

This story contains some elements of sex, gender, breast & butt enlargement, homosexuality and transgenderism. If you are too young or otherwise prohibited from reading this, please wait until you are old enough.

I'd like to thank whoever originally wrote the MasterPC story, which I have used as a vehicle for my quick flight of fancy here!

MasterPC – Exploring New Directions

I had finally found it. The download window blinked as the extremely rare Mac port of the MasterPC program completed. I hurriedly double-clicked the icon and then grinned as the name entry box popped up on the screen.

I entered my name, 'Howard Fredericks,' into the box and waited as an image of me appeared in a new window. I decided to test out the program first and opened the 'Physical' tab, scrolled down to hair and fixed the bald spot I was starting to prematurely develop. Moments later my scalp started itching as the hair grew in where it had been thinning. I smirked happily as my hair grew out down my back and tied it back into a ponytail.

I started looking into the advanced options, trying to find the specific function I was looking for. Once I had got used to the interface, which looked much prettier than the screenshots I had seen of the standard MasterPC one, I opened another window and typed in my girlfriend, Alanis' name. I linked the two windows so that when I clicked on one tab in my window both would change and slid into the 'Mental' options. It took a lot of scrolling, there were more options than I had ever seen in a program before, but I eventually found a submenu called 'Preferences.'

I copied three points of data from my side and then, activating the delayed reaction option and setting it to two weeks; I pasted them into Alanis' window.

* * *

I was walking into town with Alanis later that week, we weren't talking much; we were both too tired from staying up for a late night shoot at work. As we approached the bridge over the river, on our way to the industrial estate just outside town, a girl, about eighteen years old crossed the road in front of us. She was wearing tight skinny jeans, which accentuated her already pretty perfect arse; I could barely keep my eyes off of her swaying hips. They were almost like a metronome to walk to. I looked left at Alanis and noticed that she had blushed a little, and her eyes were fixed on the same girl's bum as mine. It was clear that the MasterPC program was working.

A couple of days after that we were on location for the music video were shooting. It was dark in the alleyway that we had set it in and our sparks were just setting up the last lights we needed. As a golden glow flooded the alleyway the singer, Siobhan Summer, walked out from the green room and got into position. I sat down in my chair as the director went through what he wanted done and I looked over at Alanis again who had finished making her notes on the call sheet and was now looking over at Siobhan. Every now and then her eyes flicked downwards and drank in Siobhan's

ample cleavage, until she thought someone might be noticing and quickly looked elsewhere.

* * *

When the two weeks had elapsed Alanis had got into the habit of looking at girls' as much as I did. I felt a little guilty about it, but it would really help me with the real reason I had downloaded the program. I booted it up again for the first time since I had increased Alanis' desire for boobs, butts and looking at them.

I just entered my name at first and set about preparing the next phase of my plan. I again set a two-week time frame and made myself thinner, slightly reduced my height and softened my features. As an afterthought I opened Alanis' window and put in a two-week change in her weight, she was always complaining about it, despite the fact that I thought she looked great, having her waist sinch in like she wanted it to, and stopped the hair on her legs from growing; she hated shaving too.

* * *

Two weeks was going too slowly for me, I've always been impatient. But I had decided at the beginning of the process that everything had to happen on a slow time scale. Because I was watching every day I didn't notice the change as it was occurring, although Alanis commented that our diet was finally starting to have an effect. By the end of the two weeks she was really happy with her figure again, now that she fit into all the clothes she wanted to wear again.

She was still looking at girls we passed in the street. I had made a point of noticing this in town one day when a particularly buxom woman walked by with a child in each hand. Alanis had muttered and mumbled, but not denied it, especially as she tried to subtly turn around to check out her bum as she walked away. After three weeks of becoming attracted to women's features she was slowly starting to point some out to me and we began to observe together the beautiful bodies of our town. It was time for phase three.

* * *

I sat in front of MasterPC again. This was the big moment. I set the time limit for a final two weeks and went right into my Physical tab.

I made the changes, which included some very complicated timeline curves, and then closed the program, breathed a sigh of relief and went to bed, hugging Alanis close to me.

* * *

Week 1 – Day 3

Alanis snuck up behind me and slapped me on the bum that morning, while I was shaving off my beard.

“You’re getting a big butt,” she said, in her sexy accent. “I like big butts, you know!”

I laughed and kissed her.

Week 1 – Day 7

Walking next to Alanis today I noticed that I was much shorter than I had been at the beginning of the week; Alanis had her arm around my waist, which was noticeably thinner, in fact I was starting to get an hourglass body.

Week 2 – Day 4

My nipples were sensitive today, and I noticed during my shower that they were now sitting on slightly raised breasts. I knew that the major parts of my plan were finally coming together. I ran my fingers through my hair and noticed how long it was getting. The colour was changing too, from generic brown to a deep, sexy auburn.

Week 2 – Day 7

While I was at work, editing the assembled footage for the music video I began to feel a little queasy. I went into the bathroom and locked the door.

I quickly slid my trousers down and hung them on the clothes hook. My body was basically feminine and female in almost all its appearance now. I had soft, flowing curves, and I was 6 inches shorter than I had been, down to five foot ten, from six four. I had measured myself for a surprise bra shop for the end of tonight and my chest was only 32 inches around, down from forty. My breasts were perky little things that sat on my chest proud and with small pink nipples almost perpetually pointing outwards.

The queasiness wasn’t going away and I began to feel tightness in my groin. Looking down at it, although I knew what was coming, I wasn’t really prepared for it. My limp penis had been getting smaller, at a very slow rate, across the whole two weeks. Now it suddenly accelerated and I watched as the length inverted itself. I leaned against the wall as my genitals moved around under me, to where I could no longer see them easily. I put my hand between my legs and felt the testicles rise up into me, my scrotum stretching into brand new, smooth labia, and the remains of my penis nestled at the top, proud and erect beneath its new clitoral hood. The queasiness passed and I stood upright and took a look at myself in the mirror. I now was completely female; if the MasterPC program was as accurate as it claimed to be, even my chromosomes were now XX instead of XY. I looked up and down my new body and liked what I saw.

My hourglass shape had faded slightly, my butt had swollen more than my boobs so, while I had the bottom half of the glass, it was only half full now. Still my waist cinched in beautifully and my smooth skin had a much better complexion than the splotchy red I had been before. My long, thick auburn hair was magnificent, sweeping down my back and, if I wanted to be coy, I could cover my boobs with it. I hurriedly pulled my trousers back on; they shifted their size to hug my perfect curves and clocked out early.

When Alanis got home I put my hands over her eyes and led her upstairs. She reclined on the bed, not knowing what I was doing while I put on some sexy jazz music quietly and walked out to meet her in my new lacy bra and panties combo.

“I know you’ve been noticing some changes in me over this two weeks, babe,” I cooed, in my new voice, sexy and fey, crawling up the bed to straddle her. “I just wanted you to know that they’re almost done!”

Alanis was fidgeting, clearly enjoying the view. I reached around behind me and undid my bra, then holding it in place with my arms, teasing her by leaning forwards so my little boobs were inches from her nose. “You know I’ve always wanted to be a lesbian... well, now I am!” I finished, leaning forwards further and kissing her. Her arms wrapped around me and we kissed deeply for at least five minutes.

I pulled back and threw aside the bra, revealing my erect nipples and brushing them across her nose. Small electric shocks ran through me and I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out.

“I know you’ve been enjoying the view of the busty girls in town, so I thought you might be a little disappointed with my small supply. So here’s a little gift for you...”

I arched my back and thought the code word that I had programmed into MasterPC two weeks ago. Suddenly my chest began to heat up and I couldn’t help but grind my soaked panties against Alanis’ legs. My breasts started to expand, puffing out and drooping as they began to grow. Alanis panted in excitement, took a nipple in her mouth and began to suck. I threw my head back and screamed as my first female orgasm swept through my body. I rolled off of Alanis’ lap and lay down on the bed, writhing and stroking my curves, up and down. My new breasts, which had settled down at around an E-cup, rested on my chest. I rolled my head to look at my lover who looked delighted with my new chassis. She leaned in and kissed me again. As I felt fingers reaching under my panties I reached up and pinched my nipples, just to make sure I wasn’t dreaming...

* * *

Several hours later I slipped out of bed and went to the computer. Opening my window revealed a perfect image of my new body, sexy as sexy could be. I had always loved the idea of changing my gender, but I had never wanted to have reassignment surgery. Finally the alternative had been found. I scrolled through the options and clicked the ‘Set as Default’ button. A warning message popped up

WARNING: REPLACING THE DEFAULT
WILL PREVENT REVERTING TO ORIGINAL
STATE.
DO YOU WANT TO CONTINUE?

Without hesitation, I clicked ‘Yes’