories, she'd naturally developed a massive crush on me.

This was a major development.

I clicked her baseline preset and hit apply. Meg's muscular frame dissolved, shrinking back down into the athletic, flat-chested female body of Meg. She took a deep breath, adjusting her baggy tank top.

"My turn," I said.

I clicked my own baseline preset and flipped the gender back to MALE. I made absolutely sure Awareness was ON so Meg would witness the change. I hit apply.

The transformation was intense. The heavy, plush weight of my breasts vanished, melting rapidly into thick, sculpted pectoral muscles. My waist expanded, filling out with hard, dense core strength. A violent, aggressive surge of pure testosterone flooded my bloodstream, instantly evaporating the soft, feminine emotions and replacing them with a sharp, hungry male drive. My slick vaginal canal pushed outward, unspooling into a thick, heavy, incredibly dense cock that settled heavily against my thigh.

I sat there, feeling the physical weight of my new, muscular, heavily endowed male body. The energy was incredible. I was fitter, stronger, and hotter than I'd ever been in my entire life.

I looked across the table. Meg was staring at me. Her eyes traced the sharp line of my new jaw,

dipped down to the thick muscles of my arms, and then quickly darted away. Her cheeks were burning bright red. She was actively avoiding eye contact.

"You should put your Leo clothes on," she said, looking away and blushing.

My own libido spiked violently. The testosterone fueled a sudden, predatory urge. She liked me. My best friend, the girl who was practically my sister, was sitting across from me harboring a massive crush.

"Okay, so same time tomorrow?" Meg asked nervously, gathering her things.

I stared at her. I wasn't naturally attracted to her. She was family. But what if I edited her just a little bit? What if I secretly gave her the massive, heavy curves she'd had the other day? What if I gave her a body like Mark gave me yesterday. As long as I changed her back eventually, what was the actual harm? She'd never know.

"Actually," I said, my deep, resonant male voice dripping with newly found confidence. "Do you want to head out for a drink? We could get a beer somewhere. Celebrate the new money?"

Meg looked up, surprised but incredibly eager. "Oh! Uh, yeah. That sounds really fun. I have nothing going on."

"Perfect," I smiled.

"What about your laptop?" she pointed out.

I smirked, closing the lid but ensuring the Master PC tunnel remained fully active in the background. I slid the machine into my backpack. "I can just take it with me. You never know when it'll come in handy."

We stood up and walked out of the mall together. I looked at the slight sway of her athletic hips, feeling the heavy throb of my cock against my shorts.

Am I really about to try and fuck my best friend?