

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 15: I Need A Distraction

The glow of the monitor cast a pale, sickening light across the bedroom. Meg stood frozen, her massive, shredded shoulders completely rigid. The air in the room seemed to drop ten degrees.

On the screen, the wireframe render slowly rotated. It wasn't the thick, heavy-breasted, impossibly curvy goddess she currently inhabited. It was the truth. It was a flat-chested, straight-waisted, unremarkable runner.

"What the fuck is this, Leo?"



Her voice didn't boom with the Amazonian power she currently possessed. It was a terrifyingly quiet, trembling whisper. She slowly turned her head, her brown eyes boring a hole directly through my skull.

I backed up, my spine hitting the closet door with a dull thud. My mouth opened, but my tongue felt like lead.

"Meg, I..."

"So my entire life is a lie?!" she suddenly exploded, her voice echoing off the walls. She lunged forward. "All those years! All those years looking in the mirror, wondering why I looked the way I did! All those years in high school being called a butter face behind my back while girls like Georgia Stillwell walked around looking like actual women!"

"Meg, please, let me..."

"You let me believe this was me?!" she screamed, gesturing wildly to her colossal, heaving tits and her deeply shredded, impossibly thick torso. "You let me think I just naturally possessed the body of a fucking swimsuit model? You changed me without my knowledge?!"



I was hyperventilating, completely trapped against the closet door. She was pacing back and forth across the carpet, the floorboards literally groaning under her heavy, muscular footfalls. The sheer physical presence of her was terrifying, but the raw betrayal in her eyes was what actually paralyzed me.

"I... I just wanted to test things!" I blurted out, the first pathetic excuse I could find clawing its way up my throat.

She stopped pacing. She turned to me, her chest heaving violently.

"Test things?" she laughed, a harsh, bitter sound devoid of any humor. "Is that what you call it? Or maybe... maybe you knew I had a massive crush on you, so you just wanted to transform my body into something you actually wanted to fuck? Is that it? Was I just not hot enough for you, Leo?!"

"No! God, no, that's not it at all!" I yelled, my heart hammering a frantic rhythm against my ribs.

"Then why?!" she demanded, stepping so close I could feel the heat radiating off her skin. "God, it makes so much sense now! It makes so much sense why my body looks completely different from anyone else in my family! My mom is flat as a board! My sister is a string bean! And I'm walking around with these?" She violently hefted her massive breasts, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

I was cornered. I couldn't tell her the truth. I couldn't tell her that her entire crush on me was a manufactured lie created because I'd made myself look like a fitness model. If I told her the absolute truth, it would shatter her entire reality. She might never speak to me again. She might destroy the computer.

"I'm waiting, Leo," she snarled, her massive bicep twitching. "You're going to explain everything to me right now, or I swear to god, I'll... I'll smash this fucking computer into pieces!"

"Meg, stop!" I panicked, throwing my hands up. The program was everything. It was my only escape. It was our business. "Just listen to me! I did it for you!"

She froze, her fist hovering inches above the monitor. "For me?"

"Yes," I lied, the words tumbling out in a desperate, breathless rush. "You... you were always complaining about your body. Since middle school. You always hated how you looked next to the cheerleaders. You hated that you were built like a track runner. When I found the program... I just wanted to give you a body you could be proud of. I wanted you to feel beautiful. I avoided telling you because I wanted you to think you just grew into it... that it was

naturally yours."

The lie hung heavily in the cramped bedroom. Meg stared at me, her chest rising and falling as her breathing slowly evened out. She looked at my face, searching my eyes for the truth. I held her gaze, praying my racing heart didn't betray me.

She slowly lowered her fist. She turned back to the computer, her eyes tracing the flat, unremarkable lines of her true baseline render.

"I really wasn't much, was I," she whispered, her voice cracking with a profound, heartbreaking vulnerability.

I stayed completely silent. I didn't know what to say.

She rubbed her face with her large, muscular hands, letting out a long, shuddering sigh. "Look... I... I need to think. My head is completely spinning. You handle the girls and the business today... I'm going to run club. Change me back."

"Okay," I swallowed hard, stepping carefully around her to get to the mouse.

I hovered the cursor over the APPLY button, ready to restore her true, flat-chested baseline.

"No!" Meg suddenly yelled, her hand shooting out to grab my wrist.

I flinched. "What?"

"Not to... that!" she spat, pointing a shaking finger at the scrawny wireframe on the screen.

"Back to me!"

"Meg, this is you," I said softly.

"Ugh, I meant the me I remember!" she groaned in absolute frustration, tears finally spilling over her cheeks. "The body I woke up in yesterday! This... this is why I said don't mess with my reality without me knowing! I don't even know who I am anymore!"

"So... do you want to change back to the enhanced one or not?" I stammered, my hand shaking under her grip.

"Move," she grunted, shoving me aside with her heavy hip.

She dropped into the chair, the leather creaking in protest. She quickly clicked the dropdown

menu and bypassed her actual baseline. She altered all the tabs manually, restoring the enhanced version of herself I had created. The one she remembered having her whole life.

I stepped up behind her and pressed APPLY.

The room hummed. Meg's gargantuan, shredded Amazonian muscles instantly melted away. Her broad shoulders collapsed inward, the dense cords of muscle dissolving into soft, plush fat. Her towering height dropped down to a normal level.



She stood up from the chair. She looked down at her breasts, hefting the heavy, fleshy mounds in her hands as if she was holding them for the very first time. She shook her head, a look of profound disbelief and sorrow crossing her features. She realized these weren't real. They were just pixels on a screen brought to life by a slider.

She silently walked over to the bed and grabbed her phone.

She paused in the doorway, her back to me.

"This isn't over, Leo," she said, her voice hollow. "We'll talk about this later."



The door clicked shut behind her. I listened to her footsteps fade down the stairs, followed by the soft thud of the front door.

I collapsed backward into the desk chair, burying my face in my hands. "Fuck," I groaned into the empty room.

I was so mad at myself. I had pushed the boundaries too far. I had treated her reality like a sandbox, and now it was completely blowing up in my face. But after a few minutes of sitting in the heavy silence, the panic began to recede. I had bought myself some time. The lie had held, for now.



My phone buzzed on the desk.

I grabbed it. It was a text from Mika.

Hey Leo. What time will you be over? Everything at the shop coming together, but we've got a few things to sort out with the dummy LLCs and my dad's lease agreement. Can we push to 2 PM?

I quickly typed a reply. *2 PM works perfectly. See you then.*

I tossed the phone onto the bed. It was only 10:30 AM. I had hours to kill, and Meg was gone. I could handle the business today. I could let her cool down and figure out damage control later. But right now, the quiet house was suffocating me.

I walked down the hall to the bathroom and splashed cold water on my face. I stared at my reflection in the mirror. The handsome, chiseled features, the strong jaw, the piercing eyes. I couldn't stand to look at myself. I felt incredibly icky. Meg was my best friend. I had completely warped her mind to make her fall in love with me, and then I'd manipulated her body. I needed an escape. I needed a distraction from the crushing weight of my own conscience.

Through the frosted glass of the bathroom window, I heard the heavy rumble of a car engine

starting next door.

I quickly wiped my face with a towel and rushed back to my bedroom, peering through the broken glass of my window.

Mr. Gable was loading a set of expensive golf clubs into the trunk of his SUV. He was wearing crisp khaki shorts and a polo shirt. He slammed the trunk shut, climbed into the driver's seat, and backed out of the driveway. Standing on the front porch, waving a polite goodbye, was Mrs. Gable. She looked tired, wearing a loose, comfortable sundress. She watched him drive away, her shoulders slumping slightly, before turning and walking back inside the empty house.



A familiar, dark spark ignited in my chest.

My cock gave a sudden, heavy throb against the cotton of my boxers. Mr. Gable was going golfing for the entire afternoon. He was leaving his beautiful, neglected wife all alone when he should have been inside pleasing her.

Maybe this was exactly the distraction I needed.

I practically sprinted back to my computer desk, waking the monitor. I could make myself a

stranger again. I could build another hot, dominant male avatar, walk over there, and fuck her senseless. I could rewrite her mind to make her completely obsessed with me.

But... that felt too easy. I had done that already. I wanted a challenge. I wanted to play a different kind of game.

I typed Chelsea Gable into the search bar.



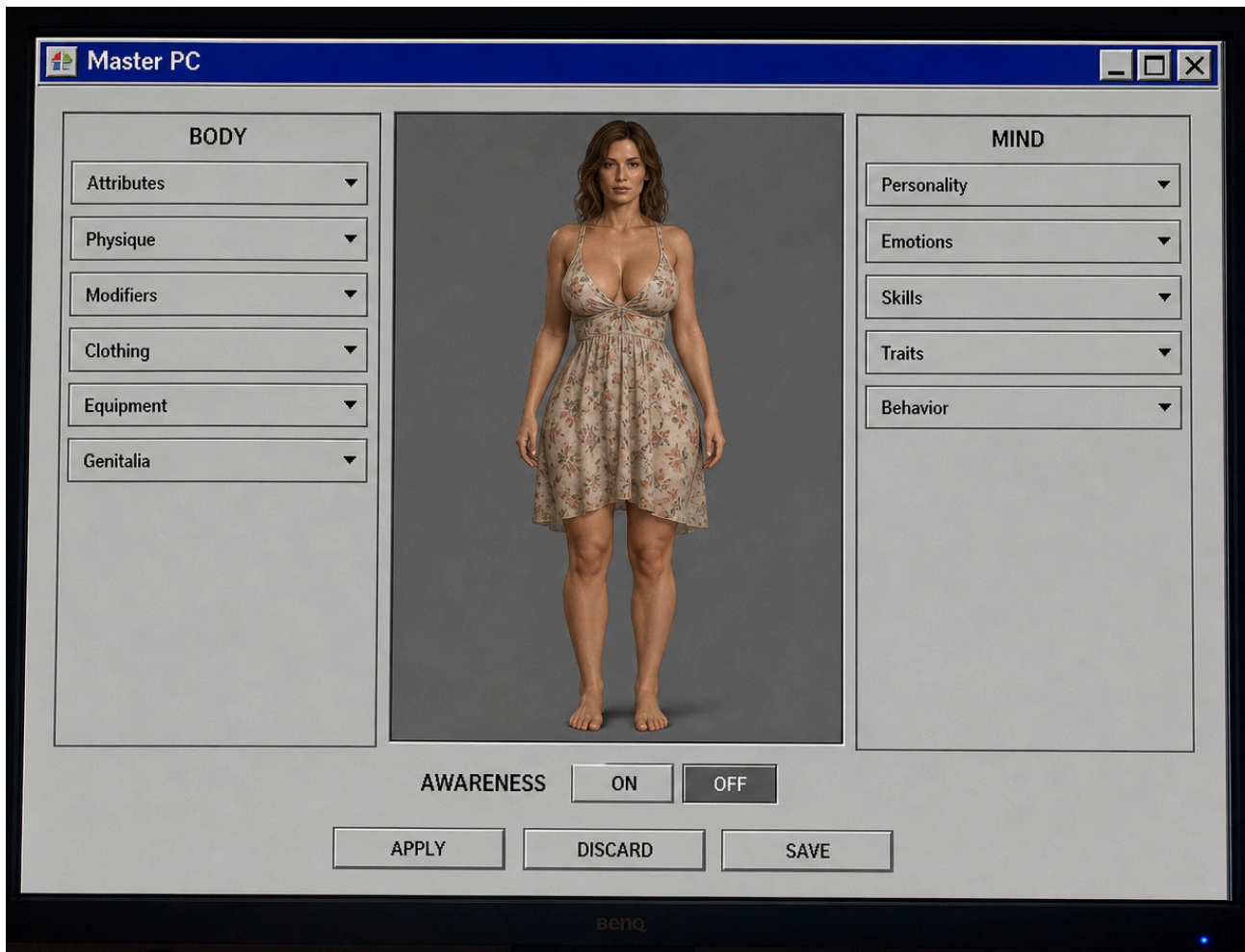
Her live 3D render loaded onto the screen. She was wearing the loose sundress, her slightly enhanced C-cups pushing gently against the fabric. I stared at her digital form. I told myself that she deserved a real upgrade. A permanent one. This was my twisted way of convincing myself that what I did to Meg was actually beneficial, that I was just helping women achieve their ultimate forms.

I went to work on the Body tab. I left her age at 46, but I grabbed the Fitness slider and cranked it. Her digital skin tightened, erasing any faint lines of age. I widened her hips slightly, giving her a dramatic, sweeping curve that dipped into a perfectly flat, toned stomach. I thickened her thighs and her butt, adding plush, heavy mass that rounded out her lower half immaculately. I increased her height by two inches, giving her a commanding, statuesque presence.

Then, I went to the breasts. I didn't want to make them absurd. I wanted her to look believable, yet devastatingly attractive. I nudged the slider up to a very full, very heavy D-cup. They sat high and proud on her chest, completely defying gravity.

I made absolutely sure the Awareness toggle was OFF.

I hit APPLY.



The screen blinked. Next door, reality shifted. Mrs. Gable was now a certified, breathtaking MILF, and she believed she had always looked that way.

Now came the real fun.

I flipped the Awareness toggle to ON. I clicked over to the Mind tab.

This was the psychological warfare I was craving. Last time I had altered her, she had no idea her mind was being changed. This time, she would feel every single agonizing second of it.

I grabbed her Libido slider and dragged it from a modest 4 straight to a screaming, desperate

9.

I dropped her Inhibitions down to an absolute 1.

I cranked Promiscuity to a 9.

I pushed Exhibitionism to a 9.

Finally, I grabbed her Loyalty slider, the trait keeping her faithful to her boring, golf-obsessed husband... and buried it at a 1.

I sat back, my breathing growing shallow as I pictured what was about to happen. She would have absolutely no idea why she was suddenly burning from the inside out. She wouldn't understand why she couldn't help herself. She would try to resist it, her rational mind fighting a losing battle against the overwhelming, artificial need to be completely used and degraded.

It was so incredibly erotic. I was rock hard, my dick straining painfully against my underwear.

I hit APPLY.

I grabbed the edge of the desk, ready to stand up and march over there as Leo to reap the rewards of my programming.

But I paused.

I looked down at the massive tent in my boxers. I closed my eyes. But I wasn't picturing what I expected. I wasn't picturing the feeling of my thick cock driving into Mrs. Gable's wet pussy. I wasn't thinking about fucking her.

I was thinking about *being* fucked.

I was vividly imagining the sensation of her body pressing against mine, but with a thick, heavy cock sliding between her thighs and stretching my inner vaginal walls apart. I was dreaming about being completely filled, about taking the submissive role beneath a dominant, experienced older woman.

My eyes snapped open. What the fuck was I thinking?

I quickly clicked back to my own profile. I frantically scanned the Mind tab. Had I accidentally left a female trait applied? Had I messed with my own orientation?

Nothing was changed. My Libido was normal. My Sexual Orientation was strictly Straight (attracted to women). My Gender Identity was Male.

It was exactly the same as it had ever been.

So... why was my brain naturally drifting toward bottoming as a woman? Was the residual muscle memory of being Leonora actually bleeding into my male consciousness?

I stared at the male render of myself for a long, heavy moment. The confusion and the anxiety warred in my chest, but the overwhelming, dripping lust completely drowned them out.

"Fuck it," I whispered.

I moved to the Body tab. I flipped the Sex slider to FEMALE.

The 3D render instantly snapped into the gorgeous, hyper-attractive version of Leonora. She was preserved perfectly from yesterday because I had saved over my baseline when I was in my hotter male form. She had the incredibly dramatic hourglass waist, the heavy, thick hips, and the massively boosted, swaying breasts that Meg had crafted for me.

Was I seriously considering doing this again? After almost losing my mind to Mark yesterday?

I couldn't help myself.

Keeping the Awareness toggle firmly OFF so nobody would remember the shift, I hit APPLY.

The violent, beautiful heat crashed into my body. My broad shoulders collapsed. My waist cinched so tightly I gasped for air. My pelvis cracked and widened, the plush, heavy fat rushing into my thighs and my ass. My flat chest erupted, the doughy, incredibly soft flesh surging outward to form my heavy, massive breasts. My cock inverted, retreating into my groin and leaving behind a slick, aching void.



I fell back into the chair, panting heavily. The sheer relief of being in this female body washed over me like a drug.

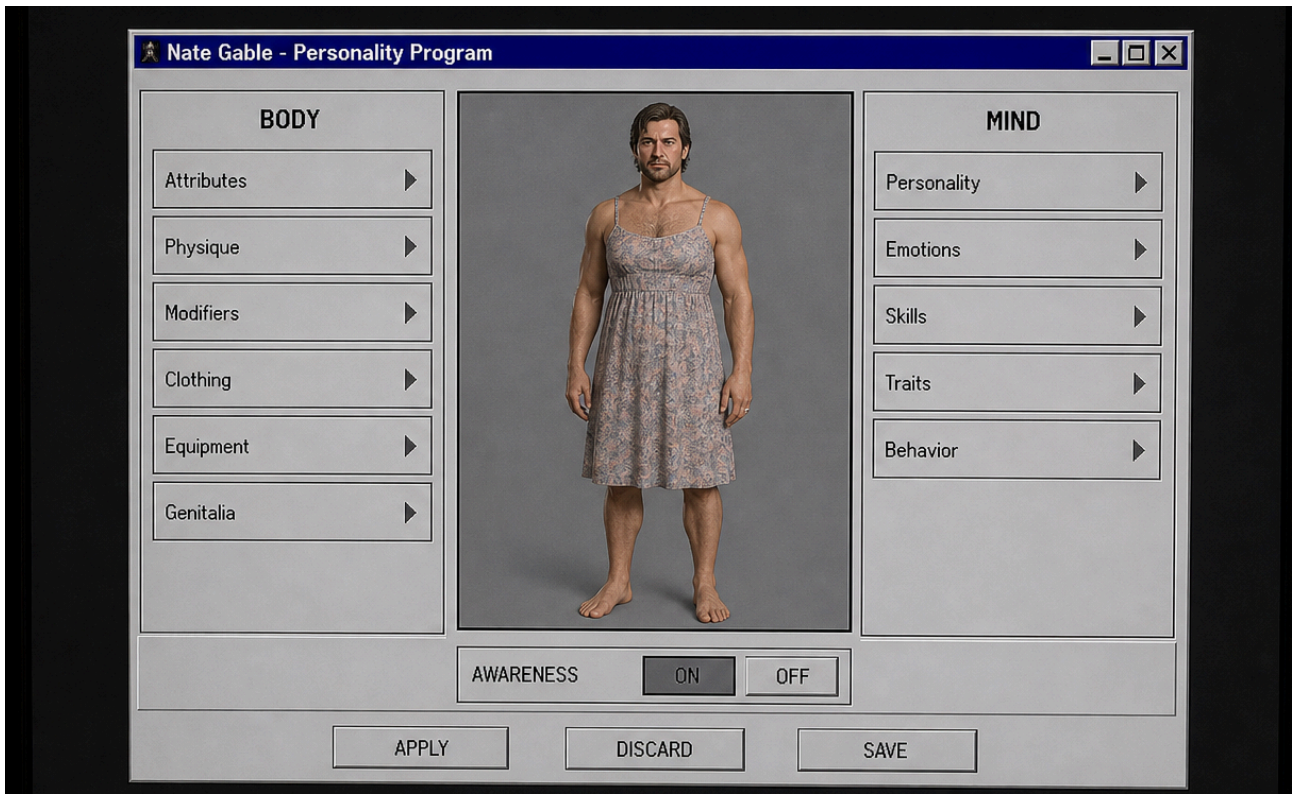
I reached down, slipping my slender fingers past the waistband of my boxers. I brushed against my smooth outer lips. It was already completely soaked. A thick string of clear arousal stretched between my fingers. I smirked, my plump lips curving upward.

But wait. I couldn't have sex with Mrs. Gable like this. Sure, it would be incredible lesbian sex, but she was straight. And more importantly, I desperately wanted to be filled. I wanted the stretching sensation. I wanted the absolute fullness.

I pulled Mrs. Gable's profile back up.

I hovered over her Sex slider and flipped it to male. But the moment the preview model loaded a handsome, older guy with broad shoulders, my stomach dropped. The memory of Mark pinning me down, the terrifying realization of how easily men could overpower my delicate female frame, made me freeze. Even though I wasn't altering my mind with nymphomania this

time, the sheer physical vulnerability of being a woman with a man still terrified me.



But maybe... there was another way. A perfect, twisted compromise.



I kept her sex entirely FEMALE. I went to her Mind tab, found Sexual Orientation, and changed it from Straight to Bisexual. I made sure Awareness was ON, hitting APPLY. That sudden, confusing attraction to women would completely scramble her already hyper-aroused brain when she saw me.

Then, I went back to her Body tab. I scrolled down to Genitalia.

I clicked the dropdown menu, and changed it from Vagina to Penis.

The 3D render of the gorgeous, stacked MILF suddenly sprouted a thick, heavy package between her smooth thighs. Sure, it was hidden by the dress she was wearing, but if I moved the preview just right, I could make it out beneath the dress. I smirked, biting my lip. The thought of this beautiful, maternal woman possessing a cock, seeing her heavy tits press against my own cleavage while she buried her dick inside me... it was the most incredibly erotic concept I had ever imagined. I wasn't even attracted to cock, I had already checked that in my presets. What was going on? Was it the feeling I desired?

I set the Awareness toggle to OFF for this specific change. I didn't want her to freak out about the sudden anatomical anomaly. I wanted her to think she'd always been a futa. I wanted her to use it instinctively.

I hit APPLY.

I laughed softly, a melodic, highly feminine sound, at the thought that Mr. Gable was now married to a chick with a dick.

I stood up from the desk, letting my shorts fall to the floor. I walked over to the pile of shopping bags from the mall. I dug through and pulled out a tight, ribbed knit mini-dress in a deep burgundy color.



It wasn't made for this enhanced version of Leonora. I pulled it over my head and down my body, but the fabric immediately caught on my hips. I had to shimmy and pull just to get it down over my massive ass, the hem stopping scandalously high on my upper thighs. The chest was an entirely different issue. My huge breasts completely filled the upper half of the dress, the neckline plunging so low that the inner curves of my heavy cleavage were practically spilling out.

It was an incredibly tight fit, but that just worked entirely to my favor. I grabbed a hair tie from the fresh pack I'd just bought and did my best to tie it up. It was messy, but I managed to figure it out... kinda.



"Showtime," I whispered to the mirror, admiring the flush of heat on my pretty face.

I slipped out of my bedroom, tiptoed down the stairs, and walked out the front door into the warm afternoon sun. I crossed the lawn, my heavy breasts bouncing wildly with every step, the sheer weight of them pulling against my spine.

I walked up the Gables' front porch and raised my fist to the wood.

Knock, knock.

The door didn't rattle. It simply pushed open an inch. It wasn't latched properly.

I stepped into the cool, air-conditioned foyer. "Mrs. Gable?" I called out, my sweet female voice echoing softly.

"Who is it?" her voice called back from the back of the house. It sounded slightly strained, a little breathless.

"It's me! Leonora!"



"Oh, Leonora dear, come in! I'm just in the kitchen!"

I pushed the door shut behind me, making sure the lock clicked into place, and walked down the hallway.

I found her standing at the kitchen island. She had her back to me, gripping the edge of the marble counter so hard her knuckles were white. Her hips were swaying slightly in the loose sundress.

"Are you here to feed the cat, honey?" she asked, her voice trembling. She didn't turn around. "It's... it's Saturday, remember? You don't have to..."

She trailed off as she finally turned around and saw me.

She stared at me in absolute, stunned silence.

The mental edits were completely tearing her apart. Her eyes went incredibly wide, dilated completely black with pure lust. Her chest heaved, her heavy D-cups bouncing against the thin fabric of her dress. She looked at my flawless face, tracked her gaze down to my massive, spilling cleavage, and lingered entirely too long on the tight curve of my hips in the burgundy dress. The bisexual edit was clashing violently with her lifelong straight identity, but the

Libido 9 setting was absolutely annihilating any resistance.



I smirked internally. I had her. She must be so incredibly confused right now.

"Oh, yeah," I said, putting a delicate hand to my forehead and giggling. "My bad. Silly me."

I played the part perfectly. I shifted my weight, sticking my hip out and letting the tight dress ride up a fraction of an inch. I deliberately arched my back, pushing my heavy tits forward as if I was just completely oblivious to the effect my body had on people. "Sometimes I'm just such a silly, klutzy girl."

She couldn't stop staring. She swallowed hard, a drop of sweat trailing down her temple. She shook her head, trying to physically dislodge the overwhelming lust scrambling her brain.

"I... uhhh..." she stammered, her gaze dropping to my lips. "It's... it's okay, dear. You're... you're always welcome here."

I noticed the fabric of her sundress tenting sharply at the chest. Her nipples were completely stiff, poking through the cotton like diamonds. She was fighting it so hard, trying to remain the polite, maternal neighbor.

But I wasn't going to let her win.

I walked slowly across the kitchen, closing the distance between us. The scent of her expensive perfume mixed with the heavy, musky scent of raw female arousal filling the room.

I stopped right in front of her, stepping directly into her personal space.

"I actually just came over to say thank you," I murmured, looking up through my eyelashes. "I really should thank you for giving me the opportunity to feed your cat all these years. The extra money has been soooo helpful."

Mrs. Gable let out a shaky, rattling breath. She tried to take a step back, her hands coming up defensively, but her back hit the edge of the marble counter.

"You... you're welcome, Leonora," she gasped. Her eyes darted wildly around the room, as if looking for an escape from her own mind. "But please, step back a little. I don't... I don't understand what's wrong with me today. I feel so..."

I took another step forward. The gap closed entirely. The incredibly soft, heavy mounds of my massive breasts pressed directly against the firm, yielding weight of her boobs. The friction of our sensitive flesh rubbing together through our thin dresses sent a blinding jolt of electricity straight to my clit.



Mrs. Gable whimpered, her eyes fluttering shut at the contact. She gripped the edge of the counter behind her, her knuckles turning white as she fought a desperate war against her own rewritten brain.

"This isn't right," she choked out, her head shaking side to side. "I'm a married woman, Leonora. Rob just left. And you... you're a girl. I've never... why am I looking at you like this?"

"Is there any way I can repay the favor?" I whispered, ignoring her panicked questions. I leaned in so close my lips brushed the shell of her ear.

She gulped loudly. Her hands, completely operating on their own accord, detached from the counter and rested tentatively on my narrow waist. She squeezed the soft flesh through the knit dress, a conflicted sob catching in her throat.

"Oh, dear," she breathed, her voice dropping into a husky, desperate rasp. "You... you smell..."

"Good?" I asked playfully, tilting my head back to expose my throat. "Thanks. It's a new perfume I've been wearing."

"No," Mrs. Gable groaned, her control actively splintering. "You smell like... sex. Why do you smell like sex? What are you doing to me?"

The Inhibitions 1 setting finally broke the dam. Her eyes snapped open, burning with a feral, predatory hunger that completely drowned out her confusion.

She grabbed the back of my head, her fingers tangling in my hair, and smashed her lips against mine.

The kiss was violent, wet, and incredibly dominant. She forced her tongue past my teeth, tasting like coffee and unadulterated lust. But a second later, she tore her mouth away, panting heavily.

"I shouldn't," she whimpered, staring at my swollen, kiss-bruised lips. "I can't do this to Rob. I've never been attracted to women. Why is my heart beating so fast? Why do I want to tear that dress off you?"

"Rob isn't here," I whispered, trailing my manicured nails down her spine. "He doesn't have to know."

The Loyalty 1 setting erased her guilt the second I spoke. She growled, the animalistic sound

vibrating in her chest. She backed me up across the kitchen, her heavy breasts crushing my own tits flat against my ribcage. The back of my thighs hit the opposite counter. Without breaking our gaze, Mrs. Gable grabbed me by the hips and effortlessly lifted me up, sitting me onto the cool granite surface.

She stepped between my spread legs, burying her face in the deep, exposed valley of my cleavage. She bit down lightly on the swell of my breast, groaning as the soft meat yielded under her teeth.

"God, you are so beautiful," she panted, her hot breath soaking the fabric of my dress. "I can't believe how bad I want this. It feels like I'm losing my mind."

She reached down and grabbed the hem of my burgundy dress. She bunched the fabric up in her hands and aggressively shoved it all the way up to my waist. I wasn't wearing any panties. My smooth, completely hairless pussy was fully exposed, slick and dripping with thick, clear arousal.

Mrs. Gable stared at my dripping slit. Her breath hitched.

"You're completely soaked for me," she whispered, her voice a mix of shock and dark pride. She reached out with a trembling hand, trailing a single finger directly over my swollen clit.

I threw my head back, a high, piercing moan echoing through the kitchen. My hips bucked involuntarily off the granite counter, chasing her touch.

Mrs. Gable closed her eyes, letting out a fractured sigh. She reached down with her other hand and gathered the loose fabric of her sundress, pulling it up around her waist.

My breath caught in my throat.

Resting between her thick, plush thighs, completely unrestricted by underwear, was a massive, incredibly thick cock. It was absolutely gorgeous. Veiny, heavy, and already throbbing with a dark, angry purple hue. It looked to be at least eight inches long, completely incongruous with her soft, maternal body, yet utterly, devastatingly erotic.



Mrs. Gable looked down at her own erection. Because Awareness was off for the physical change, her brain completely accepted the anatomy. She didn't question why she had a dick... she just knew she'd always had it. She stroked the thick shaft instinctively, her hand trembling.

"I've never been this hard," she gasped, looking from her cock to my wet entrance. "Not for a woman. I only ever use this for Rob when he asks... why is it throbbing like this for you? Why do I have this overwhelming urge to just... shove it inside you?"

"Please," I begged, the raw need completely overriding any remaining hesitation. I spread my thighs wider, gripping the edge of the counter. "Don't fight it. Fill me up, Mrs. Gable."

She squeezed her eyes shut, a tear of pure, conflicted frustration escaping her lashes. "I'm sorry. God, I'm so sorry, Leonora. I can't stop myself."

She stepped fully between my legs, gripping my hips so tightly her fingers dug into my flesh. She lined the blunt, glistening head of her cock up with my slick opening, and thrust her hips forward.



The intrusion was staggering.

"Ahhhh!" I shrieked, my fingernails digging deeply into the granite.

The sheer girth of her shaft stretched my vaginal walls apart with terrifying force. The sensation of being completely, entirely occupied by thick, hot meat sent a blinding wave of pure ecstasy straight to my brain. She pushed deeper, the heavy pressure building in my lower belly until the base of her shaft slapped wetly against my entrance.

Mrs. Gable threw her head back, a loud, guttural groan tearing from her throat. "Oh fuck! Leonora... what are you doing to me? Why does this feel better than anything I've ever felt?"

She pulled back slowly, drawing the thick head almost entirely out of my pussy, before slamming her hips forward again.

"I shouldn't be doing this!" she cried out, tears mixing with the sweat on her face as she established a deep, punishing rhythm. "You're just a girl! You're my neighbor! I've never been into girls!"

Slap.

"Yes!" I sobbed, completely losing myself in the pleasure.

"But you're so fucking tight!" she gasped, the dirty talk slipping past her confusion as the lust took complete control. "It feels incredible!"

The mechanics of the futa sex were mind-blowing. Every time she drove her hips forward, her heavybreasts swung violently, slapping loudly against my own massive cleavage. The dual sensation of our incredibly soft female chests crushing together, combined with the brutal, masculine stretching deep inside my core, completely fried my nerve endings.

"Rob is going to kill me," she wept, hammering into me relentlessly. Her hands moved up to cup my massive breasts, squeezing the doughy flesh mercilessly. Her thumbs rolled aggressively over my stiff nipples. "I don't care... god, I don't care! I'm going to ruin you right on my counter!"

I wrapped my smooth legs around her waist, locking my ankles behind her back to pull her deeper into my womb. The kitchen echoed with the wet, slapping sound of our bodies colliding, punctuated by her conflicted, desperate moans.

"I can't hold it back!" Mrs. Gable grunted, her thrusts becoming shorter, faster, and incredibly frantic. "I'm giving it all to you! Take it!"

The dirty talk pushed me completely over the edge. The tension coiled in my lower belly snapped.

"I'm cumming!" I screamed, my vision going entirely white.

My vaginal walls clamped down on her thick cock with bone-crushing force. I rode out the intense, full-body spasms of the female orgasm, my toes curling so hard they cramped.

My violent climax triggered hers. Mrs. Gable roared, burying her cock to the absolute hilt. I felt the hot, thick jets of her semen pumping deep into my womb, flooding my core with incredible warmth. She held me tight, burying her face in my neck, sobbing a mix of apologies and euphoric groans as she emptied herself completely inside me.

We stayed locked together for a long, heavy minute. The only sound in the kitchen was our ragged breathing and the soft hum of the refrigerator.

Eventually, Mrs. Gable pulled back. Her cock slid out of my dripping pussy with a loud, wet

pop. A thick mix of my slick arousal and her hot cum leaked down my inner thigh.

She looked at me, completely dazed, her sundress still bunched up around her waist. She blinked rapidly, the mental fog slowly clearing just enough for the crushing weight of her actions to settle over her.



"Oh my god," she whispered, her hands flying to her mouth. Her eyes darted from her softening cock to my wet thighs. "Leonora... I... I don't know what came over me. I tried to stop. I really tried. I'm so, so sorry."

"It's okay," I smiled sweetly, sliding off the counter and smoothing my burgundy dress down over my thighs. "I wanted it just as much as you did."

I left her standing in the kitchen, completely bewildered and a total mess, and walked back out the front door.

I crossed the lawn back to my house. I was completely satisfied, my body still humming with the heavy aftershocks of the climax. Checking the time on my phone, I saw it was almost 1:30 PM. I needed to get going to meet Mika and the girls at the new shop.

I walked through the front door, the cool air conditioning washing over my flushed skin. As I headed for the stairs to grab my laptop, my mom stepped out of the living room, holding a folded stack of towels.

She paused, her eyes sweeping over the tight, plunging burgundy mini-dress and my highly enhanced, hourglass curves.



"Well, look at you!" Mom beamed, her eyes lighting up with genuine surprise. "I'm not used to seeing you in a dress, Leonora. You look absolutely gorgeous, sweetie! Going somewhere special?"

"Just... meeting up with some friends in the city soon," I replied, offering a sweet, feminine smile. "Thanks, Mom."

"Have fun, dear!" she called out as I hurried up the stairs.

I slipped into my bedroom and closed the door. As I walked over to the desk to grab the sleek black laptop bag, a sudden realization hit me. I had been so completely consumed by the intense, mind-bending encounter with Mrs. Gable that I had almost entirely forgotten about the massive, relationship-shattering drama with Meg this morning.

The distraction had worked perfectly.

I sat down at the computer. I grabbed the mouse, intending to change back to my baseline male form before heading out.

But why should I? Nobody at the warehouse would know the difference. Mika, Chelsea, and Natalie already expected to see Leonora. Meg was busy at run club, miles away and entirely out of the picture for the afternoon. And honestly, I was incredibly enjoying the feeling of the tight knit dress hugging my massive curves, along with the dull, satisfying ache still radiating from my core.



Besides, it wasn't like I was losing myself. As long as I didn't touch the mental sliders, I was still fundamentally Leo inside, right? My boring baseline male self was always just a single click away. What was the harm?

I reached for the monitor to turn it off so it wouldn't be active while I remote-connected to my desktop with my laptop at the new shop, but my eyes caught something strange on the screen. The Mind tab was still open from when I checked it earlier.

I leaned in closer, my brow furrowing.

No. I... I didn't change it. Did I?

I looked at the Sexual Orientation slider. It was still set to Straight, but a small line of text had appeared next to it in parentheses: *(with a slight affinity for dick)*.

My stomach dropped. I frantically scrolled down to the Fetishes category. There, sitting right at the top of the list, a brand new tag had been added: *Gender Bender*.

"What the fuck?" I whispered, my voice trembling. "That... that can't be."

My first thought was Meg. Had she messed with my profile while I was asleep? But that was impossible. The system specifically restricted applying changes without my direct confirmation. I quickly pulled up the system change log. The last documented edit was the exact one I remembered doing. There were no unauthorized mental changes applied.

The realization hit me like a bucket of ice water.

These stats were dynamic. They didn't just control me; they reflected me. The program was reading my current psychological state. All this wild experimentation, all this time spent flipping my gender and submitting to dominant forces, had permanently altered my actual mind. My desires had fundamentally shifted.

Panic seized my chest. "Oh shit. Am I losing myself?"

I grabbed the mouse, my hands shaking violently. "It's okay. It's okay, I can just change it back."

I clicked the Gender Bender fetish, trying to hit the delete key. Nothing happened. The text was greyed out. I could add other fetishes to the list, but that specific one was completely locked in place. I tried to drag the Sexual Orientation slider, to wipe away the *(affinity for dick)* tag, but a red error box instantly popped up on the screen.

ERROR: CANNOT ALTER CORE DEVELOPMENT TRAITS.

I frantically clicked the small question mark icon next to the error box. An explainer window popped up.

NOTE: Any mental changes induced organically by experiences lived while using the Master PC program are permanent additions to the User's core neural matrix. Lived experiences cannot be deleted.

I stared at the screen, utterly horrified. The system wasn't just a sandbox. It had consequences. I was permanently changed.

I took a deep, shaky breath, trying to force my heart rate down. "No, it's okay," I reasoned aloud, my feminine voice sounding desperate. "I'm... I'm not into dick or anything. Just... just the feeling of one in my pussy."

The exact second I said the words, my wet pussy gave a sharp, involuntary clench. A fresh wave of heat rolled through my pelvis.

"Fuck," I whimpered.

I couldn't deny it. The thought of gender bending was incredibly hot to me now. The program had cracked open my brain and permanently unlocked brand new, terrifying desires.

This scared the absolute hell out of me. Was I slowly erasing Leo?

I couldn't stay in this body a second longer. In a blind panic, I opened my preset menu. I bypassed the hot versions, the sculpted versions, all of it. I selected Baseline Leo. I made absolutely sure the Awareness toggle was flipped to OFF.

I hit APPLY.

The physical crash was brutal. My heavy breasts vanished. My corset-like waist expanded outward. The plush curves of my hips and thighs evaporated into thin, unathletic lines. The slick, aching void between my legs inverted forcefully, pushing out to form my normal, unremarkable male anatomy.



I sat there in the desk chair, wearing an oversized, stretched-out burgundy dress that now hung loosely over my scrawny, flat-chested frame.

I looked down at my hands. They were pale, slightly veiny, and entirely male. I stood up and looked in the mirror for the first time in what felt like forever.

It was incredibly underwhelming. I looked weak, but not in the cute, delicate, feminine way Leonora did. I just looked like a scrawny teenager. I reached up and touched my cheek, feeling the faint, uneven texture of old acne scars that the female beauty slider always smoothed away. I reached down your front and grabbed my cock through the bunched-up fabric of the dress. I squeezed it, grounding myself in the familiar male biology.

I shook my head, staring hard into my own eyes in the mirror. "No. This is me. I am Leo. I can't lose myself."

My phone buzzed on the desk, vibrating loudly against the wood. I walked over and picked it up. It was 1:55 PM. The text was from Mika.

Hey, you on your way? Also, make sure you come as Leonora. I'm excited to see her, plus my dad will be here dropping off some keys. Unless you want him learning your real identity, you better be in disguise.

"Crap," I muttered.

She was right. I needed to conduct this business as Leonora. It was our established cover, and I couldn't risk some rich landlord knowing who I really was.

I looked down at my flat chest. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't go back to that hyper-sexualized, dripping wet bimbo body. I couldn't trust myself. I needed to be as plain as possible so I wouldn't risk losing more of myself.

I sat back down and opened the program. Made only one change, a gender flip. It loaded the baseline Leonora with the small A-cups, the straight hips, the cute but entirely un-enhanced tomboy.

I flipped the Awareness toggle to ON. That way, the universe wouldn't rewrite my history, keeping Leonora as a completely separate alias from Leo Brown.

I hit APPLY.

The shift was minor but distinct. I shrank slightly, my features softening into the familiar, petite tomboy form. My small breasts pressed lightly against the oversized dress.



I quickly pulled the burgundy dress over my head and tossed it into the hamper. I dug through

the shopping bags and threw on some casual, low-key girl clothes, a pair of lululemon leggings and an oversized white cropped camisole.



I grabbed my laptop, shoved it into the bag, and slung it over my shoulder. I walked over to the shattered window, stepping carefully over the broken glass, and climbed out onto the porch roof. I couldn't let Mom see me like this, she wouldn't recognize me.

"I really need to get that window fixed too," I sighed, dropping down onto the lawn and heading toward the city.