

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 7: A Day Out As Hot Lesbians

"Holy shit," Meg whispered.

She'd thrown on her t-shirt from before just to see how it fit her now, then she stepped up to the full-length mirror on the back of my bedroom door. I stepped up beside her and we just stared at our reflections in total silence for a solid minute. The transformation was flawless.



Meg was a monument of thick, heavy curves. She turned slightly to the side and ran her hands down her stomach to rest them on her newly widened hips. The denim of her shorts dug deep into her incredibly thick thighs. She had given herself the exact voluptuous body that Georgia Stillwell used to flaunt around the locker room. Her massive boobs strained against her faded t-shirt, pulling the fabric taut across her chest. But it wasn't just her body. Her face had been upgraded. Her jawline was softer, her lips were impossibly plump and pouting, and her skin had a flawless, airbrushed quality. She looked like a heavily filtered Instagram model brought to life.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from my own reflection. Meg had sculpted me into a lean, tight hourglass. My waist dipped in sharply, creating a dramatic flare where my hips began. My breasts were firm, sitting high and proud against my white t-shirt. They weren't the gargantuan J-cups I'd given myself earlier, but they were definitely full and heavy.

I noticed something else. I was taller. My legs had elongated, stretching out into a pair of smooth, flawless pins that added a couple of inches to my height. I towered over Meg just slightly now, looking down at her incredible cleavage. My own face stared back at me, familiar but refined. My cheekbones were high and sharp, my nose was delicate, and my dark eyes looked huge beneath thick lashes.

I brought my hands up and cupped my own breasts through the cotton of my shirt. They felt dense and incredibly sensitive. A sharp, involuntary pulse of wetness pooled in my panties just from the simple friction of my own touch.

"I can't believe this is real," Meg breathed, grabbing her own massive ass. "I literally feel like I weigh twenty pounds more. It's all just sitting right here." She gave her cheek a loud smack.

"Wait" I said. I pulled out my phone and compared a photo of her she'd sent me from Italy a week ago. The change was night and day.



"You look amazing," I said, my soft, melodic voice vibrating in my chest.

Meg looked at me and bit her lip. "So do you. But you are absolutely not walking out of this house looking like that."

She turned around and planted her hands on her heavy hips. I was still wearing my baggy white t-shirt and loose black basketball shorts.

"What's wrong with this?" I asked, looking down at my outfit. "It's comfortable."

"It's a crime against humanity," Meg countered. She walked toward me, her hips swaying with a hypnotic, pendulum rhythm that I couldn't ignore. She grabbed the hem of my oversized t-shirt and lifted it slightly, exposing the deep curve of my new waist and the swell of my breasts. "For once in your life, dress your gender, Leo. For God's sake, you have an incredible body right now. Stop hiding it like a dude."

She grabbed my wrist and dragged me out of the bedroom. We marched down the hall and straight into my parents' master suite.



"Meg, what're we doing in here?" I hissed, feeling a sudden spike of anxiety. "My mom could come home."

"She works until five, you told me yourself," Meg said, throwing open the doors to Grace's massive walk-in closet. "We need outfits. We're going into the city to be hot, and we need the armor to match."

She began rifling through the hanging clothes, pushing aside sensible slacks and floral blouses. The hangers clattered loudly against the metal rod.

I stood awkwardly near the doorway, shifting my weight from foot to foot. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror attached to the closet door. Meg was right. The baggy men's clothes completely swallowed the lean, curvy hourglass figure she had given me. I just looked like a girl drowning in her older brother's laundry.

"Aha!" Meg cheered from the back of the closet.

She dragged a large plastic storage bin out from under a rack of winter coats. The side of the bin was marked with a piece of faded masking tape that read COLLEGE.

She popped the lid off. A smell of mothballs and old perfume wafted up into the air.

"Your mom used to party," Meg noted with a wicked grin, pulling out a handful of brightly

colored fabric.

She tossed a pile of clothes onto the master bed and started sorting. I walked over, but I ignored her pile and instead picked up a light beige floral blouse and a pair of high-waisted, loose-fitting mom jeans from the floor. They looked safe.

"I'll wear this," I said, holding the outfit up to my chest. "It's cute. Very retro."

Meg stopped digging and looked at me. She burst out laughing.

"Go put it on," she challenged. "Let's see how retro it is."

I retreated into the master bathroom and slipped out of my oversized men's clothes.



Standing completely naked in the bright vanity lights, the reality of my new form hit me all over again. My waist was incredibly narrow, flaring out into smooth, perfectly rounded hips. My breasts were firm, full, and sat high on my chest. I felt a flush of heat rise in my cheeks. I was actively getting turned on by my own reflection. Every time my fingers brushed my own soft skin, a sharp pulse of wetness pooled between my legs.

I pulled the mom jeans up my legs. The thick denim stuck on my thighs. I shimmied, forcing the fabric higher, but the waistband completely refused to button over my widened pelvis. The zipper only made it halfway up. I had to leave the top button undone. I threw the beige floral blouse on and quickly buttoned it up.

I walked back into the bedroom.

Meg was already changing. She had her back to me, struggling to pull a tiny white pleated tennis skirt up over her colossal ass. The sheer volume of her new glutes made the fabric ride dangerously high, barely covering the bottom curve of her cheeks.



She took one look at me and shook her head.

"Take it off," Meg ordered. She reached into the pile on the bed and pulled out a small scrap of green fabric covered in tiny white flowers. She tossed it at my face. "Put this on."

I caught it. It was a slip dress. Thin spaghetti straps, a plunging neckline, and barely enough material to cover a textbook.

"Meg, this is basically lingerie," I protested.

"Just put it on, Leo," she sighed. She adjusted her own top. It was a baby-pink wrap crop top. The pink fabric strained desperately to contain her tits. A deep valley of cleavage was proudly on display, the soft swells of her breasts pushing upward and threatening to spill out entirely. "Do you want to see what it's like to be hot or not?"

I grumbled under my breath and walked back into the bathroom. I stripped off the terrible jeans and blouse, letting them fall to the tiled floor. I stepped into the green dress and pulled it up over my hips.

It fit like a second skin.

The soft, stretchy material clung to every single curve. The hem stopped mid-thigh, leaving my long, smooth legs completely exposed. The thin straps rested lightly on my shoulders, while the scooped neckline dipped perfectly to highlight the deep crease between my breasts. I turned to the side in the mirror. The dress hugged the sharp dip of my lower back and the sudden, pronounced flare of my ass.

I swallowed hard, my heart picking up a frantic rhythm against my ribs. I looked good. I looked really good. My pussy gave a sharp, involuntary throb, weeping a fresh drop of slick fluid against my inner thighs. I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning at the sheer tactile pleasure of the soft fabric brushing against my sensitive nipples.

I opened the bathroom door and stepped out.

Meg was standing by the bed, adjusting the pleats of her ridiculously short skirt. She looked up. Her eyes went wide. Her mouth dropped open slightly.



The gay edit I had applied to her mind was fully active. I could see the sudden, intense hunger blooming in her gaze. She looked me up and down, her chest heaving with shallow breaths.

"Wow," she breathed, her voice dropping an octave.

"It's tight," I muttered, shifting my weight. The fabric rode up slightly with the movement.



"It's perfect," she corrected. She stepped closer. The heavy, pendulum swing of her massive hips was mesmerizing. She looked exactly like the stereotypical bimbo cheerleaders she used to mock in the cafeteria. A thick, voluptuous, top-heavy goddess.

"God, it's so weird seeing you so... feminine," she whispered, her eyes locked on my cleavage.

"Yeah," I chuckled nervously. My internal male monologue completely agreed with her, screaming in pure panic and lust. But my physical female body was absolutely humming with arousal under her predatory gaze.

"Okay," Meg said, tearing her eyes away and grabbing a small leather purse from the bed. She

cleared her throat, her face flushed red. "Let's go. We have a city to conquer."

Stepping out into the late morning sun was a completely new sensory experience. The heat of the day washed over my exposed skin. Every single step I took sent a heavy, rhythmic jiggle through my chest. The lack of a bra meant my breasts bounced freely, the weight of them pulling against the thin spaghetti straps of the green dress. Beside me, Meg was dealing with her own physics. Her massive ass cheeks rubbed together with every stride, the tiny pleated skirt riding up and offering a scandalous view to anyone walking behind us.

"This is insane," I whispered as we walked down the sidewalk toward the local cafe district.

I could feel the eyes on us. Men in passing cars slowed down. Guys sitting on benches stopped their conversations to blatantly stare at our chests and our legs. As a guy, I was practically invisible. But in this tight, lean hourglass body, wearing a dress that barely covered my ass, I was the center of the universe. It was a potent mix of intense vulnerability and absolute, intoxicating power.

We walked into the cafe and the barista practically tripped over himself to take our order, handing us our iced coffees and telling us they were on the house with a nervous, sweaty smile.



We took our drinks to a small table outside. I crossed my legs, feeling the smooth skin of my thighs sliding against each other. My pussy gave a wet, happy throb at the friction.

I noticed Meg wasn't looking at the men staring at us. She was tracking a blonde woman jogging on the other side of the street, her eyes glued to the woman's bouncing ponytail and tight yoga pants.

"Maybe we should have changed me back to straight first," Meg murmured, biting her straw as she watched the jogger disappear around the corner. She looked back at me and shrugged, her boobs shifting. "But fuck it. It's a different experience. It's kind of nice."

"It's definitely different," I agreed, sipping my coffee. "The attention is crazy. It's gonna take a while to get used to these hips though. I bumped into the doorframe on the way out."

Meg leaned forward, her elbows resting on the table. Her eyes gleamed with a sudden, sharp intensity.

"Do you know what this means though?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"The program, Leo," she whispered excitedly. "We could use this to improve people's lives. We can get rich."



I raised an eyebrow. "What, like we charge people to use it?"

"Exactly!" Meg beamed, gesturing with her hands. "Think about it. Say a girl wants bigger boobs. She hates her A-cups. We bring her within range. We don't tell her how we do it, but we say we can give her the body of her dreams for a price. Like paying for a boob job, but it's real, there's no surgery, and it's literal magic. Then, when all her friends ask how she suddenly has huge, natural boobs overnight, she tells them to come to us. Word of mouth."

I sat back, the green fabric of my dress stretching tight across my chest. It was a brilliant idea. "That's smart. But we'd have to be careful. People would start asking questions if reality keeps warping."

"We can do it in a safe way that protects our identities," Meg insisted, her excitement bubbling over. "We can set up presets for ourselves that are completely unrecognizable. We can be the mysterious benefactors. We could do some serious good in this world, Leo!"

I thought about it. I thought about the sheer power pulsing through the keyboard in my bedroom. I thought about last night.

"I already kind of did that," I admitted quietly, swirling the ice in my cup. "I subconsciously improved the Gables' lives yesterday."

Meg tilted her head, confused. "Mr. and Mrs. Gable? Next door? What do you mean?"

I felt a flush of embarrassment. I definitely could not tell her that I turned Mr. Gable into a submissive woman with huge knockers and fucked him on his own living room floor, or that I turned Mrs. Gable into a twenty-one-year-old big titty nympho.

"Their sex life just wasn't very good," I explained carefully, choosing my words. "And Mr. Gable treated her pretty poorly. He was always complaining. So I altered them a little bit. I tweaked their libidos and their inhibitions. Now they seem much happier. They were actually affectionate last night."

Meg's eyes widened in awe. "That's incredible, Leo. See? That's exactly what I'm talking about! Except for the business, we leave awareness on so they are aware of the changes. Word can spread about the people you pay for a magical transformation. People would pay thousands for this."

"It's a really good idea," I agreed, feeling a surge of motivation I hadn't felt in months.

Just then, a stunning redhead in a tight sundress walked past our table. Meg stopped talking instantly. Her eyes locked onto the sway of the redhead's hips. I watched Meg swallow hard, her breathing picking up. The gay edit was hitting her like a freight train.

"Fuck it," Meg suddenly announced, pushing her chair back and standing up. "I wanna see some more hotties before I change back to being straight. Let's hit the sauna at the day spa down the street."

My heart hammered against my ribs. The sauna? That meant the women's locker room. That meant seeing naked women, sitting shoulder to shoulder with them while occupying this hyper-female body.

"Let's do it," I agreed instantly, standing up and smoothing my tiny dress down over my thighs.

We walked the two blocks to the luxury day spa. We paid for day passes and headed straight for the women's locker rooms.

The moment we pushed through the swinging doors, the humid air hit us. It smelled of eucalyptus and expensive lotion. Women of all ages were walking around in towels or completely nude, changing out of their clothes. As a guy, this was the ultimate forbidden fantasy. But walking through it as a woman, feeling the soft weight of my own breasts and the slick wetness between my legs, it was an entirely different kind of sensory overload.

I tried to keep my eyes forward, but Meg was completely unashamed. She was openly staring, checking out the curves of the women around us as we found an empty locker.

We stripped down. Taking the green dress off felt like a relief, but being completely naked next to my best friend was intensely nerve-wracking. I wrapped a white fluffy towel around my chest, tucking the corner in tightly. It barely covered my firm breasts and the bottom edge stopped dangerously high on my thighs. Meg wrapped hers around her waist, but her boobs completely prevented the towel from laying flat against her stomach.

We walked into the wooden sauna room. It was filled with thick, suffocating steam. We took a seat on the highest wooden bench. The heat was immediate and oppressive, bringing a sheen of sweat to my skin within seconds.



There were three other women in the sauna, sitting quietly with their eyes closed.

I looked at Meg sitting next to me. The sweat glistened on her massive, curvy thighs and pooled in the deep valley of her cleavage. Her skin was flushed a deep, beautiful pink. Sitting next to her, I felt thin but incredibly tight. My lean hourglass frame felt like a coiled spring.

Meg leaned in close, her shoulder brushing against mine. The contact sent a spark straight to my clit.

"God," she whispered, her breath hot against my ear. "None of them even stack up to us."

She was right. The women in the sauna were normal. They had normal bodies, normal flaws. But thanks to the Master PC, Meg and I looked like literal porn stars. The contrast was staggering.

After five agonizingly hot minutes, the three older women stood up and left the room. The heavy wooden door clicked shut behind them.

We were completely alone in the thick steam.

"Since we're alone..." Meg said, as she dropped her towel leaving her naked. I followed suit, a

little nervous but excited.

The heat and the overwhelming visual stimulation were pushing the tension to an absolute boiling point. I couldn't stop shifting my legs, trying to alleviate the intense, throbbing ache between my thighs.

Meg turned to face me. She couldn't stop staring at my body. Her eyes traced the line of my collarbone, down to the swell of my breasts, and rested heavily on my parted lips.



"Imagine," Meg whispered, leaning closer, her voice thick with pure lust. "Imagine if we could offer those normal-looking women the chance to look like we do right now. We can become rich, Leo. We can help people."

She reached out and placed her hand directly on my bare thigh.

The touch was electric. I gasped loudly, my legs clamping together around her hand. Every single rational thought melted away into the thick steam. I looked into her dark, dilated eyes. She was my best friend. We had known each other since second grade.

But right now, she was a busty, curvy goddess, and she wanted me.



We leaned in at the exact same second. Our lips crashed together. The kiss was wet, heavy, and incredibly desperate. Our tongues tangled, tasting of sweat and iced coffee. I reached out and grabbed her waist, feeling the plush, thick fat yield under my fingers. She groaned into my mouth, her hands moving up to cup my face.

Suddenly, Meg pulled back.

She was panting, her face completely flushed. She looked terrified and deeply embarrassed. She pulled her hands away from me and wrapped her arms around her stomach.

"I'm sorry," she stammered, looking down at the wooden floorboards. "Leo, I'm so sorry. You're my best friend. I just... I'm not used to being gay. To being attracted to you."

She swallowed hard, refusing to meet my eyes.

"Maybe we should go home," she suggested weakly. "We should go home and change me back before we do something crazy."

I sat in silence. I was completely at a loss for words. My mind was screaming at me. She was

right. This was my best friend. I wasn't even meant to be a girl. She wasn't meant to be gay. The program was manipulating her brain, artificially forcing her to feel this way about me. It felt wrong. It felt manipulative.

I should have said yes. I should have grabbed my towel, walked out of that sauna, and changed us both back to normal immediately.

But then I looked at her. I looked at the heavy sweat dripping down her massive cleavage. I looked at her thick, trembling thighs. I felt the agonizing, hollow ache inside my own dripping pussy, begging to be touched.

The lust was too deep. The reality of this beautiful, bimbo-fied version of Meg wanting me was too intoxicating to walk away from.

I reached out and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look up at me.

Meg stared at me. The thick steam of the sauna curled around her flushed face. Her dark, dilated pupils searched my eyes for any sign of hesitation. She found none.

She let out a ragged, desperate breath. She crawled forward on the wooden bench, her thick thighs spreading wide to straddle my lap.

Meg leaned down and captured my lips again. All the previous hesitation was completely gone, replaced by a ravenous, artificial hunger. She kissed me hard, her tongue pushing deep into my mouth. I tasted the salt of her sweat mixed with the lingering sweetness of our iced coffees. She wrapped her arms around my neck, pressing her colossal, heavy breasts directly against my slightly smaller, firmer chest. The sensation of all that soft, incredibly dense female flesh crushing against my sensitive nipples sent a blinding jolt of electricity straight down to my soaking wet pussy.

I reached around her back, trailing my hands down the slippery curve of her spine to grip her impossibly wide hips. I squeezed handfuls of her thick, plush ass cheeks, kneading the soft fat.

She moaned loudly into my mouth and shifted her weight, grinding her soaked slit directly against my own.

The friction was agonizingly good. It was a slick, slippery collision of highly sensitive nerves. I gasped, my head falling back against the wooden wall of the sauna.

Meg pulled back, panting hard. She looked down at my body, her eyes glazed with pure lust. She reached down and slipped two fingers straight into my dripping wet hole.

"God, you're so wet," she whimpered.

She started to pump her fingers inside me. The female pleasure was an entirely different beast from anything I had ever experienced as a guy. It was a deep, resonating ache that radiated through my entire pelvis. But my internal male brain was completely out of its depth. I tried to angle my hips to meet her thrusts, but my movements were clunky and awkward. I did not know how to operate this body instinctively.

Meg noticed immediately. She paused, a small, sweaty smile touching her lips.

"You're so stiff," she whispered affectionately, assuming my clumsiness was just a product of my usual tomboyish nature. "Just relax, Leo. Let me do the work."

I nodded, completely surrendering to my best friend.



Meg swung her thick leg over mine, pinning me to the hot wooden bench. She guided my hand down to her own soaking wet pussy. Her outer lips were plump and swollen, dripping with clear fluid. I slipped my slender fingers inside her, feeling the tight, hot muscles clamp

down around my knuckles.

"Yes," she hissed, her heavy breasts jiggling violently as she started to rock her hips.

We fell into a frantic, slippery rhythm. I pumped my fingers into her thick, curvy body while she relentlessly worked my tight little hole. The heat of the sauna was suffocating, making our skin slick and frictionless. We slid against each other perfectly. Meg leaned forward, her massive tits brushing against my face. I opened my mouth and took one of her large, puffy nipples between my lips, sucking hard on the sensitive flesh.

She screamed, a high and completely unrestrained sound of pure pleasure.

"I'm gonna cum," she sobbed, grinding her swollen clit furiously against my thigh. "Leo, don't stop! Please!"

I pumped my fingers faster, matching her frantic pace. The tension in my own lower belly was coiling impossibly tight. Every single nerve ending in my new female body was screaming for release. The intense, blinding pressure built up in my groin, a tidal wave of pleasure ready to break.

We hit the edge at the exact same second.

Meg clamped down around my fingers with bone-crushing force, her heavy body rigid and shaking against me. I screamed her name, my vision going entirely white as my own vaginal walls spasmed violently around her plunging digits. We melted into a puddle of sweat and moans on the wooden bench, riding out the endless, rolling aftershocks of a mutual, earth-shattering female climax.

We lay there for a long moment, completely tangled together, panting for breath in the suffocating steam.

Then, the heavy wooden door creaked loudly.

The thick steam swirled as the door swung open. Two older women wearing pristine white robes stepped into the sauna.

They froze.

Meg and I were completely intertwined, naked, covered in slick sweat, and undeniably caught in the immediate aftermath of explicit lesbian sex.



One of the women gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. "Gross! Have some decency!"

The other woman grabbed her friend's arm and pulled her backward, slamming the wooden door shut in disgust.

For a split second, there was total silence in the sauna.

Then, Meg snorted.

I looked at her, and a bubble of hysterical laughter erupted from my chest. We burst into giddy, post-orgasm giggles, the sheer absurdity of the situation finally breaking the heavy sexual tension. We scrambled off the bench, slipping on the wet wood, and hastily grabbed our damp towels. We wrapped ourselves up, still laughing uncontrollably, and ran out of the sauna and into the locker room like two guilty teenagers.

By the time we made it back to my bedroom, the adrenaline had completely worn off.

The reality of what we had just done settled over the room like a heavy blanket. The air conditioning felt freezing against my damp skin. We had put our normal clothes back on before leaving the spa. Meg was back in her tight denim shorts and band tee, her massive tits still stretching the fabric to its absolute limit, while I was swimming in my oversized men's clothes.

Meg stood by the door, actively avoiding eye contact with me. She stared intently at a poster on my wall, her arms crossed defensively over her chest.

"That was amazing," she admitted quietly, her voice lacking its usual confident bite. "But we need to change back right now. My parents are expecting me for dinner. I need to be straight and flat-chested again before anyone sees us."

I nodded, feeling a strange mix of relief and profound awkwardness. A massive line had been crossed today.

"I agree," I said softly.

I sat down at the computer desk and woke the monitor. The Master PC interface glowed brightly. I opened up the search tab and found both of our profiles.

I clicked on Meg's tab. I scrolled down to the saved presets and selected the one titled 'Meg-Base'.

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

Meg nodded, squeezing her eyes shut. "Do it."

I hit APPLY.

The transformation was immediate. Meg let out a sharp gasp as her body forcefully corrected itself. Her thick, plush thighs melted away, the heavy fat dissolving into the lean muscle of a runner. Her massive, curvy hips snapped inward, deflating her colossal ass until her denim shorts hung loose and comfortable again.

But the most dramatic change was her chest. The heavy, straining D-cups rapidly shrank, retreating into her ribcage until they were completely gone, replaced by her familiar, modest A-cups. The stretched graphic on her band t-shirt instantly relaxed.



Meg opened her eyes and took a deep breath. She rolled her shoulders, a look of pure relief washing over her face.

"Oh thank god," she sighed, jumping up and down a few times. "I can actually jump again without my boobs hurting."

She looked at me and offered a weak, nervous smile. "And thank god I'm not attracted to you anymore. My brain feels so much clearer."

She was still completely ignoring the fact that we had just fucked in a public sauna. I decided not to push it.

"My turn," I said, turning back to the screen.

I clicked over to my own profile. I scrolled down to my presets. Without thinking, my brain running on autopilot, I clicked the preset labeled 'Baseline Leo'.

The 3D render in the center of the screen instantly updated.

My stomach dropped into my shoes.

Staring back at me from the monitor was the wireframe model of a scrawny, flat-chested, eighteen-year-old boy. It was my true, male self. I had completely forgotten that my saved baseline was my actual biological gender, not the female Leonora that Meg believed I had always been.

Panic seized my chest. If I hit apply right now, I would transform into a man right in front of her eyes.

I quickly glanced over my shoulder. Meg was completely distracted, digging through her purse to find her lip balm.

My hand flew across the mouse. I frantically clicked the BODY tab, scrolled down to the SEX option, and aggressively clicked FEMALE.

The 3D render snapped back. The boyish shoulders narrowed, the hips flared, and the small A-cup breasts blossomed on the digital chest. The cute, familiar face of Leonora reappeared.

I let out a quiet, shaking breath. That was way too close.

I made sure the AWARENESS toggle was still set to ON. If I turned it off now, Meg would forget the entire day, and we needed to remember our business plan.

I hit APPLY.

A wave of heat washed over me. The lean, curvy hourglass figure that Meg had sculpted completely vanished. My waist thickened slightly, my hips lost their exaggerated flare, and my face returned to its normal, slightly tomboyish structure. I felt a pang of loss as the extra curves melted away, leaving me as the standard, petite Leonora.

Meg looked up from her purse and smiled.

"Much better," she said, looking relieved that I looked normal again. "You look like you."

She slung her purse over her shoulder and walked toward the bedroom door. She paused with her hand on the knob, her shoulders tense. She finally turned back to look at me, her expression serious.

"And about today," she started, her voice tight. "What we did in the sauna. Let's just..."

"It didn't happen," I cut in smoothly, giving her an out. "That wasn't us. That was an enhanced version of us. We're still just besties."

Meg exhaled a long breath, visibly relaxing. She seemed completely satisfied with that explanation. The nervous tension in the room dissipated.

"Exactly," she smiled. "So, I'll see you tomorrow? We can start planning our new transformation business."

"Count on it," I agreed.

She opened the door and walked out. I listened to her footsteps echo down the stairs and the front door click shut behind her.

I sat alone in the quiet bedroom and slumped back in my leather chair.

What an absolutely insane day. I had fucked my best friend. The memory of her thick, sweaty body grinding against mine was permanently burned into my brain. What the fuck was I doing with this power?

But as I looked at the retro grey interface glowing on the screen, the true implications of our conversation at the cafe hit me. The business idea was genuinely brilliant. For the first time in my entire life, I had a real motivation to do something other than sit on my ass playing video games. The thought of altering people, of secretly playing god and fixing their insecurities for a massive profit, was intoxicating. I thought about how easily I had fixed the Gables. We could do that for anyone. We could get filthy rich.

I reached down and slid my hand into my boxer shorts, my slender fingers brushing against my damp, sensitive pussy one last time. I brought my other hand up to squeeze my small breast, committing the incredibly soft sensation of female flesh to memory.

It was time to go back to reality. I needed to return to my true baseline.

I leaned forward and clicked on my profile. I selected the 'Baseline Leo' preset again. This time, I left the SEX tab strictly on MALE.

The scrawny, familiar avatar loaded on the screen.

I moved my cursor down to the bottom right corner of the window. I hovered over the AWARENESS toggle and clicked it to OFF.

I paused, my finger resting lightly on the mouse button.

If I turned awareness off, reality would rewrite itself to accommodate my male existence. But what would happen to Meg's memories of today? She knew we went to the city. She knew we started the business plan. She knew we fucked in the sauna.

Would she remember fucking a guy? Would her brain rewrite the memory so that I had just turned into a super hot, muscular dude, and she just could not resist me? Or would she remember fucking Leonora, the female version of me that she had known her entire life?

I hit APPLY.

The shift was violent and deeply jarring. My pelvis crunched inward, the bones grinding together as my hips rapidly narrowed. The soft, plush fat on my chest dissolved instantly, replaced by flat, hard pectoral muscles. But the most shocking sensation was in my groin.

The deep, aching void between my legs suddenly inverted. It pushed outward with immense force, flesh rolling out of my body to construct a heavy pair of balls and a thick, familiar shaft. The female hormones completely evaporated from my bloodstream, replaced by a sharp, aggressive spike of testosterone.

I sat in the chair, breathing heavily.

I looked down at my hands. They were larger, veiny, and completely male. I reached down and grabbed the bulge in my boxers, feeling the comforting, outward pressure of my dick.

I was Leo again. I was a man.

But as I stood up from the desk, my body felt strangely light. The sharp dip of my waist was gone. The heavy, swaying momentum of my breasts was missing. I actually missed the phantom weight of my female body.



I grabbed my phone from the desk and unlocked it. I opened my text messages, staring at Meg's contact name.

The world had just rewritten itself entirely. Tomorrow, we were starting a business that would change the world. And I had absolutely no idea who my best friend thought she had just slept with.