

**Author's note:** I've had the idea for this story in mind for over a decade, so I'm glad to finally be getting it down on (digital) paper. My sincere thanks to JRParz for allowing so many to explore their own ideas within his brilliant Master PC universe. This story is most heavily inspired by William Pratt's fantastic "Master PC: Wing Girls". Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of nonconsensual sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters and situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2020. All rights reserved. Thanks for reading!

## **Master PC: The Coffeeshop**

**by Fidget**

"Amy!" the barista called out.

Amy walked over, grabbed her decaf latte, sat down at a table that would give her a nice view of the entire shop, and pulled out her laptop. She opened the program that her brother had sent her for her birthday last week, eager to see if it was all that he claimed it was. "Master PC" briefly flashed across the screen, and was then replaced with a text box. "Welcome to the Master Command Center... where the Master allows you to become a virtual god to the people around you... Now, you possess the power to bend their reality to your specifications. You are the Master's representative." *Weird*, she thought, still skeptical that it could change reality like her brother had claimed.

She typed her own name in when prompted to enter a user, and then again when prompted to enter a subject. Suddenly, she was surprised to find a naked image of herself spinning on the screen, with multiple sliders for adjusting various physical and mental characteristics. Not wanting anyone looking over her shoulder to notice any naked pictures of herself or of the the coffeeshop's other patrons, she decided to input all of her instructions through the program's command line interface, instead of using the GUI. After making the change and familiarizing herself with the syntax of the commands, she figured she'd start off with a small test.

[Subject's nails always look perfectly manicured], she typed. She braced herself, hit Enter, and was delighted to see that her usually chipped nails now looked as though they were fresh out of the salon! *The program works!* she thought gleefully, before sobering up at the implications of what she had just done. The program *worked*. She had changed reality. She now had the ability to change anything she wanted about anyone in this coffeeshop, including herself.

She briefly considered deleting the program altogether, feeling that this was entirely too much power for one person to wield. But then she remembered why she had come here in the first place, and assured herself that she didn't really want that much from the program after all.

Amy was lonely. It had been two years since she'd even been on a date. She wasn't unattractive, but she felt that her quiet nature, lack of confidence, and conservative clothing choices, in combination with her utter lack of curves, prevented her from getting any attention from men. She felt plain looking and unwanted, and wished that just once an attractive stranger would strike up a flirty conversation with her at a coffeeshop. That's all. If that conversation developed into a second date down the line, then great, but if not, at least she would have the experience to look back on. And now, thanks to Master PC, Amy could finally make that simple conversation a reality.

She looked around the shop, and finally settled on an attractive guy in a business suit typing busily on his own laptop at a table across from her. She secretly snapped a pic of him with her phone, and put it through Master PC's image recognition program. A few seconds later the program identified him as Michael. She activated his profile and glanced at some of his physical values. Seeing that his penis was seven inches fully erect, she flushed with embarrassed and navigated back to the command line.

[Subject finds themselves slightly physically attracted to user], she wrote, and was about to hit Enter, when she noticed that a checkbox called "Subject will be aware of any modifications" was checked. Oh, so by default the subject would notice the changes too, in addition to the user. She recalled that she had noticed her new nails immediately, and didn't know how he'd react if he discovered that he was spontaneously changing, so she unchecked the box and hit Enter, feeling slightly guilty about changing him without his knowledge but excited nevertheless.

A few seconds later, he looked up, glanced over at her, gave her the briefest of smiles, and returned to work. Amy flushed with pleasure and embarrassment at the attention, and thought about her next instruction for the program.

She realized that she didn't know how long he planned to be there, and she didn't want him leaving before she'd finished her fun. The command *subject will stay in this coffeeshop until the user leaves* quickly took care of that worry, however, and Amy giggled at just how easy it was to change things with the program. She noticed that there was another check box by her cursor, which said "Everyone will be aware of any modifications". This box was unchecked, which, along with the other checkbox, Amy interpreted to mean that none of the changes she was making would be noticed by anyone other than herself at this point, since she was the user. That was exactly the way she wanted it, so she left both boxes blank, and looked back over at Michael.

She noticed that he had glanced up from his computer, and was sad to see that he was looking at one of the baristas instead of at her. Amy looked the pretty barista up and down, and decided that her own dull brown eyes couldn't compare to the other girl's bright blue ones, so she decided to do her one better. Switching back to her profile, she typed, [Subject now has striking green eyes.] *There, let's see Ms. Flirty Barista deal with that*, she thought with satisfaction, before pressing Enter.

She reflected on how typical it was for him to look at the barista instead of her. All her life men had passed her over in favor of prettier and more outgoing girls like the barista, even if Amy had been the one the men were initially focused on.

*With a magic computer program I still can't keep a guy's interest for more than ten seconds*, she thought bitterly. Well, she knew how to get him back for ignoring her, especially now that he was at least slightly attracted to her, thanks to the program.

[Subject will become more sexually aroused whenever Michael and Amy lock eyes], she typed, and hit Enter. Now every time he looked at her, he'd want her more. That would teach him to look at other women.

She waited until he looked up and caught her eye again, and felt herself flush slightly at the knowledge that he would get more turned on each time he did so. It would only be a matter of time before that building arousal of his drove him to act, she thought with a smile.

Amy decided to make it a bit easier for him to find the courage to come over and talk to her. [Subject's inhibitions are reduced. Subject is compelled to give in to their desires and act on their thoughts.] Enter.

*I have to remember to change that back before he leaves the shop. It wouldn't be right to leave him with a compulsion to do everything that occurred to him. That could easily ruin his life*, she thought, wondering not for the last time whether she had gone too far.

After he went back to typing on his laptop, she looked him up and down once more. She certainly enjoyed the view, but it occurred to her just how easily she could make improvements to what she saw with the program. Heck, he was already practically a model - might as well take him the rest of the way there. Not to mention she could undo it before they left the shop. It wouldn't be so terrible to improve him, just a bit.

[Subject has the body of an ideal cover model from a dirty magazine], she typed naughtily. She was surprised by her own audacity, and reminded herself that she was only here to have a fun, flirty conversation. She even considered deleting the command, but ultimately convinced herself that it was temporary and harmless, and hit Enter.

She examined him closely, and thought she could see his jawline become a bit more chiseled, and his muscles grow a bit more defined, but it was hard to tell with them being hidden under his tailored suit. *Plus, he's already so attractive that maybe there's not much the program can do to improve him*, she giggled to herself.

He glanced back up at her, and she flushed with arousal at the thought of him getting hornier as they locked eyes. He immediately broke eye contact again, however, frustrating her. Here she was getting all turned on thinking about how much he would want her, and he still wouldn't give her the time of day.

She looked back down at the keyboard, past her large, jiggly boobs, and thought about how badly she wanted him to notice her. Maybe he was just so shy that it never even occurred to him to come over and talk to her, despite his attraction to her and his increasing arousal. *I can relate*, she thought, remembering her own shyness, and thinking about how tied to her own self-image it was.

She decided that a change in wardrobe might make him more outgoing. She loved looking at him in his suit, but maybe it was making him feel stuffy and repressed.

[Subject is now wearing a sexy outfit], she typed, and hit Enter. She looked back up at him, eager to see what clothes Master PC had decided on, but was surprised to see him in the exact same suit. *Of course!* she thought, nearly facepalming. What outfit could a guy like him possibly look sexier in than a tailored suit? Of course it hadn't changed. She thought she could see a bit more appealing tightness in the suit's slim fit, though.

She glanced back up at him, and caught him checking out her tits. Their eyes met briefly, his cheeks reddened, and he made a show of looking back down at his laptop busily. *Finally!* Amy thought, starting to feel legitimately horny now that his resolve was finally cracking and he was letting his increasing attraction for her show. It wouldn't be long now before he got turned on enough to come over and talk to her, she thought, squirming a bit herself at the idea.

Still though, he sure was taking his sweet time about it. [Subject gets turned on by the idea of hitting on people at a coffee shop], she typed, and pressed Enter. *There, that'll light a fire under his ass*, she thought. Now he'd be turned on whenever he looked at her, *and* whenever he thought about coming over to talk to her. *Heck, I might have hit on him myself if I didn't specifically come here to be hit on.* What was taking him so long?

Well, in the meantime she might as well improve her view again. She briefly worried that she might be taking this a bit too far, and that her growing horniness was clouding her judgment. She again reassured herself that this was all only temporary, and that she'd reverse all of the changes once he came over and flirted with her for a bit. Plus, she *really* wanted to do it. *Ok, here goes nothing.*

[Subject has a strong desire to show off their sexy body.] Enter.

She looked up expectantly, waiting for him to take his jacket off, or loosen his tie and unbutton a button, or something, but he just sat there, typing away on his laptop. Ah, there! He... pulled at his tie a bit. *Wow, either this guys is really repressed, or this program is a lot weaker than my brother led me to believe*, she thought. *Still though, society can be pretty prudish. It's not that surprising that he wants to stay professional in public.* She pulled the low neckline of her tight crop top down a bit further, hoping his view of her impressive cleavage would encourage him to loosen up a bit.

Maybe his work was too important? After all, she'd only said that he had a *desire* to show off his body, not that he had to. *He should still be pretty aroused by now from my earlier commands, though*, she thought as she slid her short, pleated skirt up a bit to show him some more thigh.

Something else then occurred to her. *Maybe he's gay?* Could that mean her commands to find her attractive weren't working? That made sense, and even though she could change his orientation with the program, she'd feel pretty guilty at messing with his sexuality too much. *Hmm...*

[Subject's unnaturally strong sexual desire for women is limited to the women currently in this coffeeshop.] There. That would ensure that he'd come flirt with her whether or not he was gay, but if he was he'd still be gay afterwards. *Enter.*

She briefly wondered about the ethics of the command she'd just entered. Was it more ok to change someone's orientation temporarily than permanently? Also, from the way she'd worded it, he would be attracted to the women in here forever if she didn't undo the command at some point. Did it make it more acceptable if he enjoyed his new attractions (which he would now, of course)? In the end, she supposed it didn't really matter, since she'd return him to normal at some point today.

By now Amy had finished her latte, so she got up to go order another. She enjoyed the way Michael's eyes now bounced between the firm ass under her short skirt and the full breasts on display in her low-cut crop top as she walked up to the counter and ordered, making sure to bend over a bit to give Michael a nice view of the pink thong peeking out from her thigh gap. On the way back to her chair, she met Michael's eyes above his flushed cheeks, and got even hornier.

*I may not be able to hold myself to just a conversation with him at this rate*, Amy thought as she sat down. Her toned legs drifted apart slightly and she dropped one hand to stealthily press on herself a little, to take the edge off. While she was down there, it occurred to her that she should pull her skirt up a bit higher, so she did. Hopefully that would tease Michael into finally coming over.

A few minutes later, as the blue-eyed barista bent over to deliver a cappuccino to the table next to her, Amy noticed how cute her butt was and began to understand why Michael had been so focused on her earlier. Feeling devilish, Amy impulsively snapped a pic of her and fed it into the Master PC image detector. There was plenty of time to work on Michael later, she thought. She wanted to have some fun with, uh... *she checked the name on the new profile that had just popped up ...Jill now.* She deserved it anyway for distracting Michael from Amy.

[Subject has big tits.] *Enter.* Jill's tits were suddenly large, jiggly D cups. Amy giggled at her own impulsive audacity, appreciating how hot they looked on Jill's slim, athletic frame. Amy briefly wondered which way she swung. *Where did that idea come from*, she thought, surprised, but then continued to check out Jill's new assets in spite of herself.

When she finally turned her gaze back to Michael, however, she noticed that his attention had been drawn to Jill's prominent chest as well. *At least the command to find the women in here attractive worked*, she thought, her bright green eyes filling with envy. Well, that was easily fixed.

[Subject is strongly sexually attracted to user], she typed quickly, and then hit Enter in a huff.

She looked up in satisfaction, but was surprised to notice Michael's gaze still firmly fixated on Jill's bouncing bosom. With how passive Michael had been through all of this, Amy was starting to think that Master PC was only selectively applying her commands, but then she noticed that Jill's gaze was firmly fixated on her own, her cheeks pink with arousal. Amy was confused for a second, before figuring out what had happened. *Of course, I forgot to switch back to Michael's profile, and the command to find me attractive affected Jill instead! She's totally got the hots for me!* she giggled.

She found herself enjoying the attention (*for once*, she thought despondently), so she decided that leaving Jill attracted to her for now wasn't really hurting anything. *Plus, she's pretty easy on the eyes too*, Amy thought while Jill leaned over the bar toward her, tank top and apron pulled dangerously low. After enjoying her view of the creamy boobs on display, Amy glanced over, meeting Michael's eyes, and felt herself getting even hornier. The thought of hitting on Jill here in the coffeeshop to turn Michael on briefly flitted through Amy's mind, and she felt the heat in her crotch flame into a burning fire. It was time to up the ante a bit.

[Subject feels a strong desire to physically flirt with user], she typed, and hit Enter. *Killing two birds with one stone*, she thought. This way, she'd get some more fun, lighthearted attention from Jill, all the while hopefully getting Michael interested enough to actually come talk to her.

Bringing Amy's order over a few minutes later, Jill ran her hand across Amy's shoulder and leaned around to her right, resting her pillowy tits on Amy's arm as she placed the coffee down in front of her. "Is there anything else I can get you?" she asked breathily, her blue eyes sparkling with arousal and excitement only a few inches away from Amy's. Completely taken by surprise, Amy was captivated by the pretty barista and couldn't resist leaning in to briefly taste the brunette's luscious lips, enjoying the sensation of Jill's boobs pressing into her side.

When Amy finally broke the kiss, breathless, she glanced around the shop to see if anyone had seen. Michael, of course, was staring right at them, but quickly looked down again after meeting her gaze. Feeling a fresh surge of arousal, Amy squirmed in her seat as Jill whispered "let me know if there's anything else I can help you with" into her ear, and then she slowly let go and walked back behind the counter.

*Maybe Michael, Jill, and I could enjoy some three-way flirting,* Amy thought, suddenly significantly more interested in Jill's attentions than she had been. She decided that Jill could benefit from some of the enhancements that she had made to Michael.

[Subject loves to show off their sexy body.] Enter. Jill absentmindedly pulled her top and apron even lower, and rubbed her hands across her tight jeans as though she suddenly wished she were wearing something else. [Subject is strongly sexually attracted to Michael in addition to user.] Jill's bright eyes bounced between Michael and Amy as her cheeks got even pinker, and her delicious cleavage reddened. [Subject has a shaved pussy], Amy added naughtily, on a whim.

*Hmm, that might not be so bad a change for me either,* Amy thought, and once that appealing idea was in her head, she felt practically compelled to switch over to her own profile to retype the command. [Subject has a shaved pussy.] Enter.

When she looked back up, she noticed that Jill had gone over to Michael and was sensually whispering something into his ear as she ran her fingers up his arm. Michael glanced at Amy with raised eyebrows, and Jill walked back behind the counter, smiling impishly.

What had Jill said to Michael? Was she trying to set up something for the three of them? Or was she trying to steal Michael for herself? Maybe it had been a mistake to make Jill so interested in Michael, Amy thought. She didn't want to have her prey poached from her, especially this close to getting what she had come here for.

Perhaps one more small change to Jill could fix that. She switched back over to Jill's profile. *She would look awfully cute as an empty-headed bimbo, and that would keep her from being so devious as well,* Amy thought. She ultimately decided that would be a step too far, however, especially since she had no evidence that Jill was trying to undermine her, but for some reason the idea of turning Jill into a bimbo was becoming more and more appealing in spite of herself.

[Subject is now a cute, slutty bimbo.] Enter.

Well, now it was done, for better or worse. Amy knew all too well how impulsive she was - once she got an idea into her head, it was nearly impossible for her to resist the urge to act on it. *I never should have thought about making her a bimbo in the first place,* she thought glumly. Oh well, it was too late now. She might as well enjoy the show.

She looked back over at Jill, and saw that she was leaning over the counter, cheerfully bouncing her tits back and forth between her hands as she smiled playfully at Amy with her bright, unfocused eyes.

*Wow, Jill looks so happy! And the program turned her cuteness up to 11 - I can hardly stand it! I wonder what it would be like to feel like that: a sexy piece of eye candy without a care in the world,* she reflected with jealous curiosity, as she absentmindedly pulled her top down until the tops of her rosy nipples were showing. Too late, she realized what she was thinking about and attempted to snap out of her careless reverie.

Now that the possibility of trying out being a bimbo herself was in her head, of course, it didn't seem to want to leave. Amy knew it was a terrible idea, especially with all the power of Master PC at her disposal, but now that she had considered it she knew it was already too late to stop herself.

Amy couldn't help switching back over to her own profile and beginning to type. She was just too impulsive. Driven by her accursed need to put all of her thoughts into action, she watched in horror and excitement as her fingers finished inputting the command and decisively hit Enter...

... and suddenly she couldn't remember what she had been worried about. Oh well, it probably hadn't been important. What was important was how *good* she felt all of a sudden! *Good and horny*, she thought, looking around the room and giggling. She saw Michael, and when he met her glance, she squirmed in her seat as she felt her soaked pussy grow even wetter with need.

*Oh yeah, he's the one I'm here to fuck!* she thought to herself. She pulled up her skirt, slid her thong to the side, and began absentmindedly playing with herself, oblivious to the fact that she was giving Michael an appetizing eyeful of her lovely honeypot all the while, or the fact that Jill was watching her masturbate with keen interest.

Glancing over at Jill, Amy noticed that her arm was now working furiously behind the counter. Amy couldn't tell what her hand was doing, but whatever it was, it must have been important, because Jill had a look of deep focus on her beautiful face.

*I wish Jill would show me her tits!* Amy thought suddenly. *That would be so great! Wait, I can make Jill show me her tits! I just have to type it into this box thingy!* [Jill flashes her tits!] She pressed Enter, but nothing happened.

Amy was confused. Why hadn't it worked? *Oh yeah! I have to say "Subject"!* She typed [Subject flashes her tits!] and pressed Enter.

*Nothing happened again!* Amy thought dejectedly, as she pulled her top down to flash her perky tits at the delighted Jill. Michael nearly spit out his coffee and stared in awe at Amy's glorious rack, while Jill's face became even redder as her arm picked up speed with whatever it was doing behind the counter.

*Why didn't that work? Oh, it says my name at the top up here! That means the program will make me do the thing! That's silly!* She switched over to Jill's profile, re-entered her command, and pressed Enter.



Amy looked back over at Jill as she - and Michael, and most of the other customers in the shop - was rewarded with the sight of Jill's bare boobs resting softly on top of the countertop, jiggling pleasantly along with the frantic movements of her arm. Amy ogled Jill's naked titties and clapped her hands gleefully. She had made the computer work! And Jill's titties were so hot! Maybe Amy should fuck her *and* Michael!

But Michael still didn't seem to want to fuck her like Jill did, she reflected sadly. Well maybe she should just fuck *him* instead, she thought, and, proud of her smart idea, she switched back over to her own profile to enter one final command.

[Subject totally goes and fucks Jill and Michael!] Amy typed, and then impatiently pressed Enter.

Two minutes later Amy and Jill walked out of the coffeeshop together, hanging off the arms of a very confused but very eager Michael, happy as clams. *Clams about to get* stuffed, Amy giggled to herself, and as they walked down the street to Michael's nearby apartment, she rubbed her tits on Michael's arm and enjoyed the feeling of Jill's hand up her miniskirt playing with her needy pussy.

**Author's Note:** Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at **[fidget1@protonmail.com](mailto:fidget1@protonmail.com)**. If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at **[www.patreon.com/fidget1](https://www.patreon.com/fidget1)**. Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks.