

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 9: Full woman

I stared at the computer monitor and let my finger fully depress the left mouse button.

The click echoed in the quiet bedroom. I sat perfectly still, waiting for the tidal wave of heat that usually accompanied a physical transformation. But it never came. The air in the room just felt a little lighter. I blinked a few times, testing my thoughts. I still felt like Leo. I still remembered my childhood, my video games, and the deep resentment I harbored for my dad. I still fundamentally thought like a guy.

Maybe the mental alterations were more subtle than I expected.



I stood up from the chair and looked down at my body. My small, firm A-cups rested quietly against my chest. I brought my hands up and squeezed them, waiting for the familiar spike of electricity to shoot down to my groin.

Nothing happened.

I kneaded the soft flesh again, pinching a nipple between my fingers. It just felt like touching a piece of skin. The overwhelming, distracting arousal I usually felt when looking at my own feminine form was completely gone. They just seemed like fleshy orbs attached to my chest. I grabbed the hem of my black skirt and pulled it out, looking down at my smooth, hairless crotch. It didn't look sexy. If anything, it looked a little gross, clinical, and purely biological. It was exactly the same way I used to view my own dick when I was a straight guy.

My dick. Dick. Wait a second. As I thought about my own penis, a sudden, sharp throb pulsed between my legs. My breath hitched. The mental image of a thick, heavy cock materialized in my brain, and a hot rush of fluid instantly soaked into the cotton of my panties.

"Whoa," I whispered. My melodic voice trembled. "Okay, that's new."

I sat back down at the computer. I opened a browser and quickly Googled images of hot women in bikinis. I scrolled through pages of massive boobs and round asses. They did absolutely nothing for me. It was like looking at a catalog for furniture.

Then, I cleared the search bar and typed in hot shirtless men.



A grid of images populated the screen. Chiseled abs, thick masculine arms, broad shoulders, and faces covered in dark stubble. My stomach did a violent flip. A deep, hollow ache opened up in my pelvis, practically begging to be filled. I went completely weak in the knees just sitting in my chair. My heart started racing, hammering against my ribs as my core wept a steady stream of slick arousal. The Libido 7 setting was working overtime, heavily amplifying the sudden, intense attraction I now had for the male form.

I absently slid my hand up my skirt and started to rub my clit through the wet cotton of my underwear. I gasped, my head falling back against the chair. Then I paused, looking at my trembling hand. There were the lowered inhibitions, too. I was sitting in my bedroom, ready to masturbate to pictures of dudes on Google within thirty seconds of changing my orientation.



These changes weren't subtle at all. I was absolutely going to get fucked tonight.

I stood up, my legs feeling a little shaky, and walked over to the bag of clothes Meg and I had bought at the mall. It was filled with a bunch of random girl clothes I thought looked cool when I still had my original male brain. I dumped them onto the bed.

I sorted through the pile, reflecting on this bizarre experience. It wasn't like I'd become a completely different person. I was essentially a gay guy trapped in a female body.

I picked up a pair of fishnet rave shorts and a matching strapless fishnet corset. I slipped out of my current outfit and pulled the rave gear on, stepping in front of the full-length mirror.



Something was wrong. I knew the old me would've drooled a puddle over a chick wearing an outfit like this. But looking at myself now, through the lens of a straight female, it didn't sit right. My hips looked a little plain, my butt didn't fill out the back, and my chest was too modest for it. But it was more than just the physical fit. It felt degrading. It felt cheap. Now that I wasn't attracted to women, I didn't want to look like a piece of meat designed strictly for a frat boy's consumption. I wanted to look graceful. I wanted to feel pretty.

I stripped the fishnets off and dug through the pile again. I found a simple black silk camisole and a cute beige skirt that hit mid-thigh. I slipped them on. The silk felt incredible, sliding like water against my sensitive nipples. The old me would've wanted something sluttier, but this felt elegant.

Next, I figured I should probably enhance my physical form just a little bit to ensure I caught the right kind of attention.

I walked back to the Master PC interface. Usually, I'd boost the tits massively and crank the ass slider until it looked cartoonish. But sitting there, looking at the sliders, the thought of carrying around massive, heavy jugs just seemed completely cumbersome and annoying. Boobs were just boobs now, nothing special, and I wanted elegance.

I dragged the breast slider up slightly, keeping them perky, firm, and an easy handful. Just to fill out the top a little nicer. I smoothed out my ass, making it tight and perfectly round without being overly thick. Then, I found the Beauty slider and dragged it all the way to the right. I wanted my face to be absolutely stunning.

I hit APPLY.



A brief, warm tingle washed over my skin. The changes were minor, but highly effective. I checked myself out in the mirror and chuckled out loud. The old Leo would've thought my chest was way too small, but now I just looked like a high-fashion model. My face was breathtaking, with sharp, delicate features and a flawless complexion. I liked it. I was ready.

But I definitely wasn't going to some trashy club. I needed somewhere nicer. An upscale wine bar.

I grabbed a handbag I'd snagged from my mom's closet earlier. I carefully slid my laptop inside, making sure it was completely secure. Since my parents were out all night on the fancy anniversary date my dad planned to grovel to my mom, I had the entire house to myself. I walked out the front door and locked it behind me.



After taking an Uber into the city, I found myself walking down a bustling street lined with nice restaurants and bars.

The attention was immediate. Guys walking past me physically turned their heads to stare. A group of men standing outside a bar stopped their conversation to rake their eyes over my bare legs and my small, perky chest. When I was attracted to women, I thought the attention was a fun novelty. I was with them, checking myself out. But now, feeling the heavy, aggressive weight of their male gazes when I'm not also attracted to girls? It made my skin crawl. It felt gross.

One guy in a tight polo shirt whistled loudly as I walked past. "Damn, looking good sweetheart!"

I stopped dead in my tracks. A sudden, fiery spike of confidence surged through my veins. The Confidence 8 setting was taking the wheel.

I spun around and glared at him. "What the fuck are you looking at, huh?"



The guy blinked, clearly taken aback by the venom in my soft, pretty voice. He raised his hands defensively and turned back to his friends.

I kept walking, slightly surprised by my own outburst. I felt incredibly protective of my body without the lens of seeing it sexually. I wasn't an object for them to gawk at.

I finally found a sleek, dimly lit wine bar with smooth jazz playing over the speakers. I walked in, ordered a glass of Pinot Noir, and took a seat at the corner of the polished wooden bar. I crossed my smooth legs, the beige skirt riding up just an inch, and waited.

It didn't take long.

A guy walked up and ordered a drink right next to me. I glanced over. I'd soon learn his name

was Mark. He was ridiculously handsome. He had a strong, chiseled jawline covered in perfect, light stubble. His dark hair was styled effortlessly, and the sleeves of his button-down shirt were rolled up to expose thick, highly vascular masculine arms.

My stomach completely dropped. A fresh wave of slick, hot arousal flooded my panties. God, it was so different from being attracted to women. It was a primal, overwhelming need to be overpowered.

He turned his head and caught me staring. He smiled, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "Good evening."

"Hi," I breathed, my voice barely a whisper.

We got chatting. He was charming and easy to talk to. We ordered another round of drinks, and the conversation flowed naturally. At one point, we got onto the topic of hobbies.

"I'm a pretty big gamer, honestly," I admitted, sipping my wine. "I build custom PC rigs in my spare time."



Mark raised an eyebrow, an amused smile spreading across his handsome face. "Really? Your interests are very dude-like. You definitely don't look like a girl who spends her weekends

clicking heads in Counter-Strike."

I blushed furiously, looking down at my glass. I had absolutely no idea how to navigate this dynamic.

After another glass of wine, my lowered inhibitions started warring with my protective instincts. I noticed Mark's eyes darting down to my chest whenever I took a sip of my drink. My black silk camisole was reserved, but it still hinted at the soft curves underneath. My initial reaction was to cross my arms and cover up. They're just boobs. He shouldn't be looking anyway. But the heavy throb between my legs was growing desperate.

What if I did want him to see?

I excused myself and walked to the women's bathroom. I locked myself in a stall, pulled my panties down, and sat on the toilet, peeing with the familiar, messy female mechanics. I grabbed the handbag, pulled my laptop out, and rested it on my bare thighs. I quickly connected to the remote VPN and brought up the Master PC interface.

I found my profile and scrolled down to the Mind settings. I found Exhibitionism. It was sitting at a low 2.



My heart hammered in my throat. I dragged the slider all the way up to a 9. I hit APPLY.

The mental shift was violent. Suddenly, the thought of covering up felt completely suffocating. I desperately wanted to tease every single man in that bar. I wanted them to catch glimpses of my small, firm breasts. I wanted them to stare at my ass. I wanted them to know exactly how wet my pussy was. The sheer thrill of exposing myself was intoxicating.

I was about to pack the laptop away, but curiosity got the better of me. I typed Mark's name into the search bar.

His profile loaded instantly. I looked at his physical stats. Damn, the musculature was incredibly impressive. The program confirmed a perfectly sculpted six-pack hiding under his dress shirt. My mouth actually watered at the thought of running my hands over his hard stomach.

I clicked over to his Mind tab. I scanned the list and completely froze.

His Dominance slider was sitting at a staggering 9 out of 10.

I hadn't expected that from the polite, charming guy I'd been getting to know. He was an absolute alpha. The mental alterations twisting my brain made me throw caution entirely out the window. I grabbed his Inhibitions slider and dropped it down to a 3. I wanted him to act on those dominant urges without a second thought.

Then, I quickly opened my own profile back up. I found my Dominance setting. Five was the exact middle ground between dominant and submissive. I was currently at a 6. It made perfect sense for my usual male personality.

I grabbed the slider and dragged it all the way down to a 1 on the submissive side.

Fuck. Here goes nothing. I hit APPLY.

My brain felt like it was melting. It was a bizarre, contradictory balance. I was wildly overconfident, possessing incredibly low inhibitions, and I was a raging exhibitionist. Yet, at the exact same time, the deep, burning need to submit entirely to a stronger force hijacked my nervous system. I needed to be commanded. I needed to be used.

My core throbbed so hard I was practically leaving a puddle on the toilet seat.

I packed the laptop away, flushed, and practically ran out of the bathroom.

I returned to my stool next to Mark. He smiled as I sat down. "You were gone a while. Everything okay?"

"Just touching up my makeup," I lied effortlessly, my confidence radiating.

Over the course of the next drink, I was a completely different person. The exhibitionism took total control. I started fiddling with the thin straps of my silk camisole, pushing the fabric down until the very edge of my dark pink areola was visible. Mark stopped mid-sentence, his eyes locked onto the sliver of exposed flesh. I quickly pulled the fabric back up, offering a highly exaggerated, blushing apology.



Mark was absolutely loving it. The lowered inhibitions I gave him were erasing his polite filter. His gaze was incredibly heavy, practically stripping me naked right there at the bar.

I purposely dropped my cocktail napkin onto the floor. Instead of just picking it up normally, I stood up from my stool, planted my feet wide, and bent straight over at the waist. I stuck my round ass out, letting my short beige skirt ride up high on my thighs to expose the curve of my cheeks. I could feel the heat of passing men staring at the back of my legs. The public exposure sent a blinding jolt of pleasure straight to my clit.

I sat back down, licking my lips as I looked at Mark.

Yet, despite all of my bold teasing, I simply couldn't bring myself to ask Mark to take me home. The crushing submissiveness paralyzed my tongue whenever I tried to initiate. I desperately needed him to take charge. I needed him to claim me.

As if hearing my internal prayers, Mark suddenly slammed his empty glass onto the bar. He leaned in close, his rich, masculine scent invading my senses and making my head spin.

"Hey," he said, his voice dropping to a gravelly, commanding tone. "Let's get out of here."

"Yes," I breathed instantly, completely surrendering.

We left the bar and jumped into an Uber. The ride was torturous. Mark kept his large hand resting firmly on my exposed thigh, his thumb drawing slow, agonizing circles on my sensitive skin. I gave the driver my home address.

"My parents are out all night," I whispered to Mark in the backseat. "The house is completely free."

Mark smirked, his eyes flashing with a predatory hunger.



The moment we walked through my front door, the atmosphere shifted. I led him up the stairs, my hips swaying dramatically for his benefit. I pushed open the door to my bedroom and flicked on the light.

Mark walked in and stopped dead in his tracks. He looked at the massive, top-tier gaming rig, the messy desk, the action figures on the shelf, and the distinctly male decor scattered around the room.

"Whoa," Mark laughed, looking highly amused. "Is this your brother's room or something?"

"No," I said breathlessly, dropping my purse onto the floor. "It's my room."

Mark looked at me, taking in my elegant, hyper-feminine appearance contrasted against the absolute boy-cave we were standing in. He clearly didn't care. The lowered inhibitions combined with his natural dominance completely took over.

He crossed the room in two long strides and grabbed me aggressively by the waist.



"I've been waiting for this all fucking night," he growled, pulling my body flush against his hard frame.

My submissive nature instantly melted into his grip. My knees buckled slightly, heavily relying on his strong arms to keep me upright. He lifted me completely off the ground, carrying me to the mattress, and threw me down onto the messy sheets.

I bounced on the bed, my skirt riding up around my waist. I was so unbelievably wet that my thighs were slick with my own juices.

Mark ripped his button-down shirt over his head, revealing the deeply carved, muscular torso the program had promised. He reached down and unbuckled his belt, shoving his jeans down his thick legs. His cock sprang free. It was thick, heavy, and completely rock hard.

My breath hitched. The primal, straight-female instinct in my brain screamed in pure victory.



He crawled onto the bed, towering over me. He grabbed the hem of my silk camisole and pulled it over my head in one fluid motion, tossing it aside. My small, perky breasts were exposed to the cool air of the bedroom. Mark didn't hesitate. He grabbed my wrists, pinning them above my head with one massive hand, and lowered his mouth to my chest.

He sucked a hardened nipple into his mouth, biting down lightly with his teeth while his free

hand aggressively kneaded my other breast.

"Ah!" I gasped, arching my back off the mattress. The sensation was sharp and incredibly electric.

He moved lower, his rough stubble scraping against the sensitive skin of my stomach. He grabbed the waistband of my skirt and my panties, yanking them both down my legs and throwing them onto the floor.

I lay there completely naked, my legs spread wide, entirely at his mercy.

Mark looked at my soaking wet, glistening pussy. He smirked, running a thick finger directly over my swollen clit. I bucked wildly against his hand, a high, needy moan escaping my lips.

"You're so fucking wet for me," he praised darkly.

He positioned himself between my knees. He grabbed his thick cock and lined the blunt head up with my dripping entrance.

"Please," I begged, the submissiveness completely overriding any sense of shame. "Put it in."

Mark thrust his hips forward.

The intrusion was massive. His thick shaft stretched my tight vaginal walls apart, pushing deep into my core. The sensation of being completely filled, of accommodating such a massive, rigid object, was completely overwhelming. My male-oriented memories completely short-circuited under the blinding ecstasy of female submission. I gasped, my fingernails digging into the mattress as he buried himself to the hilt.

"God, you're so tight," Mark groaned, his face buried in my neck.

He pulled back and slammed into me again. The impact sent a heavy jolt through my entire pelvis. He set a brutal, punishing pace. Every single thrust stretched me wider, the friction of his thick cock grinding against my internal ridges sending wave after wave of heat straight to my brain. The sheer dominance of his body pressing me down into the mattress was incredibly intoxicating. I was completely powerless, a vessel for his pleasure, and I loved every single second of it.

"Harder," I cried out, wrapping my smooth legs around his waist to pull him deeper. Without the submissive slider, I don't know if I would have enjoyed this as much, but at that moment all

I wanted was for him to use me. To destroy me.

Mark grunted, his hands grabbing my hips to anchor me in place. He hammered into me relentlessly. The wet, slapping sound of our bodies colliding echoed loudly in the bedroom. I felt the tension coiling tight in my lower belly. The intense, concentrated fire localized entirely in my groin was building to a breaking point.

I tipped my head back, my eyes rolling into my skull. The pleasure was completely frying my synapses.

"I'm gonna cum!" Mark suddenly roared, his thrusts becoming frantic and erratic.

"Do it!" I screamed, my vaginal walls clenching violently around his shaft.

We hit the edge together. I screamed, "Fuck!" at the top of my lungs as the orgasm ripped through my body. The female climax was a full-body seismic event. It rolled through my muscles in heavy, shuddering waves, milking his thick cock dry as he pumped jet after jet of hot, thick semen deep into my womb.

I collapsed backward onto the pillows, completely boneless. My chest heaved rapidly as I struggled to catch my breath.

Mark slumped heavily on top of me, his heart pounding a frantic rhythm against my skin. We lay there for a long time, totally satisfied and exhausted.

Eventually, Mark rolled off me. I lay there lazily, grabbing a tissue from the nightstand to wipe a stray drop of his thick cum off my flat stomach. My pussy was still throbbing, leaking a mix of my own slick arousal and his hot seed onto the messy sheets.

Mark got up from the bed and stretched his thick arms over his head. The muscles in his back rippled beautifully. He started wandering around my room, inspecting the gaming posters and the setup. He walked over to my desk and dropped his heavy frame into my leather computer chair.

My computer was still on, the screen glowing brightly in the dim room. It was displaying the Master PC interface, with my Leonora profile active and the 3D model slowly rotating in the center. Because the program updated in real time, the digital avatar was dressed like me, its skin flushed and slick with sweat exactly like my actual body.

"What game is this?" Mark asked, leaning closer to the monitor. He sounded genuinely amazed. "The graphics are completely insane. It looks exactly like you. It even got the exact necklace you're wearing and the way your hair is messed up."

"Just a little project I've been messing with," I murmured softly.



I slid off the bed and slipped into something more comfortable... a white baby tee and a pair of grey cotton panties I'd purchased. My legs felt like absolute jelly, trembling as I walked across the room. Driven by the intense submissiveness I had programmed into my own brain, I desperately wanted to stay close to him. I wanted to please him. I walked up behind the chair and leaned over his broad, sweaty shoulder, my bare breasts brushing lightly against his warm skin.

Mark laughed, casually grabbing the mouse. He explored the Body tab. "This character creator is wild. Here, make her sexier for me. Give her huge tits. I want to see how crazy this physics engine gets."

I giggled, completely drunk on the submissive afterglow. Assuming it was totally harmless as long as we didn't confirm the final prompt, I reached over his shoulder and took the mouse.



I dragged the breast slider up, turning my modest, elegant chest into a pair of colossal, gravity-defying bimbo jugs on the screen. I scrolled down and widened the hips, inflating the ass until it looked absurdly thick and round. I tweaked the waist, giving the avatar a hyper-sexualized, impossibly exaggerated hourglass figure. Earlier today, I would have been

drooling over this, but now, it just seemed absurd. Did I really used to like women like this? Where's the elegance?



"God, that is so hot," Mark groaned, his eyes glued to the ridiculous digital render. He reached up and absentmindedly stroked my thigh as he watched the screen.

He took the mouse back from my hand and kept clicking around. He closed the Body tab and opened the Mind tab.

My stomach did a nervous flip.

Mark scrolled through the list of mental traits, chuckling at the options. He clearly thought it was just a highly detailed, adult-themed mod for a video game.

"Look at this stuff," he laughed, his cursor hovering over the deep psychological programming sliders. "You really went all out on this. Craving for cum? Desire to be impregnated? Libido? God you can make this character a nymphomaniac if you wanted..."

He didn't wait for an answer. He grabbed the slider for Libido and maxed it out to Nymphomania. He increased desire to be impregnated to maximum. He maxed out the Cum Addiction slider.

A cold sweat broke out on the back of my neck. My submissive nature was screaming at me to stay quiet and let the dominant male play, but the lingering rational part of my Leo brain was

completely terrified. If those changes applied, my mind would literally melt. I would become a mindless, cum-craving bimbo completely obsessed with getting knocked up. I wouldn't even be a person anymore. I would just be a walking, talking sex toy.

"Okay, that's enough," I said, my voice shaking slightly. I tried to sound playful, but the sheer panic was bleeding through. I reached for the laptop lid to shut it.

"Wait," Mark said, leaning back to block my arm. "Does this animate or something? Let's see what she does."

Before I could stop him, he moved the cursor to the bottom right corner and clicked APPLY.

A loud, jarring error sound chimed from the laptop speakers. A red box popped up on the screen, reading: ERROR. CHANGES REQUIRE PRIMARY USER CONFIRMATION.

Mark frowned, looking at the error message. He turned in the chair and looked up at me.

"Come on," Mark commanded, his voice dropping into that deep, authoritative tone that completely short-circuited my nervous system. "Hit apply. I want to see the animation."

"No, really, that's enough," I pleaded, taking a nervous step backward.

I lunged forward, reaching for the mouse to quickly close the program window before anything disastrous happened.

But Mark was significantly faster and incredibly strong. His extreme dominance instantly flared up at my defiance. Thinking it was just a playful wrestling match over my digital art, he reached out and caught my delicate wrist in mid-air. He laughed, a deep, rumbling sound, and pulled my hand down toward the desk.

"No, stop!" I gasped, genuinely terrified now.

I tried to pull away, but it was completely useless. His large, calloused hand wrapped entirely over my slender fingers. He easily overpowered my weak female muscles, forcing my hand down onto the plastic shell of the mouse. He aligned my index finger directly over the left click button.

"Let's see what happens," Mark smirked.

He squeezed his hand over mine, forcefully pressing my finger down.



The click echoed like a gunshot in the room.

Because my finger had physically depressed the button, the Master PC security lock was successfully bypassed. No error message popped up. Instead, a bright green loading bar flashed across the screen, confirming the massive batch of physical and mental rewrites.

Mark let go of my hand to watch the screen.

I stumbled backward, my heart stopping completely. I looked down at my petite, elegant body just as 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.

"Oh, fuck..." I whispered.