

# MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 6: Meg

I slid off the stool, my hands immediately flying to my chest to cup the massive, heavy globes beneath my shirt. I had to physically carry them just to stand upright.

"Follow me," I said.

I led the way out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Every step was a chore. I squeezed my arms against my sides, trying to pin the heavy jugs down, but they still bounced violently with my momentum.

Meg followed behind me, letting out a loud sigh. "When are you going to learn that you need to wear a bra? God, it is like you are a dude inside that head of yours sometimes."

I bit my lip, suppressing a laugh. If she only knew.

I pushed my bedroom door open and walked over to my desk, dropping into the chair. The Master PC interface was still glowing on the screen, currently resting on the primary user search bar. Meg walked up behind me, leaning over my shoulder. I could smell her shampoo, a bright citrus scent.

"I downloaded this weird program," I started, gesturing to the retro grey window. "It... well, it alters reality."

Meg stared at the screen, then looked at me. Her brow furrowed. "Okay. Is this a game? Are you modding something?"

"No," I said, my voice deadpan. "It allows you to enter anyone's name. As long as they are within a two-mile radius, the program will display a live, 3D render of their body. It includes exactly what they are wearing, their physical stats, even their mental state. And then... you can edit literally anything you want about them."

Meg stared at me for a long, silent moment. Then, she burst out laughing.

"Right," she snorted, crossing her arms. "Come on, Leo, what's the punchline? That's not

possible."

"I've tried it," I insisted, turning the chair to face her. "It works."

She looked at me, a smirk playing on her lips. "Sure sure..."

I turned back to the keyboard. The only way to prove this was a demonstration.

I typed her name into the search bar.

Meg Vance.

SCANNING...

SUBJECT FOUND.

The wireframe grid appeared, and a second later, the 3D render of Meg materialized on the screen. She was wearing her faded band t-shirt, her denim shorts, and her hair was perfectly matched to her messy bun.

Meg stopped laughing. She leaned closer, her eyes wide. "Whoa. What the fuck. How..."

She reached out and touched the monitor. She looked down at her own clothes, then back at the screen.

"Did you preprogram this?" she asked, her voice tight with confusion. "Did you make a custom 3D model of me? This is creepy, Leo. How'd you get the clothes right?"

She started looking around my desk, peering behind the monitor and checking the shelves.

"Where's the camera? Is it rendering this live?"

"There isn't a camera," I said softly. "It's magic."

"Fuck off, magic isn't real," she snapped, though her voice wavered.

"Look," I said, pointing to the screen. "Take off your top."

Meg stopped searching. She stood up straight and looked at me like I had lost my mind.

"Excuse me?"

"Take off your shirt," I repeated.

She crossed her arms defensively over her chest. A flush of pink crept up her neck. "I know we're both girls, but come on. I'm shy about my small boobies. Especially next to you." She gestured vaguely to my gargantuan chest.

"Just do it," I urged. "Watch the screen."

She hesitated, chewing her bottom lip. The curiosity finally won. She reached down, grabbed the hem of her band shirt, and pulled it over her head. She was wearing a simple, black sports bralette underneath.

I'd seen Meg's breasts a few times throughout the years, mostly when we went to the community pool in the Summers. She was always so self-conscious about them being small, but now, staring at them, they reminded me of my own boobs. Or at least the ones the female version of me was supposed to have.

The exact millisecond the fabric cleared her head, the render on the screen updated. The band shirt vanished, leaving the digital Meg standing in just the black bralette and denim shorts.

Meg dropped her shirt on the floor. Her jaw went slack.

"Okay, what the actual fuck," she whispered.

"This is real," I said, feeling that familiar rush of power humming through my veins. "I'm telling you, we can edit anything about you. Where should we start?"

Meg stared at the interface. Her eyes darted across the Body and Mind tabs. She was trying to rationalize it, trying to find the trick, but the absolute impossibility of the live render was breaking her logic.

"Okay, fine," she said, her voice shaking slightly. "Prove it." She still didn't fully believe it.

"How?"

"I don't know, you're the one trying to convince me, idiot," she retorted, crossing her arms over her small chest again. She looked away, a bitter look flashing across her face. "How about you make me gay like you? Maybe that way I won't fall for jerks who ghost me."

I raised an eyebrow. "One sexual preference change, coming right up."

I clicked the Mind tab. I scrolled down to Orientation. It was set to Straight. I clicked the dropdown and selected Homosexual. I checked the toggle in the corner. AWARENESS: ON. I wanted her to feel the shift.

I hit APPLY.

The screen blinked.

I sat back in my chair. "Well?"

Meg blinked. She looked down at her hands, then around the room. "Well what? I don't know, am I the same? Am I supposed to feel something?"

I thought for a second. The edit changed her internal wiring, but she needed a stimulus to test it.

I grabbed the hem of my t-shirt and pulled it up over my head, tossing it onto the desk.

Meg started to speak. "What're you do..."

The words died in her throat.

Without the constriction of the shirt, my J-cups tumbled forward, completely unrestricted. They were pale, impossibly heavy, and tipped with puffy pink areolas. They rested heavily on my stomach, swaying gently with my breathing.

Meg froze. Her eyes locked onto my chest. I watched her pupils dilate rapidly, expanding until they almost swallowed her irises. Her breathing hitched, becoming shallow and fast. A dark, heavy flush spread across her cheeks and down her neck.

"Yeah," I said softly, leaning back. "Check 'em out."

"Oh my god," Meg breathed. She took a step closer, totally entranced. "I've... I've seen them before but... now... am I...?"

"Gay?" I smirked. "You bet."

I brought my hands up and hefted my massive tits, pushing them together to deepen the cleavage. I watched Meg's eyes track the movement like a predator watching prey.

"This... this is incredible," she stammered. She brought her hands up and gripped her own hair,

completely overwhelmed. "You just edited me. My reality. Oh my fucking god! I'm... I'm attracted to my best friends's fucking tits?!"

She started pacing, her energy spiking. To test the waters completely, I opened a new browser tab and googled images of cocks. Just standard, erect penises. I spun the monitor toward her.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

Meg stopped pacing and glanced at the screen. She wrinkled her nose. "The thought of a penis right now? A big muscly guy? Hell no." She looked back at my chest, biting her lip. "A sexy woman, though..."

She lunged forward, grabbing my shoulders. "This is insane! Oh my god! What should we do next? We can do anything!"

I grabbed my t-shirt and pulled it back on, chuckling as I struggled to fit the fabric over my massive chest. "Calm down."

"Right, right," she said, taking a deep breath and stepping back. Her eyes narrowed as she studied me. She looked me up and down, a look of sudden suspicion crossing her face. "Wait... have you changed yourself?"

I froze.

She leaned closer, inspecting my face, my waist. "I can't see anything different. Unless... you kept awareness off?"

I looked away sheepishly, staring at the keyboard.

"YOU DID, DIDN'T YOU!" she yelled. She punched me hard in the shoulder.

"Hey!" I yelped, rubbing my arm. My female arm did not absorb the blow well at all.

"Girl, that's for messing with my memory," she scolded, though she was grinning. "So tell me, what'd you do? Did you used to be a blonde or something? Or maybe..."

Her eyes dropped to my chest. Realization dawned on her face.

"No," she whispered. "Your boobs."

I stayed silent.

"Did you... did you give yourself those?" she asked, gesturing wildly to my heavy chest. "It makes sense. Nobody else in your family is that big. Hell, nobody in the world with your build is naturally that big. But... I always remember you exactly like this."

I felt a knot of anxiety form in my stomach. She was too smart.

"You're kind of right," I admitted quietly. "I did increase the size of them."

Meg smirked, shaking her head. "Oh my god, and here I was always comparing myself to you! How big are you normally?"

I looked at her flat chest. "Probably about your size."

"SHUT UP!" she screamed, slapping the desk. "Wait, so in your memories... in our entire friendship... we've always been the same size?"

"Uh," I stammered. I looked away again. I considered telling her the truth. That I was actually a guy. But the way she reacted when she found out I'd altered my boobs... I didn't want her furious at me for totally lying about my identity. Plus, I wanted to see where this girls' day was going, and dropping the gender bomb would ruin the vibe.

"Yeah, you could say that," I finally lied.

She smirked. "Okay, well change back to normal! I wanna see the real you."

I sighed. "They're quite heavy anyway."

I turned back to the Master PC interface. I found the Breasts slider. It was at J. I clicked it and dragged it all the way back down to A.

I looked at the toggle. AWARENESS: OFF.

I hit APPLY.

The heat returned, but in reverse. The crushing weight on my chest evaporated instantly. The massive globes of flesh dissolved, melting back into my ribcage. The skin shrank, tightening flawlessly until I was left with two small, firm A-cups. My black t-shirt, previously stretched to the breaking point, now hung loose and baggy over my torso.

I let out a breath, feeling infinitely lighter. I turned to Meg.

"Better?" I asked.

Meg blinked rapidly. She looked at me, her head tilting to the side. "Whoa, that's weird. I know you just changed something... but you look exactly like you've always looked to me."

"Reality altered," I said simply.

She shook her head, looking deeply confused. "Wait, what change were you reversing?"

I smiled. Of course. Even though she knows I was changing back, she still isn't aware of what I did. It must have looked like I hit apply, and then my body didn't change. "I just had gigantic boobs." I said. "Do you not remember our conversation we just had?"

She laughed out loud. "Whoa, No. Like, I remember us talking about something. I remember me being annoyed that you changed something about yourself without making me aware. But... it's so weird. I literally can't remember what it was anymore."

"The reality thing is a trip," I agreed, leaning back in my chair.

"So, it was your boobs?" She confirmed.

"Yeah" I confirmed. "They were a J cup".

"WHAT! That's so big! And I thought it was normal?!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, you actually said you were jealous of them." I smirked.

"Well, now that you're back to normal, no more messing with my memories," she ordered, pointing a finger at me.

I nodded, keeping the secret of my true gender buried deep for now.

"Okay, so you made me gay," she said, rubbing her hands together like a cartoon villain. "Now what? Who else have you tried it on?"

"Uh, Mrs. Gable, Mr. Gable," I lied by omission, leaving Chloe from the cafe out of the roster.

"Really?" she gasped.

"But they're back to normal now," I added quickly. "Just harmless testing."

She gave me a look that said she didn't fully believe me, but she was too excited to dwell on it.

She pushed past me, bumping my hip with hers. I stumbled back slightly. I really needed to get used to this weaker, lighter body. I definitely didn't stand my ground the way I could have as Leo.

Meg leaned over the keyboard and started typing frantically.

"Georgia Stillwell," she announced.

I remembered Georgia. She was the captain of the cheer squad in high school, and she made a sport out of bullying Meg.

Meg hit enter.

SCANNING...

ERROR: NO SUBJECT FOUND WITHIN 2 MILES.

"Hey, what gives?" Meg complained, throwing her hands up.

"I told you," I explained, stepping back to the desk. "It has a two-mile radius."

"Well, that sucks," she muttered.

"But," I added, "I was able to remote into my desktop from my laptop at the coffee shop yesterday, and it seemed to work. It uses the remote terminal's location."

Meg's eyes lit up. "Okay, so we just need to take your laptop to within two miles of whoever we want to change?"

"Exactly."

She thought for a moment, tapping her chin. "For now... I wanna test some more changes on us."

"Us?"

"Yeah! Nobody else is around, and I tried to edit that bitch Georgia."

"What were you gonna do to her anyway?" I asked.

"She always used to tease me about my flat chest," Meg growled. "So I was gonna shrink her cup size. Now that you've made me gay, I see exactly why the guys like big boobs like hers."

She stopped, a lightbulb going off in her head. "Wait! If I can't edit her, why don't I do the next best thing and give myself the boobs she always teased me for not having!"

I let out a short laugh.

"What's so funny?" she demanded, putting her hands on her hips. "You know I've always been insecure about it."

"It's just..." I thought about last night. The very first thing I did was give my Mrs Gable huge tits, then Chloe, and me. Now Meg wanted the exact same thing. "We're so similar."

She smirked and turned back to the PC. She opened her profile. I watched over her shoulder as she navigated to the Body tab. She grabbed the Breasts slider and dragged it smoothly to a solid D-cup. She toggled AWARENESS to ON.

She clicked APPLY.

ERROR: ONLY PRIMARY USER CAN EXECUTE CHANGES.

I stepped up beside her. "Huh. That's handy security."

Before doing anything else, I clicked the save button and created a preset: Meg-Base.

"Oh, good idea," she nodded.

I moved the mouse and clicked APPLY.

The room went dead silent. Meg stood perfectly still, her eyes dropping to her own chest.

"Oh my god," she whispered.

Beneath her black bralette, the change was starting. It wasn't violent or painful. It was a smooth, steady inflation. The flat plane of her chest pushed outward. The material of the bralette stretched, groaning against the sudden influx of mass. I watched her small A-cups round out, swelling into heavy, firm D-cups. They pushed together, creating a deep valley of cleavage that threatened to spill over the low neckline of the bra.

Meg's breathing turned ragged. She reached up slowly, her hands trembling, and cupped her new breasts.

"This... this is awesome!" she gasped. A moment later, the bralette was gone, and I was staring

at my best friend's enhanced boobs. I felt my pussy twitch.

She squeezed them, her fingers sinking into the soft, yielding flesh. She turned to the mirror, admiring her new profile. The D-cups completely changed her silhouette, giving her a mature, heavy top half.

She kept groping herself, a glazed look entering her eyes. "It's weird... being gay means I find this attractive too. Do lesbians find their own bodies attractive? Or is it just cause I have bigger tits than normal?"

"Don't get too crazy," I warned, watching her rub her own chest. "We kept awareness on, so everyone's gonna know something's off if they see us."

"Who cares?" she laughed, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "We aren't seeing anyone today! Let's have a bit of fun."

She turned to me, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Okay, your turn!"

"What?" I stepped back.

"Come on," she coaxed, walking toward me. "I know you've also always wondered what it's like to have bigger boobs. I know you're all tomboyish, but come on!"

"I just had gigantic ones ten minutes ago, remember?" I pointed out.

"Oh, right," she frowned. "Well, how about more practical and sexy ones like these?" She hefted her heavy boobs for emphasis. "Come on... it'll be fun!"

I paused. In my head, I knew I wasn't even meant to be a chick. Getting comfortable in this body felt dangerous. But the thrill of the edit was addictive.

Before I could answer, Meg gasped. "No, wait! I have a better idea! What about I give us both makeovers!"

"Makeover?" I asked, my voice rising.

"Yeah! We can get total makeovers, then go get frozen yogurt or something. I wanna see what it's like to be a Georgia Stillwell... to be hot."

I stared at her, stunned. "Whatever happened to all your speeches about how you're glad we

don't look like plastic dolls like them?"

I remembered high school vividly. Meg used to constantly talk trash about the cheerleaders, thanking god she had a practical runner's body. But now, with the power at her fingertips, the vanity was taking over.

"I'm not changing myself permanently," she reasoned, waving a hand dismissively. "We'll keep awareness on, and we'll go somewhere nobody recognizes us. It's a big city. I just wanna see what life is like... like that. Hot."

"Well... okay," I agreed slowly. "That could be fun." Was I really about to let her give me a girly makeover? Maybe it was time to change back into the real me...

"Yes!" Meg cheered.

She ran back to the desk and shooed me away with her hands. "Don't look! I want it to be a surprise."

She opened a second instance of the Master PC program, pulling up my Leonora Brown profile on one half of the screen and her own on the other.

"Go to the bathroom or something," she ordered. Well, I guess I'm playing along for now.

I left the bedroom and walked down the hall to the bathroom. I locked the door and pulled my shorts and boxers down, sitting on the toilet. It was still a shock to the system. Peeing as a woman was a completely different mechanical process. I wiped myself, feeling the sensitive, wet folds between my legs. The reality of my female body was undeniable, grounding me in the physical space.

I washed my slender hands and looked in the mirror. I was about to look completely different. I guess I was about to become more of a woman than I'd planned on becoming. God, what was I doing?

I walked back into the bedroom.

Meg was standing by the desk, a massive grin on her face. She had opened a blank notepad document and dragged it across the screen, hiding the interface completely. At the very bottom, peeking out from behind the white box, were two grey APPLY buttons.

"Okay, ready," she said, bouncing on her heels. "I think you're gonna like it."

I felt a knot of nervous anticipation in my stomach. I walked over to the desk.

"On three, I need you to hit apply on both our apply buttons, since it won't work if I do it," she said.

She put my hand over the mouse. Here goes.

"One. Two. Three."

Click.

The heat hit me instantly, but I didn't look at myself. I looked at Meg.

She gasped loudly, her hands flying to her stomach. Her runner's physique was disintegrating. Beneath her denim shorts, her thighs began to thicken rapidly, swelling with plush, heavy fat. The fabric of her shorts rode up, digging into her newly expanded flesh. Her hips flared outward violently, cracking as her pelvis widened to accommodate a massive, rounded ass that pushed the denim to its absolute breaking point. Her waist cinched inward, tightening her core, making her new D-cup breasts look even larger by comparison. She was transforming into a thick, voluptuous hourglass, the exact opposite of her usual athletic build.

"Whoa," I breathed, watching her run her hands over her massive new curves.

Then, my own body demanded my attention.

A sharp, tingling sensation washed over my skin. I felt my posture forcefully correct itself as my spine arched. My own waist began to shrink, tightening until I felt like I was wearing an invisible corset. My hips popped, widening slightly, but not with the thick, heavy mass Meg had gained. Instead, I felt a precise, sculpted rounding of my glutes and thighs. I looked down as my chest swelled. Two perfectly firm, large tits blossomed against my t-shirt. It was too early to tell the size, but they weren't as crazy as the J-cups earlier.

I touched my face. My cheekbones felt higher, sharper. My lips plumped up, feeling full and sensitive. I felt a strange, sweeping sensation over my skin, and when I looked at my arms, they were perfectly smooth, glowing with a flawless, airbrushed quality.

I stood there, panting, completely overwhelmed by the sensory input.

"I... uh," I stammered, looking at my new hands.

"Whoa," Meg breathed. "My face feels funny." Meg grabbed her plentiful thighs, squeezing the thick flesh, then reached back to smack her own massive ass. "Whoa, I feel so much heavier." She looked up at me.

"I thought you'd make us the same?" I asked. I took stock of her heavy lower half, then looked up at her face which still looked like her... just... enhanced? Almost as if she had a beauty filter on.

"What? Oh, no. It's way more interesting like this. I made myself like Georgia. All curves." She slapped her thigh again. "And I gave you a lean, yet slightly curvy hourglass. More suited to you. I'm the curvy one, you're the slim one."

I ran my hands down my sides, feeling the sharp dip of my waist and the smooth flare of my hips. "I don't feel slim... I feel so... girly. Did you make our faces prettier too?"

"You've always been so tomboyish," Meg said, walking closer. Her new hips swayed heavily with every step. "I figured it was time to embrace your inner femininity." She winked at me. "Your face looks stunning too!"

She stopped in front of me, her eyes sweeping over my body. She stared at my chest, then down to my hips, then back up to my lips. She was staring a little too long. The gay edit was definitely working.

I shifted uncomfortably, and she blinked, snapping out of her trance. A light blush dusted her cheeks.

She turned away, grabbing her purse from the bed.

"Okay," Meg said, a wicked, confident smile spreading across her face. "Time to hit the town."