

# MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

## Chapter 8: Open for business

"Leo, do you think it's broken? I don't know why it won't work."

I blinked, snapping out of a deep daze. I turned and looked at Mrs. Gable. She was standing by her living room doorway, sipping her coffee while I was kneeling behind her entertainment center. She had called me over this morning to help set up her new Apple TV so she and Rob could watch Survivor that evening. "Uh, yeah, sorry. Just zoned out," I mumbled, grabbing the loose HDMI cable she clearly didn't plug in fully.



I was too busy thinking about Meg. More specifically, I was obsessing over the plans we made yesterday and the absolute mind-bending reality of my current situation. I had no idea how her memories would have adjusted since I changed back to being a guy last night. The system had to fill in the blanks somehow. Plus, an even scarier part of me didn't want to admit it, but I kind of enjoyed being Leonora more. Even the basic, non-sexy version of her felt incredibly

right.

I plugged the cable into the port, set the Apple TV box down, and looked back at Mrs. Gable. The subtle enhancements I had given her were working overtime. Her floral blouse strained beautifully across her firm C-cups, the buttons pulling tight with every breath she took.

"Shouldn't you be at work?" I asked, checking the clock on her cable box.

She laughed, a bright, bubbly sound that she rarely made before yesterday. "Leo, it's Friday. Did you forget I have Fridays off?"

Oh shit. It was Friday already? God, the last couple of days had been so wild I completely lost track of time.

"But I am heading out soon," Mrs. Gable continued, setting her mug down. "Rob actually took the day off to spoil me. He said something about treating me the way I deserve."

She seemed very giddy about it, a faint blush rising to her cheeks. A dark, twisted smile tugged at the corner of my mouth. The lesson I taught Mr. Gable was sticking perfectly. He was terrified of losing his position, desperate to please her after I completely broke his ego. If Meg and I could offer people a chance to better their lives with the Master PC program just like I'd done with them, not only could we get rich, but we could make the world a better place. Just look at what I had done for the Gables, and that was entirely without their knowledge.

"That's great, Mrs. Gable," I said, dusting off my knees and setting the remote on the coffee table.

Before I could say goodbye, my phone buzzed. It was a text from Meg saying she was on my front porch. Shit, she was early.

"Have a good day!" I called out to Mrs. Gable as I hurried out her door, ran across the yard to my house.

I entered my front door and found Meg in at the stairs. She was her normal, flat-chested, athletic self.

"Hey loser," she grinned.



She greeted me completely like normal. She just seemed excited, bouncing on her heels as I closed the door. After a quick, completely standard interaction, we headed for my room. Mom called out a cheerful goodbye as she gathered her purse.

Once we were safely in my room, she dropped her bag on my bed and turned to me. "Okay, so I was thinking we should go to the mall to find people that we can... wait, why are you looking at me like that?"

I quickly looked away, my cheeks burning. I was accidentally staring at her chest, remembering exactly how those massive D-cups had felt crushed against my feminine face in the sauna. I tried to act normal, shuffling my feet.

"Is this about what happened yesterday?" she asked softly.

I didn't answer, entirely unsure what she actually remembered since I'd changed back to a guy. She should have no memory of Leonora, right?

She let out a breath and crossed her arms. "Look, we both increased our libidos and made ourselves total hotties. We can't really blame ourselves for wanting to experiment. But it's okay, we're still friends. It doesn't even really feel like I did it with you anyway. It was like some

hotted-up dude who vaguely resembled you. I promise, no weird feelings, okay? Just two buddies having stupid fun."



I stared at her, my brain working in overdrive. So instead of making her gay and us fucking as two women, her memory had altered to make her think we simply increased our libidos. And she thought I became a hot man instead of a hot chick. The reality-altering mechanics were really starting to mess with my head, but I guess it made perfect sense. She couldn't remember me turning her gay, because otherwise how would we have had sex if I was a guy?

I played along, definitely not ready to explain that I had been a chick and she had zero memory of it. "Yeah. No weird feelings."

She smiled, instantly relaxing, and continued with her thoughts on our plan. "So, we should go to the mall. You bring the laptop with the remote connection. We find some people to test it on. Like, maybe we approach them and ask if there's one thing they could change about themselves, what would it be. Then we make the change for them as a bit of a sample."

She reached into her bag and handed me a small stack of thick paper. They were business cards she must have printed last night. They had a sleek black design, a burner phone number, and a simple tagline.

Master of Transformations. Become anything.

I was genuinely impressed. "This is awesome."

"We demonstrate it on these people," she explained, pacing the room. "But we say that if they want more, it's going to cost. We hand the cards out and let the word of mouth spread. People talking about the magic strangers who can alter your body."

"If we find a secluded spot at the mall, we could use that as the meeting spot," I added, getting swept up in the excitement. "People can find us there each day and approach us if they want us to change them."

"Exactly! Like drug dealers, but for plastic surgery!" Meg laughed. "Should we go then?"

"Wait," I stopped her. "We can't do it as ourselves, remember? Safety first. We need a disguise so nobody tracks this back to us."

"Oh right," she nodded. "We need to transform. Who should we become?"

I didn't even filter my thoughts. "I could become a girl?"

I paused, my eyes widening. Holy shit, did I really just say that out loud?

Meg paused, her head tilting. "What? A girl? You want to become a chick?" She seemed curious, her eyes searching my face, but she was definitely confused.

"Uhh, yeah," I stammered, my heart pounding against my ribs. "Like, nobody will ever suspect it's me if I'm a completely different gender."

She chewed on her lip for a second. "That's... actually a really good idea. If we swap genders, it'll be impossible for anyone to know who we are. And it's way easier than crafting whole new faces."

She smirked and bumped my shoulder. "Either that, or you just want your own tits to play with, you pervert."

I blushed furiously. "No! It's just a practical disguise."

"I'm just teasing, buddy," she laughed.

I relaxed, forcing myself to ignore how incredibly excited I really was to become Leonora

again. I didn't want to face these strange, lingering feelings regarding my own gender.

"I've never really thought about what it would be like to be a guy," Meg mused, looking down at her hands. "But I gotta say, it does sound interesting. Having something just hanging... there. Being bigger, stronger. Having a deep voice. Fuck it. Let's do it."

I turned to the computer and woke the monitor. I typed Meg's name in and opened up her profile. She leaned over my shoulder as I clicked the BODY tab and flipped her sex from FEMALE to MALE.

The preview model instantly morphed. Meg's hips squared off, her small breasts melted into flat pectoral muscles, and her shoulders broadened significantly.

Meg reacted with a loud snort. "He is not really that attractive, is he? Plus he kind of looks like my dad in a weird way."

I laughed. "That's because it is technically just you, but born male. Your genetics."

"Weird," she murmured.

"Ready?" I asked, my finger hovering over the mouse.

She took a deep, nervous breath. "Fuck it. Do it."

I hit APPLY, making absolutely sure the AWARENESS toggle was set to ON.

We watched in stunned silence as she transformed. She luckily wasn't wearing a bra today, which made the physical shift much smoother. Her shoulders cracked, pushing outward and stretching the fabric of her t-shirt. The soft, feminine curves of her waist filled in with thick, dense muscle. Her arms swelled, veins rising to the surface of her skin as she gained sudden male mass.



She was standing like a girl still, her knees pinched together, but the posture looked ridiculous on her new, blocky frame. She looked down at her hands, which were now large and calloused.

"Whoa," a deep, resonant baritone voice rumbled from her chest.

She jumped at the sound of her own voice. She touched her throat, her thick fingers finding a newly formed Adam's apple.

"Testing, testing," she said, marveling at the bass vibrating in the room. "Holy shit, I sound so deep."

She ran her hands over her forearms, fascinated by the thick layer of dark hair that had sprouted there. She rubbed her jawline. "Whoa, it's rough. Like stubble is already growing through! Leo, this is incredible."

I chuckled, vividly remembering the blinding rush of my own first gender swap. It didn't take long for me to ask the obvious question.

"Have you felt your new package yet?"

Meg blushed, a strange look on her masculine face. She reached down, slipping her large hand under the hem of her skirt.

Her eyes widened to the size of dinner plates. "Holy shit. It's so... there is just so much there! My panties feel way too constricted. They are crushing my balls."



I opened my dresser drawer, grabbed a clean pair of my boxer briefs, and tossed them to her. "I get why there is so much room at the front in these now," she muttered. She turned away from me, awkwardly sliding the panties off under her skirt and slipping the boxers on without taking the skirt off so I couldn't see.

After settling the heavy weight into the cotton pouch, Meg turned back around. "We definitely need to buy some clothes, I think. This skirt is a nightmare."

"You think?" I laughed. "You can borrow some of mine for now."

"Okay, but come on, your turn!" she demanded, gesturing to the chair.

I turned back to the screen and typed Leo Brown. I opened my profile, flipped the gender to FEMALE, and hit APPLY.

I sat there, gripping the armrests as the familiar, beautiful heat washed over my body. I felt my penis rapidly recede, inverting into a slick, sensitive vaginal canal. My hips popped and widened, creating a soft flare, and my chest pushed out into two firm, sensitive A-cups. The dense muscle melted away, leaving me smooth, petite, and undeniably female.



Meg crossed her thick arms, watching me closely. "Whoa, you are awfully calm about this."

I tried to play it off, forcing a casual shrug. "I'm just getting used to all this Master PC changing crap." I desperately hid the fact that I already had extensive experience enjoying Leonora's body.

She leaned down, inspecting my face. "Damn, you look so similar. It's weird how you ended up with such small boobs, though. They're much smaller than your mom's."

I swallowed hard, thinking about the gigantic bust I'd given myself yesterday. I brought my slender hands up and groped my own soft breasts through my white t-shirt. They felt amazing.

Meg laughed, a deep, booming male chuckle. "Classic guys. Straight for the boobs."

Meg rummaged through my drawers and found a pair of my loose jeans and a black t-shirt. She threw them on, tossing her skirt onto the bed. She turned and looked at me.

"You can't go out like that," she said, pointing a large finger at me.

"Why not?" I asked, looking down at my white tee and black athletic shorts.

"You are in an old white tee and black shorts, all designed for a man," she scolded.



"Yeah? Can't I be a tomboy?"

She laughed. "If I have to look the part of a dude, you have to look the part of a chick."

"It's way more acceptable to wear men's clothes as a girl though," I argued. God, it was a lot easier when she just thought I was Leonora, the tomboyish girl who never wore female clothes.

She didn't listen. She grabbed my delicate wrist with her massive, strong hand and dragged me down the hall to my mom's bedroom again. She dug through the closet and pulled out a fitted white camisole and a cute, pleated black skirt.

"Here. This feels much more like female Leo."

I looked at the skirt. I remembered how incredibly hot I felt in the slip dress yesterday. The friction, the exposure. Fuck it.

"Fine," I relented.

In no time, I was dressed. The skirt hugged my new hips perfectly, the hem swishing against my smooth thighs. The camisole accentuated my feminine figure and small breasts.



Meg clapped her large hands together. "Wow, you look so cute!"

I grabbed my phone and sorted out the remote access protocol for my laptop, ensuring the VPN tunnel was completely secure.

"I guess this means we are both technically gay right now, right?" Meg commented, adjusting her boxers beneath the jeans.



"Yeah, I guess we are," I replied, feeling a strange flutter in my stomach.

"Okay, the laptop is set up. Ready to go?" I asked, sliding the computer into my backpack.

"Wait, we need different names," Meg said, stopping at the door. "We can't use Leo and Meg."

"True."

Meg looked at me, tapping her bearded chin. "How about Lara for you?"

I laughed, shaking my head. "I think I prefer Leonora."

"Okay, Leonora works. But can I be Morgan? It's close to Megan."

"This is going to be tough to remember, but let's do our best with these alter egos," I agreed.

We shook hands, the contrast between my delicate fingers and her massive, calloused grip startling me. We hurried downstairs and left for the mall.

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The mall was packed. It was a bustling Friday afternoon, full of teenagers, couples, and shoppers. We walked into a clothing store first, using the money we pooled together to buy Meg some cheap men's clothes that actually fit her broad shoulders, and I bought some stuff too. We could use these for the coming days.

We found a secluded spot near the back of the food court. It was a small table tucked behind a large potted plant, offering a perfect view of the passing crowds but keeping us relatively hidden.



Meg pulled out the sleek black business cards and stacked them neatly on the table. I booted up the laptop, connected the remote VPN, and opened the Master PC interface. The familiar grey window popped up.

"We're in," I confirmed, my female voice sounding incredibly natural to my own ears.

"Let's begin," Meg said, a predatory grin on her male face.

We took turns approaching people over the next two hours. We started with the simple question: "If you could change one thing about your body right now, what would it be?" Most people just gave us weird looks and kept walking, assuming we were selling weird dietary supplements or filming a prank video.

The first to actually bite were two girls who looked around twenty-three years old. They were carrying shopping bags and sipping iced lattes. One was very fit and petite, completely flat-chested with no curves. The other was similar in height, but she possessed a much larger, heavy chest that bounced with every step.

When Meg stepped in front of them and asked the question, the flat-chested girl laughed. "Oh, I'd love boobs to match hers," she joked, bumping her busty friend's shoulder and winking at me..



They teased each other for a second. I was initially shocked at how forthcoming they were about their bodies to me, but then I remembered that to them, I was just a normal girl. I wasn't really used to other girls treating me like one of them.

I stepped up beside Meg, laughing along with them. "What if we could do that for you right now?"

The petite girl, whose name was Lacey, stopped smiling. "I am not interested in a boob job. Or whatever pills you're selling."

"Not a boob job," I promised, lowering my voice conspiratorially. "Magic."

The two girls looked deeply confused, clearly not believing a single word.

"Let me show you," I insisted gently. I gestured for them to follow me behind the potted plant to our table. "This young man... Morgan here, can set it up. And Lacey, you should definitely match your friend... Steph, right? You should match Steph in the chest department, don't you think?"

Steph looked totally weirded out, her arms crossing over her large breasts. Lacey looked embarrassed by the sudden focus on her flat chest in front of Meg since she was a guy.

But Meg was already typing on the laptop. "Coming right up."

Meg found Lacey's profile, adjusted the breast slider to a solid C-cup, and then stopped. "Uhh, Leonora, I need you to hit enter, remember?"

"Oh, right," I said, quickly stepping around the table. Since I was the primary user, the program required my input for final execution. I hovered over the mouse, making absolutely sure the AWARENESS toggle was ON so they would remember this encounter.

I hit APPLY.

Instantly, Lacey gasped.

Right in front of our eyes, her tight athletic shirt began to stretch. The fabric groaned as two firm, heavy mounds of flesh pushed outward from her ribcage. The expansion was fast and visually stunning. Her flat chest swelled into perfectly rounded C-cups, matching her friend's size in a matter of seconds.



Both girls completely freaked out.

"Holy shit!" Steph screamed, dropping her iced latte on the floor.

Lacey was stunned into silence. She brought her trembling hands up and grabbed her new, heavier breasts, squeezing the soft flesh in absolute disbelief.

"Oh my god," Lacey breathed, her eyes wide with shock. "They are real. They are actually real!"

While Lacey was busy groping her new breasts, Steph turned to me, her eyes burning with a sudden, desperate hunger. "Can you... can you make me taller?"

Steph was short, hovering around five-foot-two.

"Coming right up," I smirked.

I quickly located Steph's profile on the laptop. I found the height slider and dragged it smoothly from 5'2" to exactly 6'0". I hit APPLY.

Steph let out a loud yelp as her bones forcefully elongated. She shot upward, her legs and

torso stretching out until she towered over all of us. She stumbled on her newly lengthened legs, grabbing the edge of the table for balance.



Both girls were now completely losing their minds in pure amazement, touching their own bodies and staring at us like we were gods.

"How did you do this?" Lacey demanded, her voice shaking.

"It's magic," Meg said smoothly, picking up two of the black business cards. She handed one to each girl. "Tell your friends."

"Oh, and these changes today are on the house," I added, offering a sweet, feminine smile. "But any more will cost you guys. Glad to do business with you both."

The two girls practically sprinted away, too busy staring at their new upgrades to ask any more questions.



After that first successful interaction, things went incredibly smoothly. The rush of playing god was highly addictive. A mid-twenties couple was the next to bite. We offered them one free change. They jokingly asked for abs for the girl, since she had a tiny bit of a stomach pouch.



I trimmed her stomach down to pure, shredded muscle, leaving them both in a state of absolute awe. Despite them immediately begging for more changes, we strictly denied them. We told them to come back another day with cash. No more freebies.



This continued for another hour. We executed a few more small changes on curious bystanders. Meg and I intentionally kept the edits small. Big enough that their friends and family would have to believe their story about the magic strangers, but small enough that the customers would instantly crave more extreme transformations.

At one point, we noticed a mid-thirties couple arguing loudly near the pretzel stand. They were bickering, throwing their hands up in frustration. We managed to hear the woman call the man 'David', and he called her 'Sarah'.

I quickly booted up their profiles.

"Hey Morgan, watch this," I whispered, a wicked idea forming in my mind.

I went to Sarah's Mind tab. I grabbed the Libido slider and forcefully dragged it from a 4 straight to a maximum 10. I hit APPLY.

Meg watched the couple, completely stunned by what happened next.

Sarah stopped mid-sentence. Her angry scowl vanished instantly. Her eyes dilated darkly, and her breathing became incredibly shallow and fast. She looked at David, but the anger was entirely gone, replaced by a dripping, desperate lust. It was like her brain short-circuited, every single thought wiped clean and replaced by an overwhelming need for sex.

She seemed weirded out and heavily confused by the sudden, violent shift in her own mind, but she completely forgot what they were arguing about. She stepped into David's personal space, pressing her breasts against his chest, and started trailing her hands down his stomach, actively trying to seduce him in the middle of the food court.

David looked around, completely bewildered by the terrifyingly fast mood swing.

Meg and I laughed our asses off, watching David awkwardly try to calm his suddenly nymphomaniac girlfriend down as they walked away toward the exit.

"Are you going to turn her back?" Meg asked, wiping a tear from her eye.

"Why?" I giggled, my female voice sounding airy and bright. "I think they will both be much happier like this."

Meg smirked at me. "You are evil."

After a few hours, people in the surrounding area had definitely started to notice the strange phenomena. People were whispering, pointing at the individuals who seemed to magically change shape after visiting our table. It was getting too hot. We decided to pack things up and leave for the day. We had handed out almost all the business cards anyway, and we were completely confident in the repeat business we had just generated.

Back at my house that afternoon, we sat in my bedroom, taking stock of everything. The adrenaline was finally starting to crash. We planned to hit the mall again tomorrow. Same time, same place.

"Okay, transform me back and I will go home," Meg said, stretching her thick, muscular male arms. "I gotta help my mom with some errands."



I opened her profile and quickly reverted her sex back to FEMALE. The male mass dissolved, leaving her as the flat-chested, athletic girl she normally was.



"Are you sure you don't want to spend the night with any upgrades?" I asked, spinning the chair around.

Meg paused, thinking it over. "I do, but only things people would not easily notice. It sucks that in order to have everyone not aware of the changes, it includes me. I want to enjoy the upgrades."

"Yeah, you're telling me. It would be nice to have someone else to alter reality with," I agreed.

"At least you can make any changes to yourself and nobody would be any wiser," Meg pointed out, laughing. "For all I know, you are actually a fifty-year-old man who just made himself young again!"

We both laughed loudly at the joke, though a cold spike of panic hit my stomach. She had no idea what I'd done yesterday.

"Actually," Meg started, touching her flat stomach. "Could you make me a bit stronger?" She was toned like a runner, but she still had a pretty boring, straight midsection.

Before she could even explain further, I spun around to the keyboard. "Abs coming right up."



I cranked her muscle definition slider. In no time, Meg looked down to see a crazy amount of carved, hard abdominal muscle form across her stomach. She ran her fingers over the deep ridges in absolute amazement.

"Damn," she whispered. "This is impressive. And most importantly, easy to hide under a shirt."

While Meg was busy admiring her new six-pack, I idly clicked over to her Mind tab. I scrolled down to the Relationships section. It currently read: Relationship to Leo - Platonic Best Friend.

I hovered my cursor over the edit button. I considered changing it for a long, quiet moment. I could make her crave me. I could make her desperate for my touch. But I decided no. I couldn't do that to her. Not yet, at least. It felt like a line I wasn't fully ready to cross permanently.

Then, Meg said something I was absolutely not expecting.

"Can you give me a dick?"

I froze. "What?"

"Just for tonight," she said, her cheeks flushing a deep crimson. "I just... uhhh... having one before when I was a guy... feeling it down there... peeing with it. I'm just really curious."

"But your mom..." I started.

"She won't see it, obviously!" Meg quickly defended. "I'll still be me. Just... swapped genitals. I don't know! Come on, don't tell me you're not curious about what it's like with a vagina."

I blushed instantly, my own wet pussy clenching at the mention of it.



"Exactly," she smiled triumphantly. "Come on, Leo. It is harmless fun."

"Well, you are right," I admitted softly.

I turned back to the program. I went to her Body tab, clicked Genitalia, and swapped it to MALE.

Meg gasped loudly as she felt the shift. She reached down, her hands frantically exploring the sudden, heavy weight resting between her thighs. She had a highly realistic, panicked but excited reaction, tracing the length of the new shaft through the fabric of her jeans.



After playing with it in her pants for a solid minute, she let out a breath. "Thank god I never changed out of the dude clothes we bought at the mall. My panties would absolutely not fit this. Thanks, Leo!"

"No problem," I smiled.

"So, are you changing back?" Meg asked, gesturing to my feminine body.

I looked down at my smooth legs and my cute black skirt. "Yeah. In a second."

Meg nodded, a knowing smirk on her face. She clearly knew exactly what I was thinking.

"Yeah, sure, okay. Don't stay up too late playing with yourself. I'll leave you to it. Meet you at the mall tomorrow? I'll wear my boy clothes so you can change me easily, and you can just come as Leonora."

"Sounds good!" I agreed.

Meg grabbed her bag, awkwardly adjusting the heavy bulge in her jeans, and left the room.

I was finally alone. The house was quiet.

I opened up my profile on the screen. I knew I should change back to my male baseline. I had been spending way too much time as a girl lately.

But... I reached down, slipping my hand under the hem of my skirt. I traced the slick, wet slit between my legs. I was so incredibly turned on. God, what would it actually be like to be used? After all the intense, erotic transformations we executed today, the lust was burning hot in my veins. And the day was still so young. It was only four in the afternoon.

Meg was having fun with her new equipment. But I wanted to know what it was like to really have sex as a woman. To surrender control.

I hovered my cursor over the MIND tab.

Am I really about to do this?

Before my rational brain could change my mind, my fingers flew across the keyboard.



I set my Inhibitions from my normal 7 down to a loose, reckless 4.

I cranked my Libido from a 5 up to a throbbing 7.

I bumped my Confidence from a 5 to a bold 8.

And finally, I clicked Sexual Orientation and changed it to STRAIGHT.

As Leonora, that meant I was now interested in men.

My heart was beating wildly out of my feminine chest. The anticipation was a suffocating drug.

I moved the mouse to the bottom corner of the screen. Here goes nothing.

I hit APPLY.