

Much-Needed Updating

(Octransfer Day 2: Utility)

An Engineer TF/MG/WG story

By Ponky Kong

Stupid piece of junk laptop. Could it *really* not be bothered to install something without freezing or whatever while having even a single other window open?

Against Arti's better judgment, they had lent their own out to their boyfriend the day before, as he was going on a college trip and needed the better processing power to work on, but this also meant that Arti was without a computer to draw on for the weekend. Their other boyfriend, Parker, was thankfully willing to let them use his own whenever they liked, which was where Arti's digital art equipment was set up.

Unfortunate for them, it was, that they had forgotten the maddening state said laptop constantly performed in.

Arti leaned back in Parker's gamer chair to call into the other room. "Dude, your computer sucks ass."

A resigned sigh came in response. "Yeah, sorry about that. It's like four years old, and I've never had the chance to go out and like, get a new one. Or the funds, for that matter..." Parker called back, amidst the *chop-chop* of some vegetables being cut in the kitchen. "I've sort of just gotten used to not having more than two windows up at a time- buuut, that's not really helpful right now. You could... close everything else on there if you need? It's all fine, I can just reopen them later."

Arti slumped back in the chair, glaring at the laptop screen and offending installation loading bar, still what felt like miles away from the end. *Maybe* they were a bit spoiled with their own setup, having taken great pains to build their own PC from the ground up to optimize its performance and graphics quality, whereas Parker's laptop was about the best they could get store bought. This would only be for a short time, anyway, just until their other boyfriend got home from his trip, so Arti was sure he could last as long as-

Bluescreen.

Arti closed his eyes, wordlessly fuming. The darn drawing program hadn't even finished *installing* yet.

"Mmmm, nope. That's it. I'm upgrading this."

The sound of chopping vegetables in the kitchen paused. "You- you're *what?*"

Arti closed the laptop lid, standing up to roll up their sleeves and give a good stretch, feeling out in just the right direction... there. A smile made its way onto their face as they felt the muscles in their thin body tense, looking very pleased with themselves, considering the deep knife of frustration that had stabbed him just the moment prior.

They let out a huff, feeling a particularly satisfying set of pops down their spine as it constricted- not by much, but it was a chunk enough taken out of their height for someone looking at them to notice. The slouching posture that seemed to set in the more Arti bent and stretched didn't seem to help their height either, though Arti didn't seem to mind one bit.

The *real* meat of it all, they knew, the juice that made up for it in *spades*, was the mass and musculature piling on in turn. Arti's belly grew out as the muscles down their back grew tough and worn, before spreading to his front and solidifying that soft fat and moobs into a rich, *solid* core. Arti couldn't help but smirk, eyes still squeezed shut out of anticipation, as they rolled their shoulders, feeling their frame broaden out into much tougher man's as the changes made their way further past them.

"Arti, hang on- you said *updating*, right? You said you're *updating* my laptop, not- *what* are you doing?"

"Ey, Parker. How's it goin'?" Parker's questions from the kitchen went playfully unanswered as Arti's neck thickened, inside and out, wide grin on their face as they relished the husky Texan accent bending his voice into the handsome, masculine drawl that now left his throat. Their luxurious, fluffy hair would sadly have to take its leave as it retracted back into their head, leaving him with a short-cropped, receding length of brown that would fit on a much older man. His jaw pushed out into a handsome, sharp length- accentuated by the gorgeous, groomed-as-it-could-get medium-length beard of the same dusty brown almost swallowing up his face in a tough, masculine visage that he'd fawned over himself since the moment he first saw it. Blinking open his eyes, his vision adjusted quickly to see through a pair of tinted goggles that had secured itself around his face before he'd even noticed.

A good sign of things to come.

Saddling himself down in Parker's gamer chair, the changing Arti flipped the laptop to the bottom side with one hand tough, thick and weathered, and the other wrapped up in a hefty sized safety glove to protect his prosthetic, and got to work. His arms stiffened and strengthened, quite nicely filling out the sleeves of soft, blue hoodie snaking its way around his hefty upper body. Arti pushed up the sleeve of his good hand and smiled to himself- this was comfy, casual wear, wrapping him up in a snugly fit underneath the straps of a pair of denim overalls that just put him at ease. Perfect for a nice afternoon fixing his boyfriend's laptop beyond recognition.

The overalls had already swept down the rest of his body, holding himself together as his rear and legs and feet grew in mass and musculature, ages of active, hard work setting in to tone his lower half something fierce. In a reflex entirely guided by new instinct, the changed man kicked a tough, rugged cowboy boot to his side, rewarded by the *bang* and unlatch of a trusty, peeling toolbox he knew for a fact had not been there just moments before yet could almost instinctively feel the presence of as though it were an extra limb of his.

The Engineer reached into his toolbox and contact juggled the screwdrivers he needed expertly in his fingers before securing them in a tight grip, grinning wide as he set to work. Thankfully, he'd still had a surplus of good parts to use still stored away in his toolbox from stocking up for the last computer he'd worked on, so he had just about everything he needed for this...! The convenience of having 11 hard science and engineering degrees' worth of know-how in his head just... whenever he wanted, continued to satisfy him beyond *belief* to this day.

Parker must not have been as worried as he made himself out to be, as it wasn't until a whole fifteen minutes later that they poked their head in to check in on what Arti- or rather, what *Engie* was doing to his poor laptop.

"Hey Arti, so what are you- ah." Parker stifled a laugh upon seeing the Texan mercenary hunched over his open laptop. They trusted him and all, being their partner.. but then again, maybe a *little* concern was warranted when it came to the Engineer, right?

Said Engineer looked up at Parker's arrival, breaking into a wide grin that *definitely* wasn't scary at all. "Parker, 'ey! Ah couldn't get far with the laptop as is, so Ah thought Ah'd just give it a coupla' modifications, get it workin' right." He gave a smile and a little pat to the absolute disassembled mess of parts and computer tape and boards the laptop had been reduced to. Parker wasn't fooled, though- no doubt

that when it came down to it, it'd work better than anything he could have bought to replace it with. "Jus' finishin' up `ere, should be good fer me ta use fer the drawin' soon enough. Hooked up some external boards fer the CPU and didn't have a good graphics card on me, so Ah whipped one up real fast that'd fit the bill." Engie dropped a few last tools in the box by his feet and flipped the latch shut, clapping the dust and lint off his hands in victory. "Took the time ta clean the cooling fan out too, it was startin' ta look nasty."

Parker fought hard to not let the wide smile come to his face so easily, but lost handily, just giving in to throw his arms around Engie in a big, affectionate hug. "Oh my god, dude, you're the *best*. Thank you so much- I owe you a favor, for sure."

"Guh- glad Ah could help, pardner," the Texan stammered out, caught off guard by the hug. Engie was so cute, all flustered and blushing with silly shapes displayed on the outer display of his goggles, hugging back with his thick, strong arms and leaning into Parker's embrace. His hoodie was even cozy and soft from the outside...

"Course, once Ah finish doin' all mah drawin' this weekend, I'm takin' all the extra parts and upgrades Ah put in back out again." Engie nodded, nonchalant.

"WHAT-?" Parker gave a jolt, pulling back just enough to look at him again, and groaning good-naturedly when Engie gave them a serious, solemn nod. "Oh, come *onnn...* alright, that's it. No cowboy caviar for you!"

Parker pulled away and stomped back towards the kitchen and the divine scent of sauced vegetables in mock upset, leaving Engie gasping and trailing after them. "What in tarnation- you'd really deny a Texan his god-given right to the caviar *named* after `em? Leavin' me high `n dry, dyin' alone in the desert, jus' fer this... How could ya, Parker. Thought we were pardners..."

Such a devastating quarrel between lovers could only be tempered by delicious bean and vegetable salad-not-salads, and thankfully for the both of them that was exactly what happened next- sidebarring Parker sneaking in some extra cuddling of that cute Engineer gracing their apartment while he was still there.

Engie dearly hoped his other boyfriend and his own computer would return soon enough, but maybe holding on until then with what he got wouldn't be so bad...