

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 20: A Hungover Morning

The pounding behind my eyes felt like a construction crew taking jackhammers to my skull.

I groaned, rolling onto my back. The movement was instantly halted by an immense, shifting weight pressing down on my ribs. I cracked one eye open against the blinding sunlight filtering through a strange, unfamiliar set of blinds. The room smelled of stale beer and expensive cologne. I tried to sit up, but my center of gravity was entirely off.

I looked down. Two absolute mountains of pale, doughy flesh rested heavily against my upper stomach. They were monolithic. J-cups.

"What?" I croaked, my voice high-pitched and raspy. "I'm... Leonora?"

The memories of the night before slammed into my throbbing brain. The frat party. The tequila. The ping-pong game with Dave and Matt. Turning the snooty girls into an Instagram baddie and a CrossFit centaur. The futa-quarterback railing me in the hallway. Meg finding me, dragging me into this guest room, and my drunk ass inflating her tits to match mine before I completely blacked out.

"Oh, fuck," I whimpered, clutching my temples. My head was swimming.

I sat up slowly, swinging my smooth legs over the edge of the mattress. My massive breasts swayed with a heavy, delayed momentum, pulling painfully at my spine. I looked around the trashed guest bedroom. The black slip dress I had been wearing was discarded in a wrinkled pile near the door. I stumbled over, my skinny legs trembling, and picked it up. Holding it against my chest, the sheer absurdity of the proportions was glaring. The tiny silk cups wouldn't even cover the bottom curve of my current underboob.

There was absolutely no way I could wear this. I needed to change back to Leo.

I frantically patted down the nightstand, my heart rate spiking. Five missed calls from Mom lit up the lock screen of my iPhone. It was 11:00 AM.

I unlocked it, swiping past the terrifying notifications to find the Master PC app. Nothing. Just

Instagram, Spotify, and a few games.

"Right," I muttered, the hangover fog clearing just a fraction. The shell app was on Meg's developer phone.

Panic squeezed my chest. Where the hell was Meg? Where was her phone? If I couldn't find her, I was stuck as a hyper-sexualized, supermodel bimbo with tits the size of watermelons. "Okay, breathe," I told myself, the feminine voice sounding pathetic in the empty room. "I can just get home. The desktop is still running. I just have to sneak into my bedroom."

I dropped the useless slip dress and scoured the room for anything wearable. Half-stuffed under the bed was a massive, oversized grey Harvard tee and a pair of black yoga shorts. I practically dove into them. Pulling the tee over my head was a logistical nightmare; the fabric caught on my gargantuan breasts, stretching taut across the heavy mounds until it finally popped over them, turning the baggy shirt into a tight, shelf-like tent over my otherwise petite frame. I pulled on the yoga shorts, which fit snugly over my flat, unathletic ass.

It would have to do.

I caught my reflection in a full-length mirror near the door and stopped dead.

Despite the messy hair and the hangover, the Beauty slider I had maxed out last night was still fully active. My face was arresting. The razor-sharp cheekbones, the impossibly plump lips, the flawless, glowing skin. I was drop-dead gorgeous. I had completely forgotten I'd done that to myself. It was mesmerizing, but it was also a massive problem. My mother wouldn't even recognize me as Leonora like this, let alone Leo.

I slipped out of the bedroom and into the sprawling upstairs hallway.

The aftermath of the frat party was catastrophic. Red Solo cups were crushed into the carpets. A few bodies were still passed out on the plush sofas downstairs. A pair of maids in uniforms were already moving through the foyer, quietly sweeping up shattered glass and wiping away the grime. Whoever actually owned this mansion clearly had money to burn.

I tiptoed down the sweeping grand staircase, clutching the banister to keep my top-heavy balance.

As I rounded the corner into the massive, sunlit kitchen to find the back exit, I bumped hard into a solid chest.

"Whoa, easy there."

I stumbled back, my colossal tits bouncing heavily against the Harvard logo. Standing in front of me was a tall, incredibly attractive guy in his early twenties, holding a mug of black coffee. He had messy blonde hair and the relaxed, arrogant posture of someone who owned the place.

"Sorry, dude" I murmured, my hand flying up to steady my chest.

I went to side-step him, but he shifted, blocking my path. His eyes dropped directly to the massive, shelf-like protrusion of flesh beneath the tee. A slow, appreciative smirk spread across his face. "Taking one of my tees, huh?"

I paused, looking at the Harvard crest. "Wha...?"

"I don't recognize you," he said, taking a sip of his coffee. His eyes dragged lazily back up to my flawless, airbrushed face. He looked genuinely captivated. "And trust me, I'd remember a face like yours."

"Yeah, um, I'm a friend of Georgia's," I lied effortlessly, my straight hips shifting defensively.

He raised an eyebrow. "Georgia Menson?"

"No, Stillwell," I corrected.

He chuckled, shaking his head. "Don't know her. God, these alumni parties really get out of hand. Half the people here are strangers." He leaned against the marble island, clearly interested. "You don't have to rush off. Stay for breakfast. The chef is making omelets."

I stared at him. He was overtly hitting on me, his gaze continually dipping back down to my ridiculous bust. It was the host.

"Maybe another time," I said, shoving past him toward the sliding glass doors.

"Okay, well, get home safe!" he called out after me.

Weird, I thought, pushing out into the blinding morning sun.

I scanned the sprawling, trashed backyard. Sitting on a lounge chair near an outdoor electrical outlet was Meg. She was wearing her emerald-green silk dress from last night, her feet bare.

When she turned her head at the sound of the glass door closing, my jaw dropped.

Her chest was colossal.

The thin silk of her elegant dress was screaming in protest, stretched to the absolute limit over a pair of monolithic, swaying globes that matched my own ridiculous proportions exactly. The sheer volume of the doughy flesh rested heavily on her upper stomach, completely dominating her frame.

I jogged over to her. "Meg."

She looked up, pulling her developer iPhone off the charging cable. "Oh. You're alive."

"I am so sorry," I breathed, looking at her massive assets. "I got completely wasted. I don't even remember..."

Meg rolled her eyes, pushing herself up from the lounge chair. She had to physically brace her hands under her heavy weight just to stand up straight. She looked less furious than I expected, mostly just deeply exhausted.

"Yeah, well, I tried to get you to change me back, but you collapsed on the bed before I could get you to hit apply," she sighed. She tossed the iPhone directly at my chest. "Here. Change us back so we can get out of here. As fun as these are, I can't exactly go home like this."

I caught the phone, blinking in confusion. *As fun as these are?* She thought carrying around twenty pounds of extra breast tissue was fun? It was strange for Meg, but my head was throbbing too violently to interrogate it.

I unlocked the shell app. I looked around the patio. A few hungover stragglers were wandering near the pool, but nobody was looking our way.

I quickly loaded Meg's profile. I selected the new, perfected baseline she had designed for herself yesterday. I hit APPLY.

The air warped. The massive, straining flesh on Meg's chest rapidly dissolved, melting back into her ribcage until the emerald silk hung beautifully over her natural, manageable curves. She let out a massive, groaning breath, rolling her shoulders. "Oh, thank god. My spine was about to snap."

"My turn," I grumbled.

I pulled up my Baseline Leo preset. I made sure Awareness was ON so Meg would see it, and tapped APPLY.

The physical crash hit me. The heavy, plush weight on my chest evaporated. My waist expanded, the straight hips grinding back into scrawny lines. My cock and balls forcefully pushed out from my groin, heavy and dense.

I stood there in the oversized Harvard tee and tight yoga shorts, back in my male body.

"Okay, let's go," Meg said, turning toward the side gate.

"Ouch, wait," I winced, adjusting my stance. The tight spandex of the women's yoga shorts was brutally constricting my newly returned balls. They were completely smashed against my thighs.

I pulled the phone back up, navigated to the Genitalia tab, and quickly swapped my penis out for a vagina.

The icy, localized shift inverted my junk, leaving a neat, hairless slit pressed comfortably against the spandex. I let out a sigh of relief.

Meg turned around and rolled her eyes, crossing her arms. "You just can't help yourself, can you?"

"What? It's practical!" I defended, gesturing to the tight shorts.

She laughed, a sharp, bright sound. "What a wild night, huh?"

"Yeah..." I murmured. Despite the splitting headache, a quick flash of the futa-jock railing me in the hallway crossed my mind. The phantom sensation sent a sudden, hot throb of arousal straight to my new pussy. The thought of all that reality-bending chaos actually turned me on.

My train of thought was violently interrupted.

"Dude! You have tits?!"

The scream echoed from the second-story balcony of the mansion.

"I know!" a second, equally panicked male voice yelled back. I instantly recognized it. It was Matt, the guy from the beer pong table. "I thought it was part of the drugs you gave me!"

"Ain't no drugs that do that, dude!" the first voice roared.

Meg and I froze, looking at each other.

"Oops," I whispered.

"Come on," Meg hissed, grabbing my wrist. "Let's go before they find us."

We sprinted down the side path, slipping through the heavy wooden gate and out onto the quiet street where Meg had parked her car.

The drive home was brutally quiet. We were both nursing severe hangovers, the bright morning sun glaring through the windshield like a weapon. Meg pulled into a gas station about ten minutes from my house.

"I need Gatorade," she mumbled, unbuckling her seatbelt. "Stay here."

I slumped down in the passenger seat, resting my head against the cool glass of the window, rubbing my temples. When Meg returned, she tossed a blue sports drink into my lap and climbed back behind the wheel.

She cracked hers open, taking a long drink. "So," she said, staring out the windshield as she pulled back onto the road. "Do you think we can do conditional changes?"

I squinted at her, my brain sluggish. "What do you mean?"

"Like, setting it so a physical change only happens when a specific condition is met," she explained, her newly boosted 120-IQ brain clearly churning despite the hangover.

"What, like... you get taller whenever you say the word 'grow'?" I asked.

"Yeah, exactly. Something like that."

I had no idea why she was asking, but I was too exhausted to dive into the software mechanics. "I'll look into it later. My head hurts too much right now."

Meg tapped her fingers against the steering wheel. "Yeah, about that... I've been thinking."

"About what?"

"Ever since seeing what I supposedly used to look like," she murmured, her voice thoughtful. "I've been extra conscious of the things I take for granted. My subtle curves, my natural cleavage, my cute face. The things I used to just think of as me. But now that I know it's what I actually designed for myself... it's gotten me thinking."

"About what?" I asked again, taking a sip of the Gatorade.

"Well, why stop there?" Meg turned to look at me, her brown eyes sharp and intense. "Maybe we're thinking too small, Leo. Think about it. We can upgrade ourselves however we want!"

"Yeah, but you won't remember the upgrades if we leave Awareness off," I pointed out.

"What if we keep Awareness ON for some upgrades?" she countered smoothly.

"What if people notice?"

"No, I mean things people won't notice. Except us," Meg pressed, leaning into the idea. "Like our health. Our ability to recover from injury... our ability to handle our alcohol."

I groaned, holding my head. "You think?"

"To be honest, I'm having a hard time believing you haven't permanently upgraded yourself already," Meg stated, giving my scrawny male frame a skeptical look.

I looked away, staring out the window. "Well, I haven't wanted to lose who I am. Sure, I've experimented, but I always return to my baseline." I completely avoided telling her about the terrifying concern regarding permanent psychological changes locking into my neural matrix.

"I thought the same way," Meg argued. "But look at me. My baseline changed, and I'm still me, right?"

I didn't say anything. I thought about the subtle differences in her behavior, the sharper wit, the underlying confidence. But ultimately, she had a point. She was still Meg. "You *are* a lot smarter since your upgrade." I replied.

She blinked. "Oh, I forgot that was part of my upgrades... feels like I've always been this smart, but that's exactly my point! Honestly, if we left that change with Awareness on, nobody would really notice, would they? It's way less suspicious than suddenly having huge assets. Try something now. Why don't you give me, say... a higher VO2 max?"

"Good idea," I admitted.

I reached for the developer iPhone sitting in the cup holder. I tapped the screen. Nothing. I pressed the power button. A dead battery icon flashed in the center of the black glass.

"It's dead," I sighed. "I thought you charged it?"

Meg scoffed, rolling her eyes. "My priority was my own damn phone, thank you very much. Never got around to charging this one."

She pulled onto my street, slowing down as we approached my driveway. "It's okay, I'll just come up to your room too. We can use the desktop."

"Whoa, wait," I panicked, looking down at my outfit. I was wearing an oversized Harvard tee and tight women's yoga shorts, and I had a vagina. "I can't just walk in the front door wearing this. My mom is home."

Meg groaned, throwing the car into park by the curb. "Fine. I'll wait out here. You sneak in, change, and come get me when you're ready."

"Okay," I said, grabbing the door handle.

There was a sudden, heavy pause. The quiet hum of the car engine filled the space between us. I looked over at her. Her perfected, subtle beauty was striking in the morning light. The permanent crush she harbored for me seemed to radiate from her posture. She was leaning slightly toward me.

My heart did a weird flutter. I leaned in. I almost gave her a kiss goodbye.

I stopped myself just inches from her face, pulling back abruptly. "I... I don't know what came over me."

"Right," Meg swallowed hard, her cheeks flushing pink. "Yeah, sorry. We're... we're both just a little out of it."

I opened the door and stepped out into the heat. My head was pounding. I thought about the fact that she had practically thrown herself at Jake last night. I was too confused, too hungover, and my brain was entirely too clouded with cross-gender hormones to process what exactly Meg and I were to each other right now.

"I'll be quick," I muttered, shutting the door.

I jogged around the side of my house, slipping through the wooden gate into the backyard. I crept up to the wooden fence separating the patio from the side yard. I hoisted myself up, throwing my leg over the top rail.

My foot slipped on the damp wood.

I dropped hard, the wooden crossbeam driving forcefully upward between my thighs. I gritted my teeth, bracing for the absolute, blinding agony of getting racked in the balls.

The impact hit. But... there was no pain.

Just a dull, heavy thud against my pubic bone, followed by a strange, sharp pressure against my vaginal lips. I clung to the fence, blinking in surprise.

I let out a soft chuckle. "Perks of having a pussy, I guess."

Honestly, the pressure of the wood against my clit actually felt kind of good.

I dropped down onto the grass and looked up at my bedroom window. The shattered glass from the other night was completely gone, replaced by a fresh, pristine pane. Mom must have called an emergency glazier first thing this morning. Thank God.

I pushed the sash up and tumbled over the sill, landing on my bedroom carpet with a heavy thud. My stomach let out a violent, empty growl.

I immediately grabbed a charger cable from my desk and plugged the dead iPhone in just as my bedroom door violently swung open.

"Leo!"

I jumped, spinning around. "Mom!"

Mom stood in the doorway, her hands on her hips, looking incredibly relieved but deeply annoyed. "Oh, you're home. I've been calling you all morning!"

"I... I was sleeping," I lied quickly, gesturing to the bed. "I had my noise-canceling headphones on. I couldn't hear my phone."

"Well... okay," she sighed, her anger deflating slightly. "That's not healthy, you know! And when

were you going to tell me about the broken window?! And what are you wearing?!" Her eyes drifted down to my oversized Harvard tee and the women's leggings I was wearing. Luckily they were dark, so my lack of bulge wasn't obvious.

"I know, I'm sorry. I... I tripped and knocked the window," It was the best excuse I could think of on the spot. "Glass fell onto my clean clothes... so I uh... picked these up at a Goodwill."

She eyed me suspiciously. "Well... okay. You're lucky I had it fixed while you were out yesterday," she scolded, shaking her head. "Just... come down for lunch soon. And change out of those clothes."

She pulled the door shut.

I exhaled a massive breath, leaning against the desk. "Coast is clear."

Now seemingly in the clear, I stripped off the yoga shorts and the Harvard tee. I stood there naked, looking down at the neat, hairless slit between my legs. A strange twinge of arousal sparked in my chest.

I quickly pulled on a pair of normal grey sweatpants and a black t-shirt, and sat down at my computer desk. Wiggling the mouse brought the monitor to life, the Master PC interface sitting exactly where I'd left it. The program had been running non-stop for days.

I quickly pulled up my profile. I scrolled to Genitalia. I needed to get back to normal. I swapped the setting from Vagina to Penis and hit APPLY.

The icy shift inverted my groin. A heavy, dense mass of flesh and testicles pushed outward, filling the empty space in my sweatpants.

I shifted uncomfortably in my computer chair.

God, it really was annoying having it always there. It stuck to my thigh. It required adjustment. I'd never really noticed the inconvenience before, but spending extensive time with a pussy must have shown me both sides of the coin. It was weird. It almost felt... alien. Like it didn't belong. Like there was extra, unnecessary weight swinging between my legs. It reminded me of the initial, cumbersome feeling of developing breasts, a sudden weight you weren't expecting.

But this was my penis, right? I was a guy.

I leaned back, resting my hands behind my head. I mean... it was kind of nice without a cock constantly hanging there, getting in the way, or randomly pitching a tent when I was trying to focus.

Maybe... maybe it wouldn't hurt to just keep the female anatomy for a little while longer. Just for comfort. Besides, when I wanted it back, I could always just change it with a single click.

What would Meg say? What if she didn't know?

I was slightly surprised by how reckless I was feeling. The usual, paralyzing sting of guilt about risking permanent changes to my core identity was strangely muted today. Maybe the hangover was just hurting too much to care.

Keeping the Awareness toggle firmly OFF so Meg would notice my strange biological preference, I swapped my penis back to a vagina.

I hit APPLY.

The cumbersome weight instantly vanished. The neat, warm slit returned. I adjusted myself in the chair, crossing my legs completely flush together.

"There we go," I sighed comfortably. "I'll... I'll change it back later. This is just practical."

My phone buzzed on the desk.

Hurry up! Meg texted.

Sorry, coming out now, I typed back.

She texted back almost immediately: *K, and I'm borrowing some of your Leonora clothes, so have something ready.*

I jogged downstairs, unlocked the front door, and let Meg in.