MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 3: Testing In Public

The sound of a heavy SUV pulling into the driveway next door vibrated through my open window. It snapped me out of the haze of post-coital bliss and god-complex adrenaline.

Mr. Gable was home.

My heart hammered a frantic rhythm against my ribs. God that was close. Another 30 minutes and I would have been caught. I looked at the screen, then down at my own body. I was still the "Hot Stranger." I had kept Awareness ON for my own transformation so Chelsea wouldn't recognize me as the neighbor kid. That meant if Rob Gable walked through their front door while we were fucking, he wouldn't see Leo. He'd see a six-foot-four intruder who just finished with his wife.

My heart was racing. I scrambled for the mouse. I needed to revert. I needed normalcy.

I loaded the Baseline Leo profile. My finger hovered over APPLY.

Then I froze. Mrs. Gable.

She was still next door, naked, glistening with my sweat, and waiting for round two. She was currently a twenty-one-year-old nymphomaniac with zero inhibitions.

I hesitated. I had turned Awareness OFF for her changes. That meant when Mr. Gable walked through that door, he wouldn't be shocked. He wouldn't have a heart attack. The reality distortion field would just tell him that his wife was a twenty-one-year-old with an aging condition, and he'd probably just be happy to see her naked on the couch. Might even expect it.

"He won't know," I whispered, the realization washing over me. "He'll just think it's normal."

But then a sour, ugly feeling twisted in my gut. Jealousy.

I had created that version of her. I had sculpted her youth, her massive tits, her insatiable need. She was mine. The thought of Mr. Gable, balding, tired, complaining Rob Gable, walking

in and getting to enjoy the fruits of my labor... getting to fuck the sex goddess I had just broken in?

It made me want to vomit. It felt wrong. Weirder than what I had just done. She was mine tonight, not his.

"No," I muttered. "You don't get her like that."

I switched tabs frantically. Chelsea Gable.

ERROR: NO PRESET FOUND.

"Fuck!" I slammed my hand on the desk.

I had been so eager to test the limits I hadn't saved her original state. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to visualize the numbers. Age was 46. That was easy. But the mental stats? The libido? The inhibitions?

Through my open window, I could hear the heavy thud of Mr. Gable's car door shutting. His front door clicked open.

I didn't have time for precision. I had to ballpark it.

I dragged the Age slider back up to 46.

I went to the Body tab. Breasts. She was a B-cup before. A modest, neighborly B. My cursor drifted. I remembered the weight of them in my hands just minutes ago. The way she moaned when I squeezed.

I couldn't go back. Not all the way.

I set them to C. Large C. Perky, but within the realm of "maybe she's just wearing a good bra."

I moved to Fitness. I nudged it up. Tighter skin. Less sagging. A little gift from her neighbor.

But the mental state. That was the tricky part. I hesitated over the Libido slider. It was 10 maxed out. What was her default? A 4? I couldn't remember. But seeing her like that... seeing her beg...

I nudged it to 6. Slightly higher maybe. A slight hum of need.

And Inhibitions. Currently set to 0. I dragged it up to 4. Maybe she was a 7 before, I couldn't remember, but this would be a subtle improvement. I didn't want her back to normal. She deserved to have a little more fun. To be a little more fun.

"Be happy, Chelsea," I whispered.

I checked the toggle. AWARENESS: OFF.

I hit APPLY.

A faint shimmer rippled through the floorboards. The program was rewriting the downstairs reality again. She was just Chelsea. But slightly improved

Ok, now for me.

I clicked Baseline Leo. AWARENESS: ON.

APPLY.

The crash was brutal. The power drained out of my limbs like water from a cracked tub. My height collapsed, my bones grinding as they shrank back to average. The massive, throbbing erection that had just plundered my mother shriveled, retreating into my pants until it was just my standard, unremarkable dick. The mind-clouding lust evaporated, replaced by the sharp, cold clarity of adrenaline.

I sat there, breathing hard, feeling small. Feeling weak.

"I'm home!" Mr. Gable's voice boomed across the yards.

I froze. I crept to my window and pushed it open wider, straining to hear across the gap between our houses. Luckily they often kept their ground floor windows open.

"Hey, Rob," Mrs. Gable's voice floated out from their living room window.

It wasn't the breathy, porn-star voice of the twenty-one-year-old construct. It was Mrs. Gable. But there was a lilt to it. A brightness that hadn't been there in years.

"Glad you're home," she said.

"Game got called. Smith twisted his ankle, so we went to the bar for drinks instead," Mr. Gable grunted. "Dinner put away?"

"It's in the fridge. I can heat it up for you?"

"Nah. I'll get a beer."

I clenched my jaw.

I had just given her the best sex of her life. I had rewritten her biology to make her vibrant, horny, and eager to please. She was greeting him warmly, and he was brushing her off like she was the maid.

"Did you... did you want to go upstairs?" Mrs. Gable asked. Her voice dropped an octave. It was subtle, but I heard the higher libido kicking in. "I'm not tired, Rob. And I was having the most vivid dream before you walked in..."

"I am," Mr. Gable said. "Long day tomorrow. Don't wait up."

I heard her sigh. It was a soft, defeated sound.

"Okay, Rob. Goodnight."

Rage flared in my gut. A hot, ugly knot of resentment. He didn't deserve her. He didn't even see her.

I looked at the screen. The Master PC window glowed in the darkness.

I wasn't useless. I wasn't a disappointment. I was the one who could make her happy. And I was the one who controlled her reality.

I shut down the monitor and crawled into bed, but sleep didn't come for a long time. I lay there picturing Mrs. Gable next door, frustrated and horny, while her husband snored on the couch.

It made me feel superior. It made me feel like the man of the house.

Sunlight hit my face like a physical slap. I groaned and rolled over, checking my phone. 10:00 AM.

For a second, the memories of the night before felt like a hallucination. A fever dream brought on by too much caffeine and loneliness.

Then I saw the icon on my desktop.

I sat up. I needed coffee.

I walked downstairs. The house was quiet. I grabbed the spare key from the hook and headed next door to feed the Gables' cat, assuming they had both left for work by now. I didn't see Mr Gable's car in the driveway. Good.

But as I entered their home and walked into their kitchen, Mrs. Gable was there to my surprise. She was standing at the stove, pouring a cup of coffee.

She turned as I entered.

"Good morning, Leo," she beamed.

My breath hitched.

She looked... good. Really good.

The tweaks I made were subtle, but they were there. Her skin was tighter, glowing with a health that defied her age. And her chest. Under her sensible floral blouse, she was definitely fuller. The buttons were straining just a fraction more than usual. The C-cups were high and proud.

"Morning," I croaked.

She walked over and wrapped me in a hug. It was tight. Warm.

She held on for a second too long.

"Mmm," she hummed, squeezing me. "Sorry, I know I've normally left by now, but I'm running a little late this morning. I forgot to text you to come over later instead."

She pulled back, keeping her hands on my shoulders. Her eyes searched mine. There was a glaze to them. A lingering fog of confusion mixed with latent arousal.

"I had the wildest dreams last night, Leo," she said, biting her lip. "So vivid. I can't even remember the details, but I woke up feeling... wonderful."

She laughed, a nervous, fluttery sound. She smoothed her blouse down, her hand brushing over her expanded chest.

"Just wonderful."

She turned back to the counter, humming a tune. She swayed her hips as she reached for her mug. The inhibition slider was working. She was looser. freer.

"I left the cat food on the counter," she said, smiling warmly. "Since you're here now, you may as well feed her, but could you still come back later to check on her? Thanks for helping out."

I nodded, and fed the cat in silence, watching her move. Watching the way the fabric of her pants pulled against her slightly firmer ass. God, I've never seen Mrs. Gable like this before...

I needed to get out of here. The tension in the kitchen was suffocating. And I needed to test the range.

"I'm gonna head to the Beanery," I said, putting the cat food away. "Do some... job hunting."

"Okay, sweetie. Have a good day," she called out as I left.

Once I was back in my house, in my bedroom, I sat there for a moment just thinking about what her. What I'd done to her. This program is... it's incredible. I needed to test it more. Going to the Beanery was just an excuse I said to Mrs Gable to leave, but it actually wasn't a bad idea. I could do some more testing there.

I grabbed my laptop bag, and I made sure the bridge was active. Luca had set up a robust home network for us years ago, and I had piggybacked off it. I had the client installed on my laptop, tunneling back to the desktop upstairs. The plan was to remote-in to my desktop from the cafe.

If this worked, the world was my playground.

The Beanery was crowded. It was the go-to spot for the local college crowd and high school seniors enjoying their summer. The air smelled of roasted beans and pretension.

I bought a black coffee and found a small table in the corner. I had a clear view of the room.

I booted up the laptop. I connected the VPN.

The grey window appeared.

WELCOME TO MASTER PC. VPN ACTIVE. LOCATION ADJUSTED TO USER'S REMOTE TERMINAL.

It worked. I suppressed a grin. I was worried the range would be limited to my desktop.

I scanned the room.

My eyes landed on a booth near the window.

Chloe.

She was sitting alone, a thick hardcover book open in front of her. Chloe had been in my AP English class. She was the definition of "out of my league." Smart, sharp-tongued, and intimidatingly pretty in a librarian sort of way. She had dark hair cut in a bob, severe glasses, and she usually wore oversized sweaters that hid everything.

Today, she was wearing a gray turtleneck.

I typed her name into the subject line.

Chloe Vance.

SCANNING...

SUBJECT FOUND.

Her avatar loaded.

I checked her stats.

Intelligence: 138.

Damn. I knew she was smart, but that was Mensa level.

Libido: 8. Whoa, that was high. Maybe this stuck up girl has some dark secrets...

Confidence: 8.

Breast Size: A.

I looked at the wireframe model. She was petite. I remembered seeing her running track once or twice. She was fit, but slender. A ruler shape.

I took a sip of coffee. This was going to be fun.

I checked the AWARENESS toggle. It was OFF.

I went to the Body tab. Breasts.

I watched her over the top of my screen. She was engrossed in her book, sipping a latte.

I clicked the slider. I dragged it from A to C. I frowned. Too small. I wanted to see the reality bend.

I grabbed the slider again. I dragged it past D. Past DD. I stopped at a full, round E-cup.

APPLY.

It was like watching a magic trick. One second, she was petite. The next, two massive globes of flesh erupted from her chest. The gray turtleneck struggled, the fabric stretching thin, outlining the heavy curve of her underboob.

She shifted in her seat, adjusting her posture to accommodate the sudden weight, but her eyes never left the page. Her reality had rewritten itself. To her, she had always been busty. She had always had to sit up straight to keep her back from hurting.

I looked around the shop. The guy at the next table didn't blink. The barista didn't drop a cup.

I stifled a laugh. It was seamless.

I went to her face. Lips.

I increased the fullness. Her mouth softened, her lips blooming into a pouty, inviting shape that looked ready to be used.

Then, Eyesight.

Current: -4.50 (Myopic).

I dragged the slider to Perfect 20/20.

APPLY.

Across the room, Chloe frowned. She blinked hard. She reached up and took off her glasses, squinting at them. She looked around the room, testing her vision. A look of confusion crossed

her face, not because her vision changed, but because she couldn't remember why she was wearing glasses in the first place if she didn't need them.

She folded them and put them in her bag.

It was surprising how without the glasses, and with the new lips, she really did look a lot different. They seem like such minor changes. She looked... hot.

I sat back, feeling the power thrumming through the keyboard. But physical changes were just surface level. I wanted to get inside.

I clicked on the Mind tab.

I scrolled past Intelligence and Libido. I was looking for something specific.

At the bottom of the list, I found a dropdown menu I hadn't played with yet: RELATIONSHIPS.

I clicked it. A search bar appeared: ENTER TARGET NAME.

I typed: Leo Brown.

The program processed for a second.

CURRENT STATUS: ACQUAINTANCE. MEMORY: HIGH SCHOOL CLASSMATE. IMPRESSION: INDIFFERENT/UNREMARKABLE.

Ouch. "Unremarkable." That stung more than the college rejection letter.

I clicked the Edit button. The text field became writable.

I deleted "Indifferent."

I started typing.

STATUS: LONG-TERM CRUSH. IMPRESSION: INTELLIGENT, MYSTERIOUS, SEXUALLY MAGNETIC. HISTORY: HAS ALWAYS REGRETTED NOT MAKING A MOVE IN HIGH SCHOOL.

I paused. I looked at her across the room. She was looking out the window, looking bored.

I added one more line.

FANTASY: RECURRING DAYDREAMS ABOUT AN ENCOUNTER IN A PUBLIC BATHROOM.

APPLY.

I waited.

Chloe sighed. She looked away from the window. Her eyes swept the room.

They landed on me.

Her reaction was instant. Her eyes went wide. A flush of red crept up her neck. She quickly looked down at her book, but I saw a smile tugging at the corner of her new, full lips.

She looked up again, peeking through her lashes.

I caught her eye and gave a small, casual wave.

She froze. Then, looking like she was about to jump out of her skin, she closed her book. She stood up.

My god. Standing up, the E-cups were even more impressive. They bounced heavily with her movement, making her petite frame look top-heavy. She smoothed her turtleneck nervously and walked over to my table.

"Leo?" she asked. Her voice was breathy, nervous.

"Hey, Chloe," I said, leaning back. "Long time."

"I... I wasn't sure it was you," she stammered. She was fidgeting with the hem of her sweater. "You look... really good."

"You too," I said, letting my eyes drop to her chest for a split second. "You look different. Did you do something with your hair?"

She giggled. It was a girly, uncharacteristic sound. "No, same old me. I just... I saw you sitting here and I couldn't believe it. I was just thinking about you the other day."

"Oh yeah?" I smirked. "Good things, I hope."

"Very good things," she whispered, biting her lip. She glanced around the coffee shop, then stepped closer to my table. "Do you... do you mind if I sit for a second?"

"Please," I gestured to the chair.

She sat down, leaning forward. Her tits rested on the edge of the table, squished together. She didn't seem to mind. She seemed to want me to see them.

"So what are you up to?" she asked, her eyes locked on mine. She was radiating heat. The program worked fast.

"Just working on some projects," I said vaguely, tapping the laptop. "Digital editing stuff."

"That sounds so smart," she gushed. "I always knew you were clever. In English class, I used to stare at the back of your head and wonder what you were thinking."

"I was usually thinking about you," I lied.

Her breath hitched. "Really?"

"Yeah. I always thought you were the hottest girl in school. Intimidating, but hot."

Chloe looked like she was going to melt into a puddle. Her legs squeezed together under the table.

"I wasn't trying to be intimidating," she murmured. "I was just... shy. Especially around guys I liked."

She reached across the table and touched my hand. Her fingers were trembling slightly.

"I'm so glad I ran into you, Leo. I've been... frustrated lately. Bored."

I looked at the bathroom door in the back of the shop. It was a single unisex stall.

"Bored, huh?" I lowered my voice. "Maybe you need some excitement."

She followed my gaze. Her eyes widened, darkening with dilated pupils. The implanted fantasy was triggering.

"I... I really need to use the restroom," she said, her voice shaking. "But I don't want to leave my stuff."

"Bring it with you," I said. I stood up. "I'll bring mine. We can... keep an eye on each other."

She stood up so fast her chair scraped loudly against the floor. "Okay."

We walked to the back. The hallway was narrow and empty. I opened the door and held it for

her.

She stepped inside, clutching her book to her chest. She looked back at me, her eyes pleading, desperate.

I stepped in after her and clicked the lock.

The space was cramped, smelling of lemon cleaner and cheap soap.

"Leo," she gasped.

I didn't talk. I dropped my bag and grabbed her waist. I pulled her flush against me.

She dropped the book. Her arms went around my neck, and she kissed me.

It wasn't a tentative first kiss. It was a collision. Her tongue forced its way into my mouth, tasting of vanilla latte. She ground her body against mine, her massive breasts crushing into my chest.

"I've wanted this for so long," she moaned against my mouth. "In class, in the library... in a goddamn cafe bathroom! God, Leo, you have no idea."

I gripped her ass through her jeans. It was tight and firm. "Show me." I had no idea where this confidence of mine was coming from. Having this much control... fucking my own Mom last night in a way my father never could...

She pulled back, breathing hard. She grabbed the hem of her turtleneck and yanked it up.

She wasn't wearing a bra.

Her tits tumbled out, bouncing heavily. They were magnificent. Pale, soft, and impossibly huge on her small frame. The nipples were pink and puffy.

"They're so sensitive," she whimpered as the cool air hit them. "Please... touch them."

I didn't wait. I grabbed them, my hands sinking into the deep softness. They were heavy, warm weights in my palms. I squeezed, kneading the flesh.

"Oh god!" she screamed, her head falling back against the tiled wall. "Yes! Harder!"

She fumbled with my belt. Her hands were frantic. She unzipped my jeans and shoved her

hand into my boxers.

"You're hard," she gasped, feeling me. "You're so hard for me."

She dropped to her knees on the dirty tile floor. She didn't care. The "stuck-up" Chloe was gone, replaced by this heat-seeking missile I had programmed.

She pulled my cock out.

"It's beautiful," she whispered.

She took me in her mouth. She was enthusiastic, bobbing her head, making wet, sloppy noises that echoed in the small room. I looked down at her, at the way her hair fanned out, at her massive tits jiggling with the motion of her head.

"Stand up," I commanded.

She stood instantly, spit shining her lips.

I spun her around and bent her over the sink. She gripped the porcelain, arching her back, presenting herself to me.

I yanked her jeans and panties down to her ankles.

I lined up and shoved inside.

"FUCK!" she yelled, her voice echoing off the tile.

I slammed into her. The friction was incredible. She was tight, wet, and clamping down on me with every thrust.

I watched our reflection in the mirror above the sink. Me, gripping the hips of the smart girl, pounding her into submission in a coffee shop bathroom. Her new tits swung wildly beneath her, slapping against her ribcage.

"Is this what you dreamed about?" I growled in her ear.

"Yes! Yes! It's better!" she sobbed. "Use me, Leo! Please!"

I didn't hold back. I let the power rush through me. I was rewriting her world, filling her with a pleasure she had never known she wanted.

I grabbed her hair, pulling her head back. I pounded into her, harder and faster, until her legs started to shake.

"I'm cumming!" she shrieked. "Leo! Leo!"

She clamped down hard, her inner muscles spasming around my cock. The sensation pushed me over the edge.

I buried myself deep inside her and let go. I pumped wave after wave of seed into her, groaning as the pleasure fried my nerves.

We stayed like that for a minute, me leaning on her back, her panting into the sink.

I pulled out and fixed my clothes.

Chloe turned around. She looked wrecked. Her hair was messy, her lips were swollen, and her sweater was still bunched up around her neck.

She looked happy.

"Wow," she breathed, pulling her sweater down. "That was... intense."

"It was," I agreed, unlocking the door.

"Can we..." she hesitated, looking hopeful. "Can we do this again? Maybe at your place?"

I smirked. "I'll call you, Chloe."

I walked out of the bathroom, leaving her there to compose herself. I walked through the coffee shop, ignoring the stares of the people who had definitely heard the noises.

I felt invincible. I felt like a king.

The high lasted all the way home. I walked through the front door, whistling, my mind already racing with possibilities for who I could edit next.

Then I walked into the kitchen.

Dad was sitting at the table. He was holding an envelope.

The whistling died in my throat.

"Sit down," he said. His voice wasn't loud. It was cold.

I sat.

He tossed the envelope across the table. It slid over the wood and hit my hand.

It was from the community college. A thin envelope.

"Rejected," Dad said. He sounded disgusted. "From community college, Leo. Do you have any idea how hard it is to get rejected from a school that accepts everyone?"

"I... I missed the deadline for the essay," I muttered. It was a lie. My grades just sucked.

"Excuses," he spat. He leaned forward, his face red. "Look at you. You wander around all day, wasting time, wasting space. When Luca was your age, he was interning at Google. He was building a future."

"I'm not Luca," I said, my voice rising.

"No, you're not," Dad sneered. He looked me up and down with pure disdain. "You're useless. You're a drain on me and your mother. You think playing on that computer all day makes you a man? You're a child."

He stood up, towering over me.

"Get a job, Leo. A real one. Or get out."

He stormed out of the kitchen, bumping my shoulder hard as he passed.

I sat there for a long time. The envelope lay unopened on the table.

Useless. A child.

I wasn't sad. I felt a cold, hard knot form in the center of my chest. It was anger. Pure, crystallized rage.

He had no idea. He had no idea who I was. What I could do.

I stood up slowly. I walked upstairs.

I went into my room and locked the door.

I sat at my desk and woke the monitor.

ERROR: CHLOE VANCE OUT OF RANGE

I deleted Chloe's profile from the viewer.

I typed in a new name.

Clark Brown.

SCANNING...

SUBJECT FOUND.

Dad's avatar appeared. He was wearing his work clothes. I was so angry at my dad I wanted to ruin him. I wanted to use the program on him. But... my mom was still married to him. If I broke him, it would ruin her life too. I couldn't do that to her.

I looked out my window. Next door, Rob Gable's car was in his driveway. I remembered how dismissive he was of his beautiful, revitalized wife last night. Arrogant, ungrateful men who thought they owned the world. They were all the same. Plus, messing with him feels a lot less chaotic than messing with my own family. It might give me some semblance of control.

I typed in a new name.

Rob Gable.

SCANNING...

SUBJECT FOUND.

Mr. Gable's avatar appeared. He looked balding and arrogant.

I looked at his stats.

Testosterone: High.

Dominance: High.

Empathy: Low.

Penis Size: 6.2 inches (Above Average).

I stared at the screen. He was proud of that. I knew he was. He walked around the neighborhood like he owned the place. Like he was the alpha.

I looked at his stats.

Testosterone: High.

Dominance: High.

Empathy: Low.

Penis Size: 6.2 inches (Above Average).

I stared at the screen. He was proud of that. I knew he was. He walked around like he owned the place. Like he was the alpha.

I moved my mouse to the Genitalia tab.

I hovered over Penis Length.

I could shrink it. I could make it a micropenis. I could make him impotent. I could humiliate him in the bedroom with Mom until he was a sobbing mess.

But that felt... small. That felt like a prank.

I wanted to break him. I wanted to dismantle everything he thought he was.

My mouse drifted up. Past the Body stats.

It hovered over the tab labeled SEX.

MALE / FEMALE.

A dark, twisted idea bloomed in my mind. An idea so much better than shrinking his dick.

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