

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 4: Rob Needs To Learn A Lesson

"I'm heading to the store!" Mrs. Gable's voice drifted across the yard through my open window. "I'm making lasagna tonight, so I need to grab some things. Rob, are you okay here?"

"I'm fine, Chelsea," Mr. Gable's voice grumbled from their living room. "Just watching the game highlights. Or what's left of them."

"Okay, back in an hour!"

Their front door closed. The lock clicked. Then the sound of her car starting up and backing out of the driveway faded into the distance.

I sat at my desk, my hand hovering over the mouse. It was 5:30 PM.

An hour. I had an hour alone with Mr. Gable.

The anger from my own dad's lecture in the kitchen earlier was still simmering in my gut, and it mixed with the anger I had felt last night at Mr Gable's incompetence to please his own wife. Useless. Both of them. Dad called me a "drain on space". A "child". The words bounced around my skull. It made me furious at arrogant men in general. Men like Rob Gable, who walked around the neighborhood like he was untouchable just because he had money and a penis. Taking advantage of Mrs Gable.

I looked at the screen. His avatar stared back at me.

The clothing had changed. He must have changed into some more casual at-home clothes already. "Let's see how much of a man you really are," I whispered.

I went to the Sex tab. I clicked FEMALE.

The avatar shifted instantly. The broad, blocky frame of Rob smoothed out. The shoulders narrowed. The hips widened.

I went to Age. I dropped it from 52 to 40. I also boosted overall attractiveness.

I went to Body. I dropped the height from his usual 6 foot to something more fitting for a woman. I cranked the Fitness slider up. The digital flab around his waist vanished, replaced by a tight, toned stomach. I boosted the hourglass shape, increasing the butt size, firmness, thigh shape, everything. I'd never been this detailed with the program.

Then, the pièce de résistance. Breasts.

I didn't hold back. I dragged the slider until the avatar was sporting a pair of massive, gravity-defying F-cups. They looked absurdly heavy on the athletic frame.

I went to the Mind tab.

Dominance: 1.

Submissiveness: 10.

Libido: 10.

Orientation: Straight. (Since sex had changed, this made him attracted to men)

I looked at the AWARENESS toggle.

I flipped it to ON.

I wanted him to know. I wanted him to feel every single second of it. I wanted to see the panic in his eyes before the new programming overwrote his ego.

APPLY.

I jumped up from my chair and sprinted out of the room. I hit the stairs, taking them three at a time, tore out my front door, and sprinted across the yard. I used my spare key to unlock the Gables' back door and skidded into their hallway.

Mr. Gable was sitting in his recliner, the remote in one hand, a half-empty beer on the coaster. He looked up as I burst in, his eyebrows narrowing.

"What the hell are you doing in my house?" he snapped.

"Just checking on you, Mr. Gable," I said, leaning against the doorframe. I crossed my arms.

"You look a little... uncomfortable."

"I'm fine, get out of..."

He cut himself off with a grunt. He dropped the remote.

His hands flew to his chest.

"What the hell?" he wheezed.

It started.

The sound was wet and crunchy, like stepping on a bag of dry pasta. His broad, barrel chest convulsed. Under his blue button-down shirt, mass was erupting. It wasn't slow. It was violent.

"Leo!" he screamed, his voice cracking. "My chest! It's... aaagh!"

Two mounds of flesh surged outward, punching against the fabric of his shirt. Buttons popped, pinging off the coffee table like bullets. His hairy, flat pecs ballooned, swelling with fat and glandular tissue. They rounded out, heavy and soft, bouncing as he thrashed in the chair.

"What is happening to me?!" he shrieked.

The pitch of his voice shot up. The gravelly baritone thinned, becoming higher, sweeter.

His hair. The bald spot on his crown fizzed with dark energy. Thick, lustrous brown hair sprouted from his scalp, cascading down his neck, burying his ears in silky waves.

"My stomach!" he gagged.

He doubled over. I watched his shorts fill out, the fabric pulling tight across a widening, feminine pelvis.

"Make it stop!" he begged. He looked at me, tears streaming down his face. His face was changing. The jaw softened. The nose shrank. The stubble retreated into smooth, tanned skin.

"Leo, call 911! I'm... I'm shrinking!"

He wasn't shrinking. He was refining.

He grabbed his crotch. A look of pure, primal horror crossed his face.

"No," he whispered. "No, no, no!"

He shoved his hands down his pants.

"It's gone!" he wailed. "It's gone! Leo, my dick is gone!"

He pulled his hands out. They were slender now, manicured. And they were wet.

The physical changes settled. Sitting in the recliner was a stunning, athletic brunette woman in her forties. Her massive tits were spilling out the top of her polo. Her pants were unzipped, revealing smooth hips.

She panted, looking at her hands, then at me.

"Leo," she gasped. "I don't... I feel weird. My head..."

The mental edit was kicking in. The panic was still there, but it was being warred against by a tsunami of artificial hormones.

"You look good, Mr. Gable," I said coldly.

She looked up at me. Her eyes were wide and doe-like. The aggression was draining out of them, replaced by a hazy, drug-like submission.

"Mr. Gable?" she whispered. The title felt wrong in her mouth. She shifted in the chair, rubbing her thighs together. "I... I don't feel like Mr. Gable. I feel... hot. God, I feel so hot."

She arched her back. Her massive new breasts heaved.

"Guys like you think you own the world," I said, standing over her. "You treat your wife like garbage and think you're untouchable."

"I..." She bit her lip. A flush of red spread across her chest. "I didn't mean it. Leo, please. I need... I don't know what I need."

"You know exactly what you need," I said. "Look at you. You're a slut."

"No!" she protested weakly. But her hand moved. It drifted between her legs again. "I'm your neighbour! Your elder! I'm a respected... oh god, that feels good."

The libido slider was at 10. The inhibition was at 1. She couldn't fight it.

"You're not a man anymore," I said. "Men don't have tits like that. Men don't get wet when the neighbor's kid walks in the room."

I reached down and grabbed her shirt. I pulled it up and off.

Her breasts tumbled free. They were magnificent. Heavy, swaying, with dark, hard nipples that pointed straight at me.

"Please," she moaned, seeing me stare. "Don't look at me like that. It makes me feel... small."

"You are small," I said. "Get on your knees."

She blinked, fighting the last scrap of her old ego. "What? No. I'm the man of this house!"

"Does that look like the chest of a man?" I poked one of her tits. It jiggled wildly.

She whimpered. "No."

"Get on your knees, Rob."

She knelt on the carpet, looking up at me. Her large breasts rested on her arms. She looked pathetic. She looked beautiful.

"Good girl," I said.

I unzipped my jeans.

Her eyes locked onto my crotch. Her pupils dilated until her eyes were almost black.

"Oh wow," she breathed. "That's... that's hot."

"Damn straight," I sneered.

I grabbed the back of her head. Her hair was soft.

"Open up."

She opened her mouth. I guided myself in.

She moaned around me. It was a sound of surrender. She began to suck, clumsily at first, then with increasing enthusiasm as the programming took hold. She was desperate to please me. Desperate to be useful.

"That's it," I groaned, watching my neighbor, the arrogant Rob Gable, bobbing her head in my lap. "You're finally good for something."

I pulled out. She whined, a high, needy sound.

"Turn around," I commanded.

She spun on her knees. She lowered her head to the carpet, sticking her ass in the air. Her ass was round and perfect.

"This is how you should treat Chelsea," I said, grabbing her hips. "But you're too selfish. So I have to teach you."

I drove into her.

"AHH!" she screamed. "Leo! It's so big!"

I pounded into her. It was angry sex. It was vindictive. Every thrust was a repayment for every arrogant smirk he'd ever given me.

"You like this?" I grunted, slapping her ass.

"Yes! Yes, sir!" she cried out. "I love it! Please, wreck me!"

She was a mess. Drooling, crying, cumming over and over again as I used her body. Her tits swung back and forth, brushing the carpet.

"This is what you deny Chelsea. I want to hear you tell me you'll do better," I snarled.

"Oh god, yes!" she screamed. "I will! I'll fuck her like you fuck me."

I came when she said that. I flooded her.

She collapsed, her limbs turning to jelly. She let out a long, shuddering breath and her eyes rolled back in her head. She passed out, overwhelmed by the sensory overload.

I stood up, panting. I looked down at her. She was sprawled on the rug, naked, covered in sweat.

"Jesus," I whispered.

The adrenaline crashed. The reality of what I just did hit me.

I pulled my pants up and ran out the back door, sprinting across the yard to my house and back up to my bedroom.

I sat at the computer. My hands were shaking.

AWARENESS: ON.

I clicked UNDO CHANGES.

From across the yard, through the open window, I heard a faint shout. A groan.

I waited a full minute. Then I walked back over and peeked through their living room window.

Mr. Gable was sitting in the recliner. He was buttoning his shirt. His hands were trembling. He looked pale, clammy.

I walked around to the front and used my key to enter the house. "Mr. Gable?" I asked, approaching him in the living room.. He jumped. He looked at me with wide, terrified eyes.

"Leo," he croaked. He rubbed his face. "I... I just had..."

"You fell asleep," I said. "I came over to water the plants and you were shouting in your sleep."

He swallowed hard. He looked down at his chest, patting it. He looked at his crotch.

"A dream," he whispered. "It was... it felt so real. I was... and you were..."

He shuddered violently. He couldn't even say it.

"Are you okay?"

"No," he said weakly. He stood up, his legs wobbling. "No, I'm not. I think I need to lay down. I feel sick."

"Go rest, Mr. Gable. I'll tell Mrs. Gable you aren't feeling well when she gets back."

He nodded, not looking at me. He practically ran to his stairs, looking like a man who had seen a ghost.

I sat at my dark bedroom window, watching the Gables' house. Their dining room window gave me a clear view of their dinner. It looked agonizingly quiet.

Mr. Gable sat across from his wife, his eyes glued to his half-eaten square of lasagna. He

looked pale. Every time he reached for his water glass, his hand carried a slight, uncontrollable tremor.

I ate a slice of pizza I'd brought up to my room, chewing slowly. A profound, intoxicating sense of power radiated through my chest. I had broken the king of his castle. I had turned him into a submissive, desperate toy, and the phantom memory of that humiliation was currently keeping his eyes locked firmly on his plate.

I saw Mrs. Gable say something, trying to pierce the heavy atmosphere. She sat across from Rob, her posture perfect.

Even from here, she looked incredible. The subtle tweaks I had made were paying dividends. The fabric of her top strained just a bit more than it used to, the buttons working overtime to contain the firm, elevated C-cups pressing against them. A dark, illicit thrill shot straight to my groin.

Mr. Gable cleared his throat, a weak, nervous sound. I couldn't hear the words, but he nodded. Mrs. Gable blinked, clearly surprised. Usually, he would just grunt or complain. A soft, genuine smile spread across her face, and she reached over the table to pat his arm. Mr. Gable didn't pull away. He leaned into her touch slightly.

I stepped away from the window, feeling incredibly satisfied. Just then, my bedroom door opened. My own mom poked her head in.

"Hey Leo," she said, leaning against the doorframe. "Is Meg still coming over tomorrow?"

I froze, a slice of pizza hovering halfway to my mouth. "Tomorrow?"

"Don't tell me you've already forgotten," Mom laughed.

My brain scrambled to catch up. Meg. Right. She had been on a massive backpacking trip through Europe with her older sister for the last two months. Meg was my best friend. We had lived three houses down from each other since second grade, and this summer was the longest we had ever been apart. We were entirely platonic, a comfortable dynamic of video games, shared snacks, and endless complaining about our respective parents.

But things were different now. The idea of Meg coming over sent a whole new kind of spark through my mind. I had a secret. I had a power. Showing her the Master PC program... the possibilities were endless.

I set my pizza down and pulled my phone out of my pocket. I had barely looked at it all day.

There was a notification on the lock screen. A text from Meg.

Plane lands at midnight! Exhausted but can't wait to see your ugly face. Bringing you weird Swiss chocolate.

I smiled, my thumbs flying over the glass screen.

Dude I can't wait to show you what I've found. You're gonna love it. Come over around 10am.

I slipped the phone back into my pocket and looked at Mom. "Yeah, she's coming over in the morning."

"Good," Mom beamed. "I've missed having her around." She closed my door, leaving me to my thoughts.

An hour later, I was still sitting by my open window when a sound stopped me in my tracks. It was drifting across the yard from the Gables' master bedroom. Their window was cracked open. I just couldn't stop listening in... watching them. The changes I'd made. It was intoxicating.

I leaned closer to the screen, holding my breath.

"Come to bed, Rob," Mrs. Gable's voice drifted into the night air. It was low, laced with a gravelly sort of heat. The Libido 6 and Inhibition 4 settings were doing their job.

"I have to be up early," Mr. Gable murmured. His voice lacked its usual bite. He sounded tired, maybe a little fearful.

"So we'll make it quick," she purred. Through the window, I heard the bedsprings creak, a rhythmic, bouncing sound as she crawled across the mattress. "You've been so distant lately. And after my dream last night... I just really need to feel you."

I heard a sharp intake of breath from Mr. Gable. "Chelsea, I..."

"Shhh," she whispered. The sound of a shirt hitting the floor drifted out. "Just touch me. Please."

Silence hung in the air for a second, followed by a heavy, shuddering sigh from Mr. Gable.

Then, the wet sound of a kiss. The bed began to squeak in earnest.

I sat in the dark at my window, my heart pounding against my ribs. Pride swelled in my chest. I had done that. I had fixed his terrible attitude and given her the affection she craved.

But right on the heels of that pride came a sharp, ugly stab of jealousy.

I closed my eyes and pictured Mrs. Gable. I remembered the weight of her colossal breasts in my hands when she was a twenty-one-year-old nympho. I remembered the slick, desperate heat of her pussy clamping down on me on her living room couch. She had begged for it. She had begged for me. And now Rob was in there, fumbling around, about to enjoy her thanks to the lesson I taught him.

I clenched my fists.

No. What am I thinking? That's Mrs. Gable. My neighbor. I told myself, trying to force the logic through the haze of lust. What the fuck is wrong with me.

I shook my head, trying to clear the intrusive thoughts, and moved away from the window. I locked my bedroom door securely behind me and threw myself into my computer chair, taking my cock in my hand. It was already hard, practically aching from the lingering adrenaline and the muffled sounds still drifting across the yard.

I started to stroke, my eyes glued to the screen. I clicked through GIFs of amateur couples, high-production scenes, solo girls. I watched them all with a detached, clinical eye. Nothing was working. My pace slowed. The friction felt mechanical and empty.

Twenty-four hours ago, this would have been more than enough. But now? After feeling the colossal, heavy weight of Chloe's boobs today at the cafe in my hands? After rearranging the cellular structure of my own family to satisfy my whims?

Staring at pixels on a screen felt like looking at a finger painting after visiting the Louvre.

I sighed, leaning back in my chair. I was about to close the browser and just go to sleep when a specific thumbnail caught my eye. It was a home video, dimly lit and raw.

I clicked it.

The video started playing. It was a POV shot of a guy burying himself inside a petite, slender girl. She was on her back, her legs pinned to her chest. She had small, perky breasts, a narrow

waist, and smooth, pale skin. The camera shook with every hard thrust, capturing the way her body absorbed the impact.

I stared at the screen, my hand slowing to a halt on my half-hard dick.

She looked familiar. It wasn't someone I knew, but her body type... her proportions. She looked like the female version of me. She looked like Leonora.

A sudden, sharp twitch pulsed at the base of my cock.

My mind flashed back to last night. The memory hit me with the force of a physical blow. I remembered the terrifying, exhilarating inversion of my flesh. I remembered slipping my new, slender fingers inside my boxer briefs and finding that wet, hidden slit. I remembered the blinding jolt of electricity that shot up my spine when I rubbed that hype-sensitive nub.

I stared at the screen. The guy in the video pulled out and thrust back in, burying himself to the hilt. The girl gasped, her toes curling as her hips bucked off the mattress.

I looked down at my hand wrapped around my cock. It felt clumsy. The friction felt dull compared to the sharp, concentrated fire I had experienced as a girl.

What would it feel like?

The thought bloomed in the dark corners of my mind, intoxicating and completely forbidden. What would it actually feel like to be on the receiving end? To have something thick and hot stretching me out, filling that empty, aching void I had felt briefly the night before?

I dropped my hand. I couldn't jerk off to this. Not when I had the power to actually live it.

I minimized the browser window. The retro grey interface of Master PC was waiting underneath, glowing like a beacon in the dark bedroom.

My heart started to pound again, that familiar, addictive adrenaline rush flooding my veins. I leaned forward, the leather of my chair creaking under my weight.

I clicked on the search bar.

Leo Brown.

SCANNING...

PRIMARY USER FOUND.

The 3D render of my baseline male body loaded on the screen. Scrawny. Average. Boring.

I looked at the tabs. I deliberately ignored the MIND column. I left Gender Identity locked firmly on Male. I wanted to stay me. I wanted Leo's brain, Leo's memories, and Leo's desires, just trapped inside a female shell.

I moved the cursor to the BODY column.

I scrolled down to the SEX tab.

MALE was currently highlighted.

My finger hovered over the left mouse button. The house was quiet, save for the faint, muffled thumping still vibrating through the floorboards from my parents' room. They were busy. Meg wasn't coming over until ten in the morning. I had the entire night to myself.

I clicked FEMALE.

The avatar on the screen instantly morphed. The shoulders pinched inward, the bones dissolving and reshaping. The hips flared out into a soft curve, and two firm A-cup breasts blossomed on the chest. The digital face softened, the jawline becoming delicate and the lips plumping up.

A shiver of pure anticipation crawled up my spine. My own cock gave one final, desperate throb against my thigh.

I dragged the mouse down to the bottom right corner of the window.

APPLY.