

# MASTER PC: OVERWRITING REALITY

*A transformation story by JohnManTD*

*This first chapter includes images, but future image chapters will be reserved for Patreon members only.*

## Chapter 1: A New User

"That's weird."

I muttered the words to the empty room, the blue light of my monitor cutting through the darkness. It was 2 AM on a Tuesday, and the silence of the house felt heavy, pressing in on my ears. My parents were asleep down the hall, blissfully unaware that their disappointment of a son was once again wasting his potential on the internet.

My name is Leo Brown. I'm eighteen, fresh out of high school, and currently doing a whole lot of nothing. My dad likes to remind me of this daily. He usually brings up Luca, my older brother, the golden boy who breezed through a CS degree at Stanford and was now making six figures at some tech giant in San Francisco. I loved Luca, we got along great, but Dad used him as a bludgeon to beat my self-esteem into the dirt. It made me want to go to college even less.

I had quit my summer barista gig weeks ago, leaving me with a decent savings account, a top-tier gaming rig, and absolutely zero direction. Most nights were spent grinding ranked matches in League or clicking heads in Counter-Strike. But even that got old. When the dopamine from gaming dried up, I turned to the other side of the web.

Luca had taught me how to use Tor a few summers back. He showed me the onion routers, the hidden wikis, the digital underbelly of the world. I wasn't buying drugs or hiring hitmen. I was just a tourist. I liked browsing the marketplaces, looking at the weird, illicit goods, reading the unhinged manifestos on niche forums. It was like visiting a zoo for the deranged.

Tonight, however, the zoo had reached out and touched me.

I was scrolling through a forum that looked like it hadn't been updated since 1999. Buried in a thread about abandonware was a link simply titled "Reality Is At Your Fingertips". I hovered my cursor over it, intending to check the file size, but my finger twitched. I didn't remember clicking. I swear I didn't click.

The download bar flashed across the screen and completed in a nanosecond. Panic flared in my chest. I scrambled to close the browser, thinking I'd just bricked my three-thousand-dollar setup with some Russian malware. I refreshed the forum page, desperate to see what I'd just downloaded, but the thread was gone. 404 Not Found.

"Shit," I hissed.

I opened my downloads folder. There it was. MasterPC.exe. The icon was a simple, ominous grey window. I right-clicked it, my heart hammering a frantic rhythm against my ribs.

Properties. Size: 0 bytes.

My brow furrowed. Impossible. A file could not exist and take up no space. It was a ghost. A glitch in the matrix. I hovered over the delete key, my rational mind screaming at me to purge it, to scrub the drive, to unplug the internet.



But curiosity is a venomous, seductive mistress. It whispered in my ear. It overrode the fear.

I double-clicked.

The screen flickered, a strobe of black and white, before a window materialized in the center



of my desktop. It was jarringly retro, styled like a Windows 95 application with chunky grey borders and pixelated blue title bars.

## WELCOME TO MASTER PC

Beneath the header was a single, blinking text field: ENTER PRIMARY USER NAME.

I sat back, the leather of my chair groaning under my weight. I looked around the empty room, half-expecting Luca to jump out of the closet with a camera. This had to be a prank. A very sophisticated, very creepy prank.

I typed in my gamertag: NeonSlayer.

ERROR: NO USER FOUND WITHIN 2 MILE RADIUS.

A chill walked down my spine, lifting the hairs on my arms. Radius? It was scanning physical space. It was looking for a biological entity.

I swallowed hard, my throat dry. I typed it in. My real name.

*Leo Brown*

SCANNING...

A green progress bar filled up, block by block.

USER FOUND. LEONARD M. BROWN IS NOW THE PRIMARY USER.

It knew my middle initial. The air in the room seemed to drop ten degrees. My webcam was unplugged. My mic was hardware-muted. There was no way.

A new prompt appeared: ENTER SUBJECT NAME.

I hesitated, my fingers hovering over the mechanical keys. The blue light washed over my hands, making them look pale, ghostly. If this was a game, I would play.

Leo Brown

SCANNING...

The window expanded, stretching to fill the center of my 4K monitor.

And there I was.

It was a 3D render, low-poly but disturbingly accurate. The avatar stood in a neutral pose, arms at its sides. It was wearing grey sweatpants and a black t-shirt. I looked down at my own body. Grey sweatpants. Black t-shirt.



"Okay, Luca," I whispered, my voice sounding thin and shaky in the silence. "You got me. Very funny."

I leaned in, my nose inches from the screen. The interface was a dashboard of a god. To the left, a column labeled BODY. To the right, MIND.

I clicked BODY. The list that cascaded down was exhaustive. Height. Muscle Mass. Fat Distribution. Bone Structure. Hair. Genitalia.

I clicked Genitalia. A slider appeared. Penis Length. It sat at exactly 5.5 inches.

A flush of heat crept up my neck. That was... intimate. And correct.

I clicked MIND. Intelligence. Libido. Confidence. Gender Identity. Submissiveness. Orientation.

It was a character editor for a person.

I decided to push it. If this was a simulation, I wanted to see the limits. I went to the Muscle Mass slider. I grabbed it with my cursor and yanked it violently to the right.

The avatar on screen convulsed. The mesh expanded, shoulders broadening, chest thickening into a slab of armor, arms swelling into pythons. I spun the model. It looked ridiculous. A steroid-monster version of myself.

I chuckled, a nervous, dry sound. I found Height and cranked it. The avatar stretched, becoming a giant. I removed the hair. Now I was a seven-foot tall, bald bodybuilder.



I went to back out, looking for a way to reset. A prompt flashed.



WARNING: UNSAVED CHANGES WILL BE LOST. SAVE?

I hit CONFIRM. The avatar snapped back to my scrawny, average self. The program returned to the name entry screen.

I sat there, chewing on my thumbnail. The fear was receding, replaced by a dark, gnawing curiosity. If it could scan me... could it scan others?

My fingers moved before I could stop them.

Grace Brown.

SCANNING...

SUBJECT FOUND: GRACE M. BROWN.

My breath hitched in my throat. My mother.

Her avatar loaded. She was wearing her pale blue nightgown, the silk one she wore when she was winding down for the night. She was probably downstairs right now, finishing the dishes while Dad was out at his basketball league.



The render was hauntingly perfect. It captured the soft curve of her stomach, the tiredness around her eyes, the gentle slope of her shoulders.

I clicked BODY.

I saw an Age slider. It was set to 46. I dragged it down to 25.

The avatar shimmered. The lines vanished. The skin tightened. Her waist cinched in, her hips perked up. It was Mom, but a version of her I had only seen in faded polaroids. She looked... incredible. A hot flush of shame and arousal mixed in my gut. I quickly slid it back to 46.



Then, my eyes drifted lower. To the Breasts tab.

I clicked it. The menu was pornographic in its detail. Cup Size. Shape. Firmness. Areola Diameter. Nipple Length. There was a toggle for Lactation.

"Jesus," I breathed. "Luca, you sick freak."

Mom was small. A modest B-cup. I grabbed the Cup Size slider. My hand was shaking. This felt wrong. This felt like peeking through a keyhole.



I nudged it to C. The avatar's chest swelled. I pushed it to D. Then DD. Then E.

The blue nightgown on the screen strained. The digital fabric pulled tight, outlining two massive, heavy globes of flesh. The cleavage deepened, a dark valley of pixels. It looked absurd. It looked erotic.

I stared at the render, at the way the heavy breasts hung, creating a silhouette of pure, maternal sexuality. My cock twitched in my boxers, hardening against the fabric.



I looked at the bottom of the screen. Three buttons: APPLY, DISCARD, SAVE.

And above them, a toggle switch.

AWARENESS: ON.

I stared at it. Awareness. What did that even mean?

I didn't think. The blood had rushed from my brain to my groin. I needed to see.

I clicked APPLY.

The button greyed out.

CHANGES APPLIED.

Silence.



Then, a crash.

The sound of shattering ceramic exploded from the kitchen downstairs.

"AHHH!"

Mom's scream tore through the floorboards, raw and terrified.

I jumped up, knocking my chair over. "Mom?!"

I bolted out of the room, my socks sliding on the hardwood as I sprinted for the stairs. I took them two at a time, my heart slamming against my ribs like a sledgehammer.

I skidded into the kitchen.

Mom was standing by the sink. A white dinner plate lay in shards around her feet. She wasn't moving. Her hands were hovering in the air, trembling.

"Mom, are you okay? I heard a crash," I started, stepping into the room.

She turned around.



My words died. My mouth went dry.

Her nightgown, usually loose and flowing, was stretched to its absolute limit. Two colossal, impossible mounds of flesh were heaving against the blue silk, threatening to tear the seams apart. They were massive. E-cups. Heavy, swaying, magnificent E-cups.

"Leo..." she gasped, her eyes wide with panic. She looked down at herself, terrified to touch them. "I don't... they just... they just exploded!"

I stared. I couldn't look away. The sight was overwhelming. My mother was suddenly sporting the kind of rack that belonged in a magazine. I could see the imprint of her nipples against the strained fabric. I could see the faint blue veins mapping the new, rapidly expanded skin.

"I... I don't know," I stammered, the lie tasting like ash.

"They're so heavy!" she cried, hunching her shoulders against the sudden weight. "It hurts, Leo! It feels like my skin is splitting! Call your father! Tell him to meet us at the hospital! Something is wrong with me!"

The reality of it hit me. The program worked. It wasn't a prank. I had just rewritten my mother's biology with a mouse click.

And god help me, looking at her, seeing her flushed with panic, her massive tits heaving with every breath... I was rock hard. My erection was painful, straining against my sweatpants.

"Okay," I said, backing out of the kitchen, unable to tear my eyes away from her cleavage.

"Okay, I'm getting my phone."

I ran. I sprinted back up the stairs, lungs burning. I threw myself into my chair.

The avatar was still there, rotating slowly, the massive breasts swaying.

I looked at the AWARENESS toggle. It was on.

That meant she perceived the change as a sudden, traumatic event. Her mind hadn't been edited to accept it.

I grabbed the slider. I yanked it back to B.

## APPLY.

I waited three seconds. Then I ran back to the stairs. "Mom? I'm calling him!"

"Leo?" Her voice floated up. It was quieter. Confused. "Honey... wait."

I walked down slowly, forcing my breathing to even out. She was standing in the hallway now, clutching the loose fabric of her nightgown. She looked down at herself, feeling her chest.

"They were just..." she whispered, her voice trembling. "I swear, Leo. They were huge. I felt the weight."



"Mom, you dropped a plate. You were panicked. I didn't see anything." I lied to her.

She looked at me, searching my face for the truth. "You didn't?"

"No," I lied, my voice steady. "You look the same as always. Maybe you're just tired? Did you have wine with dinner?"

She looked toward the living room. "I... maybe. Maybe I'm just exhausted." She shook her head, a gesture of profound confusion. "God, it felt so real. The stretching... it was terrifying."



"Go to bed, Mom," I said softly. "I'll clean up the mess."

She nodded, looking fragile, broken. "Thank you, Leo. You're a good boy."

She went upstairs. I watched her go, the guilt warring with the dark, electric thrill coursing through my veins.

I swept up the broken plate. My hands were shaking.

I wasn't a good boy. I was a god.

I went back to my room and locked the door. I sat down, and I backed out of Mom's profile. I typed Leo Brown again.

My avatar appeared.

I hovered over the AWARENESS toggle. A tooltip appeared.

NOTE: PRIMARY USER IS ALWAYS AWARE. TOGGLING OFF WILL ALTER  
REALITY AND MEMORY FOR ALL OBSERVERS.

So that was the secret. If I turned Awareness off, the world would rewrite itself to accommodate my whims. No panic. Just a new truth. And only I'd be aware since I'm the primary user.

I clicked SAVE. Slot 1: Baseline Leo. There, now I have a backup of my current normal state.

It was time to test. Really test.

I took a photo of myself in the mirror. Scrawny. Average.

I turned AWARENESS to OFF.

I went to BODY. Height.

I slid it from 5'9" to 6'4".

APPLY.

There was no pain this time. Just a sudden, sickening lurch of vertigo, like the floor had dropped out from under me. My vision blurred for a microsecond.

When it cleared, my knees were jammed against the underside of my desk. I stood up. The room felt smaller. The floor seemed miles away. I walked to the mirror. I had to duck to see my face.



I checked my phone. The photo I had just taken... it showed me tall. It showed me looking down at the camera. The past had changed. Or at least all records of the past.

I laughed. A wet, manic sound.

I sat back down. I loaded Baseline Leo and applied it. The world snapped back.

"Okay," I muttered, my voice thick with lust. "Let's see what you can do."

I went to the muscle slider. I maxed it out. But when I saw the preview, it looked ridiculous. I pictured all the roided-up bodybuilders who can't even touch their own shoulders. No, this was real, so I needed something more practical. I reduced it to a solid amount. A nice increase from my baseline skinniness, but a far cry from a steroid-abuser.

I stripped off my clothes leaving myself only in my boxers, and was amazed when the preview



seemed to adjust to match my current state of dress. Interesting. I could barely contain my excitement.

### APPLY.

This time, I felt it. A surge of heat, like boiling water running through my veins. My skin went tight, itchy. I watched in fascination as my forearms thickened, cords of muscle twisting and braiding themselves under my skin. My chest heaved, pectorals swelling into armor plates. My abs carved themselves out of my soft stomach, deep ridges of hard muscle.



I stood up and flexed. I looked like a machine! The power was intoxicating. I felt like I could punch a hole through the wall.

I looked down and stripped my boxers. My dick looked pathetic against my stronger thighs.

I sat back down. Genitalia. Penis Length.

I didn't stop at 6. Or 7. I slid it to 9 inches. Girth: THICK.



## APPLY.

The sensation was visceral. A heavy, throbbing pressure in my groin. I watched as my flaccid cock lengthened, thickening, becoming a heavy coil of meat that rested against my thigh. It felt heavy. It felt powerful.



I went to the MIND tab.

Libido.

Default: 6.

I dragged it to 10. MAXIMUM.

APPLY.

It hit me like a physical blow.

My vision tunneled to a pinprick. The air in the room suddenly smelled thick, musky, like sex and sweat. My skin burned. Every nerve ending in my body lit up with a screaming, desperate need.

My new, massive cock surged to life. It was a steel rod, throbbing with a heartbeat of its own.

I needed release. It wasn't a want. It was a biological imperative, as urgent as breathing.

I grabbed myself. The sensation was blinding. My hand couldn't even wrap all the way around the shaft. I groaned, my head falling back, my hips bucking involuntarily.

I started to stroke. Fast. Frantic. My mind flooded with filth. Images of Mom in the kitchen, of girls from school, of faceless bodies writhing.

Two minutes. That's all it took. I roared, my body seizing as I erupted.

It wasn't a normal orgasm. It was a seismic event. Ropes of cum shot across the room, hitting the monitor, the keyboard, the wall. I shook, my vision going white as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through me, emptying my balls with terrifying efficiency.

I collapsed back, panting, sweat dripping from my new, hard muscles.

The clarity returned for a second. But then, the itch started again. The slider was still at 10. The fire was rebuilding.

"Too much," I gasped, reaching for the mouse with a shaking hand. "Way too much."

I dragged the slider back to 6. APPLY.

The fire cooled. I slumped, exhausted.

I grabbed a towel and cleaned up the mess. I looked at the screen. I looked at the god I had become.

I kept AWARENESS off. I reloaded Baseline Leo.

### APPLY.

My muscles melted. My height dropped. My cock shrank. I was just Leo again. And my libido returned, thank fuck.

“That was scary” I muttered to myself as I pulled my boxers back on.

I need to be careful not to mess with my MIND tab too much. I looked down at myself, my usual self, and relief washed over me. But I also felt a pang of loss. I felt weak. And my mind was racing. I could do anything. To anyone.

Then my head started to hurt. It was a lot to process. I figured I just needed some sleep before I continued testing. I moved to close the program.

But as my cursor drifted to the bottom to the X at the top of the screen, I saw a tab I hadn't seen before under BODY. It read. SEX.

### MALE / FEMALE.

Just two options, with male currently highlighted. I froze.

I looked at the MIND tab. Gender Identity: MALE. This one was more of a scale, and it was clearly as far left as it could go, which made sense. I was a guy. I liked being a guy. I felt like a guy.

But gender identity appears to be different to sex, which is on the BODY tab.

I hovered the mouse over FEMALE and clicked it.

The avatar shifted.

The broad shoulders narrowed, the bones seemingly dissolving. The waist pinched in. The hips flared out, creating a soft, feminine curve. The flat chest swelled into small, perky A-cup



breasts. The face softened, the jawline becoming delicate, the lips fuller.

It was me. But it was a girl. A cute girl. And the GENDER IDENTITY tab still read male. Would this mean I would become a female version of myself, but I'd still identify as a man? How would that even work.

I swallowed hard. My heart started to hammer again. I stared at the almost naked woman on my screen who probably resembles a twin sister if I had one.



What would that feel like? To have soft skin? To feel the weight of breasts, even small ones? To have... nothing between my legs? How would people treat me if I kept awareness off and left my gender identity as male?

It was just a test. Just like the muscles. Just like the height. I could always switch back immediately.

"I should go to sleep," I whispered to the empty room. "I should wait until tomorrow."

But my finger was already moving. The curiosity was a black hole, and I was past the event horizon.

APPLY.

I sat back, gripping the armrests nervously.

It started as a tingle in my chest. A deep, internal itch behind my nipples that couldn't be scratched. Then, a warmth spread through my groin, a sensation of things... retreating. Of things inverting.

My breath hitched.

"Oh, fuck," I whispered, my voice cracking slightly.

The changes began.

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