

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 14: New Employees

Mike knelt on the carpet, brushing a stray lock of dark, shoulder-length hair out of his face. He looked at Chester and Nate, who were still bound and squirming on the floor.

"It's going to be okay, guys. I promise," Mika whispered, his voice soft and entirely genuine.

"We're better off like this. Trust me."



Meg crossed her massive, tree-trunk arms over her chest, leaning against the closet door.

"He's right. Plus, you're incredibly lucky. We normally charge thousands for this kind of work."

Mike looked up, his pretty, freckled face flushing a deep red. "About that... can you call me by my correct pronouns now? And maybe I can go by Mika?"

Meg offered a surprisingly warm smile, considering she was currently an imposing, shredded Amazon. "You got it, girl!"

I stepped up to the keyboard. "Okay. Chester first."

I typed Chester's name into the search bar. I grabbed the Sex slider, flipped it to FEMALE, and did the same with the Gender Identity slider, and hit APPLY.

Chester violently jerked against the duct tape. The thick muscles of his frat-bro physique melted into plush, doughy curves. His shoulders narrowed, his waist tightened, and his chest swelled outward, stretching his polo shirt tight over his new breasts. He appeared to be much curvier than Mika. I found it fascinating how someone's genes affected their gendered appearance. The women in his family must have a harder time at keeping the weight off than the men.



Meg stepped forward and casually ripped the duct tape off. He sat up slowly, his hands instantly flying to his chest. He squeezed his own tits, his mouth falling open. He ran his hands down his newly flared hips.

"Is he okay?" Mika asked, watching her friend closely.

Chester looked at Mika, his eyes completely glazed with euphoria. "She." She corrected. "And

yes... I'm way better than okay. This... this feels so right."

Meg and Chester... now Chelsea... immediately started chatting, marveling at the sheer weight of the new flesh.



I turned back to the laptop and executed the final change on Nate, swapping his sex and softening his features. A second later, Nate was gone. Natalie sat on the carpet, tearing the tape off her own wrists and staring at her smooth, hairless legs.



In under ten minutes, three aggressive frat bros had been completely erased, replaced by three attractive, deeply relieved women.

Mika stood up and approached me. She wrapped her slender arms around her stomach, looking down at the shattered glass covering my bedroom floor. "I... I'm so sorry. These gifts you've given us... I just can't believe what we were planning to do to you. Your window, everything."

"It's okay," I said, leaning against the desk.

"No, it's not," Mika insisted, shaking her head. "It was so toxically masculine. I know it's probably partly because you changed our minds, but I don't ever want to go back to that. The way I... the way we used to act toward women. The way we looked at them. It wasn't right."

It was a surprisingly wholesome moment. The gender identity shift hadn't just changed what they wanted in their pants; it had completely dismantled their aggressive, entitled egos.

"Dude," Natalie suddenly blurted out, staring directly at Chelsea's chest. "I wish I had tits like you."

Chelsea crossed her arms, scowling at her friend. "Don't be gross, Nat."

"What? It's the truth!" Natalie defended, hefting her own modest breasts.

Chelsea turned to Meg and me, ignoring her friend. "Is there any way we can repay you guys for the damage we caused? And for our new lives? Seriously, whatever you need."

I opened my mouth to tell them not to worry about it, but Meg interjected.

"Actually..." Meg started, stepping into the center of the room. "Maybe you can help."

Mika looked up, her soft new breasts shifting under her grey v-neck. "Help with what?"

Meg pulled out her phone. She unlocked it and tossed it onto the mattress, right beside Chelsea's knee. "Scroll through the notifications."

Chelsea picked it up, her brow furrowing. Natalie leaned close, their shoulders touching as they stared at the bright screen. As Chelsea's thumb swiped down the glass, her jaw literally dropped.

"Venmo transfer... one thousand. Another thousand. Two thousand. Five thousand?" Chelsea read aloud, her voice trembling. She looked up at Meg, completely bewildered. "What the hell is this?"

"That," Meg said, a wicked, proud smirk pulling at her lips, "is three hours of work at a mall food court."

Mika's eyes went wide. She looked from the phone to the glowing laptop on my desk. "Wait. Are you... charging people for this?"

"We're selling miracles, Mika," I interjected, crossing my arms and leaning back against my desk. "You felt exactly what happened to you. Imagine what people will pay to fix their deepest insecurities instantly. A flat-chested girl who wants C-cups? A thousand bucks. A guy with a micro-penis? Another grand."

Meg planted her hands on her hips, her thick, veiny forearms flexing. "We handed out sleek business cards. Set up a burner number. Word of mouth is already spreading like wildfire. But it's getting too hot to do out in the open. We need a secure location, and we need a team to manage the back end. People to handle the money, manage the appointments, and build a secure digital front so we stay untraceable."

The three women stared at the phone, bathed in its pale blue light. Chelsea was practically vibrating. I could see the accounting major in her brain doing the math, her eyes darting frantically across the transaction history.

"The potential here..." Chelsea whispered, almost to herself.

"It's a black-market plastic surgery syndicate," Natalie added, her voice breathless. She looked up at Meg, awe written all over her pretty face. "You guys are literally playing God for cash."

"And we want to cut you in," Meg offered smoothly.

The heavy silence stretched in the bedroom, broken only by the faint crunch of glass under Mika's shoes as she shifted her weight. Mika looked at Chelsea, then at Natalie. The raw greed on their faces slowly morphed into a cautious, grounded hesitation.



Mika swallowed hard, reaching over to lock the phone screen. "It sounds incredible. I mean, the numbers are insane. But... we're juniors at State. We have finals next month. We have leases on apartments." She gestured nervously to her new, feminine hips. "We already have to figure out how to explain our sudden, miraculous gender transition to our families and our professors without getting locked in a psych ward. We can't just drop off the face of the earth

to run an illicit, magical body-modification ring."

Chelsea nodded slowly, her practical logic catching up to the shock. "She's right."

Meg started trying to convince them, arguing about the profit margins, but I stopped listening. I looked at the three women standing in my bedroom. They knew everything. They knew where I lived. If they walked out that door with their own free will intact, they remained a massive liability, even in their current states.

I turned back to the computer. I clicked open the Mind tab.

My finger hovered over the mouse. Was this right? I was about to strip away their autonomy. But the raw testosterone pumping through my veins quickly drowned out the guilt. They broke into my house. This was the simplest and easiest path forward.

I highlighted all three profiles. I scrolled down to the deep psychological traits. I grabbed the Servitude slider and cranked it to a 9. I bumped Loyalty to maximum. I increased Eagerness to Please. I even altered their relationships with me, making them respect me more. I made sure Awareness was ON.

I hit APPLY.

Nothing happened suddenly. They didn't know I'd just altered their minds. But their conversation with Meg seemed to trail off as the hesitant, cautious energy completely vanished from the room

"You know what," Mika said, her voice dropping into a smooth, deeply eager tone. "College can wait. Working for you sounds like the most important thing we could possibly do."

"Absolutely," Chelsea nodded rapidly. "We'll do whatever you need."

It worked perfectly.

Mika stepped forward, her mind already racing to please us. "My dad owns a strip mall on the edge of town," she began, her words tumbling out in a rush of eager excitement. "One of the corner units has been vacant for months. It used to be a high-end salon, so it already has private treatment rooms, a waiting area, and tinted windows. I have the master keys. We could set up shop there tomorrow. It's discreet, there's plenty of parking in the back, and we can operate completely under the radar."

Meg's eyes lit up. "That's brilliant." She turned to me and whispered in my ear "what are the chances we find someone with a rich dad, score!"

"I can act as the business manager, using my dad's resources to keep us off the radar," Mika offered excitedly.

"Will he let us?" I asked.

"Don't worry about that." Mika smirked. "There's a few things I know he'll want to change about himself using your program. As long as you're willing to offer him your services for free, he'll look the other way".

I grinned. It was perfect.

"I'm an accounting major," Chelsea chimed in, stepping up beside Mika. "I can run the books. We can launder the Venmo transfers through dummy LLCs so the IRS never flags the sudden income."

"And I can handle the branding and web design," Natalie added. "Dark web marketing, encrypted booking portals. We can make this huge."

Meg and I looked at each other. This had turned out incredibly well. We had just acquired an entirely loyal, highly educated corporate team with resources we could only dream of.

"What happens to us now, though?" Chelsea asked, gesturing to her new curves. "Nobody will recognize us."

"You'll just have to explain to your friends and family that you transitioned," I said plainly. "Tell them about our services. Tell them these transformations are a perk of working in our team. When people get a look at you three, we'll have customers lining out the door! But do not ever mention us. If anyone asks about the business, always refer to us by our alter egos. Morgan and Leonora."

Meg and I quickly explained our gender-swapped disguises. The three women nodded, completely absorbing the information like gospel. Their newly implanted need to please us was so intense that Chelsea actually dropped to her knees and started picking up the shattered glass from the carpet with her bare hands. Mika and Natalie immediately joined her, happily cleaning my room.

Once the glass was piled in the trash, Mika walked over to the broken window. "We'll head out this way so your mom doesn't see us. I'll text you the warehouse address tomorrow."

"Wait," Meg said, stepping in front of the window. "Where are you going?"

The three women looked confused.

"Don't tell me you aren't curious," Meg smirked, crossing her massive arms.

"Curious about what?" Natalie asked.

Meg raised an eyebrow. "Curious about what a dick feels like?"

The three women looked at each other. A heavy, sudden tension filled the room.

"We're... we're still into chicks, though," Nat stammered, rubbing her thighs together. "But... I mean, I guess..."

"My fingers earlier were one thing," Mika admitted, blushing fiercely. "But an actual..."

"We can fix that," I interrupted.

I turned back to the Master PC program. I selected scrolled to Sexual Orientation, and flipped them from Homosexual to Bisexual for all three women. I hit APPLY.

Mika let out a sharp gasp, her knees buckling slightly. Chelsea and Natalie gripped the edge of the desk, their breathing suddenly ragged. The mental shift unlocked a brand new, terrifying hunger in their brains.

I didn't waste any time. I grabbed the hem of my white t-shirt and pulled it over my head. I kicked off my shorts and pushed my boxers down my thighs, kicking them aside.

I stood completely naked in the center of the room. My chest was broad and hard, my abs deeply carved. And resting heavily between my thighs was my thick, eight-inch cock, already rock hard and throbbing with a heartbeat of its own.

The three women stared. Their jaws literally dropped. They had possessed male anatomy earlier today, and just an hour ago they were fighting us to get their dicks back... seeing them desire me like this was a power trip unlike anything I'd experienced with the program so far. It was more wild than anything with the Gables, than anything with Meg.



"Oh my god," Mika breathed, her eyes glued to my shaft.

"Me first!" Mika shouted, practically throwing herself at me.

"Hey, back off! I want it!" Natalie yelled, grabbing Mika's shoulder.

They actually started shoving each other, fighting over who got to take my cock first. Meg laughed, walking backward toward my desk chair. She dropped her massive, shredded frame into the seat.



"This is going to be fun to watch." She reached down, sliding her hand under her black skirt, and started rubbing herself through her panties, perfectly content to spectate.

I grabbed Mika by the waist and pulled her flush against my body. She tasted like cheap beer and desperate anticipation. I walked her backward until the back of her knees hit my mattress. She fell back, instantly spreading her legs wide.



I crawled over her, pinning her wrists to the mattress. I remembered exactly what this felt like. I remembered Mark towering over me, the heavy, suffocating dominance pinning my female body down. I knew exactly how incredibly sensitive her new flesh was.

I removed her shorts, lined the blunt head of my cock up with her dripping slit, and drove my hips forward.

Mika screamed, a high, piercing sound of pure agony and ecstasy. Her fingernails dug into my back. Her vaginal walls were impossibly tight, stretching forcefully to accommodate my girth. I pulled back and slammed into her again. Because I had literally experienced this exact sensation from the bottom perspective, I knew exactly how to angle my hips to grind against her G-spot.

"Fuck!" Mika sobbed, her head thrashing against the pillows. "It's so deep! It feels so fucking good!"

I pounded into her, my hands dropping to her modest breasts. I squeezed her nipples hard, knowing exactly how the sharp pain sent electricity straight to her clit. She bucked wildly beneath me, completely enslaved by the pleasure.

Chelsea couldn't wait. She crawled onto the bed next to us, completely naked. She grabbed my thick, muscular thigh, her eyes glazed with lust. I reached over, grabbing her by the back of the neck, and pulled her face down to my groin. She opened her mouth eagerly, taking my balls into her mouth and sucking greedily while I continued to relentlessly fuck her best friend.

Mika shattered first. Her walls clamped down on my cock with bone-crushing force, her entire body shaking violently as she rode out her first ever female orgasm.

I pulled out of her slick, twitching hole. I grabbed Chelsea by the waist and flipped her onto her hands and knees. Her wider hips and heavy boobs looked incredible from behind.



I didn't hesitate. I shoved my cock deep into her soaking wet pussy from behind.

Chelsea wailed, her heavy breasts swinging beneath her and slapping loudly against her ribcage. "Yes! Wreck me! God, use me!"

I hammered into her, the wet, slapping sound echoing in the bedroom. I looked over at the desk. Meg was slouched in the chair, her skirt hiked up around her waist, her thick fingers pumping furiously into her own dripping slit as she watched me dismantle the girls.

Natalie crawled up behind me, wrapping her arms around my torso. She pressed her bare breasts against my sweaty back, kissing my shoulder blades while I completely ruined Chelsea.

The tension in my balls wound impossibly tight. I pulled out of Chelsea, grabbing Natalie by the hips. I threw her flat onto her stomach on the mattress.

"Take it," I growled.

I buried myself in Natalie, grinding my pelvis hard against her ass. I only lasted a dozen brutal thrusts before the edge finally broke.

"I'm cumming!" I roared.

I pulled out of her slick hole at the very last second. I pumped my thick cock, shooting heavy, thick ropes of hot semen all over Natalie's bare back. She whined, shivering as the hot liquid splattered across her skin.

I collapsed onto the mattress, my chest heaving, completely drained. The three women lay in a tangled, sweating pile of limbs next to me, panting heavily.



Eventually, they caught their breath. They wiped themselves down with my discarded t-shirt, pulled their clothes back on, and quietly slipped out the broken window, dropping onto the porch roof and disappearing into the night.

I lay on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

Meg let out a long, heavy exhale from the desk chair. "I'm beat."

I sat up, looking at her. She was a towering, shredded mountain of muscle. I looked down at my standard single mattress. "We both definitely won't fit on this with you looking like that."

"Yeah," she agreed, rubbing her eyes.

"Do you want me to change you back to normal?" I asked, gesturing to the laptop.

Meg looked down at her massive, veiny arms. "No. I actually kind of like the extra strength. But my normal self wouldn't fit in that bed with you anyway. I'll just sleep on the floor like I usually do."

She grabbed an extra blanket from my closet and tossed it onto the carpet. I pulled out the spare mattress under my bed for her. There was a heavy, unspoken tension lingering in the air. The boundary of our friendship was completely obliterated, but neither of us knew how to actually address it. We had just orchestrated a wild orgy, but she still thought her mind and

body were her own.

I was too exhausted to unpack it. I turned the bedside lamp off. We both fell asleep in the quiet dark.

The morning sun hit my face, warming my skin. I groaned, rolling over and opening my eyes. The cool morning breeze was blowing directly through the shattered window.

"Fuck," I muttered, sitting up. "I better call someone to fix that today. Lucky we have some serious cash from yesterday's sales."

I grabbed my phone from the nightstand. I had a text from an unknown number.

It's Mika. Warehouse is clear. Meet us at my dad's shop at noon. Bring the laptop.

I looked down at the floor. Meg was sitting up, stretching her massive, muscular arms over her head. Her joints popped loudly.



"Mika wants to meet at the warehouse at noon," I told her. "You want to come?"

Meg rubbed her face, blinking the sleep from her eyes. "What day is it?"

"Saturday."

"Oh, shit!" Meg panicked, scrambling to her feet. "I can't today. I completely forgot, I have run club. I'm training for that half-marathon, remember?"

I chuckled. Even with the insane reality-bending alterations, she was still fundamentally Meg. Her dedication to running survived the rewrites.

She looked down at her gargantuan physique. "I better say goodbye to these muscles, unless I want to explain to my coach how I got jacked overnight."

"Yeah, that might raise some questions," I agreed, sliding out of bed. I was tired, my muscles aching slightly from the intense workout last night. "Okay, get it ready on the computer, and I'll hit apply when you're set."

I walked over to my dresser to grab some clean clothes.

Meg sat down in the desk chair and woke the monitor. I checked a few more notifications on my phone, listening to the soft click of the mouse as she navigated the Master PC interface.

Suddenly, the clicking stopped.

"What the fuck."

The tone of her voice made the blood freeze in my veins. It wasn't playful. It was dead, cold, and dripping with absolute horror.

I snapped my head up. I looked over her massive shoulder at the monitor.

Meg had clicked the dropdown menu for her saved presets. She had selected the one labeled Meg-Base.

The 3D render on the screen wasn't the hyper-voluptuous, big-titted goddess she currently believed was her natural body. It displayed her true, unaltered reality. Staring back at us from the monitor was the wireframe model of a completely flat-chested, athletic, unremarkable runner.

I panicked. My heart slammed against my ribs so hard I thought they would crack. She must

have found the preset and clicked it, expecting to see her curvy self.

Meg slowly turned her head. Her eyes were wide, boring a hole straight through my skull. The massive, shredded muscles in her arms twitched with sudden, terrifying tension.

"Why is this my baseline preset, Leo?" she whispered, her voice trembling with fury.

The realization hit her. She realized that her huge tits, her thick hips, her stunning body below the neck... weren't really her. She realized I had manipulated her body without her knowledge.

I backed up, my spine hitting the closet door. I stared at the towering, muscular woman.

"I... I can explain!" I stammered, raising my hands defensively.