

MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

A transformation story by JohnManTD

Chapter 17: Impersonating a Bitch

"What do you mean, change me?" I asked, eyeing her suspiciously. I tightened my grip on the laptop bag, suddenly very aware of how vulnerable I was in my scrawny, baseline male body.

Meg leaned back against her closed bedroom door, a wicked, vindictive smile spreading across her newly perfected face. "You remember Georgia Stillwell, right?"

"Yeah," I nodded cautiously. "The bitch from high school. You typed her name into the program when I first showed you how it worked. We got an out-of-range error."

"Exactly," Meg said, crossing her arms over her perky, athletic boobs. "She lives across town. I don't know where she is right now, and her social media is locked down. But I want revenge, Leo. I want to give her a little... downgrade. One she'll remember for the rest of her life."

I stared at her. "Okay? But how do we find her if we don't know where she is?"

Meg's smile widened. She pointed a finger right at my chest. "That's where you come in. I'm going to turn you into a perfect replica of her. You're going to track her down."

"What?!" I balked, stepping backward. "Are you crazy? I'm not running around the city as Georgia Stillwell!"

"Come on, Leo," Meg reasoned, stepping away from the door. Her increased intelligence and resourcefulness were already shining through, giving her a sharp, calculating edge. "We have plenty of time before the clinic is ready to open. It's the perfect plan. You can visit our old school, ask around for info, pretend you're her. Get an address... And then, when we find the real Georgia, you change back, and we ruin her life."

"Meg, come on, this is insane," I pleaded, rubbing the back of my neck. "I can't just impersonate someone."

"Oh, what?" Meg scoffed, planting her hands on her hips. "You haven't permanently altered anyone yet? You haven't been playing God with strangers' minds and bodies?"

I looked away, a sharp pang of guilt twisting my gut. I thought about the frat boys. I thought about Mrs. Gable. I thought about what I had done to Meg herself.

"Exactly," she said, reading my silence perfectly. "Come on. You help me get my revenge, and we're square. I forgive you for the whole... fake body thing."

I was cornered. I knew if I said no, the fragile peace we had just established would shatter. I couldn't lose my best friend over this. But a deeper, much darker part of my brain, the part that now permanently harbored a gender-bender fetish, was actively thrilling at the idea. The thought of slipping back into female skin, of feeling the heavy sway of breasts and the slick, aching void between my thighs, sent a hot rush of blood straight to my cock. But I was terrified of what other permanent changes might latch onto my psyche if I stayed in a female body too long and gave in to these desires.

But I didn't really have a choice. "Fine," I grumbled, dropping the laptop onto her desk. "Do it."

Meg squealed with delight, practically shoving me out of the desk chair so she could sit down. I opened the laptop and connected to the Master PC interface, handing her the mouse.

I sat down on the edge of her bed, grabbing a tennis ball from her nightstand and tossing it against the wall. Thwack. Catch. Thwack. Catch. I couldn't bring myself to watch the screen. The anxiety was gnawing at me.

After a few minutes of intense clicking and muttered curses as she fine-tuned the sliders, Meg spun around in the chair. "Done. Come look."

I set the ball down and walked over.

Staring back at me from the monitor was the 3D render of Georgia Stillwell. I had to admit, Meg had done an incredible job from memory alone. Georgia was the quintessential, conventional cheerleader. Long, flowing blonde hair, a perfectly tanned complexion, a tiny waist, and a pair of bubbly, aggressively perky D-cups. She wasn't an exaggerated bimbo like the edits I had made, but she was undeniably, classically hot in that intimidating, popular-girl way.

"Well?" Meg asked, looking incredibly smug.

I took a deep breath, my heart pounding a frantic rhythm. "It's her."

I reached over, making sure the Awareness toggle was flipped ON so Meg would witness the change. I closed my eyes and hit APPLY.

The physical crash hit me instantly. My spine arched violently as my male frame was forcefully dismantled. The scrawny shoulders collapsed. My waist cinched inward, the bones grinding as my hips flared out to create a tight, athletic cheer-body. The most intense sensation was in my chest—two heavy, firm mounds of flesh pushed outward, swelling rapidly against my t-shirt. Down below, my cock inverted with a sharp, icy sting, unspooling into a deep, slick vaginal canal. The coarse hair on my legs vanished, replaced by smooth, tanned skin.

I stumbled backward, catching myself on the edge of the bed. I panted, opening my eyes.

"Holy shit," Meg breathed, looking me up and down. "It's freaky how accurate it is."

I went to respond, to tell her that the shift felt way more intense than usual, when a sudden, sharp throbbing pain spiked right behind my eyes. I gasped, bringing my hands up to clutch my temples. The pain vanished as quickly as it came, but it left behind a strange, fuzzy lightness in my brain.

"Like, what the actual fuck, Meg?"

I slapped my hands over my mouth. My eyes widened in pure horror. The voice that came out of my mouth wasn't just female, it was a high-pitched, heavily vocal-fried, absolutely stereotypical dumb valley girl accent.

Meg burst into a fit of hysterical laughter, clutching her stomach.

"Why do I, like, totally sound like a total airhead right now?!" I shrieked, the words physically forcing themselves out of my throat with that obnoxious, rising inflection. I sounded like I was asking a question even when I wasn't.

I shoved Meg aside and grabbed the mouse, frantic.

I clicked onto the Mind tab. I scrolled past the libido and inhibitions, finding a sub-category labeled 'Speech Patterns.' Meg had manually overridden it, selecting the Bimbo Valley Girl preset.

"You bitch!" I snapped, but it came out sounding like, "Oh my god, you are, like, such a total bitch!"

Meg wiped a tear from her eye, leaning against the wall. "It's a worthy punishment for you changing me without asking! Plus, it'll make Georgia look like a complete, brain-dead idiot to everyone you interact with."

I was furious. My internal male monologue was screaming curses at her, but my physical brain was forcefully filtering every spoken word through a thick layer of lip gloss and stupidity. I took a deep breath, assuring myself that my core identity was still intact. I was still Leo on the inside. I just sounded like an idiot on the outside. It was a fair trade for her forgiveness.

"Ugh, fine," I groaned, crossing my arms over my bouncy new D-cups. "Like, what am I even supposed to do now?"

Meg snorted, tossing a pile of clothes at my head. "Here. Get dressed and start at our old high school. See if they have an address for her on file. Keep me updated on how you go."

"Like, whatever," I grumbled, catching the clothes. The vocal fry was physically hurting my own ears.

I stripped off my outfit and shimmied into a pair of Meg's tight denim cut-offs and a pink tank top. The D-cups strained against the cotton, pushing proudly forward. It was definitely a look Meg would wear, but not at all designed for this body.

I grabbed my car keys and walked out of the bedroom. As I headed for the stairs, Meg's little sister, Lily, walked out of the bathroom holding a toothbrush. She stopped dead in the hallway, staring at me.

"Who are you?" Lily asked, narrowing her eyes. "Where's Leo?"

"Oh my god, like, Leo totally just left," I lied effortlessly, my hips swaying as I spoke. "I'm just, like, Meg's new friend from college? See ya!"

Lily just blinked in confusion as I trotted down the stairs and out the front door.

Once I was safely locked inside my car, I took a long, hard look at myself in the rearview mirror. The transformation was freaky. I had never used the Master PC program to completely impersonate someone else before. Georgia Stillwell's piercing blue eyes stared back at me. Her blonde hair fell perfectly over my shoulders.

I smirked, running my hands down my torso. Younger me had spent hours in high school

dreaming of seeing this exact body naked. And now, I was literally wearing it.

I let my hand drift lower, slipping my manicured fingers past the button of my denim shorts. I brushed against the slick, sensitive folds of my pussy. A soft, breathless moan escaped my glossed lips. The instant rush of heat was intoxicating.

But I quickly pulled my hand away, shaking my head. "No. Like, I seriously need to focus."

I gripped the steering wheel, my heart racing. The longer I stayed in this body, the more I worried about unintentional personality changes taking root. The permanent gender-bender fetish was already a terrifying consequence. Who knew what else could get locked into my neural matrix if I wasn't careful? I glanced at the dashboard clock. It was already 5:00 PM. The sun was getting low. If I missed my opportunity and the school was closed, I'd be stuck as this valley girl bimbo even longer.

I threw the car into drive and peeled out of the neighborhood.

I pulled into the high school parking lot fifteen minutes later. The main office building was completely dark, the doors chained shut for the weekend. "Fuck," I muttered, my high-pitched voice whining in the empty car. But as I looked across the campus, I saw fluorescent lights glowing brightly from the athletics department.

I hopped out of the car, my long legs carrying me quickly across the pavement. I pushed through the double doors of the gym lobby. It smelled exactly the same—a mix of floor wax, sweat, and old rubber.

I heard a door open down the hall. I turned and froze.

Walking toward me, holding a clipboard and a whistle, was Coach Miller. He was the sleazy, perpetually sweaty gym teacher who used to blatantly stare at the cheerleaders' asses during pep rallies. I always hated the guy.

Coach Miller stopped, his eyes going wide. He looked me up and down, his gaze immediately dropping to my chest.

"Georgia Stillwell?" he asked, a greasy smile spreading across his face. "Well, well. I haven't seen you since graduation. What brings you back to your old stomping grounds?"

"Oh my god, Coach Miller, hi!" I forced a bubbly smile, my voice practically dripping with

artificial sweetness. "It's, like, totally an emergency? I really need to, like, get my personal file from the office? For college stuff?"

He didn't buy it. He crossed his arms, his eyes lingering on the tight pink fabric stretching across my D-cups. "The main office is closed, Georgia. And even if it wasn't, students can't just access their personal files."

I needed that address. I leaned against the trophy case, pushing my shoulders back to deliberately thrust my chest forward. "Like, I know, but I was hoping you could do me a huge favor? If you help me, I'll totally show you my gratification."

I meant to say gratitude. But the bimbo speech pattern completely hijacked my vocabulary.

Coach Miller's eyes darkened. He took a step closer, invading my personal space. The scent of cheap cologne hit my nose. "Gratification, huh?"

My stomach twisted with disgust, but my body... my body betrayed me. The sudden, predatory attention from a man sent a hot, heavy throb straight to my clit. Why the fuck did I like this? I wasn't into men. I didn't want him. But the biological response was undeniable. I was getting incredibly wet just from the sleazy power dynamic.

"Yeah," I breathed, playing into it. I squished my arms together, deepening my cleavage. "Like, totally."

He smirked. "Follow me to the teachers' office."

I followed him down the dark hallway. He unlocked the small, cramped office and walked over to a row of filing cabinets. He dug through the folders for a minute before pulling out a thick manila envelope.

He held it up, but when I reached for it, he pulled it back.

"Wait a second," Coach Miller murmured, his voice low. "I need something in return first."

My heart hammered against my ribs. I knew exactly what he wanted. I reached out, grabbing his thick, sweaty hand. I didn't hesitate. I pulled his hand directly under the hem of my pink shirt and pressed his palm flat against my bare, heavy breast.

He groaned softly, his fingers immediately sinking into the soft flesh. He kneaded the heavy, plush globe of my breast aggressively, his thumb rolling over my stiff nipple.

I threw my head back, a genuine, shuddering moan escaping my lips. The intense sensitivity of Georgia's breasts completely overwhelmed my rational disgust. My pussy clenched, weeping a fresh stream of arousal into my panties. He squeezed harder, completely obsessed with the heavy weight of my tit.

He moved his other hand toward the button of my shorts. He was going for my pussy.

Panic suddenly spiked through the lust. I couldn't do this. I was terrified of my mind altering further if I gave in to the sleazy gym teacher.

I grabbed his wrist, stopping him just inches from my crotch. I quickly snatched the manila folder from his other hand and stepped backward, out of his reach.

"Like, maybe next time, Coach," I winked, backing toward the door.

He looked annoyed, but a dark, lingering smirk remained on his face. "I know where you live, Georgia. Don't forget that."

"Creep," I muttered under my breath as I turned and sprinted out of the school.

Once I was back in the safety of my car, I ripped open the file. I scanned the pages until I found her primary contact info. I memorized the address. I just hoped to god she still lived at home.

I drove across town, pulling into an upscale, wealthy neighborhood. I parked down the street from a massive, pristine two-story brick house. I walked up the manicured walkway and knocked on the heavy oak door.

A moment later, the door swung open. Standing there was a stunning, older woman who looked exactly like a mature version of Georgia. Her mom.

"Georgia, dear, why are you knocking?" her mom asked, looking confused. "And didn't you leave ten minutes ago for that party?"

Shit. I just missed her.

"Oh! Like, I totally forgot my key, silly me," I giggled, playing the dumb blonde routine perfectly.

Her mom frowned, looking at my denim shorts and pink t-shirt. "And I thought you were

wearing that pretty new dress you bought last week? Why on earth did you change?"

"Uhhh... I spilled something on it?" I lied, the excuse barely holding water. "I just need to, like, run up to my room to grab something really quick!"

I pushed past her, hurrying up the grand staircase before she could ask any more questions. I found a bedroom with the door open, decorated in bright pinks and whites. Georgia's room.

I frantically searched the space, looking for any clue about where she went. On a large corkboard above her desk, I saw a shiny gold envelope pinned to the cork. I ripped it down. It was a VIP invite to a massive fraternity alumni party at a mansion in the hills.

Perfect.

I pulled out my phone and texted Meg. I found out where she is. She's at a party. Bring the laptop. Meet me here. I dropped a pin with the mansion's address.

Thank god the bimbo-talk didn't apply to texting. Meg texted back immediately. *Well done. See you there.*

I was about to turn around and leave, but I caught my reflection in the full-length mirror attached to Georgia's closet door.

I stopped. I really should probably put something more party-like on if I was going to sneak into a mansion.

I walked over to the mirror and stripped off the denim shorts and the pink shirt. I stood completely naked in the center of the bedroom. I stared at myself. She really was something else. It was nothing like the wildly exaggerated, enhanced version of Leonora I had crafted yesterday, but she was pretty goddamn hot for someone who didn't have access to a magical reality-warping program. The natural curve of her waist, the perkiness of her breasts, the smooth, tight skin.

I felt a heavy drop of wetness slide down my inner thigh. Just looking at my own stolen body was turning me on.

Focus, Leo, I told myself.

I opened one of her dresser drawers, looking for a dress. Instead, I found a sleek, pink silicone vibrator sitting neatly next to a pile of lace thongs.

My breath hitched.

I had never tried one of those before. Not as Leonora, and definitely not as myself. The sheer, overwhelming horniness built up from the coach's groping and my own reflection completely shattered my self-control. I couldn't help it.

I grabbed the toy. My fingers trembled as I pressed the power button. It hummed to life, a deep, powerful vibration buzzing against my palm.

I dropped to the ground instantly, spreading my smooth legs wide. I guided the buzzing tip directly to my soaking wet clit.

"Oh my god!" I screamed.

The sensation was absolutely blinding. The concentrated, high-frequency vibration sent literal shockwaves through my entire pelvis. It was infinitely better than just using my fingers. My hips violently bucked off the mattress. I pressed it harder against my sensitive nub, my eyes rolling back into my head.

It was a long, agonizingly slow build. I writhed on Georgia's bed, my hands flying up to squeeze and pinch my own boobs. The male part of my brain was absolutely fascinated by the intense, localized pleasure of the female anatomy, marveling at how the vibrations radiated deep into my core. I spread my outer lips wider, angling the toy to hit the absolute sweetest spot.

"Fuck! Like, oh my god, fuck!" I moaned at the top of my lungs, the valley girl accent making the dirty talk sound incredibly slutty.

I was right on the absolute edge. My toes curled so hard they cramped.

Suddenly, the bedroom door flew open.

"Georgia, I heard you screaming, are you ok what the fuck?!"

I froze. Standing in the doorway was Georgia's older, incredibly hot sister.

I scrambled backward, pure panic hijacking my brain. Because I was so used to being a guy, my instinct was to cover my junk. I slapped both my hands directly over my crotch, dropping the buzzing vibrator onto the sheets. I completely forgot about my bare, bouncing tits proudly exposed to the air, my dark pink nipples pointing right at her.

Her sister stared at me, her face twisting in pure disgust. She looked from my exposed breasts, to my hands covering my pussy, to the pink toy vibrating loudly on the comforter.

"Gross!" her sister gagged. "Do this when nobody is fucking home!"

She slammed the door shut so hard the walls shook.

I sat there, my heart pounding in my ears. The embarrassment hit me like a bucket of ice water, completely snapping me out of my lust-dazed trance.

"God, what is, like, literally wrong with me?" I whimpered, scrambling off the bed. I just couldn't help myself in this body. The hormones were completely overriding my logic.

I quickly opened her closet, found a tight, black slip dress, and pulled it over my head. I didn't even bother with underwear. I slipped out of the room, snuck down the stairs, and bolted out the front door before her mom or her sister could spot me again.

I drove to the address on the invite. It was a massive, sprawling estate up in the hills. The street was lined with expensive cars, and loud, thumping bass echoed into the night air.

I parked down the street and walked up toward the gated entrance. Standing by a sleek black sedan, illuminated by the streetlights, was Meg.

She was wearing a stunning, emerald-green silk dress. I recognized it; she had worn it to a formal event a year ago. But on her new, perfected body, it looked absolutely incredible. The fabric hugged her subtle, elegant curves flawlessly, and her perky C-cups filled out the neckline perfectly. She looked radiant.

She saw me walking up and squinted. "Georgia?"

She was clearly unsure if it was actually me or the real Georgia, wanting to play it safe.

"It's, like, totally me," I groaned, rolling my eyes at my own voice.

Meg relaxed, laughing softly. "Ugh, what took you so long?"

"Like, traffic?" I made up an excuse, praying my flushed cheeks didn't betray what I was actually doing in Georgia's bedroom. "Do you have the laptop?"

Meg smirked, crossing her arms. "No."

I stopped. "Wait, what? How are we supposed to alter her without the program?"

Meg reached into her small clutch purse and pulled out an old iPhone. "While you were out playing dress-up, I was busy. I programmed a shell app and loaded it onto my old phone in developer mode. It securely remotes into your PC over the VPN, sending interface commands directly to the Master PC program."

I stared at her, completely amazed. "Like, how did you even know how to do that?"

"Come on, Leo, you know me," she grinned, tapping the side of her head. "It's a Meg classic!"

I was genuinely confused for a second, but then it clicked. "Oh, right! I totally forgot my memory of you isn't, like, this. That boost to your intelligence and resourcefulness really worked. I should, like, totally give that a try."

"I can't believe you haven't done it already," she teased. "But there's one problem. Obviously, I couldn't test it because the system physically requires you, the primary user, to hit the 'Apply' button on the screen."

"Okay, well this is much easier to carry around than a laptop," I said, taking the phone from her. The interface was shrunk down but perfectly functional.

"There's another problem, though," Meg sighed, leaning against her car. "I tried to load Georgia's profile while I was waiting for you to get here. It threw an 'Out of Range' error. I thought maybe she had already left the party."

I frowned. I typed Georgia Stillwell into the phone's search bar.

Instantly, her 3D render popped onto the screen.

"Wait," Meg frowned, looking over my shoulder. "Why did it work for you just now, but not for me?"

We both stared at the phone. Then, Meg's newly enhanced, 120-IQ brain connected the dots.

"Oh my god," Meg whispered. "The two-mile radius isn't tied to the physical location of the desktop. It's tied to you. The primary user. The program is tracking your physical location!"

It made total sense. That's why we could remote into the desktop from the mall and still alter people. The two-mile radius moved wherever I went. Because Meg had arrived at the party

before me, I was still out of range driving across town, which meant Georgia was out of range of the system.

"I, like, totally dig smart Meg," I grinned.

Meg blushed deeply, her eyes dropping to the pavement. She was clearly still harboring that massive, locked-in crush on me.

I tossed her the iPhone. "Well, here's your wish. Change her however you want, and I'll hit the apply button. Then you can, like, change me backsies."

Meg caught the phone, but she didn't look at the screen. She looked up at the massive mansion, the strobe lights flashing through the large glass windows. A wicked, vindictive smirk spread across her beautiful face.

"Oh, no," Meg said smoothly. "I want to see her. I want to see the changes happen in real-time. I want to look her in the eyes and rub it in."

I looked at the party, then back at Meg. "Does that mean...?"

"Yep," she nodded, grabbing my hand. "We're going into that party."

I turned to look at the sprawling estate. A massive college party, packed with drunk people, and we were walking in with a phone that could literally rewrite reality. The power trip was unimaginable. This could be incredibly fun... but I knew I needed to be extremely careful not to get carried away again.

Meg stepped up beside me and playfully slapped my ass. My clit violently twitched against my bare thighs.

"Let's go, babes!" Meg cheered, pulling me toward the gates. Something told me this was going to be an absolutely wild night.