The first thing I saw when I stepped onto the school bus was the spectacle of Monica Udoski’s fat ass stretching her too small shorts to obscene degrees. The enormous globes filled the shorts completely and left nearly a quarter of her cheeks hanging out in the open air, and the spandex look painted on, so that it was quite obvious that she wasn’t wearing underwear. Monica idly tugged on the top of her shorts as she stalked down the center aisle, obviously irate at the spectacle she presented; the other bus riders knew better than to gawk at her, however, since the number one cheerleader of Averail High School was quite infamous for the variety and viciousness of her vengeance.

I smiled slightly as I saw how uncomfortable she was in her undersized outfit, pulling constantly at her permanent wedgie as she flipped her blond hair out of her face. She was wearing a scoop neck shirt that showed just a hint of cleavage, pure white sneakers, silk lace stockings she delighted in flaunting around the school, and even a red satin ribbon that held the majority of her blonde, shoulder length mane from her captivating face; the too small spandex pants were the only deviation from her typical outfit.

“Hey Monica,” I breathed in a stage whisper as I skulked up the aisle behind her, “you’ve got a little…well, everything showing back there, really.”

“Gods dammit,” she snarled as she tried to tug everything into a more respectable position. “I don’t know what’s going on with my clothes! Everything fit less than a week ago, and now I can barely into my stretchiest shorts! Is it all shrinking or something?” she finished in a murmur as she made her way to the back of the bus.

I suppressed a giggle as I watched her plop down in her seat, frustration and confusion evident across her face. I took my place in turn, taking peeks back at the irate cheerleader as the other students from my stop filtered into their seats. I was jolted out of my covert observation as my best friend plopped down beside me, six feet of gangly nerd frame scrunching uncomfortably into the narrow seat space. Alicia too was wearing her usual costume, a sun yellow dress three years out of style, horn rimmed glasses thick enough to beat steel on, and dirt brown hair that could only be described in terms generally reserved for natural disasters. “Stop staring,” she whined as she adjusted her spectacles, drawing attention to a face that could best be described as exotic…and cruelly described as alien, with eyes that were ever so slightly too large, lips that were too thin, a sharp narrow nose, and a small mouth set above a pointy chin. “You know what she’ll do to us if she catches us staring!”

“Please,” I countered with a snort, “no one ever notices what I do.” It was, as far as I knew, a true statement. I was of no importance to anyone at the school, as I wasn’t popular enough to join the cream of the crop, nor unpopular enough to earn their scorn; I wasn’t a part of anyone’s club or organization, I hadn’t joined any causes, I didn’t associate with any of the cliques, which meant that no gave a $#!^ about me unless I went and did something really weird. Add in my Plain Jane features and average body, and I became the invisible girl. “Anyway,” I continued eagerly, “Did she see how tight those pants are? Another inch and they’ll just blow right off her!”

“Why are we even talking about Malice anyway,” complained Alicia, calling Monica by her most used nickname, “when we could be discussing more worthwhile subjects, like Trenton’s latest victory.” I snorted when I saw the romantic signs sparking in her eyes and settled in for yet another lecture extolling the virtues of our star forward for the soccer team, the young teen heartthrob and lady killer Trenton Underbrush; a low buzz emanating from my backpack distracted me from the lecture, and I popped open the bag to haul out the ancient laptop I had inherited from my dearly departed father. I settled it on my lap, flipped it open, and grinned when I saw the words: [Upgrade complete. The Master PC program is now fully functioning and ready for use.]

I had found the Master PC program in one of the more secretive forums I regularly frequented, a private place for hackers to compare notes and boast about their accomplishments. I wasn’t much of a hacker, unfortunately, but I was fascinated by the ideals and discoveries that powered them, which is why I liked to scroll through the discussions and watch history take place. I was just halfway through a page on Tri-recursive Self-Replicating Viruses, a nasty invention to freeze up firewalls and disintegrate security codes, when I received a notice that someone wanted to engage in an instant messaging chat with me. I was startled, to say the least, partly because I had not made any contact with the other forum goers, and mostly because my computer didn’t actually have instant messaging capabilities, a fact which didn’t stop a little black box from popping up on my screen. Neon green letter scrawled across the message box to spell out the message, [Hello Risa.]

[Do I know you?] I replied after a moment’s hesitation.

[No,] the stranger answered instantly. [But I know you. I’ve observing you online for a while now, and I find that you fascinate me.]

[O-kay…you do realize how creepy that sounds, right?]

[Yes, and I’m sorry for that. If it makes you feel better, I only intend to observe. It’s no fun watching a game if one has to interfere to often, which is why this is the last time I contact you. The only reason I have done so now is because I would like to give you a little gift…]

I booted up the program with a feigned calm, periodically peering out through the window to mark our progress. Deciding that thirty minutes was more than long enough for a test run I watched impatiently as the command log came on screen. Finally a 3-D image of my body popped up, clothes and all; I was quite short at a five foot nothing, with ear length hair I had dyed blue just last week, and a face that could best be described as forgettable. My skin was pale, my body lanky, and my clothes were a pair of second-hand jeans with a lime green tank top. {Search and catalog current location} I typed into the command bar. My image shrank to just one corner of the screen as the other bus riders popped in, a host of 3-D images that moved in perfect mimicry of their subjects. I browsed through them, wondering which I would try first. Malice I wanted to save for later, and Alicia I…no, just no; I saw a picture of our bus driver and decided that she would be just perfect.

I clicked on her icon and her picture expanded to fill the screen; at an ancient sixty-seven years old, Mrs. Emirida Black was an obese lump of oily and flabby flesh, with greasy black hair and a round face spotted with enormous moles. She was nice enough, in her own quiet way, but even the kindest commentators acknowledged that she was butt ugly. And now I had a chance to fix that. I brought up the measurement directory and went to work.

I had been halfway between being flattered by the strangers attention and being creeped out by his spying, but his comment on a present set all kinds of alarm bells ringing. [What kind of present?] I typed as rapidly as physically possible, readying to instantly turn off the computer if I didn’t like his answer.

[A sign of my admiration…and a catalyst to further my entertainment. A wonderful little program I found that can do anything; a program I want you to have.]

[And if I say no?] I typed back. The stranger didn’t answer. Instead I saw a notice that my computer had begun downloading an unknown program. I had had enough. I pushed the power button...and nothing happened. I repeated the process several times, tried to shut it down through it’s command bar, and eventually resorted to pulling out its battery, but nothing changed; the device just sat there, humming away gently as the load meter slowly filled in. Eventually I gave up, replaced everything, and lay down to wait out the clock. Sooner than I had expected, given the primeval nature of my electronic lifeline, the download bar faded away to be replaced with an icon for a program: Unknown Program 1. Putting keyboard to fingers I typed [How did you do that, and just what have your dropped onto my desktop.]

[I already told you, my dear] the arrogant prick stated in return, smugness nearly radiating from the pixels of his words. [A gift as thanks, and as payment for further events. Merely select the icon, and the code will do the rest. And to reassure you, I give you my word that the only thing my little gift will do is download a powerful little application onto your computer, then self-destruct, and I’ll disappear into the ether of the net, never to speak to you again unless you should contact me. And on that note, I bid you adieu, and hope that we might speak again.

With my thoughts to you,

Stennderwieht]

[How generous of you.] I retorted. [That’s it? No price tag, no ‘you owe me’, no ‘you can pay me back later’. Just click on the icon and you call it quits?] I waited for nearly a minute, but no answer was forthcoming. I slumped in my bed as I considered the situation.

I would like to say that I patiently and calmly reviewed all the facts and made a decision based upon the relevant evidence, but in truth it took less than twenty-seven seconds for my curiosity to overwhelm my faculties and drive me into booting up the program. In less than a minute my computer let out a little beep and a new icon appeared on my dash. One click later, and a sky blue logo painted itself across my screen: {Welcome to Master PC, the program that grants you the power of a god.}

The first thing I did was click on a little box with the words ‘Perception Filter’ etched beside it. This handy little option pretty much canceled out the possibility that anyone would notice anything I did with the program; of course, that wasn’t much fun, which is why I also clicked on one of the secondary check boxes, marked ‘Spectator Mode’, which would make sure that the driver would remain entirely oblivious while the rest of us got a show. And a scrawl of code {Nobody panics because of the modifications made to Mrs. Emirida Black} ensured that no one would go jumping of the bus in terror. With that taken care of, I went to work.

The first thing I did was drop her age all the way down to twenty-three, which did half the work for me. Her skin cleared most of the way up, and she lost nearly a hundred pounds in a few seconds as the flabby flesh tightened. I finished the job when I dropped her weight to a spritely ninety-three pounds on a five and a half foot frame, a body slender enough to rival any models. Her clothes pooled around her, suddenly much too loose for her new size, though they just managed to stay on. I cleaned her hair up and lengthened it until it started spilling down the back of her seat all the way down to her slim little bottom. I took her eyes, which were a rather dull mud brown, and turned the luminosity all the way up until they gleamed like burnished brass; then I doubled the length of her lashes, added a dab of mascara and other subtle applications, and gave her the fullest lips I had every seen, coated in fire-engine lipstick. A detail here, a touch up there, and my newest subject was a grade-A hottie.

Most of the students near the front had begun noticing the weirdness when Emirida had lost seventy-nine percent of her body weight, and by now everyone within line of sight of the drivers seat was watching in silent astonishment. Alicia and I, however, were sitting near the back, so that my friend’s only comment was, “Well that’s weird. Wonder what has them so interested?” My only reply was a grunt.

A quick glance out the window showed me ten more minutes of playtime, so I got started on the big changes. Emi’s breasts weren’t small, exactly, but they weren’t nearly big enough to suit me. I selected the slide rule for bust size and slid it far, far to the right; in response, I saw her digital breasts stretch outward slowly, inflating as if someone had attached a hose to them. Within a minute her tits had expanded large enough to stretch out her oversized shirt, big perky balloons of flesh that hung off her chest like a pair of soccer balls. Several of the watching students were openly salivating, male and female both, and I myself had to swallow several times before I could risk speaking. “Just a little more,” I whispered as I pumped up Emi’s bra size a few more cups, so that hints of cleavage were visible between the straining buttons. The drivers breasts were comparable in size to beach-balls, with the same sort of buoyancy, so that she ended up squeezing her breasts between her elbows to reach the steering wheel. Not truly satisfied yet, I turned my attention to her lower half and tripled the size of her hips, so that her pants were suddenly straining against an ass that was half again as wide as her shoulders. I made sure that she had a booty to match, making her jeans creak in warning, pop a few seams, and then explode all at once.

My first instinct was to dismiss the title as a gimmick, a thing of pure fabrication to appeal to horny teenage boys with delusions of domination. My next gut reaction was to wonder why I had automatically assumed that the program was about sex. My third instinctive reaction was to click the {Continue} icon at the bottom right. A 3-d picture of my body, totally naked, appeared on the screen on the grid-marked background, confirming my intuition on the programs purpose. I moved to click on one of the icons, a cartoony caricature of a brain beneath a cloud of thought bubbles, a notice popped into existence in the middle of the monitor. {Warning: The user system has insufficient capabilities to properly run the Master PC program. The effective reach of the program has been reduced from a distance of one hundred miles to one thousand feet, mental alteration upon non-users is unavailable, and retroactive history alterations are no longer available. Please download the listed programs to bring the application to its full capacity.} My first thought was disappointment that the cruddy quality of my electronic inheritance was once again costing me. My second thought was a reminder that my computer did not have a camera, a sensor, or any other object that would allow it to observe the outside world, a fact that raised some interesting questions about the cg portrait that followed my every move. “Okay then,” I said to myself as I moved the mouse over the picture of a human torso, “cautious it is.” I clicked the mouse.

Everyone jumped at the crack of the drivers self destructing wardrobe, myself included, as the remains of her pants fell away from their killer. I smiled slightly, but decided that I couldn’t have my newest toy pulling up to the school half naked: it didn’t seem quite professional. Of course, I couldn’t just dress her up in jeans and a t-shirt; there was something to be said for style after all. In a fit of ironic inspiration, I decided on a fancy airline hostess outfit, designed to my specifications and just a little too small. The blue silk blazer stretched itself over the driver’s chest pontoons, appearing from the remains of her previous blouse, which had popped open a mile before. A navy jacket shimmered into being over her shoulders, nicely framing her breasts, especially with the bottom most buttons fastened, so that it looked as though her chest had thrust itself from the jackets confines. Her deceased slacks morphed into an azures skirt, mid-thigh length for the sake of decency, and as tight around her butt as I could make them without immobilizing her. The china white stockings looked slightly out of place on her new uniform, but I had always appreciated the classics, and they looked absolutely gorgeous with her new, night black, four-inch heels.

“Hey Risa, it looks like something is happening with the driver. I mean, everyone’s staring at her, but no ones screaming or anything…” I looked up from my screen to make brief contact with Alicia, carefully tilting the screen away from my best friend as I peered out the widows. With less that five minutes left I began the finishing touches. {Anyone who knows Mrs. Emirida will recognize her despite her alterations. No one is or will be alarmed about Mrs. Emirida’s changes, nor do they comment on it. Mrs. Emirida will notice the alterations when she gets home, but will not feel any distress about her modifications. Instead, she will feel really hot about her new body, and will make use of it with her significant other as often as practical.} A little bit of insurance could go a long way to preventing a whole shitload of trouble later, and I didn’t want anyone spreading panicked stories about our bus drivers change from hag to hot. With the safety issues handled, I started on the fun stuff. {Mrs. Emirida is sexually aroused at the thought of driving a bus. She will become increasingly hot during a trip, and will seek to express her arousal in any way possible, though she will always put the safety of her passengers first. At the end of every trip she will have an enormous orgasm.} I started getting into the really kinky stuff. {Mrs. Emirida’s pleasure will increase more the faster she is going. The idea of having sex in a moving vehicle is her biggest fetish, and any pleasure she gets from the act is doubled. Mrs. Emirida cannot be sexually sated until she has finished the trip, and will instead become increasingly hot as time goes on, no matter how many orgasms she has along the way. Mrs. Emirida will always have perfect control of her self while on a trip.} I threw in the last bit of code in recompense to my battered morals; the last thing I wanted was knowing that Mrs. Emirida’s marriage had been ruined by her uncontrollable desire to fuck any nearby drivers. I debated making her partner approve of any extra-curricular flings she might have, but decided that that intruded slightly farther into the realm of free will than I was willing to go. Throwing in harmless(ish) kinks to a persons psyche didn’t bother me much, and preventing panic was merely common sense. But messing deeply with a persons preferences and feelings, especially when you threw in love…I wasn’t ready to go there just yet.

I sent the new codes just in time; we pulled up right next to the front gate just as I pushed the send button, and Mrs. Emirida threw her head back as she moaned out loud, twitching slightly from the pleasure overload. Everyone stared, and more than a few started taking pictures. I debated fixing that, but shrugged and put my laptop away. Either she would learn to control herself, or she would gain a reputation for eccentricity, and it was no longer any business of mine. And anyway, it was time to depart the bus. We passengers shuffled down the aisle to the door, all the passing students staring at the newly minted chauffeur I had made for them. Alicia looked like she was bursting to ask questions, but by now the bell was ringing, and we had less than ten minutes to get to class. I gave her a pointed glance, promising her a lengthy conversation later, before I set off in a dead run for my class, Alicia following at a slightly more sedate path. There would be time to talk later, and a chance to experiment. I shivered slightly in anticipation as Mrs. Emirida shut the doors and rumbled away to her next destination, squirming slightly in her seat as she went on her way.

I had no idea how real all of this was, but the signs were ominous at the very least. Accordingly, I felt that a small test was in order, something that would be quite obvious without being dangerous. I spotted a rule slide with the words {Breast Size} posted above its length. As changes went, it was readily apparent, non-threatening…I clicked on the marker and dragged to the right. Immediately I felt my shirt tighten as my boobs swelled. I was normally too flat chested to bother with a bra, so there was nothing to constrain my breasts from inflating inside of my Whinnie the Pooh t-shirt. (Hey, don’t look at me like that. The Pooh is awesome.)

I leaped up in astonishment, feeling my breasts shift on my chest. They were enormous on my slim frame, being the size of particularly large cantaloupes. I stripped off my shirt to look at them directly, fondling them gently with my cold hands. They were pale, smooth, and delightfully perfect, without any unsightly blemishes, lumps or wrinkles. They were, as far as I could tell, perfect examples of their size.

Of course, this meant more than a need for larger bras in my wardrobe; I apparently had a computer program with near ultimate power that, even in its reduced state, could wreck any amount of havoc. Caution was needed…but so was knowledge, knowledge that could best be obtained through experimentation, and there were so many interesting symbols on the application window, and there was even a command bar to manually type in my desires… Curiosity won out over suspicion, and I began to fantasize about all the things I could do with my new treasure. In fact, I could really use a test subject…and Monica ‘Malice’ Udoski lived pretty close to my house, well within the programs weak range…of course I would need to keep it subtle, but subtlety had always been a specialty of mine. And if Malice suddenly had the metabolism of a snail…and had of her weight gathering in the pert little ass she kept such pride in…and conked up her appetite a few notches… I plotted and planned what I would do, turning back to my laptop to type in a few more lines of code…and then I’d have to see about downloading the programs I’d need to make the application really run. For once, I was looking forward to rest of my week, because with power like this…the sky was the limit.

There was something to be said about sitting in shadows; it was artistic, traditional, mysterious…it was also damned inconvenient when one, say, wanted to read a book in his easy chair. Fortunately the dark figure who lounged in the shadowy chair that sat facing away from the roaring fireplace was reading the sort of work that provides its own illumination, by dint of an LCD screen. “So, she’s taken the bait hm?” he murmured to himself. “Good, good. The game wouldn’t be much fun if we weren’t on equal footing. And how long do you think I’ll have to wait before she contacts me my dear slave?” He held an empty champagne glass out towards the indistinct figure that stood beside him. She took it from him, and refilled it from the bottle she was carrying.

“I believe that it will take Madame Risa just under three days to begin perceiving Master’s actions, and reacting accordingly.” She handed the glass back to him.

“Excellent, excellent…” he took a sip of champagne, then put the glass down on the table beside himself. “Oh we’re going to have such fun,” he said to himself as he caressed the screen of his computer. The screen dimpled beneath his touch, distorting the real time, 3-D image of a pale girl with huge breasts clicking away on her computer, working busily away under the heading: {Subject One: Risa Ursuei Jenkins}.