

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 16: The Clinic

"So, you're the one who turned my son into a woman."

The voice was like grinding gravel, deep and vibrating with barely suppressed rage. I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly desert-dry. Standing before me was a man who looked like he chewed nails for breakfast. He was tall, broad-shouldered, with silvering hair and a tailored suit that screamed old money and absolute authority. His eyes, a piercing, icy blue, were currently locked onto my face with the intensity of a predator sizing up its prey.

Maybe showing up as baseline Leonora hadn't been my brightest idea.

I had arrived thirty minutes ago at the out-of-service shop Mika had secured. She had mentioned over text that it was an "old high-end salon" in a luxury shopping strip, but that description severely undersold the reality. It was a sprawling, multi-level private luxury medspa. It sat nestled between a Rolex boutique and a designer handbag flagship store. The interior was a pristine labyrinth of polished white marble, frosted glass partitions, and brushed gold fixtures. There was a sleek front reception desk, a sprawling waiting area with plush leather couches, private consultation rooms, and a back hallway lined with massive, soundproofed spa suites.

When I first walked in, I felt entirely out of place. Mika, Chelsea, and Natalie had been frantically running around the marble floors, measuring rooms and excitedly discussing how to adapt the existing infrastructure for our illicit enterprise. Because I had changed myself to baseline Leonora before leaving my house, they hadn't recognized me at first. I had to explain that I was Leo, but that I used this gender-flipped female form as my disguise alter ego, Leonora.

They absolutely loved it. Since the universe had rewritten their memories so that my previous, incredibly hot male form didn't exist, they thought Leonora was just the female equivalent of my "boring, normal" male self that they remembered.

"You look so similar to your male counterpart!" Natalie had gushed, completely oblivious to

the reality-bending mechanics at play.



I had asked Mika what her dad's role was in all this. She had nervously explained that he was the landlord. A Korean firm had originally built the medspa, sold it to a ruthless private equity group who stripped the assets, and it had been sitting vacant for months. Her dad had been bleeding cash trying to find a new luxury tenant.



"And... how did he handle the news that his son is now his daughter?" I had asked, shifting my weight uncomfortably.

Mika had looked away, rubbing the back of her neck. "About that... he'll be here any minute. Let's just say he's not exactly thrilled."

Which brought me to now, pinned under the terrifying glare of Nolan Forest.

"Dad, I'm telling you, this is for the better," Mika pleaded, stepping between us. Her soft, pretty features were tight with anxiety. "I'm so much happier! Just look at me!"



Nolan didn't even glance at her. He kept his icy eyes locked firmly on me. "Mikey, not now."

"It's Mika, Dad!" she snapped, her voice breaking slightly. The rejection stung her deeply. She threw her hands up in frustration, spinning on her heel and storming off down the frosted glass hallway.

I was left completely alone with the imposing patriarch. I gulped, the sound practically echoing in the cavernous, empty reception area.

"Uhhh... nice to meet you," I stammered, my melodic, feminine voice sounding pathetic and

weak against his heavy presence. "I'm..."

"I don't care what your name is," Nolan cut me off, stepping smoothly into my personal space. He loomed over my petite frame, the scent of expensive cologne and stale coffee wafting off his suit. "Mikey didn't explain the exact mechanics of how you did what you did. But here is what's going to happen."

He leaned down, dropping his voice to a menacing whisper. "You are going to change him back. Right now. Then, you are going to hand over whatever illicit tech or chemical garbage you're using to me."

My heart hammered against my ribs. I clutched the strap of my laptop bag, my knuckles turning white.



Nolan straightened his tie, a cold, calculating smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "I must admit, the business idea Mikey pitched to me is absolute genius. Black market cosmetic miracles? We could seriously make a killing. It's a gold mine. But make no mistake, little girl. If this happens on my property, with my resources, this is my ship. I am in charge. You work for me now."

I stared at him, pure panic threatening to suffocate me. He wanted to take the laptop. He wanted to take the Master PC. If he got his hands on it, if he realized the true extent of the reality manipulation...

"Set it up," Nolan ordered, gesturing to the sleek marble reception desk.

"Uhhh... right away, sir," I managed to squeak out.

I unzipped my bag with trembling hands, pulling the laptop out and resting it on the cool stone counter. I flipped the lid open. The remote VPN tunneled successfully to my desktop back home, bringing up the familiar retro grey borders of the Master PC interface.

Nolan stepped up right beside me, his large hand resting heavily on the desk, effectively trapping me against the marble. He watched the screen like a hawk.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mika peeking out from behind a frosted glass partition down the hall. She caught my eye. She subtly mouthed the words: Do you need a distraction?

I gave her a tiny, desperate nod.

"Hurry up," Nolan barked, tapping his expensive leather shoe against the floor. "I'm waiting."

Suddenly, a loud, echoing crash rang out from the back of the clinic, followed by the sound of shattering glass and a piercing scream from Natalie.

"Oh my god! The water pipe!" Natalie shrieked from down the hall.

Nolan's head snapped up. His eyes widened in alarm. "What the hell? If you kids flood my property..."

He pushed off the desk and sprinted down the hallway toward the commotion.

The exact second his broad back disappeared around the corner, my fingers flew across the keyboard. The adrenaline was a fiery spike in my veins. I typed Nolan Forest into the search bar and smashed the enter key.

His 3D render popped onto the screen, a perfect digital wireframe of the imposing man. I didn't waste a single millisecond. I clicked directly over to the Mind tab.

I scrolled down to the deep psychological traits, my eyes scanning the lists frantically. I found

his Dominance slider, sitting at a tyrannical 9, and yanked it down to a 3. I found Submissiveness and bumped it to an 8. I scrolled to the Relationships section.

Relationship to Leonora: Hostile/Suspicious.

I clicked the edit box, my fingers dancing over the keys.

Relationship to Leonora: Deeply submissive to her. Views Leonora as his absolute master and boss. Will follow any order without question.

I kept scrolling. I found his familial traits. Relationship to Mika: Disappointed. I changed it instantly: Overwhelmingly supportive. Has always secretly wished he had a beautiful daughter instead of a son.



Finally, I grabbed his Loyalty slider and pinned it to an absolute, unshakeable 10/10.

I checked the bottom corner of the window. AWARENESS: OFF.

I hit APPLY.

The screen blinked. The room remained perfectly still. I closed out of his profile, returning the screen to the blank search bar, and let out a long, shaky breath, my heart pounding in my throat.

A moment later, Nolan walked back around the corner, adjusting his suit jacket.

"Just a dropped tray of empty glass vials," he muttered, shaking his head. "Kids."

He stopped at the desk, looking down at me. The icy, predatory glare was completely gone. His posture had softened entirely. He didn't loom over me anymore; he stood with his shoulders slightly hunched, his hands clasped respectfully in front of him. His eyes were wide, filled with an eager, subservient warmth.



"Well?" he asked gently.

I blinked, testing the waters. "Is everything okay, Nolan?"

"Of course, boss," Nolan replied instantly, offering a warm, deferential smile. "I'm just so incredibly relieved my beautiful daughter Mika introduced us. I'm entirely on your side here, and I'm willing to work tirelessly for you. Trust me. But..."

He hesitated, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. "...I'm just having a hard time wrapping my head around this whole 'magic' thing. I've been in real estate my whole life. I need a demonstration to truly understand what my master is capable of."

I couldn't help it. A slow, wicked smirk spread across my face. It worked flawlessly. The imposing, terrifying landlord was now eating out of the palm of my hand.

I breathed a heavy sigh of relief, leaning back against the marble desk. "What do you want?"

Nolan chuckled, a rich, harmless sound. "I don't know. Surprise me."

I turned back to the laptop and pulled his profile up again. I browsed through his Mind tab, looking for inspiration. Under his sexual preferences, I noticed a very specific set of tags. Attracted to women in their 20s. Prefers petite, slender women.

I raised an eyebrow. It was a little gross for a fifty-five-year-old married man to be fixated on college-aged girls, but men were men. I figured if he liked youth so much, maybe he'd like some of his own.

I clicked back to his Body tab. I found the Age slider. It was currently sitting at 55. I grabbed it and dragged it smoothly down to 35. I made sure the Awareness toggle was flipped to ON so he could experience the miracle firsthand.

I hit APPLY.

Nolan gasped sharply, his hands flying to his chest.

Beneath his tailored suit, his body underwent a violent, miraculous revitalization. His posture snapped perfectly straight as decades of spinal compression vanished. His broad chest expanded with fresh, youthful vigor. The grey completely bled out of his hair, replaced by a rich, thick, dark brown. The deep wrinkles mapping his forehead and the corners of his eyes smoothed out instantly, his skin pulling tight and glowing with a healthy, vibrant flush.



He stumbled backward, catching his reflection in one of the frosted glass panels.

"Oh my god," Nolan breathed, his voice rich and resonant, lacking any of the gravelly rasp of his older self. He touched his face, his fingers trembling as they traced his newly sharpened, youthful jawline. "I... I can feel it. My joints don't ache. My energy... it's incredible."

He spun around, looking at me with pure, unadulterated ecstasy. "Thank you! Thank you so much, boss! God, I could kiss you!"

I chuckled, holding my hands up defensively. "I'm good, thanks."

"This is a miracle," Nolan practically wept, patting his flat stomach. "I can't wait to show off my new body to Carol. God, my wife needs to come in here. There are so many changes you could do for her..." He trailed off. I figured based on his profile he was picturing turning her into a younger version of herself. He turned back towards me, his eyes shining with absolute devotion. "What's the first thing you need from me, boss? I'm completely yours."

I let out another long sigh, the tension finally leaving my muscles. I looked past him. Mika was walking back down the hallway, looking nervous. I caught her eye and gave her a bright, confident smile.

Mika jogged over. She looked at her father, her eyes going wide at his dramatic de-aging, but she quickly masked her shock.

Nolan turned and immediately wrapped Mika in a tight, loving hug. "Mika, my beautiful girl. It is such a miracle you found Leonora. We are so blessed."



Mika looked over his broad shoulder at me, mouthing the word Wow.

"Alright," I clapped my hands together, taking charge. "Let's get planning."

We moved into one of the plush consultation rooms, sitting around a sleek glass table. Mika laid out her ideas.

"We set it up exactly like a high-end medspa," Mika explained, her accounting and business brain running on all cylinders. "Clients come in through the front. They see a 'consultant' which will be one of us, who takes their specific requests and provides a quote. Once they pay, we take them back into one of the private spa facilities."

She paused, looking at me. "But we can't let them see the laptop. We can't let them know it's a magic computer program. So, we knock them out. We administer a mild, fast-acting sedative. Nothing dangerous, just enough to put them under for an hour. While they're asleep, Leonora

steps in, executes the changes on the program, and leaves. When they wake up, they discover their new selves, believing they just underwent a cutting-edge, proprietary medical procedure."

"That's brilliant," I admitted. It added a layer of theatrical legitimacy to the magic.

But Nolan, despite his intense submissiveness to me, still possessed his sharp real estate and business acumen. He leaned forward, resting his strong, youthful forearms on the glass.

"I love the structure, Mika," Nolan said respectfully. "But boss, how were you running it prior to this?"

"In a food court," I said plainly. "We just asked people what they wanted and hit apply right in front of them."

Nolan practically had a heart attack. He grabbed his chest, his eyes wide. "The risks! Boss, what if someone stole the laptop? What if the government found out? You can't ever return to that location. It's not safe!"

"It doesn't matter if someone steals the laptop," I explained, gesturing to the sleek machine. "It's just a remote VPN tunnel into my heavily encrypted desktop back home. The program isn't actually on this drive. And nobody but me can apply changes anyway. The system physically requires me on the mouse click as the primary user."

Nolan nodded, but the deep lines of worry didn't leave his youthful face. "Still, what if someone captured you? What if a cartel or a shadow government agency figured out who you are and forced you to make changes against your will? We have to protect you at all costs."

I swallowed hard. I hadn't actually considered the absolute worst-case scenarios. He was entirely right. If the wrong people found out I was a literal walking god, I would spend the rest of my life chained to a desk in a black site forced to press APPLY whenever someone asked me to.

"We need to be incredibly covert," Nolan insisted. "We treat this like a high-tech gene-editing therapy. A multi-billion dollar proprietary serum. We don't know exactly how it works, right?"

"As far as I know, it's literal magic," I shrugged.

"Well, we can't sell magic," Nolan stated firmly. "It'll raise too many red flags. Big changes

require multiple visits. If someone wants to lose fifty pounds and gain huge breasts, we don't do it in one session. We keep things gradual. Word will spread fast about our 'tech.' We might even make national news within a year. We need to make the results just believable enough to be real, not wild fantasy or science fiction."

"Plus," Mika chimed in, a greedy sparkle in her eyes. "Multiple visits mean more money. It's a subscription model. It's like Invisalign for your entire body."

I leaned back in the plush leather chair and smiled. I had definitely found the right people.

We spent the next two hours mapping out the logistics. Chelsea and Natalie joined us, hashing out the dummy LLCs, the dark web marketing funnels, and the sedative sourcing. Throughout the entire meeting, I completely avoided explaining the Awareness function. I decided to keep that specific, reality-altering trump card a total secret. It was the only way I could maintain ultimate control if things ever went sideways. It was useful them all thinking every change was noticeable.

At one point, Mika and the girls were deeply engrossed in drafting roadmaps on a whiteboard. Nolan stood up from the table.

"Boss," Nolan murmured quietly, gesturing toward the door. "Can I show you something in the back? I want to get your approval on the VIP spa suites."

"Sure," I said, following him out of the consultation room.

We walked down the quiet, dimly lit hallway. The ambient spa music hummed softly from hidden speakers. Nolan pushed open a heavy wooden door, revealing a massive, incredibly luxurious room. It featured a plush massage table, a sprawling hot tub in the corner, and dim, warm lighting.

"This is awesome, Nolan," I said, looking around. "We can definitely use this for th..."

I turned around.

Nolan was standing directly behind me. Before I could react, his large, strong hands grabbed my waist. He pulled my petite body flush against his hard, muscular frame and smashed his lips against mine.



I gasped, my hands flying up to push against his chest. "What the fuck?!" I shoved him back, wiping my mouth in disgust. "What are you doing?!"

Nolan looked completely frantic, his chest heaving. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry, boss. It's just... becoming younger again. The surge of testosterone... the hormones. It's too much."

He ran a hand through his dark hair, pacing nervously. "I've always been intensely attracted to younger women. And now that I'm technically thirty-five again... God... my body is screaming for release. And you... you're so perfect, and I just feel like I want to serve you!"

"Gross, Nolan, you're married!" I snapped, my male consciousness fully rejecting the idea of kissing a man. "And young women?!"

"No, no, not like that!" Nolan pleaded, stepping closer but keeping his hands to himself. "I just... I've always craved girls in their twenties. Petite, delicate girls. Carol used to be that... before Mikey was born. And you are exactly my type. I can't help it. The loyalty I have for you, mixed with this new youthful energy... I need you."

I stared at him. I couldn't believe this was happening. I didn't even think baseline Leonora was that incredibly attractive. She was cute, sure, but she wasn't a bombshell. Then I remembered

Nolan's Mind tab. Attracted to women in their 20s. Prefers petite women.

God, I never thought that could mean me.

I opened my mouth to tell him absolutely not. I was going to shut it down. But then, Nolan reached down to his tailored slacks. He dropped them to the floor and pulled his cock out.

It was thick, heavy, and completely rock hard, twitching eagerly in the dim light of the spa room.

I completely froze.

The words died in my throat. I stared at the thick, veiny meat protruding from his pants. I knew I should say no. I knew I should walk out of the room. But the brand new, permanently locked trait in my own Mind tab flared to life with blinding, terrifying intensity.

(With a slight affinity for dick).

The sight of his erection completely bypassed my rational male disgust. A deep, heavy throb pulsed in my lower belly. The slick, aching void between my smooth thighs wept a sudden, heavy drop of fluid that instantly soaked the crotch of my lululemon leggings. I wanted it. God help me, I couldn't stop myself from wanting it inside me.



Nolan saw my eyes dilate. He stepped forward, cupping my face in his large, warm hands. He leaned down and kissed me again.

This time, I didn't push him away. I completely gave in. The feeling of submission, of letting this strong, dominant man take control, melted my defenses. He had absolutely no idea that he was kissing a guy on the inside. He just saw his petite female boss.

I reached down and wrapped my delicate fingers around his hot, throbbing shaft. I stroked it slowly, feeling the slick pre-cum bead at the tip. I wasn't turned off by the anatomy at all. I was obsessed with the sheer mechanics of it. But as he deepened the kiss, the rough scrape of his stubble against my soft cheek and the taste of male saliva snapped a shred of my Leo-consciousness back into place.

I didn't like kissing men. I quickly pulled my face away, turning my head. "No kissing," I whispered breathlessly.

Nolan didn't argue. He was entirely submissive to my commands. I shimmied out of my leggings and panties and sat back on the massage table, spreading my legs. God I wanted his dick. My small, firm breasts rose and fell with my ragged breathing beneath my top.



Nolan quickly stripped off his suit, his youthful, muscular body a stark contrast to my delicate, petite frame. He stepped between my spread thighs, his thick cock brushing teasingly against my soaking wet entrance.

"You are so beautiful," Nolan groaned, his hands gripping my hips tightly.

"Just fuck me," I whimpered, the primal need to be stretched completely taking over.

He didn't need to be told twice. Nolan lined himself up and drove his hips forward, burying his thick shaft deep inside my tight, slick pussy.

I threw my head back, a loud, piercing moan erupting from my throat. The sensation was agonizingly good. The incredible fullness, the intense stretching of my vaginal walls, it was a drug I couldn't get enough of.

"Shhhh," Nolan hissed frantically, his hand flying up to cover my mouth. "Mika can't know! She'll tell her mother!"

I nodded against his palm, biting my lip to stifle my own screams.

Nolan established a deep, relentless rhythm. He pounded into me, the wet, slapping sound of our bodies colliding echoing softly in the soundproofed room. Every thrust sent a jolt of raw electricity straight to my clit. I wrapped my smooth legs around his waist, pulling him deeper, completely surrendering to the physical ecstasy of the female body. I loved the feeling of his large hands roughly squeezing my small breasts, his thumbs rolling over my stiff, aching nipples. The contrast of his rough masculinity against my soft femininity was intoxicating.

We fucked like that for ten minutes. The friction built a raging fire in my lower belly. I thrashed against the massage table, my toes curling as the climax rapidly approached.

"I'm close," Nolan grunted, his thrusts becoming erratic and desperate.

I squeezed my eyes shut, my own vaginal walls clenching violently around his plunging shaft as the female orgasm ripped through my body. I shook uncontrollably, a muffled sob escaping past his hand covering my mouth.

Without any warning, Nolan stiffened. He roared quietly, driving himself to the hilt, and blew his load deep inside my womb.

I gasped as the hot, thick jets of semen painted my internal walls. He pumped me full, his

youthful body milking every last drop of his climax into my core.

He collapsed forward, resting his forehead against my collarbone, panting heavily.

We lay there for a minute, our chests heaving in unison. Eventually, Nolan pulled back. His softening cock slid out of me with a wet, sloppy pop. I looked down. A thick, heavy rope of his white cum immediately started drooping out of my swollen pussy, sliding down my inner thigh.

I felt a sudden, sharp pang of disgust. The post-nut clarity hit my male brain. I quickly scrambled off the table, grabbing a warm, damp towel from a nearby heated rack, and furiously wiped myself clean.

We dressed in complete silence. The dynamic had shifted again. Nolan looked slightly embarrassed but deeply satisfied, his loyalty to me ensuring he felt absolutely no guilt toward his wife for what he just did.



We left the room and walked back down the hallway, rejoining Mika and the girls in the consultation room as if nothing had happened.

"Alright," I said, clearing my throat and taking a seat at the glass table. "After all this planning...

how long until we are fully up and running? I don't have a lot of money to float this operation for long."

"That's okay, boss," Nolan said smoothly, slipping right back into his professional, subservient role. "My company has plenty of liquid capital to fund the renovations and the marketing. Give us exactly one week, and we'll be ready to open the doors."

"For now," Mika added, looking at the group. "We keep this strictly between us. Word does not get out of this circle until the launch."

"I have my friend Morgan, too," I explained, referencing Meg's alter ego. "She's my partner."

Nolan nodded respectfully, but raised a brow. "She?"

I panicked. "Uh... I meant he".

Nolan nodded again. "We'll have everything ready soon."

The drive home was quiet. The sun was dipping below the horizon, casting the suburban streets in long, purple shadows.

I had stopped at a gas station bathroom halfway home, pulled out my laptop, and completely reverted myself back to my baseline Leo profile. I'd brought a change of clothes luckily, and now I was back in my scrawny male body. The raw, aggressive testosterone had returned, washing away the submissive fog of Leonora, but the memory of Nolan's thick cock remained firmly lodged in the new, permanent fetish category of my brain. I tried to push the confusing, invasive thoughts away.

I pulled my car onto Meg's street and parked in her driveway. I needed to see her. The guilt over the massive fight we had this morning was eating me alive. I walked up to the front porch and knocked on the door.

After a minute, the door swung open. Meg's mom stood there, wearing an apron and holding a wooden spoon.

"Oh, hi Leo," she smiled politely.

"Hey, Mrs. Vance. Is Meg around?"

Her smile faltered slightly. "Oh, dear. Sorry, Meg's not feeling well at all today. She came home from run club and locked herself in her room. Said she just wants to sleep it off."



"Oh. Okay. Tell her I stopped by," I said, my stomach sinking.

I turned and walked back to my car. As I slid into the driver's seat, my phone buzzed in my pocket.

It was a text from Meg.

Fuck off, Leo. I'm not ready to see you yet.

I sighed, dropping my forehead against the steering wheel. She was incredibly hurt. I had violated her trust in the most profound way possible.

I grabbed my laptop bag from the passenger seat, unzipped it, and pulled the machine onto my lap. I was sitting right in her driveway, well within the two-mile radius. I typed Meg's name into the search bar and pulled up her profile.

I wanted to see her mind. I wanted to see if she still had the crush on me. The crush had only formed because I had made my baseline male self incredibly hot, rewriting her history to

believe I was a stud. But this morning, I had reset myself back to my normal, boring baseline Leo. Logically, the universe should have reverted her history back to normal, completely erasing the crush.

I clicked over to her Mind tab. I scrolled down to the Relationships category.

My blood ran completely cold.

Relationship to Leo: Has a massive, deeply repressed crush on him.

The text was greyed out. It was completely locked.

"Fuck," I whispered, panic squeezing my lungs.

Just like my gender-bender fetish, her crush had become a permanent addition. Because the feelings had been intense, organic, and physically acted upon during our wild sex at the bar yesterday, her brain had permanently integrated the emotion into her core neural matrix. After everything we'd been through with the program, it had altered her mind just as severely as it had altered mine.

This wasn't good. My stomach sank like a stone. I had permanently messed up my friendship with my best friend. Even though she was furious at me, she was still madly in love with me. It was a toxic, unbreakable contradiction.

I stared at her profile, my mind racing. I considered resetting her entirely to baseline. Wiping the slate clean. But if I hit Apply with Awareness OFF, she would still be mad at me, but she wouldn't remember why. She would just feel an intense, inexplicable anger toward me. She might even look at her baseline body and think that version wasn't the real her. It was entirely too messy. I had already learned my lesson about messing with the Awareness feature.

No. I needed her permission first. I couldn't risk making things worse by playing God with her mind again.

I picked up my phone and texted her back.

I'm out front with the laptop. I'm about to reset you completely to your baseline. I want to make things right.

I watched the screen. The three little typing dots appeared. They vanished. They appeared again.

Finally, a message came through.

Wait there.

Less than a minute later, the front door ripped open. Meg marched down the driveway, her face flushed with anger. She was a tee that was clearly designed for her old petite and flat body, and dolphin shorts that rode up her hips. To her, this was normal.



She stopped right at my car window, crossing her arms. "Don't you dare!"

I opened the door and stepped out, holding the laptop tightly against my chest. "What?! I'm trying to make things right! I made myself go back to normal too! Look at me!"

She glared at my scrawny, unremarkable frame. "I don't see any... Ugh! More changes without me knowing?! You literally can't be trusted with this thing! I thought we were a team, Leo!"

"We are!" I pleaded, gesturing to the screen. "Look, just let me set you back to your normal baseline, and we can act like none of this ever happened. We can start fresh."

Meg scoffed, throwing her hands up. "What, so I have to become... whatever that scrawny, flat thing was on the screen this morning?!"

"That's the real you, Meg!" I argued.

"Well, as far as me and the rest of the entire world are aware, this is the real me!" she yelled, gesturing violently to her own enhanced body.

"I'm confused," I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "I thought you were mad because I made you into that."

"You really don't get it, do you?" she groaned, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

Meg looked down at her chest. She let out a long, exhausted breath.

"Look..." she started, her voice finally losing its sharp edge. "I know I don't want to be... her. You even said it yourself this morning. I was miserable like that."

I nodded slowly. "I know, you used to make fun of the big-breasted, curvy girls in our class... but I always knew deep down you were jealous."

"Duh," she rolled her eyes. "What woman wouldn't want a hotter body? But this?" She grabbed her tits. "I've felt like a walking, talking sex doll my whole life. And all the comments about me being a 'butterface' in school... it's disgusting. But... look. Maybe there is a solution."

I opened the laptop slightly. "I'm listening."

"Change me back to the baseline," she instructed, her eyes meeting mine with absolute determination. "Keep Awareness OFF, so I forget that I was ever... this. Then, let me sit down and craft the exact body that I want."

"But, Meg," I reasoned, "if you do that, and we hit apply with Awareness off... you'll think you've always had that new body. You'll forget you ever changed it."

"Yeah," she agreed softly, a small, sad smile touching her lips. "But at least it will be something I chose. Not you. And besides, even if the universe rewrites my history, even if after you hit that button I look down and don't notice anything, I'll know deep down that it's a body I designed for myself."

It was a strange, paradoxical compromise, but it made total sense to her. It gave her the agency she desperately needed.

"Okay," I agreed. "Let's do it."

We walked inside her house, tiptoeing past the living room where her mom was watching TV, and went up into her bedroom. I set the laptop on her desk.

"Are you ready?" I asked, my finger hovering over the mouse.

Meg took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "Yes. Do it."

I selected her Meg-Base preset. I flipped AWARENESS to OFF. I hit APPLY.

The shift was instantaneous. The heavy, exaggerated curves melted away entirely. Her chest flattened, her hips narrowed, and the plush fat vanished from her thighs. She stood there in her oversized hoodie, back in her true, unremarkable, athletic baseline form.



She opened her eyes and looked down at her hands, then at her flat chest. She frowned, looking completely confused.

"It's so weird," she muttered, patting her stomach. "I feel like absolutely nothing happened. Are you sure this is the real me?"



"Yes," I said. "Here, look."

I clicked her baseline preset again. A red error box popped up: ERROR. PRESET ALREADY DISPLAYED.

Meg nodded, satisfied by the proof. "God, I was so mad at you earlier today, but I literally can't even remember what you had made me into. It's just a blank space in my head."

"It was pretty extreme," I admitted.

She quickly put a hand up. "I don't want to know. It'll just make me more mad. Just let me at the keyboard."

"Got it," I stepped aside, offering her the desk chair.

Meg sat down, pulling the laptop close. I stood behind her, watching her screen closely.

She didn't go crazy. She was incredibly meticulous. She grabbed the breast slider and nudged it up slowly. She passed the A-cup, skipped the massive D and E cups she had previously possessed, and settled on a very nice, very practical small C-cup. She made them perky and firm, perfect for running but full enough to be undeniably feminine.

She moved to her waist, giving herself a subtle, elegant curve. She left her height exactly the same. She widened her hips just a fraction, adding a little more juice to her ass to fill out her jeans nicely, but keeping the overall proportions distinctly petite and athletic. Finally, she moved to the Beauty slider and bumped it up a few notches, softening her jawline and clearing her complexion without erasing the freckles that made her look like Meg.

The entire process was fascinating. Everything she did was entirely subtle and highly refined. It completely reminded me of when I had given myself the mind of a straight woman yesterday and crafted a refined, elegant female form for Leonora. Meg's choices were even more grounded. It was still undeniably her, just... slightly enhanced. Perfected. After a brief pause, she moved to the mind tab and increased her intelligence up a few notches, from the 105 she was sitting on to 120. She bumped up resourcefulness too. Why hadn't I thought of that?

When she was finally done, she sat back, looking at the 3D render with a satisfied sigh.

"Perfect."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Just do it," she said, standing up from the chair and turning to face the center of the room. She closed her eyes again, bracing herself.

I leaned over the desk. AWARENESS: OFF. I hit APPLY.

The air hummed gently. Her body shifted with graceful subtlety. The oversized hoodie draped beautifully over her new, perky C-cups. Her sweatpants hugged the new, tight curve of her enhanced ass. Her face glowed, the subtle beauty tweaks making her look incredibly radiant without looking artificial.



"Done," I said softly.

She opened her eyes and looked down. She ran her hands over her modest breasts, then down the sleek curve of her waist. A small frown creased her perfect new forehead.

"But... wait," she murmured, looking genuinely perplexed. "I remember... this has always been me. I've always looked like this. This is what I chose?"

"Yeah," I confirmed.

She hefted her new C-cups thoughtfully. "The old me was perfectly happy with boobs like these? I didn't want to add any more height? Hmmm..."

"Here, look for yourself," I offered, stepping away from the laptop.

Meg sat back down. She clicked the baseline preset I had saved. The preview window popped up, overlaying the scrawny, flat-chested wireframe over her current, beautiful form.

Meg gasped. "Whoa... that was me?"

She stared at the flat chest and the straight, boyish hips. She shook her head in disbelief.

"Look at the face..." She said, "and my intelligence? Was I really that low?"

"105 isn't low, it's pretty standard isn't it?" I chuckled back.

Meg frowned. "Yeah, but do you remember me getting straight A's in school?" she asked.

"No... you and I were both solid B students, sometimes C's." I replied.

She turned back to the laptop and furrowed her brow. "God, I wasn't much, was I?" she whispered.



I held my tongue. "No comment."

She smirked, looking up at me. "Smart answer." She looked back at the screen, a genuine, content smile spreading across her face. "Well, I guess this makes sense. I'm no bombshell, but I have always been relatively happy with my appearance and my body."

"I can safely say the Meg I remember was never happy with herself," I told her honestly.

She laughed, a bright, beautiful sound. "Okay, well it's a little anticlimactic for me since I don't

remember the change, but I guess this is good. Really good."

She stood up and wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling me into a tight hug. The soft pressure of her new breasts against my chest sent a familiar spark through my blood.

"Thank you, Leo," she whispered into my shoulder. "Thank you for understanding, and for letting me do this."



We pulled apart. The heavy, toxic tension that had ruined our morning was completely gone. We had made up. We were best friends again. She was still slightly annoyed that I had initially changed her without her permission, but the anger was manageable.

I didn't mention the permanent, locked crush she still harbored for me in her Mind tab. I figured it was actively working in my favor, softening her edges and helping her forgive me faster.

"Alright," I said, reaching for the laptop to pack it up. "I gotta get home for dinner. Mom's making lasagna."

I was halfway to zipping the bag when Meg's hand shot out, grabbing my wrist.

"Uh uh, not so fast," she said, a wicked, entirely unexpected gleam in her newly perfected eyes.

I froze, looking at her. "What?"

Meg smirked, stepping between me and the bedroom door. She crossed her arms, her new C-cups pushing proudly against her hoodie.

"You didn't think you were getting off that easy, did you?" she challenged softly.

I gulped, my grip tightening on the laptop bag. "What is it?"

Meg took a slow step toward me, her eyes tracing the lines of my face with a dark, predatory intent.

"Well," she whispered, reaching out to tap her fingernail against the plastic shell of the laptop.

"You changed me... it's only fair I change you."