

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 13: Ambushed

The Uber ride back to my house was suffocatingly tense. Meg sat pressed right up against my side in the back seat, the warmth of her thigh radiating against my bare leg, just below the hem of my black shorts. She kept stealing glances at me, her eyes tracing the sharp, chiseled line of my jaw, my effortlessly messy brown hair, and the lean, toned muscles of my arms stretching the sleeves of my fitted white t-shirt. The reality rewrite was absolute. To her, I wasn't just her nerdy, average-looking best friend anymore. I had the flawless, sculpted build of a fitness model, and she was in love with me.

We paid the driver and stepped out onto the quiet suburban street. The cool night air felt good against my heated skin.

"So," I started, shoving my hands into the pockets of my shorts as we walked up the driveway. "Are you going to head home, or..."

Meg stopped walking. She looked down at her shoes, a nervous smile playing on her lips. "Actually, do you think I could stay the night? It's pretty late."

She looked up at me through her eyelashes. The subtext was blindingly obvious. She was thrilled to have finally broken this barrier with her massive, lifelong crush, and she didn't want the night to end.

I looked at her. Logically, this was my best friend. Whenever she'd stayed over in the past, I'd pull the spare mattress out from under my bed and toss a sleeping bag on it. We'd play Halo until 3 AM and fall asleep in separate zip codes. But looking at her now, with my veins pumping pure, aggressive testosterone, I didn't want to say no.

"Yeah, of course you can stay," I said softly.

Meg's face lit up. She stepped closer, hooking her finger into my belt loop. "Maybe we could play around with the Master PC program tonight? Just the two of us?"

There was a heavy hint of sex in her voice. My stomach twisted with a sharp pang of guilt. She

has no idea how much I've already changed her, I thought, looking at her familiar, freckled face sitting in stark contrast to the incredibly dramatic, hourglass curves she currently possessed. She thought she was just plain old Meg, and from the neck up, she still was. I promised myself that as long as I changed her back to her true baseline eventually, there was no actual harm being done. It was just an illusion.

"We can do whatever you want," I murmured.

I turned to walk up the porch steps, but a flash of chrome caught my eye. I stopped, my hand hovering over the doorknob.

Parked halfway down the street, sitting perfectly still under the dull orange glow of a streetlight, was a lifted, matte-black pickup truck.

"Wait..." I muttered, narrowing my eyes. "That truck... I swear I saw it idling outside the bar when we left."

Meg didn't even look. She just grabbed my wrist, pulling me toward the door. "Who cares, Leo? It's just a truck. Come on."

I hesitated for a split second, a cold prickle of unease washing over the back of my neck. But the soft, eager warmth of Meg's hand dragging me inside erased the thought. I brushed it off, completely oblivious to the fact that the three dickless frat bros we'd humiliated at the bar had tracked us all the way to my front door.

We stepped into the foyer. The television was murmuring in the living room. My mom walked out to the hallway, holding a mug of tea.

"Hey kids," Mom smiled warmly. "Have a good time?"

"Yeah, it was great," I said, kicking my shoes off. "Hey Mom, is it cool if Meg stays the night?"

"Of course, dear," Mom beamed. She looked at Meg, her smile completely genuine and entirely unsurprised by the incredibly voluptuous, thick-curved woman standing in her hallway. "It's always so nice to see you, Meg."

I was amazed. The reality distortion field was flawless. Mom was acting completely normal, her brain entirely rewritten to accept that her son had always been this handsome, muscular stud, and his best friend had always possessed this impossible, hyper-voluptuous body.

"Thanks, Mrs. Brown," Meg smiled politely.

We hurried past her and practically ran up the stairs.

The moment I clicked my bedroom door shut, Meg was on me. She didn't say a word. She grabbed the collar of my white t-shirt and pulled my mouth down to hers. The kiss was ravenous, fueled by years of artificial, repressed longing that the program had forcefully implanted in her brain. She pushed me backward until the back of my knees hit the edge of my mattress, her tongue sliding hot and desperate against mine.

"Whoa, whoa," I mumbled, pulling back slightly and catching her by the waist.

Meg looked up at me, her chest heaving. "What? I've been dreaming of this for years, Leo. I don't want to stop."

My heart pounded against my ribs. I kissed her back, sliding my hands down her sleek, cinched waist. It felt incredible, but the internal conflict was still gnawing at me. This wasn't real. Not really.

She pulled away, taking a deep breath to compose herself, and sat down on the edge of my bed. She smoothed her black skirt over her thighs.

"So," Meg smiled, patting the mattress next to her. "It's still early. Is there anything you want to change about me?"

I stood there, staring down at the woman I had sculpted. The plain, cute, freckled face I'd known since childhood resting atop an impossibly perfect waist-to-hip ratio. The contrast was mind-bending. It still felt a little wrong. She didn't know her body was already a masterpiece.

Meg saw me staring and misinterpreted the silence. She looked down at her chest, blushing slightly. "How about you give me my normal boobs back? You definitely seemed to enjoy them earlier."

I let out a soft exhale. "Okay. If you want."

"But surely there's something else about me you'd like to change?" she pressed, looking up at me with a sudden vulnerability in her eyes. "I know I'm not exactly the most attractive girl out there, Leo. You can make me prettier temporarily. I wouldn't mind."

I was floored. The program had altered her physical reality, but because Awareness was off when I did it, her self-perception remained completely anchored to her old, plain self.

"Honestly, Meg," I said, stepping closer and brushing a stray lock of hair behind her ear. "I like you exactly like this." It was true. Even though this was the same face of the best friend I'd had for years, something about seeing her face on this body was just so erotically thrilling.

She let out a short, self-deprecating laugh. "If you like me like this so much, why did you never make a move, huh?"

I completely ignored the question, stepping over to the desk. I moved my mouse to wake the monitor and sat down in my. The Master PC interface was already active since we'd left it on so the remote connection to my laptop could work.

"Is there anything you'd like?" I asked, deflecting. "Other than your normal big boobs back?"

Meg thought for a moment, tilting her head. "I'm pretty happy like this for now, but..."

She suddenly jumped up from the bed and practically shoved me out of the computer chair. "Let me see!"

My stomach dropped. I hovered nervously behind her as she pulled up her profile on the screen. If she clicked her baseline preset, she would see her true, flat-chested, athletic form in the 3D render, and the entire illusion would shatter. She'd realize I altered her without her knowledge.

Luckily, she completely ignored the presets. She went straight to the Body tab. She grabbed the breast slider and aggressively yanked it to the right, restoring the gargantuan, gravity-defying E-cups I had given her at the bar. I couldn't believe she thought that was normal for her. She made sure the Awareness toggle was flipped ON.

"Hit apply," she ordered, pointing at the mouse. "I know they're big, but they're mine. They're what I know. Plus, clearly you enjoyed them earlier."

I leaned over her shoulder and clicked the button.

The air in the room hummed. Meg let out a loud, groaning sigh as pounds of heavy, doughy flesh violently materialized on her chest. The fabric of her light blue crop top stretched to the absolute breaking point, the deep valley of her cleavage pushing upward to rest heavily against

her collarbones.

"Welcome back, ladies," Meg chuckled, bringing her hands up to heft the massive, swaying weight. "God, they're heavy."

But she didn't stop there. She kept her hands on the mouse and scrolled down the Body tab. She hovered over a slider labeled Musculature.

Before I could ask what she was doing, she clicked it and dragged it significantly to the right.

"Wait, what are you..."

"Shh, look," she smirked, pointing at the monitor.

The 3D render on the screen instantly updated, offering a digital preview of the changes. Meg gasped as the avatar of her body forcefully rebuilt itself. The soft, delicate lines of the digital arms thickened rapidly, packing on dense, incredibly defined layers of hard muscle. The shoulders broadened, capping off with sculpted deltoids. The thighs hardened into absolute tree trunks of pure power, and the abdominal muscles carved themselves into a deeply shredded six-pack.

The rendering still had her massive E-cups and wide hips, contrasting wildly with her cute, freckled face. The avatar just looked like a gigantic, impossibly buff Amazonian goddess. Like a heavily sexualized, beefed-up Wonder Woman.

I stepped back, raising an eyebrow at the screen. "Whoa."

Meg turned to me, crossing her normal, un-buff arms. "What? A girl can't try having big muscles?"

I chuckled, running a hand through my hair. "I don't know if I'm exactly into that, Meg. It's a little intimidating."

She stepped closer, a wicked glint in her eye. She casually lifted one of her massive, heavy breasts. "We can just go into the Mind tab and make you into it."

I physically recoiled, my back hitting the edge of the desk. The mere thought of having my brain artificially altered again sent a horrific shiver down my spine. The memory of the nymphomania was too fresh.

Meg noticed my genuine panic immediately. She dropped her breast, her expression softening. "Okay, okay, never mind. It was just a joke."

We left the render exactly as it was and we swapped spots. I sat down heavily in the desk chair, and Meg walked over to the bed, her new, thick thighs brushing together with a heavy, powerful rhythm.

She sat down on the mattress, spreading her legs slightly as she took off her top revealing a lacy bralette underneath, offering me a completely explicit view of her impossibly busty frame.

"So," Meg purred, licking her lips. "You like what you see?"

I opened my mouth to answer.

"NOW!"

The scream erupted from right outside my window.

Before I could even turn my head, the glass shattered inward. The heavy wooden frame splintered violently as three large figures completely burst through the window, tumbling into my bedroom in a shower of glass and torn window screening.

Meg yelped, throwing her arms up as one of the men crashed directly onto the foot of the bed.

"There! It's him! Grab him and get to the computer!"

I looked up, pure adrenaline flooding my system. It was Mike, Chester, and Nate, the frat bro's from the bar! Their faces were red, sweaty, and twisted with absolute rage.

Mike and Chester scrambled off the floor and lunged directly at me. I tried to stand up from the desk chair, but I was entirely too slow. Mike tackled me around the waist, driving my spine hard into the floorboards. Chester dropped heavily onto my chest, his hand clamping brutally over my mouth before I could scream.

Nate tackled Meg on the bed so she couldn't move either.

"Shut the fuck up!" Chester hissed, spit flying into my face. "If you make a sound, we'll go downstairs and attack your mom!"

I froze instantly, my eyes wide with terror. I stopped struggling, breathing heavily through my nose.

Mike hauled me up by the collar of my shirt, pinning my arms behind my back. Chester kept his hand clamped over my mouth.

"We know it was you," Mike snarled, his eyes burning with a desperate, manic panic. "With this... this fucking computer!"

"We followed your Uber," the third guy said, standing near the bed, keeping a wary eye on Meg. "We watched through the window. We saw you clicking on that screen, and then suddenly the chick over there had huge boobs again!"

My blood ran completely cold. Oh crap.

Chester slightly loosened his grip on my mouth. "You're going to do whatever voodoo shit you did to take away our dicks, and you're going to reverse it right fucking now."

"Yeah," Nate chimed in, glaring at me while holding Meg down. "And then you're going to give us even bigger muscles. I want shredded abs."

Mike snapped his head around, glaring at his friend. "Dude, we didn't discuss that!"

"Yeah, well, if he can do it, we should get something out of this trauma, right?" the third guy argued defensively.

"Dude, priorities!" Mike yelled, his voice cracking with panic. "Let's get our fucking dicks back first!"

While they were bickering over their magical ransom demands, Mike's grip on my arms loosened for a fraction of a second. It was all I needed. I violently twisted my torso, throwing my weight forward. I didn't break free, but I stumbled hard against the edge of the desk.

I let my arm drop onto the keyboard as they grabbed me and slammed me against the desk, trying to keep me restrained.

I prayed to god my wrist hit the right spot.

Ding.

I looked up at the monitor. A small green box flashed in the center of the screen.

APPLYING CHANGES. AWARENESS: ON.

"Hey! No funny business!" Chester yelled, realizing what I'd done.

He tackled me to the ground again, the two of them pinning me face-down on the carpet. Mike grabbed my left arm and yanked it painfully behind my back, his knee digging sharply into my spine.

"You're going to change us back right now!" Mike screamed in my ear. "How do we do it? Tell me how to use the computer!"

"I... I can't!" I gasped, trying to buy time, desperately hoping the changes I had just accidentally applied were the ones sitting in the queue. "It's voice-activated!"

Just as Mike raised his fist, preparing to punch me in the back of the head, a heavy, sickening CRACK echoed through the room.

The pressure on my spine instantly vanished.

I rolled over, gasping for air.

Chester was crumpled in a heap against my closet door, completely out cold.

Standing in the center of the room, breathing heavily, was Meg.

She was magnificent. The muscle edit had fully finalized. She stood over six feet tall, an absolute mountain of deeply carved, Amazonian muscle. Her massive, heavy breasts heaved against her blue crop top. Her thick, trunk-like thighs were planted firmly on the carpet. She looked at her own fist, completely amazed by the sheer, devastating power she had just unleashed into Chester's jaw.

"What the fuck?" Mike whispered, scrambling backward like a crab.

Meg didn't hesitate. She lunged forward with terrifying speed. She grabbed Mike by the front of his shirt with one hand, lifting his entire body completely off the ground with a single, shredded bicep. She tossed him onto the bed like he was a ragdoll.

Nate yelled, completely panicking, and charged her. Meg side-stepped his clumsy punch

effortlessly. She grabbed him by the back of the neck and the belt of his jeans, hoisting him up and slamming him face-first into the mattress next to Mike.

"Duct tape," Meg ordered, her voice completely calm, keeping the two struggling men pinned effortlessly to the bed with her massive forearms. "Bottom drawer of your desk."

I scrambled up, yanked the drawer open, and tossed her the silver roll.

Moving with brutal, mechanical efficiency, Meg ripped off a thick strip of tape and slapped it tightly over Mike's mouth. She grabbed his wrists, easily overpowering his panicked thrashing, and bound them tightly together behind his back. She did the same to his ankles.

Nate tried to scramble off the edge of the bed while she was distracted, but Meg simply reached back and grabbed his ankle, yanking him back onto the mattress with terrifying strength. She bound him up just as quickly, then moved the three guys to the floor.

She walked over to the unconscious Chester who was waking up, looking dazed, and dragged him by the collar, throwing him onto the pile on the floor and binding his limbs and mouth as well.

I stood by the desk, completely in awe. My best friend had just dismantled three grown men in under thirty seconds.

Suddenly, a sharp knock rapped against the bedroom door.

"Leo? Everything okay in there?" Mom called out from the hallway. "I thought I heard a crash."

My heart stopped. I looked at the three tied-up men writhing on my floor, the shattered glass covering my bed, and the towering, hyper-muscular Amazon standing in the center of the room.

"Yeah, Mom!" I yelled, my voice cracking slightly. I forced a laugh. "Just tripped over my desk chair and knocked some books down! We're all good!"

"Okay, honey. Keep it down, it's late!"

Her footsteps faded away down the hall. I let out a long, shuddering breath.

Meg looked down at her own arms, flexing her enormous biceps. The veins popped against her skin like thick ropes. She ran her hands down her shredded stomach and over her

massive, plush hips.

"Lucky we had that ready to go in the program," Meg grinned, turning to me. "I actually really like this form. I feel invincible."

I chuckled nervously, running a hand through my messy hair. "You look incredible. But... what the hell are we going to do about them?"

I gestured to the floor. The three frat bros were staring up at us with wide, absolutely terrified eyes. They were mumbling frantically against the duct tape.

"Well, they know too much," Meg stated plainly, crossing her massive arms over her heavy chest.

"They do," I agreed.

I walked over to the desk and dropped into the chair. I woke the monitor. "What were their names again? Mike... Chester.... and... Nate was it?"

I typed Mike into the search bar. The live render popped up. He looked terrified, completely bound in digital tape on the screen.

"What are you going to do?" Meg asked, stepping up behind me. The sheer mass of her body made the room feel small.

"Well, we could just change them back and let them go," I muttered, staring at the screen. "But they know where I live. They know how this program works. The second they leave, they'll call the cops or come back with weapons."

I looked over my shoulder. Mike was staring at me, his eyes pleading.

I looked back at the monitor and clicked open the Mind tab.

This felt wrong. I was about to permanently alter another human being's psychological makeup against their will. I hesitated, my finger trembling on the mouse.

But, my brain rationalized, they were obnoxious, aggressive misogynists. They broke into my house and threatened my mother.

I thought about Mr. Gable. I thought about the sheer, arrogant entitlement these guys paraded

around the bar with. They needed to be taught a lesson they would never, ever forget.

I scrolled past the personality sliders and found the tab labeled Gender Identity.

It was a completely separate function from biological sex. It altered the fundamental core of how the subject perceived their own soul.

I grabbed the slider and ripped it from MALE completely over to FEMALE.

Just to be absolutely safe, I bumped his Submissiveness slider up from a 3 to an 8.

I made sure the Awareness toggle was flipped to ON.

I hit APPLY.

Mike violently convulsed on the bed. His eyes rolled back into his head for a split second as the mental rewrite slammed into his brain. A muffled, high-pitched whine escaped his taped mouth.

I stood up from the desk and walked over to the bed. I reached down and ripped the duct tape off his mouth.

"You fucking freaks!" Mike screamed instantly, coughing. "I'll kill you! I'll fucking kill you both!"

"Shhh, shhh," I hushed him smoothly. "Or else Meg here is going to have to hurt you again."

Meg tried to offer a menacing glare, cracking her knuckles loudly. Despite her terrifying physique and her plain, familiar face, she kind of failed at looking truly evil, but the sheer size of her was enough to make Mike swallow hard.

"Okay, okay," Mike panted, sweat dripping down his forehead.

"You're very lucky, Mike," I said, leaning over him. "I'm offering you a choice. A choice for all three of you. I can give you your dicks back, cut these tapes, and you can walk right out the front door."

The other two guys wriggled on the bed, mumbling excitedly against their tape. They were incredibly thankful.

"Or," I continued softly. "I can leave you exactly like this, and let you leave."

Mike opened his mouth to instantly demand his dick back.

But he paused.

His eyes widened slightly. He looked down at his own lap. The other two guys stopped wriggling, completely confused by his sudden silence. They nudged him with their bound shoulders, urging him to speak.

Mike was totally speechless. His breathing grew shallow.

"I'm waiting, Mike," I pushed.

"What..." Mike stammered, his voice trembling. He looked up at me, pure, unadulterated confusion warring with a strange, dark realization in his eyes. "What did you do to my head?"

"Answer the question," I demanded.

Meg was absolutely loving this. She leaned against the closet door, a huge smile on her face.

"I..." Mike choked out, a tear forming in the corner of his eye. "I don't want to go back. Why don't I want to go back? Oh god... I don't want a dick."

The other two guys started thrashing violently, freaking out completely. They couldn't believe what their friend was saying.

"That's right," I smiled warmly. "You feel better with a pussy, right? It feels like it belongs there."

"I... I do," Mike wept, shaking his head against the mattress. "It feels... right. I'm a girl. I'm supposed to be a girl."

"It worked," I nodded.

"Mmmfff!" Chester screamed against his tape.

I looked at Chester. "I swapped his gender identity. His brain is completely, one hundred percent female now."

Mike looked down at his bound, masculine hands. He saw the thick hair on his knuckles and the broadness of his chest, and he looked completely mortified. The body dysphoria hit him like a physical blow. He started crying in earnest, a desperate, pathetic sound.

"Looks like you've just doomed your friends to the exact same fate," I told Mike smoothly.

Mike looked up at Chester and the third guy. "No, I... I'm sorry..." He was at a total loss for words.

"Here," I said, walking back over to the desk. "Let me show you what you're missing out on."

I clicked out of the Mind tab and opened the Body tab. I found the Sex slider. It was currently sitting on Male (since we'd only removed the genitals earlier, leaving his secondary male characteristics intact). I flipped the entire body to FEMALE.

I hit APPLY.

Mike gasped as the physical heat slammed into him. The ropes of duct tape binding his wrists and ankles suddenly went completely slack as his heavy, masculine frame rapidly dissolved. His broad chest melted inward, pushing out into a pair of soft, incredibly sensitive B-cup breasts that strained against his grey t-shirt. His thick waist pinched inward tightly. His hips flared out into a plush, feminine curve. The stubble on his jaw vanished, leaving a pretty, delicate face in its place.

The two tied-up frat bros stopped struggling. They stared at their best friend in absolute, paralyzed horror.

"So," I asked, leaning against the desk. "What do you think?"

Mike looked down at his new body. He wiggled his slender, unbound wrists out of the now more loose duct tape. He brought his small, manicured hands up to touch his soft new face. He cupped his new breasts, letting out a soft, breathy moan at the intense sensitivity.

"It's so... pretty," he whispered, a dazed, euphoric smile spreading across her lips. "It's hot... and it's... right. I feel so right. Why does this feel so right? Oh god!"

"Do you want me to change you back?" I asked.

He looked up at me, his eyes filled with absolute desperation. "No. Please, don't."

The other two guys started thrashing again, screaming muffled pleas through their tape.

"I'll give you one final choice," I said, my voice completely cold. "Either I transform you all back to normal, give you your dicks back, and send you out the front door... or I leave you exactly

like this forever, and I transform your two friends the exact same way I've done to you."

He looked at his friends. He saw the terror in their eyes.

"I... I can't go back," he sobbed, burying his face in his soft hands. "I can't be a man again. I'm sorry, guys. I'm so sorry. Trust me, you'll prefer this too! I promise!"

"It's okay," I assured him. "They'll be thanking me just like you are in a minute. I just needed a test subject to make sure the process was smooth."

I leaned down close to his ear.

"Now," I whispered dangerously. "If you ever cross me again... if you ever tell a single soul what happened here tonight... I won't just turn you back into a guy. I will turn you into a balding, fat, incredibly ugly dad-bod with a micro-penis. Do you understand me?"

He gulped loudly, nodding his head so fast his hair whipped around his face. "I won't. I swear I won't tell anyone."

"Good," I smiled. "Here, let me take those off."

I reached down and ripped the loose duct tape completely off his ankles. He looked down at his body, admiring the curves for the first time since the transformation. He seemed excited. I realized this may have worked a little too well.

He slowly stood up, his friends still staring at him in stunned silence.

"Have you touched your new pussy yet?" I asked casually.

He blushed a deep crimson, shaking his head. "No... I was too panicked earlier. We just followed you straight here from the bar."

"Let me show you what you're missing," I offered.

I reached out and grabbed his delicate hand. I guided it slowly down his stomach, slipping his fingers just beneath the waistband of his khaki shorts. The high submissiveness I had programmed into him made him completely pliant. He let me push his hand down until his fingers brushed directly against the wet, hairless slit resting between his smooth thighs.

His head rolled all the way back. His eyes fluttered shut.

He started to touch himself. Slowly at first, and then with a desperate, frantic rhythm as the female nerve endings lit up his brain like a fireworks display. He frantically stripped his shirt and fell back onto the bed so he could continue exploring his new body.

"Oh fuck," he moaned loudly, completely forgetting that his two bound friends were watching him. "Oh fuuuuck."

He writhed on the edge of the mattress, his fingers plunging deep into his soaking wet core.

"I... this is a blessing," he whimpered, tears of pure joy streaming down his cheeks. "This is so much better than being a guy. Thank you. Thank you so much. I can't believe I ever wanted my dick back!"

"Fantastic," I said, stepping back to admire my work.

I turned slowly to face the two terrified, squirming men bound in duct tape on my floor. They stared at me in sheer terror.

"So," I smirked. "Who's next?"