MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 2: Exploring Depravity

The sensation began as a deep subterranean itch buried miles beneath my skin. It wasn't painful exactly. It was more like the feeling of a limb falling asleep but amplified to a deafening frequency that vibrated through my very marrow. I gripped the armrests of my gaming chair. My knuckles turned white.

It started in my chest.

A profound heat bloomed behind my nipples. I watched in a trance as the flat planes of my pectorals began to soften. The muscle lost its hard edge and dissolved into something plush and yielding. The skin stretched. It felt like warm water was being poured under my flesh. Two mounds swelled outward. They pushed against my black t-shirt. I gasped as the fabric pulled tight. My nipples burned with a sudden electric sensitivity that made my back arch. They were expanding and darkening and pushing out against the cotton.

The heat rushed lower.

My waist felt like it was being squeezed by a giant unseen hand. My ribs groaned and shifted inward. The bone structure itself was rewriting. The sensation was dizzying. At the same time my hips flared outward with a sickeningly wet pop. The seat of my chair suddenly felt too small as my ass expanded. It rounded and softened into a plush cushion of feminine fat.

Then came the groin.

This was the part I was terrified of. It felt like ice water and fire. I felt my balls retreat. They were sucked up inside me. It was a sensation of profound loss followed immediately by a feeling of intricate biological construction. My penis shrank. It retreated into my body like a turtle hiding in its shell. The sensation was maddening. It was an inversion of nerves. Where there was once an outward pressure there was now a deepening void.

My skin smoothed over. A slit formed. Delicate folds unfurled like a blooming flower. The nerves that had once been on the outside were now tucking themselves away into a hidden internal cluster.

A final wave of tingles washed over my scalp. My hair lengthened rapidly. It tickled my neck. It brushed my shoulders. It tumbled down my back in a silky curtain.

The trembling stopped. The heat faded.

I sat there panting. My heart was hammering against ribs that felt too small for my lungs. My internal monologue was still mine. I was still Leo. I was still a guy in my head.

"Holy shit," I whispered.

The voice that came out was not mine. It was higher. Softer. It was a melodic alto that vibrated in a throat that no longer had an Adam's apple.

I brought my hand up to my face. It looked alien. The fingers were slender and tapered. The skin was creamy and hairless. The wrist was delicate. I touched my cheek. It was soft as velvet. There was no stubble. Just smooth skin.

I looked down.

Two mounds of flesh blocked my view of my lap. They weren't huge but they were undeniably there. I reached up with trembling fingers. I poked one. It yielded. It was soft. It was real flesh.

I cupped them. My new hands fit perfectly around the curves. The sensation was mind-blowing. I could feel the warmth of my hand on my breast and I could feel the sensitivity of my breast under my hand. It was a feedback loop of tactile information that my brain wasn't wired to handle.

My thumbs brushed over the nipples through the thin fabric of my t-shirt.

A bolt of lightning shot straight down to my crotch.

I gasped. My legs clamped together involuntarily. The sensitivity was off the charts. It was sharper and more pervasive than anything I had felt as a guy.

I had to see.

I shoved my hands into the waistband of my boxer briefs. They were loose now. Gapingly loose around my narrower waist.

My fingers brushed against smooth skin. No hair. No dick. Just a soft mound.

I pushed lower. I found the slit. It was wet. Slick with a fluid I hadn't produced a minute ago. My fingers slid into the folds. I explored the alien geography of my own body. It was hot and slippery.

My finger found a small nub at the top. I brushed it.

My whole body jolted. My toes curled in my socks.

"Oh god," I moaned. The sound was embarrassing. It was needy.

I rubbed it again. A wave of pleasure rolled up my spine. It was different from jerking off. It was deeper. It felt like my whole body was lighting up. I circled the little button and the pleasure spiked. I was getting wet. So wet. I could feel it soaking into the cotton of my boxers.

The door handle turned.

Panic seized me. I ripped my hand out of my boxers and spun the chair around just as the door swung open.

It was Mom.

"Darling, I'm just bringing up your clean clothes," she began. She looked tired. She was holding a laundry basket. "I wanted to get this done before..."

She stopped. She blinked.

She was looking right at me. She was looking at a girl with long dark hair wearing a tight black t-shirt and loose men's boxer briefs.

I froze. My mouth opened but no words came out. This was it. The jig was up.

But she didn't scream. She didn't look confused. She just looked... annoyed.

"Leonora," she sighed. She set the basket down on my bed. "Darling I know you say you prefer male clothes and I respect your choices. But seriously. You have female anatomy. You can't just sit around shirtless or in underwear like a man can. The door wasn't even locked."

My brain short-circuited. Leonora?

She walked over and picked up a pile of dirty clothes from my floor. "And look at this mess. Just because you're taking a gap year doesn't mean you can live like a slob."

I stared at her. The AWARENESS toggle. It had rewritten her perception. In her mind I wasn't Leo her son. I was Leonora her daughter. A daughter who apparently was a tomboy who refused to wear girl clothes. It was the only way her brain could reconcile the visual data with her memories.

"Uhhh," I stammered. My voice was still a shock to my ears. "Sorry Mom. Okay."

She paused at the door. She looked at me with a mix of maternal affection and exasperation. "Look Leo. Just meet me halfway? Buy a bra for yourself. You can wear it under your male clothes! You're going to need the support eventually."

"Uhhh okay Mom," I said. "No problem."

She smiled and closed the door.

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding. I slumped back in the chair.

Leonora. And she still shortened it to Leo.

I was really a woman. To the world and to my own mother I was a girl.

I grabbed my phone from the desk. I unlocked it with a trembling thumb. I opened my photos.

Every selfie. Every group photo. Every family picture.

They were all changed.

There was me at prom in a tuxedo but with long hair and soft makeup posing with my lifelong friend Meg. I remembered this photo... it looked almost identical except for my gender.

There was me at graduation in the gown looking undeniably female. Reality had shifted to accommodate the edit. It was insane. It was terrifying. It was fucking hot.

I stood up and walked to the full-length mirror on the back of my door. I looked at myself.

I was cute. Not a supermodel but definitely cute. I had a heart-shaped face and big dark eyes. My lips were naturally full. My body was slender but with just enough curve to the hips to be noticeable.

I turned to the side. My boobs were perky. I ran my hands down my sides feeling the dip of my waist and the flare of my hips.

I looked at the clock. 11:30 PM. Mr. Gable wouldn't be home from his league game for another hour. Mrs. Gable was probably still awake next door.

A dark thought bloomed in my mind.

I had the power to edit reality. I had the power to edit people.

I went back to the computer. I backed out of my profile, staying as girl-me.

I typed in Chelsea Gable.

Her avatar loaded. The 46-year-old woman in the nightgown.

I looked at the AWARENESS toggle. I clicked it to OFF.

I went to the Body tab. Age. I dragged it from 46 down to 21.

The avatar snapped into youth. Her skin smoothed. Her body lifted. My breath caught. This was dangerous. This was wrong. But my hand was already moving to the Breasts tab.

I cranked it. C. D. E. F.

I gave her tits that were comically large. Massive balloons that would hang heavy on her chest.

Then I went to the Mind tab.

Promiscuity. I dragged the slider all the way to the right. 10/10.

Inhibitions. I dragged it all the way to the left. 1/10.

I stared at the screen. My new pussy gave a wet twitch against the cotton of my boxers. The thought of her acting like a slut was doing things to my brain that I couldn't explain.

I hit APPLY.

Silence.

I waited a beat. Then I stood up. My legs felt shaky.

After throwing on a t-shirt, I opened my door and crept into the hallway. I could hear humming coming from downstairs.

I crept down the stairs and slipped out the back door. My bare feet were silent on the damp

grass as I crossed the yard to the Gables' house. I used my spare key and pushed their kitchen door open. I could hear humming coming from the next room.

She was in the living room. She was folding laundry on the sofa.

I stopped in the hallway arch. My jaw went slack.

She was stunning. She looked almost younger than me. Her skin was radiant. Her hair was thicker and shinier.

But it was her body that stole the show.

She was wearing her old nightgown but it was hopelessly inadequate. Her breasts were titanic. They were two massive spheres of flesh that strained the fabric to its breaking point. Her nipples were hard points tenting the silk. They swayed heavily as she moved.

She looked up. Her eyes were bright and glazed with a sort of perpetual arousal.

"Oh hey darling," she cooed. Her voice was breathy. "What are you doing over here so late? Did you leave something her? Do you need anything?"

I couldn't speak. I just stared at her. My brain was trying to process the visual information and failing miserably. She looked like a porn star cosplaying as my neighbor.

"Mrs. Gable," I managed to choke out. "You look... young. Like really young. How are you in your forties if you look twenty-one?"

She laughed. It was a light, bubbly sound that seemed completely alien coming from her. "Oh honey, how could you forget? I'm not actually twenty-one. Don't you remember? The doctors found that weird anomaly with my cells. They said I just stopped aging from twenty-one to forty-five. Actually come to think of it I should be aging normally again starting now. Funny timing!"

She giggled again. The logic was absurd. It was dream logic. But because I had turned Awareness off the program had simply rewritten the universe's history to make her appearance plausible.

"Right," I muttered. "The anomaly."

She stepped closer. The smell of her perfume was overwhelming. It mixed with a heavy musk

of arousal that seemed to radiate off her skin.

"Oh Leo, what do you think of this?" She held up a small white sports bra. It looked tiny. "Think my boobies will look good in it? I know it's a bit small but I like the squeeze."

My mouth went dry. "Uhhh..."

"I know you'd look good in a sports bra if you'd ever try clothes suited to your body," she chided playfully. She dropped the nightgown to the floor.

She was naked.

I stood there frozen. My kind middle-aged neighbor was standing in the living room completely nude. Her skin was flawless. Her stomach was flat and toned. Her hips flared out into a perfect curve. But her chest... god her chest.

Her breasts were colossal. Without the support of the nightgown they swung heavy and low. They were impossibly round. Massive bags of soft fat that jiggled with every breath she took. Her nipples were the size of pepperoni slices and dark red. They were hard as diamonds.

"Well?" she asked. She slid the top on, then she put her hands on her hips and posed. "You think I look hot?"

I couldn't look away. My eyes were glued to the patch of dark hair between her legs which was already glistening with moisture.

She stepped right up to me. She took my hand. Her skin was burning hot.

"Here," she whispered. She pressed my hand against her left breast.

It was heavy. It was incredibly soft. My fingers sank into the flesh like it was memory foam. I could feel the heat radiating from it. I could feel the rapid thumping of her heart beneath the wall of tissue.

"You think it holds them okay?" she breathed. She leaned into my hand.

I squeezed. I couldn't help it. The sensation was electric.

"Oooh," she moaned. Her head fell back. "You hit the nipple. God... you know how much of a hair-trigger I am."

She bit her lip. Her eyes were half-closed. They looked hazy and drunk with lust.

"Ugh I wish Rob was here," she groaned. She rubbed her thighs together. "I need my husband to fuck me real good. I need something thick inside me."

I almost choked on my own saliva. The Inhibitions slider. I had dropped it to one. She had no filter. No shame.

She looked at me. Her eyes traveled down my body to the bulge in my boxers. Even tucked away my reaction to this was obvious.

"Maybe you can help your neighbor out, woman to woman? Girl to girl?" she whispered. She reached out and brushed the front of my underwear. "I just NEED to get off. I don't care how."

Panic and lust warred in my brain. This was Mrs. Gable. But it wasn't. It was a twenty-one-year-old nymphomaniac construct I had built.

"I... I have to go," I stammered. I pulled my hand away from her breast. It felt cold without the warmth of her skin.

"Bah," she pouted. "You must be tired. Go get some rest next door. I can handle this one myself."

She turned away from me. She sat down on the edge of the sofa and spread her legs wide. I watched in a trance as she brought two fingers to her lips, wet them, and then plunged them into her soaking wet pussy.

"Oh god yes," she moaned loudly.

I turned and ran. I sprinted out her door and across the yard to my house, flying up my own stairs. My bare feet pounded on the carpet. My new pussy was dripping wet. The friction of the boxers against my sensitive nub was agonizingly good.

I slammed my bedroom door and locked it. I threw myself into the chair.

"Okay," I gasped. "Too far. Way too far."

I grabbed the mouse. I needed to reset her. I needed to put her back to normal before Mr. Gable came home.

I clicked on her profile.

ERROR: NO PRESET FOUND.

My heart stopped. I hadn't saved her baseline.

"Shit shit shit," I hissed.

I looked at the sliders. I knew her age was 46. I knew she was a B-cup. But the mental stats? The libido? The inhibitions? I couldn't remember the exact numbers. I'd have to guess.

I gripped the mouse. My hand was shaking. I was so horny it hurt. The image of her spread out on the couch was burned into my retinas. She wanted it. She was begging for it.

A dark twisted idea formed in my mind. It was reckless. It was depraved.

I didn't reset her.

I backed out to the main menu. I clicked on my own profile.

I went to the Body tab. Sex.

I clicked MALE.

APPLY.

The sensation was violent. My hips crunched inward. My chest deflated, the fat dissolving instantly into muscle. My pussy inverted, pushing outward, reforming into balls and a shaft. The relief was instantaneous. I was me again.

I didn't stop there.

I turned AWARENESS back to ON. I didn't want Mrs. Gable to recognize me.

I went to Age. I slid it to 25.

I went to Face. I adjusted the jawline, making it square and chiseled. I changed the eye color to green. I changed the hair to a dirty blond.

I went to Muscle Mass. I cranked it up until I looked like a fitness model. Lean. Ripped. Powerful.

I went to Genitalia. 8 inches. Thick.

I clicked SAVE. Preset: The Hot Stranger.

I stripped my t shirt, then hit APPLY.

Heat flooded my body. My bones stretched. My skin tightened. I watched my reflection in the dark monitor as my face shifted, my nose reshaping, my jaw widening. I felt power surge into my limbs. I looked down. My dick was heavy and thick against my thigh.

I wasn't Leo anymore. I was a stranger. An attractive, powerful stranger.

I grabbed a pair of jeans and the same white t-shirt from my floor. They fit differently now. The shirt was tight across my chest. The jeans were snug in the crotch.

I climbed out onto the roof of the porch and dropped down to the lawn. I landed lightly, my new muscles absorbing the impact easily.

I walked across the yard to the Gables' front door. My heart was pounding a hole in my chest. This was insane. This was the craziest thing I had ever done.

I knocked. Three hard raps.

I waited.

The door swung open.

She was still naked. Her body was flushed pink. She was breathing hard. She must have just stopped touching herself to answer the door.

She looked me up and down. Her eyes went wide. She licked her lips.

"Uhhh hi," I said. My voice was deeper. Resonant. "I'm here selling..."

She didn't let me finish.

"God you're hot," she breathed. She reached out and grabbed the front of my shirt. "Perfect timing."

She yanked me inside and kicked the door shut.

Before I could breathe she was on me. She jumped up, wrapping her legs around my waist.

Her massive tits smashed into my face. She kissed me. Her tongue was hot and demanding.

I was kissing Mrs. Gable.

The thought should have killed the mood. It should have felt completely wrong. This was the middle aged lady that lived next door. The one who paid me to help with odd jobs that her son used to do. But the woman in my arms didn't feel like my neighbor. She felt like a sex goddess constructed specifically for my pleasure. Because she was.

I groaned and gripped her ass. It was soft and yielding. I walked her backward into the living room and threw her onto the couch.

She landed with a bounce. She spread her legs instantly. "Fuck me," she begged. "Please. I need it."

I didn't hesitate. I unzipped my jeans and shoved them down. My cock sprang free, hard as iron.

She gasped when she saw it. "Oh my god. Yes. Give it to me."

I climbed on top of her. I lined myself up. I pushed in.

She was so tight. So wet. She screamed as I entered her, her head thrashing back against the cushions.

"Yes! Yes! Harder!"

I began to pound her. The sensation was incredible. Every thrust sent a jolt of pleasure straight to my brain. I watched her massive tits bounce and sway with every impact. I grabbed them, squeezing the soft flesh, marveling at the weight of them.

She wrapped her legs around me, locking me in. She clawed at my back. She was an animal. The inhibition slider at one meant she held nothing back. She met every thrust with a desperate buck of her hips.

We fucked like that for minutes. Hard. Fast. Brutal.

Then I flipped her over.

"Doggy," I growled.

She obeyed instantly. She got on her hands and knees. Her ass was a perfect heart shape. I grabbed her hips and drove into her from behind.

The view was spectacular. Her tits swung beneath her, brushing the couch cushions. I reached around and grabbed one, pulling it back, kneading the nipple while I hammered into her.

"Oh god stranger!" she screamed. "You feel so good! You're so big!"

I could feel it building. The pressure in my balls was intense.

"I'm gonna cum," I grunted.

"Do it!" she yelled. "Fill me up! Breed me!"

I drove into her one last time, burying myself to the hilt. I exploded.

I pumped jet after jet of hot seed deep inside her. She clamped down around me, milking me dry, screaming my fake name into the cushions.

I collapsed on top of her, panting, my face buried in her neck.

We lay there for a minute, the only sound our heavy breathing.

"Wow," she whispered. "That was... magical."

I pulled out. I stood up and pulled my pants up.

"I have to go," I said. My voice was rough.

"Will you come back?" she asked, looking up at me with hopeful, lust-filled eyes.

"Maybe," I said.

I walked out her front door. I walked across the dark yard and climbed back up the trellis to my window.

I fell into my chair. I was shaking.

I looked at the computer screen. The program was still running.

I had just fucked Mrs. Gable. And I wanted to do it again.

I reached for the mouse. I had so much more testing to do.

*The **next chapters** to this story are **available now** (featuring images) to read on my Patreon at patreon.com/JohnManTD*