

## Henry 2 Haruko (Japanese TG RC AP)

**By FoxFaceStories**

**Commission for Halima Abdi**

*Henry is an early twenties slacker still living with his parents. He enjoys video games, skateboarding, and getting stoned with his buddies. But after a strange seizure, Henry is horrified to discover that he has a unique magical condition that is causing his 'Reality Signature' to change into someone else: specifically a sexy and classy 35-year old Japanese woman named Haruko. Henry begins a journal to keep track of his changing body, but his real fear is about his changing mind, as his memories begin to be overwritten by Haruko's.*

### Henry 2 Haruko

#### FEBRUARY

**February 11, 2015 - First Entry**

Dear stupid fucking Diary,

AAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH

This is my first and last entry. Gee, what a fun and cathartic experience this has been. Thanks, Mr Thaumturgical Doctor, or whatever your title is!

**February 14th, 2015 - Second Attempt**

Dear stupid Diary,

Making another attempt at this - BUT ONLY BECAUSE MOM BEGGED ME TO. I really want to emphasise that part. As far as I am concerned, using a diary or 'transformation journal' to psychologically deal with Reality Signature Change Syndrome is a completely stupid idea, and I genuinely don't see how it will help me. I have never been a journaler, a diary writer, or - heaven forbid! - a scrapbooker. In fact, I think I'd honestly fucking die if one of my friends ever found out I was even writing this junk. Todd and Phillip especially. God, I'd never hear the end of it. Of course, if they found out what this diary is meant to be about, then I think I'd somehow manage to die *twice*. That's how bad it is.

Okay, that's my ramble over. Get to the point Henry.

Henry.

Henry.

HENRY

HENRY WATKINS WHAT A GREAT NAME

HENRY GROWING BOOBS IS PRETTY LAME

Sorry, if you're reading this, Future Female Me, please try to remember that I was a procrastinator at heart, and I had no idea how to approach this. I guess I should just write honestly, and get my thoughts down, like Dr Haskon says. And Mom, too.

My name is Henry Watkins, and I'm turning into a I CAN'T FUCKING DO THIS  
DAMMIT

### **February 15th, 2015 - Third Attempt**

Dear stupid diary,

As they say, third time's the charm. Just got to suck it up and be a man. Heh, be a man. Fuck if that isn't an ironic thing to write.

My name is Henry Watkins. I'm twenty one years old. I live at 12 Maynard Drive with my Mom and Dad and little sister Debbie, who is a seventeen year old brat who likes stealing my shit. We try to get along. Same goes for the old folks, though they always want me to do more with my life. Yeah, that's right, I'm a slacker. Sorry Future Female Me, it's true. I like doing nothing. I like lying back and playing video games, street skating, and enjoying some fine weed with Todd and Phillip. What can I say? Some stereotypes just apply. I've got Mediterranean heritage on my father's side. He claims its Greek but Mom just said he's embarrassed his grandparents were Italians loyal to Mussolini during World War II. It's where I get my olive skin from, but the rest comes from Mom; shaggy blonde hair full of curls and big ocean blue eyes. At least that's what they tell me. I'm 5'4, which I know is pretty damn short for a man. Certainly, I'm not too proud of it. If I really have to change, then maybe I'll get taller? Fingers crossed.

The reason I'm writing this is because

UGGGGGHGHGHHHH WHY IS IT SO HARD TO WRITE!?????

Okay, I just had a breather. And a beer. Well, maybe two beers.

The reason I'm writing this is because I've been diagnosed with Reality Signature Change Syndrome, and I'm turning into a thirty-five year old Japanese woman.

Yep. It's as weird to write it as it is to say it out loud. Maybe even weirder. Like I've made it official.

Holy shit, it feels official now. I'm a twenty-one year old man who's turning into a thirty-five year old Japanese woman.

And in six months to a year, I won't even remember who I was.

That's why I need this diary.

## **February 20th, 2015 - THE DRAMATIC BACKSTORY (I guess)**

Dear stupid fucking bullshit diary, (was that too abusive?)

Thought I'd dust this off after yet another therapy session with the mage psychologist. God, I didn't even know we *had* mage psychologists. Dr Haskon says that writing down how I was diagnosed might help me recall events for longer, and stall memory loss. And when memory loss does come, then it'll help to at least keep the me that was Henry alive.

Jesus, what a fucking horrifying thought that is.

Well, I'll plug my ears and go 'la-dee-dah' about my inevitable identity death and just stop procrastinating, and get on with it.

It happened near the start of the month. The 3rd, to be precise. I was fucking this absolute hottie of a girl, big tits, perfect face, hella tight pussy, and HAHAAHAAHAH

Okay, okay, there's no way I'm going to believe this, even if I get my memory back. The truth is I haven't had a girlfriend in over five months, and barely a fling since. Jessica was nice enough, but she didn't like that I lacked any 'plans' or 'future potential.' She didn't like that I spent so much time enjoying smoking weed and playing CoD online.

So the only person I was having sex with that afternoon was myself, in my bedroom, looking at some hot Japanese domineering office lady MILF porn, wacking off to it. Skinning the snake. Having a date with Rosie Palms. However you want to put it. The point is, I was sitting in my messy pigsty of a room, with the skateboard lying on the carpet, half the bedsheets overturned, and all my chocolate wrappers and soda cans lying all over my desk, as I masturbated to my own personal fetishes.

Do you see where this is going, Future Female Me? Just don't judge me for being into that shit, or blame me for basically turning *into* that particular kink. God, I hope I don't end up as hot and busty as the woman in the video.

Anyway, I was just about to bust a nut when suddenly this dizzy feeling came right over me, and I couldn't shake it. I tried to stand, thinking I just had pin needles in my legs or something, but soon the feeling was everywhere. I tried to turn off my monitor, but I only ended up falling to the floor with a great crash, my body convulsing like crazy as I called for help. It was actually terrifying; I thought I was going to die.

Of course, that fear turned into humiliation real quick when my entire family - little Debbie too - barged straight into my room to see if I was okay. As much as they were all alarmed by my shaking condition, and quick to call an ambulance, I knew they had all seen what I'd been masturbating too. My sis has been teasing me ever since about it.

Anyway, I was taken straight to the hospital, and checked over. I was half-conscious, half-delirious at the time, and can only remember flashes of this. I saw strange images in my head, weird images of looking into a mirror and seeing an older Asian chick staring back. While I was out of it, the docs determined I was not having a regular medical episode, but a magically-induced one. So I was shuttled off to the Thaumaturgical Ward, where Dr Haskon was set to care for me with his team.

That's when they found out I had Reality Signature Change Syndrome. My family were the first to find out. I, being unconscious by that point, only found out when I woke from my weird dreams, and I nearly fainted again when they told me.

Reality Signature Change Syndrome is, apparently, pretty damn rare. Still, I'd heard of it. Who hadn't? A magical condition in which your body, your personality, your very memories change to that of a new life is certainly going to grab your interest! Hell, there's more than one big Hollywood movie made about it, and one hilarious Bollywood one that my friends and I watched while getting baked.

But I never thought it'd happen to me.

Somehow, spontaneously as a reaction to what I was imagining when masturbating, my aural essence shifted from a 21-year old dude to a 25-year old Japanese chick; perhaps even one straight out of my sexual fantasies. The mages could tell; they'd conducted over five aural rituals just to ensure they were correct. There's no known cure for it, no thaumaturgical ritual that can undo it. All they could offer was counselling and therapy and information, telling me that I would have to accept that in six months to a year my body would change, my personality would change, my memories would change, even my hobbies and interests, and it would likely end in what they call 'total identity death' for me.

Needless to say I was horrified. Am horrified.

Also, Debbie heard the part about me becoming 'my own sexual fantasy' and has been needling me ever since about it. She's scared for me, but damn if it isn't also humiliating to deal with that *on top* of my impending mental demise.

Shit, I just wrote a *lot*. I don't know if I feel better, but I feel something I guess. Maybe I'll write a couple more entries for Mom and Dr Haskon's benefit.

## **February 24th, 2015 - First Little Signs**

Dear stupid but sort of useful Diary,

I've been pretty busy lately, so I haven't had time to do another entry. You know, on account of the fact that I'M TURNING INTO A JAPANESE WOMAN FOR NO REASON.

Still, I've committed now to at least occasionally doing these updates, even if it feels like an inmate on death row writing his memoirs so some prison guard who pulls his corpse off the electric chair at least has some light reading that afternoon. And that means charting some of the . . . interesting bodily developments that I'm already starting to experience. It's humiliating - I thought I'd have more time!

Okay, Future Female Me, so here's what's happening: my nipples are growing bigger. And I'm pretty sure that slight soreness in my chest means I'm growing tits too. No idea how long that'll take; if they're anything like they are in my sexual fantasies they're probably going to be the size of my fucking head. Debbie will make fun of that (though she'll also be jealous, ha! She's such a flat board and everyone knows it). They're a bit sensitive, and not even in a fun way. They just rub against my shirts and go a little hard, which is super embarrassing when Mom pretends not to notice. Dad is more straight up: "Put those away, son!"

Yeah, I think he finds this as awkward as I do. Both of them are struggling really. I hear Mom crying at times, and Dad too, though he's more the 'silent tears' type. Me? I'm a sobber. I've broken down more than once, especially when I realised that my body hair has started falling away. Yep. I'm not the hairiest guy, but I definitely have the bird's nest around the pecs and lower stomach, and it is very clearly thinning out. Hell, even my stubble and goatee is thinning, which, y'know, not cool. I've got a lazy stoner look to perfect, and this is really cramping my style.

### **February 28th - Mom Crying**

Dear dumb fucking Diary,

Less chest hair already. Nipples still pretty big. I think a little pink too? Still sore, but no moobs yet, at least. I walked into my room today and it looked a bit gross for the first time ever, so I gave it a light clean. It was pretty unlike me, and I can't help but think it might have been something to do with who you're going to be, Future Female Me.

Mom walked in, asked me what I was doing.

"Cleaning," I replied. "Just seemed a bit dirty."

It was a sight she'd always been hoping for, but when I saw her eyes I knew she had the same thought as to the reason as I did, and she burst into tears, holding me close.

"I don't want to lose you," she said. "Oh, my little boy. My beautiful boy."

Fucking hell, Mom. You managed to get my waterworks going, and I don't think they came because I'm becoming female either. I'd never seen her like that, so fragile and weak. I

held her up, and she cried for a long time. Dad had to get her off me and console her. He could barely look at me, and not out of shame. I could see the red rings around his eyes. Dad's a prideful dude. Not the kind who lets others see him cry. But he had been.

I ended up leaving. Debbie said something snarky about going to get a 'manicure' and I flipped her off. I took my skateboard, headed for the skatepark, and texted Todd and Phillip to join me. Phillip was free, and he and I did kickflips and heelflips together. I'm pretty sure I broke my record for the longest reverse manual I'd ever managed. It was fucking great, until Phillip asked me why I'd shaved back my goatee. I didn't have an answer for him, and ended up saying some stupid shit about it being a 'fashion choice', as if I know anything about fashion.

In the end, I headed home, despite his offer to come over and share some weed with him and Todd (who was probably already baked, the fucking legendary stoner that he is). Man, I wished I'd taken up his offer.

Mom cried when I came home again, and I had to lock myself in my room and scream into a pillow.

Am I going to die?

## MARCH

### March 1st, 2015 - YAY THERAPY

Dear goddamn ridiculous Diary,

It finally happened, the worst possible thing.

I started therapy.

It was Mom's idea. Somehow, and maybe I'm just in denial, but she's shedding more tears and freaking out way more than I am about Reality Signature Change Syndrome (I think I'll just shorten it to RSCS after this. No, actually, that's stupid. I'll just call it THE FEMINING or something suitably ominous).

Anyway, it was on the recommendation of Dr Haskon as well, as part of my ongoing checkups. They touched my nipples with a cold, spoon-looking device, nodded ominously, and confirmed the changes were starting. Slowly, at least.

The next thing Mom is screaming and crying and even having to be restrained by Dad, and even Debbie is looking a little shocked and teary-eyed, despite being the first to make fun of my 'itty bitty titties.' Pffffft, like you can talk sis. I've seen your bras in the wash - you're just an A-cup!

Anyway, I'm signed on to therapy now; we are meeting on a monthly basis at the end of each month, but obviously I had a starter session. Her name is Sarah - we go by first names - and she's a thaumaturgical specialist as well, one who's worked with someone else with THE FEMINING before. She's actually pretty nice (and a little hot. Weird to think I'll be a year older than her sort of when I finish changing. Will I still be into girls?). Anyway, she started me on a super weird, super strange ritual to deal with the changes and help reduce memory loss. And it involves . . . wait for it . . .

**GETTING HORNY!**

No, I'm not kidding. I literally am recommended to conduct cleansing rituals that have a byproduct of making me apparently get super horny. I'm glad I've got quite olive skin, because if I was any whiter, the blush in my cheeks when Sarah instructed me on that would have made me look like a dang strawberry. She explained the process in detail: it involves drawing a chalk binding circle around myself, lighting seven candles in a largely equidistant

distance from one another, and meditating on my body, my changes, and thinking of my state as natural.

It's meant to centre me, and slow the changes, while slightly increasing the chance of maintaining memories. Unfortunately, the thaumaturgical focus upon my form also will likely make me 'highly aroused' (her words, not mine). She told me very explicitly that I "must not indulge, not matter what, as doing so will disrupt your balance, and potentially even hasten the changes."

Noted. It's not like I'm a chronic masturbator who will find that difficult at all. No siree. Fuck!

### **March 5th, 2015 - Friends**

Dear wonderful Diary,

Got baked as hell today and it was SWEEEEET. Went over to Todd and Phillip's shared apartment and we just smoked weed together. I needed to escape from the weird shit that was that 'balancing ritual.' Just as Sarah had warned, I popped a big fucking boner (she was more clinical about it, but that's what aroused is for a guy), and I came dangerously close to stroking it. Fuck, I was horny. I kept picturing a hot Japanese MILF type in office wear, straddling my hips and telling me to call her Mommy.

Yeah, I'm fucked up. What can I say, I'm a Millennial.

Anyway, after that I needed to just . . . get away from it all. Try being social again. Todd and Phillip were amused at the fact that I've only got a few scraggles of facial hair left, but I played it off this time as a new style Mom was pushing on me. Besides, they hardly cared once I convinced them to get the bong out.

Todd, legend that he was, was well down to get stoned. Phillip, on the other hand, is way too smart. Dude would be going places, if he weren't always down to clown with us losers. But he figured out straight away that there was something wrong with me, and he actually managed to spy that my nipples were denting against my shirt, even though I was wearing black to hopefully conceal them!

"Dude, straighten with us. Your hair is darker, you look a bit more thin, and what's up with the lack of facial hair. Your Mom was crying and hugging you when we dropped by the other day. Something is happening. Do you have - do you have cancer?"

(At least, that's how he sounded).

I was baked, and I was feeling paranoid and scared. So I told them. I told them everything. At first they didn't believe me, but then I showed them my feminine nipples, how I'd lost body hair, even that I was taller now: 5'5 instead of 5'4. Even my face looked a little



bit different up close: my eyes were a darker shade of blue, and my nose looked smaller (I don't exactly have a huge schnoz or anything, but it's not small either).

After a while they just said, "fuck dude."

We all giggled a little together, feeling awkward. It felt good to tell them, but that release was kind of spoiled when Todd asked me if I knew how sexy I was going to look, or if my tits were going to be huge. Even Phillip was intrigued, and he was way more sensible about that sort of thing, even though I knew he also had a thing for Japanese women. Well, so did Todd, but he was a horndog when he wasn't stoned.

In the end I left after I came down a bit from the high. They were still peppering me with questions, and for some reason these two guys I'd always hung out with just seemed a little . . . immature to my tastes. I couldn't say where the thought had come from, but I had a brief disdain for their lifestyle. I even picked up some of their litter and chucked it in the trash, and told them to wash their dishes when they left.

I'm starting to think the Future Female Me likes to be clean. That can't be all bad, right?

### **March 9th, 2015 - Boobies**

Dear motherfuckin' Diary,

It's official. I have boobs. Breasts. Tits. A rack. A set of chesticles. Jugs. Melons.

Well, not melons. I'm an A-cup. Same size as Debbie, and boy howdy does she like letting me know! I woke up this morning, pulled myself out of bed, and sure enough, there's a little jiggle on my chest. I was so tired I didn't even realise what had changed until I went to shower and saw myself in the mirror.

Yep, tits. Big pink nipples, and two little cups of flesh. They barely weigh anything, but when I look down, they are most certainly there.

I've had to borrow Debbie's bra. The worst part was, when I put it on, it seemed a little childish to me. Not wrong - in fact, it felt oddly *right* in a way that I can only admit here - but the first thought I had was simply *'Please, an A-cup? And pink? What am I, in my 20s?'*

Except yeah, Henry, you are.

Time to set up another balancing ritual. This time, I'll definitely avoid masturbating.

It was only that one time.

### **March 12th, 2015 - Boobies II, the Fittening**

Dear Diary (couldn't think of a funny one here, but if I did, it would be boob-related),

It's doubly official now, I'm an A-cup. Heading towards B, to hear the women at the clothing store speak it. I felt a strange desire to go bra shopping, and while I managed to fight it for several days, in the end I figured, hey, what the hell. It's not like these things are going to go away, right? And while they're small, the jiggling was getting distracting. And Todd and Phillip keep looking at my damn nipples tenting out my shirt when we get stoned together.

So we went bra shopping, and shocking, I actually got pretty into it. I've never been big into fashion, but something about borrowing Debbie's bras was just all wrong, and not just because she's my sister. I've got my own stoner slacker style, and I don't want to co-opt a prissy teenager like her. Besides, white and black and the occasional red were my colours.

I must say, the support is actually pretty nice. It was surprisingly easy to learn how to put it on. Almost like I pulling from muscle memory or something.

### **March 16th, 2015 - Boobies III, the Bustening**

Dear boobie-loving diary,

AAAAAAND already gone up a cup size. God, these things are growing faster than I expected. They have a real weight and heft to them now, and they bounce a lot more now that I'm a B-cup. They're getting quite soft and sensitive; during my daily balancing rituals I've started cupping them and moaning while I rub my nipples. It's technically not masturbation, right?

Dad is glad I'm wearing bras now, but still shoots looks at my chest. Not in a weird way, just like he doesn't recognise me entirely, anymore. I don't blame him: I'm still pretty thin. Thinner now, actually. What I mean is, they're not fatty moobs or anything. I definitely have breasts, and that must be weird for him. Mom, on the other hand, takes it all a bit more normally now. Her son becoming a Japanese woman? That's hard to take. Her child having to go bra shopping and figuring out her bust? Well, that's familiar territory.

As for me, it was even easier buying bras a second time. The ladies at the store were shocked they'd 'got it wrong the first time.' Here's hoping they don't get any bigger though.

Mind you, I feel this weird desire for them to be a little bigger. Just a little.

Regardless, I'm no longer in Debbie's size, and she's gone from laughing at my situation to being jealous.

"You're even getting cute pale skin, it's not fair!" she yelled, before slamming the door shut.

She's not wrong; my skin is going pale. Not white, but paler. God, this is really real, isn't it?

## March 19th, 2015 - Wine Aunt Future?

Dear drunk Diary,

Have you ever masturbated so hard that you switched your tastes from beer to wine? If that joke doesn't make any sense to you, then you've never experienced THE FEMINING. Reality Signature Change Syndrome. RSCS. Whatever you want to call it.

I feel embarrassed. I keep telling my family that I'm doing the rituals right, that they'll work, and they believe me. Hell, I believe me some days. But it's just too hard to avoid masturbating when I try to centre myself! Every time I start the breathing exercises, I can feel the thaumaturgical particles in the air. So far, so good. I focus on my body, its changes, the swelling nipples, the budding breasts, how even my penis has started to shrink, just a little. I wash away the humiliation, just focusing on the changes like they are neutral.

And then *she* creeps in.

The big-titted Japanese MILF mommy with the stonkin' big honkers and the sexy professional business suit and the classy glasses and a glass of red wine in one hand. And I imagine all the hot things I would do to her if she were here.

And like clockwork, my dick gets hard as all fuck, and now my female nipples too, and I can't help but stroke them - just a little.

But then a little turns into a lot.

Then the next thing I know I'm rubbing myself ecstatically, grunting and moaning as my voice gets higher and higher, cracking like my balls are still descending, and then before I can stop myself I'm cumming over the magical chalk line and even getting some of my semen on a candle, ruining the whole ritual.

This time I went too far, and now I'm paying for it. My voice has stayed permanently higher now. I sounded way too young, or flamboyantly gay when I speak. I can't help it, and attempts to sound lower in tone only come across as ridiculous. I'm pretty sure my hips also got a little wider, and my hair less curly.

But that's no the worst part, no fucking siree!

No, the worst part is that I like *wine* now. Wine! WINE!?

I've always been a beer man, ever since I was 18. Proud consumer of beer cans all my life, and dunked my fair share from a distance into a well-placed trash can (or irritable neighbour's yard). I caught up the next day with Todd and Phillip at the skatepark, practising our moves and trying to awkwardly dance around the fact that I sounded kinda girlish now. But when they invited me to a bar to grab some drinks (on Phillip, as a sort of 'sorry you're sick present, except it was more of a 'sorry I keep staring at your B-cup jugs' present), I just couldn't bring myself to buy a beer. Light, strong, dry, it didn't matter. Neither did the

assortments of other ales, meads, bourbons, whiskeys, all the drinks I usually had on occasional for celebration.,

No, I craved motherfucking red wine. Good stuff too.

Goddamnit, I spent way too much money on that pinot, and it tasted goddamn amazing.

What concerns me though is not the fact that my taste buds have changed, but that this went beyond bodily desire. It simply felt . . . appropriate, I guess, to have a glass of red wine. Like it was just the obvious, done thing. *'Beer is just a male thing,'* my mind said, and it sent warning bells to my head.

No more masburbating during the ritual from now on. No matter how good it feels to touch these tits.

### **March 24th, 2015 - Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes**

Dear private, never to be read by anyone but me, Diary,

The changes proceed apace. Boobs are still getting bigger, and I'm still getting taller: 5'6 baby! A few more feet and I'll even be average height for a man. Hell, for a woman! So not all the changes are bad. I've enjoyed a few more wine tastings, and I'm starting to suspect, you know, that it's not all bad. I mean, it's more expensive, but it's also not as trashy, you know? I guess you do know, since you're the Future Female Me. But my point is that it doesn't possess the same low quality of drinking tasteless beer by the can, and leaving them dumped over the floor. Twice I'd tried to convince Todd and Phillip to clean up after themselves. To my astonishment and anger, Todd said I was "starting to turn into a real bitch."

I won't lie, it made me tear up, which in turn made everything awkward between us. To calm our collective nerves, we starting playing CoD, which I absolutely blitzed the other two on. Of course, I could only play for an hour or so. Normally we played as long as we wanted, but I was starting to realise it was a bit lazy to waste so much time on video games. I mean, they were fun, but they weren't everything, right? Even a bit of a trifle, sometimes. Much better to have a hobby that gives you a bit more social interaction. It made me wonder if they'd be up for some silly karaoke at some point. That could be a lot of fun. Anything to get them out of the apartment. The smell of smoke in the air is so awful - how did I never notice how bad it smells in there? - and no matter how much I clean up after them, they just leave more garbage lying around.

God, it took me slowly turning into a woman to grow up. Too bad it means busting my friends' balls means losing my own.

That's the thing I'm not mentioning here. The thing that's hard to admit, even in writing. But here goes.

My balls are shrinking. Dr Haskon thinks they're going to become my future set of ovaries.

Fuckity fuck fuck fuck!

### **March 26th, 2015 - Reading**

Dear uncertain Diary,

Is it weird that I picked up a romance novel today? I know I'm normally a comicbook guy, but I always pulled for Batman and Catwoman to get together, right? And Superman and Lois are way more fun when they're married than when they do the constant will they, won't they shtick. So what's wrong with a little romance?

Who am I kissing?

I MEAN KIDDING

### **March 28th, 2015 - Therapy, Take 2**

Dear mentally confused Diary,

I had my second meeting with Sarah today. It's difficult to describe the humiliation that comes from sitting before a thaumaturgic psychiatrist who knows you will undergo identity death and become a full Japanese woman with her own life, and on top of that have to answer questions on if you've masturbated recently. I lied, more than once, about my ability to withhold from self-pleasure, from enjoying the deathgrip, but I had to let slip that I'd slipped the snake just a few times. After all, my body is changing a little ahead of schedule: I've got solid B-cup boobs that bounce and jiggle, my waist is thinning, and my hips are spreading out slowly. My hair is straighter than it's ever been, with just a few curls remaining, and my eyebrows are waayyy less thick; they look defined and kind of cute now. Is it weird that I like them?

Regardless, we had our usual chat, all of it really 'feeling' stuff. I talked about the transformation, about how much I hate the FEMINING (RSCS, or whatever), and how at least bras were starting to feel more normal. I even bragged a little about how my chest is bigger than Debbie's. But after a time she wanted to talk about the real stuff, about the mental changes to come, and when I can expect to forget much of my life.

I'm not a crier. Never have been. Never want to be. But dammit, all this fucking eostrogen in my system made me start practically pissing tears. I became a mess in front of

her. She prescribed some pills to help me through it, did what she could to encourage me. In truth, I just wanted to get out of there.

I left the therapy meeting feeling even shittier than when I'd gone in. A transforming part of me must clearly love karaoke though: every time I have a shitty day, I feel like working that buzz off with some karaoke.

Maybe soon I'll try it.

### **March 29, 2015 - The Dream**

Dear dreaming Diary,

I call you that because last night, while sleeping, I experienced . . . something. A dream, of sorts, though unlike any dream I've ever had. Conceptually, in the context of my FEMINING, it's sort of a nightmare. But it didn't feel like that at the time; more like a vision of another life. A set of memories that weren't mine, and yet at the same time were more real than my own. It's a pain to explain, but I'll try.

In the dream, I was a tall woman. The kind of woman I've been turning into. I didn't get full detail of what my body was like, but I'm pretty sure my boobs were at least a bit bigger. Just great. But they felt sorta natural in the dream. I had longer hair, but it was done up in a professional hairdo, and I wore a white blouse under a gray jacket, with a pencil skirt. I've never worn a pencil skirt before, but it felt totally natural in the dream. In the dream I was Japanese. I don't just mean my skin colour, my race, but my actual culture. Like, I was thinking and speaking in Japanese. *Konnichiwa* and *ohayo* and *sugoi* and *kore wa kudasai* and all that shit. I can still remember parts of it now: some of the words, the hiragana and katakana and even some of the kanji symbols I can still understand. I've never taken Japanese in my life.

But in the dream it was *real*. I was speaking it, and not in a dream logic kind of way, but *actually speaking the real actual language in my dream*. I was finishing up work in some finance office atmosphere. Some of the men looked at me in ways that I don't feel comfortable writing about even here, but what was even weird was that I *liked it*. That feeling only became stronger when I went to karaoke (*I fucking knew it was part of the FEMINING!*) and enjoyed some wine and songs with my work friends, most of them girls. A few of them were men though.

I felt kind of classy in the dream. Almost a little dominating. People listened to me. I had drive, but I also had needs. In the dream I - fuck it, I'll just write it here. In the dream I was fucking horny for a couple of men at the bar, and at the end of it I was taking one of

them home. I woke up from the dream with my boobs a little bigger than the day before, my hair a little longer, my nose a bit more dainty. But the most confronting thing, I think, was that at the end of the dream we exchanged names, this man and I. I don't remember his, but I remember what me in the dream called myself.

*Haruko*

The woman I'm turning into, this older Japanese lady with her fancy job, her classy wine taste, her love of karaoke, and apparently love of picking men up at bars, she finally has a name.

I'm turning into Haruko Hayashi.

## APRIL

### April 1, 2015 - Acceptance

Dear Diary,

I have decided I am okay with this. I am okay with becoming Haruko Hayashi.

### April 2, 2015 - Update

PSSSSSSSSSYCHE!!!

Of course I was joking, April Fools MOTHAFUCKA!

Nope, I'm still terrified, still changing, still trying out these rituals to stem the flow of my changes. I've even managed a few without, y'know, touching myself in all the wrong places (even if they feel like the *right* places, if you know what I'm saying!). It's fucking hard though; these tits are really damn sensitive. It's like the bigger they get the harder they are not to enjoy giving a good squeeze. Man, girls are really lucky, at least in some ways.

Of course, I'm starting to feel more like a girl with each passing day. My penis is shrinking to a nub. I fear I'm going to go 'full girl' within a few weeks at this rate, and it's something I'm trying to ignore. Mom keeps asking, and I tell her I'm still okay 'down there.' No need to freak her out, or she'll start buying tampons or something. Dad is more tactful. One question about how I'm feeling about "being a man", and I told him I didn't want to discuss it, but "it's all good for now." Discussion ended.

I've started styling my hair a bit more. I don't know, it just feels right. Another Haruko-ism, though at least the name doesn't feel right yet. I'm still Henry to the core in that sense, not that others fully see me that way: Debbie keeps asking if she can call me Hayley. If only she knew. And Phillip and Todd are, well, they're finding it hard not to look at my cleavage these days. I'm a full C-cup, and now that Spring is here in full and things are getting warmer, my t-shirts can't hide the 'sweater puppies.' Shirt puppies. Whatever.

But the thing is, I had a similar shiver in my body yesterday when I caught up with Phillip. Similar to my dream, I mean.

I kind of looked at his shoulders.

They were nice.

Fucking Reality Signature Change bullshit.

### **April 5th, 2015 - Cooking?**

Dear Diary (I think I'll drop the silly monikers for now. Mom was right, this is genuinely therapeutic in a way)

Today I decided to help the family with the cooking. Mom and Debbie always thought I was too slack in that regard, and Dad always pestered me to learn how to sizzle a proper steak. Well, steak isn't really my thing anymore, but I've been feeling an inkling to make some fish menus. I know it's the influence of Haruko seeping in, and maybe I should fight it, but I've always liked sushi anyway, right? What's the harm in trying a little.

### **April 7th, 2015 - Cooking!**

Dear Diary,

I fucking nailed it! Even my Dad, who isn't big into what he calls 'ethnic' food, absolutely loved the unagi rolls and salmon rice I made! I even got him to try the raw bits, and I could see he liked them. My family just used their hands or a fork to eat, but I used chopsticks, of course: have to eat them proper!

It was only after Debbie managed to pick her dumb jaw off the floor that she managed to tell me that she knew for a fact that I couldn't use chopsticks. It's true, I can't.

But evidently, Haruko can.

FUCKSHIT

At least the food was delicious, right? And maybe, just maybe if I keep my memories, I'll be able to have a few more skills in my pocket. Mom even said it was good for me not to be so "lazy about dinner" anymore. That's good, isn't it?

Who am I kidding? It's scary. It's like being told "congratulations on becoming someone else."

### **April 10th, 2015 - Memento Mori**

Dear Diary,



Yes, I cribbed that title from the Christopher Nolan movie, but it suits, right? I went to go skateboarding the other day with Todd and Phillip, and you can imagine my embarrassment when I couldn't figure out how to ollie properly. It's the most basic-ass skill in skateboarding, and I was like a rookie just figuring out how to do it. I couldn't even do my classic kickflip! It was like the muscle memory just vanished. And worse, when I tried to explain another move I was struggling with, I couldn't remember the name of it (it was a heelflip, apparently). It just . . . vanished, from my mind.

We ended up going back to Todd and Phillip's place and watching old karate movies for fun while we got stoned. I laughed through the one we watched, much to their surprise: it was one I'd seen a number of times, and yet I'd forgotten that too!

They must have sensed my moroseness, because they pulled out the bong and we decided to get stoned. I didn't tell them, but I actually felt a little sick breathing in that dreadful smoke. Sure, it sort of felt nice afterwards, but it's so crass! How did I never notice it? All that giggling is just . . . unbecoming! Not to mention it builds a habit that leads to a dirty apartment like theirs.

"Nice tits," Todd giggled while we were all baked. I was already pretty annoyed by that point, but that was when I noticed that he was staring at my cleavage. Weird thing to say, 'my cleavage,' but that's what it is. He was looking at me funny, and that's when I noticed that he had - I kid you not - A MASSIVE FUCKING BONER IN HIS PANTS.

Yeah, I got up and left. Most people see me as a girl now: I've got no facial hair, my features are soft and womanly, and my boobs are getting pretty 'ample', to use my mother's words. Even my walking gait is sorta feminine. It's hard not to put one foot in front of the other now, instead of the more manly swagger! Ugh, stupid Todd with his stupid frickin' hard dick.

I wonder how big he is?

#### **April 12th, 2015 - Random Thoughts on my Mind in No Particular Order!**

- **HAIR:** Is my hair going to be as long and silky as it was in my dream? It's black now! Almost raven black!
- **HIPS (they don't lie):** Getting wider. Seriously, I have a read hourglass here. Too bad my butt is real flat. But I guess Japanese people aren't know for big behinds.
- **BOOBS:** D-Cups! D-Cups! Say it with me: D-CUPS!!! Seriously, they are bouncing a lot, and new bras are more and more expensive. Mom is good help.

- **DEBBIE:** Suck it Deb! Your boobs are pimples next to mine! (Seriously, I'm crying inside, this is like the one good thing about them)
- **SUSHI:** Holy shit there are so many Japanese places in town I didn't know about. Is it weird that I - a dude who at best can claim some Italian ethnic heritage but has never been overseas - have already identified the places that I found to be not 'authentic' enough. Seriously, get your unagi rolls right, people!
- **JAPANESE:** I'm turning Japanese, I'm turning Japanese I really think so! No, but actually, I can do basic introductions and even occasionally think in Japanese when stuff is cool or terrible. I feel like Keanu Reeves: "I know kung-fu/Japanese."
- **MEMOROES:** I - the me that is Haruko - was born in Osaka. I occasionally get her memories, and they're sticking around longer now too. I remember going to the aquarium there. It's beautiful. It was beautiful, when I went there. God, this is fucking confusing.
- **BOOBS AGAIN:** Seriously, how big are these things going to be? D-cups are kind of cool (when my buddies aren't staring at them all the time)
- **COLLEGE:** I've taken a sabbatical, of sorts. Actually, I have a legitimate thaumaturgical medical reason for my break. It's not like I gave much of a shit about the Arts anyway, it's just the sort of courses that deadbeats like me who don't know what they want out of life go for. Still, it feels like another failure to give up. Better than the weird stares of jealousy I'm getting from girls I used to have the hots for, I guess.

### April 16th, 2015 - Ritual Shmitual

Dear Diary,

I've considered just stopping the 'balance' rituals. They're not giving me much balance. Sure, it's nice to meditate (Haruko influence, maybe?) and reflect on my body and mind, but the stupid magical arousal is just too strong to resist. Fuck, I mean, seriously, how do hot chicks not *constantly* play with their tits? These things are so sensitive, and now that my nipples are even bigger they feel so damn fun to play with. Sometimes I like to close my eyes and imagine a big, strong salaryman is behind me, groping my chest as his long, hard member is pressed between my -

WOAH WOAH WOAH

Okay, that thought got away from me a little there. Whoops. I'll have to take a cold shower after this, not that anyone could tell I had an erection from the outside. After all, my dick is so small, and the skin around it is getting itchy and strange. Almost like it's developing into a vulva.

WHICH IT SO OBVIOUSLY IS OH GOD SOMEONE JUST KILL ME I'M GOING TO HAVE A VAGINA FUCK FUCK FUCK

Ugh, I'm going to go have a beer.

And by beer, I mean I'm going to drink a nice sauvignon. I don't care if it makes me look super snobby, this other side of me likes a little class in her tastes.

### **April 19th, 2015 - Crap**

Dear Diary,

I feel like a woman, uh-uh-uh-oh! UH-OH!!!

Yeah . . . it's done. Or basically done. I am very, very close to having a vagina. I've still got a sad little set of balls, and a tiny little pinprick of a dick, but any day now it's going to be gone, and I'll be a woman, in biology at least, if not in mind. Yet.

Future Female Me, if you are reading this, I want you to know how scared I am. I'm not blaming you, I don't hate you, Haruko. But I do fear you. Without even meaning to, you're taking over my life bit by bit. My damned, fucking manhood is disappearing so it can make way for you to be a woman. Hell, I'm starting to *look* older too. My voice might be higher, my skin smoother, and goodness knows that Asian women tend to age well - at least, that's how the stereotype goes - but there's a maturity seeping into my skin and bones and soul that just . . . isn't me.

It scares me. You scare me. You scare me with your karaoke and wine and love of fine Japanese cuisine and the fact that I know the proper procedures for filing reports, and that I suddenly have a desire to enjoy a nice *onsen* bath on the outer limits of Osaka like I did in my youth.

*Your youth.*

You are stealing me away, bit by bit.

I'm scared.

### **April 24th, 2015 - Flicking the Bean**

Dear Diary,

Yeah, I know it's crude to put it that way. In fact, I had to try writing it more than once. My every instinct told me that it's a crass, demeaning way to refer to the act of self-pleasure. Even the word 'masturbation' seems almost primitive to my changing personality. But I did it anyway, to prove I still could.

Because the fact is, as of yesterday, I now have a vagina. A pussy, if I may be so 'base' as to call it that. It finished while I was asleep, and I suspect two strange pressures below my kidneys are my fallopian tubes spiralling out as my balls separate and become two sacks of ovaries.

Holy fuck, I guess I can get pregnant now? Jesus, that's a trip.

But yeah, it's done. It didn't feel as horribly emasculating as I thought it would be. After all, while I still look a little androgynous from certain angles, most people see me as female. I've got big, bouncing D-cup boobs (breasts), and while I don't have the widest set of hips or smallest waist, it's enough to have a slight feminine figure. I guess this was coming for a long time, and now that it's here, I can finally just take a breath of relief that it's finally fucking over. The storm came and rained down and flooded me out, but at least the sun is shining again. Sorta. In the sense that when I went to conduct my ritual, centre my memories, I ended up playing a little with my new pussy (vagina, God I know the Henry part of me thinks 'pussy' but would it be so bad to give that up?)

The point is HOLY FUCK. Damn, I don't know if it's because Haruko is going to be just as much of a needy MILF type as in my sexual fantasies, but fuck me if that wasn't the best sexual experience of my life. Instead of just a 'pump and dump' it was like this slowly building tsunami that just grew bigger and bigger and bigger, and then when it finally crashed through me, it came in multiple waves, just orgasm after orgasm, each of them overlapping. And playing with my big nipples only made it all the better.

I think I'm going to do a lot more of that from now on.

## **April 26, 2015 - Yay Racism**

Dear Diary,

A guy called me an "Asian c\*\$#" earlier today when I was walking down the street. Dickhead. It's true though. I don't know a PC way to really put this, so I'll just go with Wikipedia and Merriam-Webster's definition and say I definitely have the 'epicanthic eyefolds' now. Look, I look Asian, basically. My eyes are dark. My skin is pale but not Caucasian. My lips are fuller. Evidently, white racists now hate me, that's like the most authentic definition of being 'other' you can get, right? Goodness knows, it makes my family look at me weirdly, Dad especially. He's seen his son - one he was proud to have look like him - turn into a pale Japanese lady.

Still, the racist comment, and the follow up "go back to where you came from" really hurt. I did cry a little. What a great way to feel welcome. Made me want to go back to Osaka and just be among my people.

Wait, the fuck did I just write?

## April 28th, 2015 - Therapy Again

Dear Haruko,

Sarah is impressed with my entries. She found some of them amusing, though I didn't show her some of the more . . . personal ones. It's funny how she talks to me differently now that I'm a little 'older', and in response to my changed body language. She's quite young, and now that I'm 5'7 I feel like I loom over her, allowing me to notice her own inexperience. Perhaps I'm being judgemental.

Regardless, she is helping me. She prescribed some changes to my balancing rituals to stem my . . . self-pleasures. Evidently, Haruko is a woman with large appetites. She reiterated the dangers of memory loss: diaries are no substitute for real memories, so it's important to keep myself centered and avoid 'giving in' to my emerging femininity. She's not wrong: my Mom was talking about our old neighbour the other day, and all I could think of was poor old Mr Sakai with his earnest smile and his love of baseball, and the old samurai sword belonging to an ancestor that he kept upstairs.

That was Haruko's memory. And that's why I'm going to start addressing these diaries entries to her. To *you*. So maybe when you read them, you can remember me.

## MAY

### May 9th, 2015 - My Cups Overfloweth

Dear Haruko,

I've grown again. Mom and Debbie were astonished (and my sister furious) to find out that I'd blown past Double-Ds without knowing it, and straight into the upper E category. I'm practically smuggling cantaloupes here. You are clearly going to be one *stacked* lady. I feel like you have a playful sense of humour like mine. Not as crude, but I didn't feel that revulsion to the word 'stacked.' In fact, a couple of Japanese puns describing a set of Mount Fujis came to mind. I hope I'm right: it can be something we share, that tethers me to existence even as I fade. I don't know, maybe I'm just hitting the acceptance stage. Certainly, while you're obviously even more horny (and sexually successful, if these increasing memories about those wonderful bartime visits are real) than me, it's kinda cool that an older lady such as yourself gets it on. I know, I know, 35 isn't actually that old, but these memories tell me it's old *for Japan*. Christmas Cake stereotype and all that.

Look, my point is, maybe we have enough in common, even if I'm a dumb, lazy stoner slacker and you're a classy, domineering office babe, that I won't feel all that bad becoming you.

Maybe I can learn to be Haruko,  
Even the name is sounding better.

### May 11th, 2015 - Denial

Dear Diary,

Yes, I'm back to Diary again. I regret what I wrote two days ago. Why should I accept becoming a woman? Debbie is starting to be morose, and it's because she's losing her

“stupid older brother.” For Debbie, that’s endearing. She’s got a boyfriend now, and the other day she had to stop him from staring at my tits. I, in turn, had to stop judging him on his lack of appropriateness for my little sister.

I shouted in Japanese at Dad when he told me I couldn’t take the car and enjoy a drink out on the town the other day. We were both silent in the aftermath of that.

It just slipped out.

I don’t accept this. I can’t.

### **May 13th, 2015 - Phillip and Todd and Me**

Dear Diary,

I can’t do this right now. What the fuck have I done?

Holy shit.

HOLY SHIT

WHY DID I DO THAT?

BUT IT FELT SO GOOOOD

God, I better not have dreams about it.

### **May 14th, 2015 - Dreams**

Dear Diary,

I did have dreams. Hot dreams. Sexy dreams. They were good. It was good. And weird. And good. And SO DAMN WEIRD AND SO DAMN GOOD FUCK. Mom had to bang on the door to indicate that the whole family could hear my moans as I pleased myself in bed.

I’m mortified just writing it.

Maybe tomorrow.

### **May 15th, 2015 - Explanations**

Dear Diary,

Okay, I’m ready to talk about it. Write about it, whatever. I’ll just come out and say it.

I had sex with Phillip and Todd.

THERE! IT'S ON PAPER! I ADMIT IT!

Sarah is never reading this. Mom and Dad and *especially Debbie* are never, ever finding out about this. I can't let them. It would be far more mortifying than just getting heard playing with your new vagina.

God, where to even begin? I'm struggling to even put it into English: Japanese would almost be easier by this point! (plus no one else I know could read it but me. I guess I'll just try to summarise in dot point form so it's not horribly embarrassing.

- I went to catch up with Todd and Phillip again. This time I just watched them skate because I can barely do it anymore.
- We went back to their place and I taught them some Japanese because they thought it was cool.
- They then started inquiring about my body as they got stoned. I didn't take a joint - too dirty!
- I answered and admitted I was 'full woman' now while I cleaned up their junk. There was a *lot* of junk. Repulsive.
- It took me an embarrassingly long time to realise that the junk was deliberate: they were checking me out while I bent over, showing off my cleavage and E-cups.
- I tried to be angry, but I was weirdly turned on by their stares.
- Started to get moist.
- Nips started to get hard.
- Maybe, just *maybe* I started to get a little exaggerated, unbuttoned my top a little further. Moved in some ways that made me jiggle more.
- One thing led to another and I let Phillip play with my big boobs.
- Todd may have joined in.
- Sat on Phillip's lap: his dick felt super nice and quite big (UGH! GROSS BUT HOT!)
- Maybe I started rubbing against it.
- Maaaaaybe I started rubbing Todd's dick through his pants too.
- And MAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYBE I took my shirt and bra off and let Phillip play with my boobs up close. And maybe I shoved them in his face. And maybe I started moaning like a total bimbo when he started sucking on them. And maybe by that point I was already pulling off my pants and removing my panties and climbing on top of him.
- And possible, potentially, somewhat believably, I could have let him fuck my tight vagina while I sucked Todd's own big cock.
- And maybe it felt fucking amazing.



Yeah, that's about as far as I'll go. It's a lot to take in (HA! GET IT? BECAUSE APPARENTLY I SUCK AND TAKE DICK NOW!?), and I'm still reeling from it. But I also orgasmed *hard*, and I can't stop thinking about what it felt like to have a wonderful big member inside me, and even the taste of Todd's prick in my mouth felt wonderful. And his semen too.

Fuck you Haruko. Fuck you for loving this so much.

Because now, since I'm becoming you, I love it too.

I'll make sure never to do it again.

### **May 17th, 2015 - nvm**

Dear Diary,

I did it again. And it was *wonderful*. It was with both of them, again. This time, it was no accident. And you know what? I don't regret it. I'm a woman now, I have to accept at least that. I've got a puss - a vagina, and breasts (big ones, too), and I'm a healthy young-ish Japanese woman with a strong appetite that I can't ignore. It's humiliating at the moment, and if Debbie finds out I'm pretty sure I'll die, but the fact is I fucking love having these big tits. Have you ever had your big, heavy tits sucked on? Or had your friend rub his fingers over them so that your entire body shivered like crazy in delight?

I guess you have, Haruko. I get why this new me I'm becoming loved to visit bars and meeting places after work in the Shinjuku District of Tokyo where she worked. Yeah, I'm getting more of those memories. It's helping with some of my pick up lines with Todd and Phillip to make it less awkward, at least.

I've also learned a few new . . . positions, after last night. Turns out, the new me will be as kinky as the old me, just in reverse. I wanted to be dominated by a sexy older Japanese woman, now I enjoy dominating men as a sexy older Japanese woman.

Potato, tomato.

Right?

### **May 18th, 2015 - A Question?**

Dear Diary,

Should I return to college? I've been kind of missing it. Apparently Todd and Phillip have been having some fun there, making weird pranks as always, and getting into trouble. It all seems a little childish, but a part of me wants to be back.

Another part thinks it's time to enter the real world already.

### **May 20th, 2015 - Big in the Bust**

Dear Diary,

Another day, another growth in my bustline. Seriously, Haruko is going to be *blessed* in the *chest* if you know what I mean! It's a little embarrassing, and super weird since they're big enough that my own Dad's eyes wander to them. NOT IN A GROSS WAY!!! I just mean they're hard not to look at. Mom is the same, and Debbie goes red when she sees them. I think she almost wishes *her* reality signature had become Haruko.

It came after an act of self-sabotage during a ritual, yet again. Couldn't help myself, but I didn't try all that hard to avoid it. It just felt . . . natural. I wanted to pleasure myself; that's what a woman has a right to, after all. And I certainly felt like a woman, moaning loudly while the family was out, as I lay back in the incredibly hot bath, clutching my breast and imagining it was a hot, hunky Japanese businessman type.

So naturally, my body reacted, and my reality changed further. I think I gained a couple of years: I'm still healthy, but I feel like I've definitely lost a bit of energy and some of that youthful vigour. I feel a little more proper now: a bit more graceful in a feminine fashion, but also less confident in making a fool of myself.

Outside the wonders of karaoke, that is. Or after the occasional extra glass of red.

But the big changes were in my hips, which are now wonderfully wide, and my boobs, which have, well, *grown*. GROOOOWN.

Seriously, these things are huge. Awesomely so.

I know it's ridiculous to like it, but I do. With each day I become more and more Haruko I find it harder to fight for the Henry side of me. Haruko has large boobs, very large, and that feels right. I remember when I went through puberty as a girl in Osaka, and how all the boys and other girls mocked me for my 'early development.' Most Japanese women don't have large busts, but mine grew in early, and kept on growing and growing. I was mocked and belittled in upper school, but kept my calm, learning to be stoic and driven and intelligence, and domineering to an extent as well: being bossy was a way of controlling others.

And still they grew, until soon the attention flipped, and all the girls were jealous of me, and all the guys wanted me. And they knew if they could have me, that I called the shots, especially in the bedroom.

These shoulder boulders have power. They really do. I'm going past F-cups, and while I don't know for sure, something in my Haruko memories tell me that they've still got some growth to go. Bigger than cantaloupes to full, ripe melons. The kind that are the size of my head each, and yet strangely perfectly sized for my tall, slim, confident body.

I look forward to showing them off to Debbie. And far more to Todd and Phillip. Just as soon as I find a good bra to support them.

### **May 21st, 2015 - Being Appreciated**

Dear Diary,

Yep, Todd and Philip liked them. A lot. In fact, it was fun having them suck on these huge tits at the same time. Today, I was in charge as well. I'm as tall as them now, but my demeanour is far from the procrastinating young man I used to be. I'm almost fully Haruko in body, and though my voice is soft and sensual, I can draw upon Haruko's office experience. I remember rising up in the ranks working in finance. Where the salarymen once leered at my large chest and made jokes, now they whimpered before me, obeying my managerial rules and holding out in desperation for the possibility that I might one day deign to consider sleeping with them.

I applied that same mindset to my friends, playing with them, teasing but holding off their pleasure until they had heightened my own. I demanded they rub my breast in a particular way, or caress my waist the way I liked it, kissed the nape of my neck while I straddled one of them. Made Todd wait his turn.

It was . . . intoxicating.

God, to be a lover like that. Haruko is fucking talented.

Of course, it did make me realise that Todd and Phillip are not, in fact, talents. Despite their clear joy at having sex with, and I quote, "a hot big-titted Asian MILF," their own sexual prowess is not up to the task anymore. What pleasure I did experience from them was akin to losing my feminine virginity. Now, their self-centred focus on cumming in their condoms as soon as possible is already starting to feel a little . . . uninspired.

I'll give them a few more chances to prove they can be as manly as I want them to be. As I need them to be. My tastes may run older, but perhaps they'll be acceptable with the right . . . instruction.

## May 25th, 2022 - Decisions

Dear Haruko,

Yes, I'll talk to you again, former Future Female Me. I'm more like you everyday, and I even think in Japanese quite often now. My body is practically finished: I can feel just a little more growth in my hair and bust and hips, but I'm approaching the end, which means some decisions have to be made.

The first of which has been my wardrobe. I know I'm giving in to my Reality Change a little (I think it's best to put this 'THE FEMINING' label behind me, isn't it?), but frankly it's not an altogether bad thing to start acting my age. I look and feel like a woman in her mid-thirties, and it's time I started dressing like one. I may have been wearing a bra and matching panties, but I simply can't keep wearing my old pants with a tighter belt or a shirt that fits tightly around the bust (too tightly, these days).

No, it's time to dress properly. I've decided to get some proper skirts, blouses, even a few nice dresses (and perhaps some *naughty* ones for bar nights), and, of course, a professional office jacket and pencil skirt to match some professional heels.

It also brings to mind my other consideration. I have made the decision to cancel my college course. Mom and I got heavily into it last night. I think Dad views it as an inevitability, but Mom was holding out on me finally "getting an education." I've been telling her I *have been getting an education*. What does she think my Japanese Tuesday meals are? Or the fact that I can understand J-dramas now (and also, how good are they? Seriously Haruko, I had no idea what I was missing out! They're so ridiculous and cheesy and dramatic!). The fact that I can speak Japanese, and know how to regulate my finances, and have helped Debbie with her own - even Dad! - should speak to it. I think she knows I'm right: I can start working for real. I already have a job in mind.

Which brings me to my last, and biggest decision. I know this is only three months in, and to everyone else I'm still Henry, but the truth is I'm all woman now. I'm going to ask that my family and friends refer to me by female pronouns from now on.

And, once they're ready, I'm going to ask that they call me your name as well.

Haruko.

## May 28th, 2015 - Therapy Once More

Dear Haruko,

Sarah is a little saddened for us. I can tell. And it must be hard for her, to see yet another patient 'slip away', as she tactfully put it. She is not stupid, though she is young, and that makes her a little more emotional than she needs to be. She looks at me and sees Haruko, and it is likely in part because I did my hair and makeup, put my lipstick on, and wore a tasteful dress to the meeting. My H-cups straining at my dress were likely another clue - they are certainly the size of my own head, but I rather think they suit my new body's dimensions, being huge but not impractically or grossly so. But perhaps my new pride in them clued her into the fact that I was embracing my Haruko memories increasingly.

She tried to convince me to hold onto my Henry memories, and I do want to, but her suggestions were so impractical! Relearn skateboarding? Connect with my friends? (if only she knew, though I have been distancing myself from them, and even thinking about sex from more . . . mature sources). Return to college? Keep playing videogames?

It all feels a bit . . . beneath me, now. Certainly, the way others perceive me has changed enough. Sarah noticed that my pronunciation of L's is suffering; I default to a soft 'R' sound, like a Japanese-born citizen. That did make me go a little shade of red.

Still, it is important to attend these therapy sessions. They keep me anchored in my own way, and convince me to keep writing to you, Haruko, the person I am becoming.

But I don't know if I shall need another therapy session after this.

The journal I shall keep for now, though. But I think I will write the next entry in Japanese, and have it be translated.

## JUNE

**NOTICE: THE FOLLOWING ENTRIES ARE TRANSLATED FROM JAPANESE USING THE ANONYMOUS THAUMATURGICAL READJUDGEMENT SERVICE. NO INDIVIDUALS INVADED THE PRIVACY OF THE WRITER, NOR LEARN THEIR TRUE NAME.**

### **June 1st, 2015 - Language Barrier**

Konnichiwa Haruko,

Yeah, I'm talking to you again. I guess since I *am* you, and more like you each day, I'm becoming a little more comfortable talking to you. I hope you don't mind that I'm writing in Japanese now. Don't worry, I'll still have them translated by the thaumaturgy doctors, and maybe one day if I ever read my earlier entries I can get them translated from English to this language (after all, I'm pretty certain Haruko is monolingual: none of my new memories have anything but scant English in them, and I am more and more struggling with English words of slight complexity).

I have much in my life that is changing, from the freedoms I am pursuing, to my altered tastes, to even my fashion sense. But the biggest change is the one I am most excited for, and have longed for:

The Thaumaturgical Medical Department has helped me gain employment as a translator! Japanese to English and back again. It will require study - a little of Japanese, but increasingly more of English. I fall back into my native language so easily these days that it is difficult to 'shift gears' to what Americans want me to say. Yes, I know I was born in America in truth, but my early days in Osaka are so much clearer to me.

I look forward to having respectable employment, and being able to make my own wage as an independent woman.

I've yet to tell Mom and Dad, but Debbie has found out. To my surprise, she wrapped me in a big hug, awkwardly putting her face right in my chest. I cuddled her back, whispering first in Japanese, then in English: "there, there."

She misses her older brother, I'm sure. I'll just have to try to be a good, much older sister to her now. She is, after all, the only member of my family willing to call me Haruko.

### **June 7th, 2015 - Job!**

Dear Haruko,

I have a job! The process went by so quickly, but the Thaumaturgical Medical Department was a great help in securing it. As in my last entry, I'll be working as a Japanese-English translator, specifically in communications between Japanese and American businesses and trading firms. It is in the financial world, which is increasingly my specialty, which makes me *very* excited.

Who would have thought that me, Henry, would ever grow up and get a job in the world of finance and trade? It's a big leap, and yet with each passing day it feels more natural, just as writing in my new native language feels more natural (plus it gives me a fun experience re-translating them to practice my English, which comes increasingly less natural to me).

I told Hannah (Mom) and David (Dad) about it, and they were initially quite supportive and happy for me. It didn't take long for Hannah to break into tears and for David to comfort her. I recognise their pain, and I felt it myself: I too got teary-eyed in response. I think we all know that with my Reality Signature Change I'm slowly pulling away from them. The 'switch has been flipped,' as Americans like to say, and I feel more and more like Haruko than Henry. Some mornings I wake up unbelieving that just a few months ago I was a young slacker of a man in his twenties with no real knowledge of work or the world, pining after young women and lounging in mess. Now, I am a thirty-five year old woman (with a new birthday date too, now that I can recall it) who deplores such things, while also being far more sexually active than my former self ever was.

I will continue writing in this journal - it is important to me that I preserve this change and all it represents. But I will not write as often as I did before.

### **June 19th, 2015 - An Awkward Encounter with an Old Peer**

Dear Diary (perhaps a shift back is necessary? I *am* Haruko, after all)

I felt it best to return to this journal to record something interesting that occurred today. I go by Haruko Hayashi fully now - I have the identity card to prove it, though it took much convincing of Hannah and David to call me such. I followed through on my decision to quit college, of course, and to wear clothes more befitting my form. There is such a thing as 'sexy, but respectable', and I feel I have wonderfully embodied it in the dresses, work outfits, and blouse and trouser combinations I wear. My breasts, a development I once feared, are now perhaps my favourite feature of my body. Naturally, I enjoy the gazes I get, as well as how wonderful they feel when my former friends-turned-lovers play with them, but more than that, they give me a *presence*.

Unfortunately, they led to an awkward encounter today while I was walking to my workplace. I was trying a new set of black heels that do wonders for my posture and gait, when suddenly someone called out to me. It was Jenny, a cute younger woman in her twenties. It actually took me a moment to remember her, until it clicked: she was one of my so-called 'crushes' when I had been Henry, and she and I had gone on dates together.

My Reality Signature Change Syndrome change has been no secret, but clearly my appearance utterly astonished her. I distinctly recall that she said "My God Henry, you've changed!"

I had to correct her: "I am Haruko now."

She asked how I had been, and we made the usual small talk. She chuckled a little at my bust, endeavouring to ask how I was "coping with those monsters."

"Rather admirably and impressively," I jibed back, and she didn't seem to take that well.

She asked if a cure was forthcoming, and that's when I realised that even if there was a cure, I wouldn't take it. After all, I am Haruko now for good. The little parts of me that are Henry are still there, but I feel them fading increasingly, sliding away like so much old trash.

But the sadness in her eyes as she walked away made me pause for a moment.

Should I feel sadder too?



## June 29th, 2015 - The Last Therapy Session

Dear Diary,

I cannot help but feel that in some way, I have let my therapist down. Sarah expressed, with a little frustration, that I had to 'fight the loss of memory' and 'try to preserve Henry as much as possible.' Perhaps she is right, but perhaps not. The truth is, as I expressed in our meeting, that I don't see much of a need for therapy anymore. My bodily changes are completed (and, I might say, rather *fantastic*). My mind is practically all Haruko now, and to be utterly honest, I look upon my former diary entries in English with utter fascination and more than a little embarrassment. Not only is my penmanship appalling (there is a reason we are taught calligraphy in Japan from a young age), but the random capitalisation, strange euphemisms, the incessant need to couch everything in sexual terms, the overly emotional displays, it's all too much! It lacks the refinement that comes with a proper lady's touch.

In fact, I rather think that the best parts of Henry have been absorbed into Haruko. Whereas Henry could be crude and sexual in everyday life, Haruko reserves her large sexual appetite and erotic trysts for the privacy of nighttime. Yes, I know in part that my sex life is seemingly at odds with my refined, classy day life, but the separation of those spheres is important. I am not degraded by my passions, but empowered, and most importantly I am now old and wise enough to regiment my lusts to avoid clashes at the workplace.

Sarah asked me to read over my older diary entries again without judgement, and to at least try the rituals a little longer and hold off 'indulging', to see if Henry's memories can at least be somewhat preserved. To honour how much she and her department have helped me, I agreed.

## **JULY**

### **July 8th, 2015 - A Dream That Haunts Me**

Dear Diary,

I had a dream, one that haunts me to my core. In the dream I was not Haruko, but Henry trapped inside Haruko. I was pressed down, confined, every part of me constricted into a form that was not mine, and yet I was unable to change it. I screamed, I rallied, I called out for the world to recognise me, but all they saw was a stranger whose skin I was wearing.

I am not a dullard, I know what the dream means. There is a part of Henry that remains, and it screams to be heard. I have been such a fool. I gave up so easily and embraced Haruko, casting aside my full past because it was easy.

I will try to do better.

I am not fully Haruko yet.

I still have some time.

I hope.

### **July 24th, 2015 - Just a few updates**

Dear Diary,

I am forcing myself to play this ridiculous 'Call of Duty' game that Henry loves so much as a way of connecting to my past. I can still feel occasional jitters of excitement and joy as I play it, but they are 'few and far between,' as the English saying goes. You may also notice I am writing in English again - good practice not just for my job, but to stay connected to the part of me that still wishes to remain.

I have gotten on the skateboard a few times, but frankly, it's too much. I had to shelve it in the garage. I looked ridiculous, my bosom was wobbling like crazy, and if I crashed, I was probably about to give an onlooker a *very* pleasant wardrobe malfunction. I ended up retiring back to the garden, where I have increasingly found a wonderful serenity tending to Hannah and David's flower beds and vegetable patches. As I recall faintly, they were never particularly deft in their care, but Haruko always enjoyed the patience and quiet skill that comes with working with the earth, and bringing it to bloom in its right time.

I have also been listening to Henry's musical tastes. What did he see in these bands? Led Zeppelin? Metallica? ACDC? So much screeching! However, some I have found enjoyment in: I cannot deny that *Highway to Hell* has a fantastic beat to it, and *It's a Long Way to the Top (If You Want to Rock and Roll)* is just a blast at karaoke, even if I get the occasional chuckle with my pronunciation of the 'L' in the title.

It has spurred me to purchase CDs from Japanese artists instead, particularly J-pop bands. I tried to get Hannah interested in them - a little Mother-Daughter exercise - but I haven't had much success. The same with J-dramas. She doesn't understand some of the hilarity and drama around the use of honorifics and deferential behaviours. Alas.

Still, I am trying to preserve what I can of Henry. Every day, memories of what it was like to be a man disappear. I am cognizant, thanks to this journal, of my journey. I remember the changes themselves, but the notion of having lived as Henry is slipping from my grasp. I am glad Sarah asked me to preserve him in what ways I could, but even those small connections seem as distant and far apart as the stars.

Debbie seems to recognise this best. We talk, sometimes, but I cannot help but feel that now that she has her long-desired older sister, she regrets her wish. Our lives are too different, and it is not a simple fact that I am taller and bustier (much, much bustier) than her. In truth, she has lost a brother, and I cannot be a substitute for him. We are too separated by time now.

I apologise for the tear stains. At work, I can be stoic with the best of them, and goodness knows I have already managed to wrangle a raise in the company thanks to my confident tone, but something about this topic hits me in the emotional core.

Perhaps it is time I return to my night life again. Some karaoke and drinking will help assuage my sorrow.

## **AUGUST**

### **August 01st, 2015 - Car**

Dear Diary,

I feel like Henry in terms of my boundless excitement and energy! I have a car! My very own car that I bought with my own savings as Henry and my new earnings as Haruko! I'm so, so excited! Now I can travel where I like, go to work more easily, and freely visit bars at night and enjoy drinks with others without feeling constrained by my family or the need for taxi fares!

A CAR!!!! My little Mistubishi!!!

I promise, I won't be so ridiculous in the future, but this entry is special to me.

Yes, I know tomorrow I will be sad again, but today I am HAPPY!

I just have to remember to drive on the right side of the road - I made a big mistake today! In Japan, we drive on the left.

### **August 7th, 2015 - Night Life**

Dear Diary,

Life has considerably improved since my last entry, though my family remains more despondent. But for me, I cannot deny my own happiness. It is true what Americans say about when you get 'down in the dumps': sometimes all you needed was a good fucking. And I can say absolutely this was the truth in my case. Phillip and Todd, while nice boys, simply couldn't make 'the cut' after a while. They had enthusiasm, and more than a little stamina, which a lady always appreciates, but a woman like me needs a man who knows how to please a woman completely, who brings experience to the table. Not just bestial thrusting, but tenderness and patience, the wonderful build of foreplay, the tender kissing upon my nipples, the teasing between my thighs. And, of course, a greater willingness to allow *me* to take control in the bedroom. My favourite position is naturally to have the man seated, and me facing him on his lap, allowing him to thrust into me. Yes, it is a luxurious sensation, particularly since it allows my very large, head-sized breasts to be squish and press against my partner's face.

This was a position that neither of my old friends particularly favoured. Oh, they liked it, but they preferred to prioritise their own pleasures, and I can't help but feel that beyond their fetishisation of me as a gorgeous older Asian woman (a fetish I do not particularly mind, provided it is reasonably exercised and does not blur into outright 'orientalism') they ultimately wanted me to be more submissive. That, after all, is a stereotype I cannot abide by. I like to control my destiny, my ambitions and my passions, too much.

And so I had to let them go. I did not do so cruelly, simply informed them that I would seek other partners, but that I appreciated the 'learning experience' they had given me, and that I had my fun and hoped they had had theirs. Todd was quite upset, though Phillip - always the more mature one - seemed to understand, even if he was somewhat embarrassed. Sadly, it was the last true tether of our friendship, and I have not seen them in over two weeks now. But then, some friendships are destined to drift apart, and it freed me up to explore my sexual desires.

With my new car, I've been enjoying more personal freedom, and with that freedom came the ability to visit bars (especially karaoke bars) much more frequently. I don't think it's boastful to say that a clearly single woman looking like I do gets a lot of attention, especially when I wear a tasteful dress that still conforms to my curves, and dips to reveal my bustline. It's not unclassy to look good, after all, and besides, it's not like I'm built like some bimbo: my breasts may be very large, but I don't possess the fake rounded backsides of so many other girls, and while my hips are rather lovely, they are not exaggerated. Furthermore, my height, dress sense, and demeanour all give the clear and deliberate impression of an attractive mid-thirties woman looking for a good time, and willing to let a man around her age buy her a drink.

Which they do.

Quite frequently, in fact.

And apart from a few men who were a little too grabby, too clingy, and - worst of all - too quick to puff up their chest and try to be the 'macho macho man', I have had quite the success run. Hannah and David have gotten a bit worried at times, but as I have told them more than once in my newly accented voice: "I'm not a little girl anymore. And I'm not Henry either." It was perhaps the wrong thing to say, but it is the truth, and it lets them know that some nights I won't come home, because I am enjoying the company of a man elsewhere.

And what an enjoyment it is. I am greatly appreciative of the skills in sexual pleasure this new life has given me, and how much I have upgraded in finding men closer to my own age. Todd and Phillip were fun, yes, and I shall always appreciate the learning experience they gave me, but now I know how to be pleased, and there is a large subset of men in their thirties and forties who are more than happy to have a woman ride them, to take control, to make them putty in her hands. Which is not to say I am aggressive and cruel. No, I do not cause pain.

But, dear Diary, I can tell you this: when I have sex, I *always* climax first. That is the pleasure I draw out from my many partners. With every lick of my thimble-sized nipples, with every grope of the heft of my large breasts, with every stroke of my thighs, grasp of my rear, and playful licking at my most sensitive parts, I draw ever closer to orgasm. And I treat those who bring there very, *very* well indeed.

After all, I may like to dominate in bed, but I can be submissive afterwards. I can let men have their fantasies, even enjoy sucking their large cocks or rubbing them between my breasts, so long as they know that *I* am the one that lets it happen.

Now, if you'll excuse me, just writing this entry has made me quite 'hot and bothered', as the English like to say. I think I'll go sort myself out.

### **August 15th, 2015 - The Night Life Continued.**

Dear Diary,

Just a small update to my continuing life. I feel freer than I have been ever since this Reality Signature Change occurred. I haven't conducted a balancing ritual in some time, and no longer feel the need to. I feel perfectly balanced in the arms of another, our bodies joining in lust.

The sexual act has taken on new meaning for me. It is a dance, a competition, a struggle, a sport, a union of two souls. It is so many things, and as with any skill, it is one that can continually be honed and improved. My family does not know (though I believe Debbie suspects, and has kindly kept her lips sealed), I have continued to take a string of

lovers and one-night stands. Where once I feared having such a well-endowed chest, now I enjoy having a pair of breasts that draw every eye when I walk into a room, and that men lust after. They give me power, in a way, over men. The right gesture, or little unbuttoning, or adjustment of my dress or shirt, can make them fall down at my feet, at least figuratively speaking. And simply to feel and suck them is a gift they will do much to receive.

Oh yes, I have been more successful indeed. And while my vision remains acute, I have taken to wearing a professional set of glasses that completes my 'dangerously attractive business woman' look.

That too, had been most successful indeed.

In fact, now that I've finished this entry, I might go grab a glass of red at a fancy bar and see what delicious man I can pick up and show a good time.

### **August 26th, 2015 - Hiro**

Dear Diary,

I have met a rather lovely man who seemed enticed by my silly, slightly tipsy karaoke rendition of J-pop (I can't remember which song it was now). His name is Hiro, and he works at an accounting firm based in Japan with branches here along the coast. Contrary to the stereotype about workers in such an industry, I found him an incredibly lively, charming, and charismatic man. He is thirty-nine years old, with some adorable silver in his hair. Like Haruko, he was raised in Osaka, though has never worked in Tokyo as I did (well, at least as Haruko's memories did). He and I had good fun drinking and laughing about various officework mishaps and stereotypes, as well as our shared hobbies (he too enjoys a good karaoke song, and is quite the gardener. Perhaps as a bit of a sign to Henry, he also likes *Metallica*).

Suffice to say, we hit it off quite well, and my figure-hugging top with its tasteful v-neck had its intended effect: as debonair and gentlemanly as he was, his eyes could not escape the gravitational anomaly that are my breasts. Of course, I couldn't help but notice in turn that he must have been quite the gym frequenter: his shoulders and arms were impressively muscular in his shortsleeve button shirt, yet not so large they gave the impression of a nuisance gym nut.

We had sex. Oh yes, we did. The man could not be kept away from my heavy breasts, fondling and licking and groping and squeezing them in ways that others had not, always taking care to stimulate my pleasure. For the first time in a while, I let a man loom over me and fuck me while I lay on my back. I usually prefer to ride on top, but while I was not submissive to him, I enjoyed giving him a taste of something different. Call it a connection.

Rather than slipping out in the morning, I wore his shirt for breakfast on the next day, as it was a Saturday, and he made a fantastic traditional Japanese breakfast, complete with miso and ohitashi. It was very good, and gave me some ideas for my own culinary contributions.

I'm still going to see other men. Neither of us are under the illusion that this was anything other than a one night stand. However, unlike my other partners, I've told him that I would like to continue this as an arrangement.

There is, at least somewhat, a connection here, I think.

## SEPTEMBER

### September 29th, 2015 - Pulling Away

Dear Henry,

It has been so long since I wrote, and yes, I address this entry to you, because I must make an apology. I have tried to retain you, tried to maintain my connections, but in truth, I think I lost you months ago.

I don't understand you. I don't understand your love of video games, your pursuit of skate boarding, your interest in women, or your desire to hang around with friends who just get stoned each day. I don't understand your lack of direction, or your juvenile language, or how you could be so utterly emotional about so many things - and they say we women are the emotional ones!

I know that I *was* you. That my life as Haruko is not truly real, in a sense. Were I to travel to Osaka, no one there would know me. But in many ways, our memories are our true reality, and if I don't remember my life as Henry other than a series of basic facts, can it truly be said to be real for the me that exists here and now?

I think not.

I'm sorry, but I have to pull away. I have to make my own life as Haruko. Yes, it is a life of gardening, karaoke, fashion, wine and J-dramas, and perhaps - if things continue to go



well with my lovely Hiro - a life of romance, and some may judge me for this. But it is my life now, to do with as I choose. I feel too much like a stranger living with my 'family', who have memories of a person who I am not.

Hannah tries to connect with me, but even now that we are women, our worlds are so different. I think the moment where she no longer recognised me was when I was cultivating the roses in the backyard. I'm very proud of them, but it is not a hobby Henry would ever had taken on.

David is incredibly awkward around me, and I do not blame him. The son he enjoyed talking about cars and action movies with no longer exists. There is only me with my little Mitsubishi.

Debbie, of course, has her own life and future to contend with. She lives the life of a teen girl, constantly talking about boys and fashion. I think we have had some lovely conversations about the latter, but I think I come across as a bit too maternalistic for her at times; the perspective of an adult woman is not always appreciated by a teenager.

With all this in mind, I have made my decision. I can't keep putting these wonderful people through so much pain, when their son is gone.

I have to move away.

## OCTOBER

**October 24th, 2015,**

Dear Henry,

I am sorry that I have upset your family. Hannah is a good woman, and David a good man. Both are loving and caring parents, and I can see that they dote on Debbie lovingly, particularly in your absence. I know that if I stayed with them, we would exist in an awkward limbo for years to come: Hannah and David trying to find the right time for me to leave, trying always to understand their changed son, and me as Haruko, feeling desperately out of place.

Last night, I made them some wonderful pork ramen with tempura side, and waited for them to finish the meal before I spoke. They've rather come around to my cooking, and it's been enjoyable teaching them the nature of my cultural dishes and their history.

But when we were done, there was a tension in the air. They could each clearly sense I was about to say something.

"I'm planning to move back to Osaka," I said.

Poor Hannah's mouth almost hit the floor. David was silent. Debbie, on other hand, was *mad*. I wish I had respected my sister as a man as much as I respect her now as an

older woman, because she argued and yelled and called me all sorts of names for “running away” from them, and “abandoning the family.” Tears flowed freely from her eyes, but her anger ran hot. I was quite proud of her, as much as her words affected me.

But I stood my ground. I told them that I was in a relationship with a man named Hiro, and had been becoming increasingly close to him (I didn't mention just how close, or how . . . frequently close).

Hannah cried. David was silent still. Debbie continued to argue. I argued back, albeit in a more even, calm tone. This continued for some time until I made it clear that I was going.

I left to sleep in a hotel, and that's where I am now.

### **October 26th, 2015 - Regrets**

Dear Diary,

Was I too cruel? They say it is good to 'rip the bandaid off,' but it did not feel good. However, I cannot stay in this country. My English is no longer good enough to remain a translator, but my understanding of finance will do well in Japan, and Hiro is looking forward to seeing the home country again. He does not know my past, and does not need to know. He is the one thing in my life that carries no confusion. A tender soul who is mine, and one I increasingly believe that I love.

I think I will ask him over to my room tonight. I am still at the hotel.

No, I shall go stay with him.

Easier that way. Cheaper, and easier.

And more fun.

### **October 29th, 2015 - One Final Thing**

Dear Diary,

I have moved my things out of my old room. Henry's old room. I feel no affinity or understanding of that man anymore, or the things he wanted out of life. I feel bad, occasionally, that I destroyed him in coming into being. I am aware that my very existence extinguished his own, culling him from life.

Killing him through identity death.

It feels, I imagine, much like a funeral procession, having me come to his old room and clearing it out. Much of the possessions that no longer suit me, I left to his family. I found

some trinkets and old figurines that I gave to Debbie, and some video games that I passed to Todd and Phillip. They seemed to appreciate the gestures. I took a few mementos to remember my former self by: the memories may be entirely gone, but I felt a need to have a physical reminder of the debt I owe to the boy I was, who breathed me into life through his condition.

Still, it was a saddening process, and only made me more eager to leave. I was only stopped at the door by Hannah, who asked one final favour. She asked that I come for one final dinner with 'your family', not that she really is my family any more, on the sixth of November. She pleaded, despite my reluctance, and in the end I accepted. After all, my actual flight is set to Japan a few days after, and I would be staying with my Hiro until then.

She seemed overjoyed, overemotional at this, and I almost had to calm her down before she regained herself.

"Thank you, Henry," she told me.

I didn't have the heart to correct her.

Henry is gone.

## NOVEMBER

### November 5th, 2015 - Anxiety

Dear Henry,

I address you again. Tomorrow night I sit down and say farewell to your family with one last dinner. I do not understand what Hannah intends to say or do to keep me to stay. I know she is too obstinate to let me go, even though I am not her son anymore, nor her daughter. I am, in fact, only eight years younger than her, now!

Still, I will go. I think I will feel less of myself if I do not. But I will dress as I am; a proud, classy Japanese woman with her own developed fashion and sense. That alone will be a statement, I think.

I am glad to have Hiro by my side. He is a tender lover, and an even more tender and caring man. My heart flutters just to be at his side, to feel his arms around me, his hands upon my breasts. He does not know why I am so anxious, but he cuddles and cares for me all the same, never prying.

I want to build a life for him in Japan.

Tomorrow I will say goodbye to it all.

I will build a new life with Hiro, and we will leave you behind.

### **November 6th, 2016 - Something Strange**

Dear Diary,

I don't understand. Something strange. Something very, very strange. It was a birthday dinner - Henry's birthday! I had forgotten his birthday, and they must have known, as they sprung it all upon me so suddenly! Todd and Phillip were there, even Cynthia, and several other peers I had forgotten even existed. Sarah my therapist, and Dr Haskon too. There was heavy metal music playing, and chocolate cake, and barbecued steak. They had presents already gift-wrapped for me: car parts, and video games, and new parts for a skateboard! I tried to push them away, but I lacked the English to be clear, and they knew it, I know they did! They took advantage of the moment to assault me with every piece of evidence, everything Henry loved. There was slideshow depicting his entire life, and treasured items from moments in his life: his college acceptance letter, his first beer can (preserved by David), the letter he wrote to Debbie when she had her first period and he let her know it was all okay, the bong that Phillip found under his bed and stole all those years ago.

It was overwhelming, an assault of memory that I couldn't describe. I could feel an intense pressure building in my brain, and I had to get out of there.

So I fled, even as strange flickering images and visions came flooding through my mind. I came home and ran to Hiro's room. He's still at work, and so I have stayed here, trying to deal with these endless visions. What are they? What did Henry's family do? Even as I write this sentence it's almost like I can remem

### **November 6th (again), 2015,**

Dear motherfucking Diary,

I REMEMBER EVERYTHING. HOLY SHIT.

### **November 8th, 2015 - HENRY'S BACK BABY (Sort of)**

Dear beautiful, amazing, terrific damn Diary!

Holy shit, I can't believe it. I have my memories back! All of them, from beginning to end, all the way to the present. Mom, you're an evil genius! Dad, I can't believe you didn't

think she was crazy! And Debbie! My wonderful, annoying as hell sister Debbie, how could I ever have decided to try to leave you guys!!?!?

If you can't tell by reading this, then perhaps the flawless (ish) English is a dead giveaway that I'm restored. It's like having all those memories presented before me all at once, from meaningful to the embarrassing to the ones coded to my favourite hobbies, somehow overwhelmed my Reality change! A door that I thought had been locked forever opened, and soon my entire life came leaking back in.

One of my lives.

ONE.

I'm still grappling with all of this. I'm still a woman. I'm still in my mid-thirties (sorta lame, but also sorta cool), and I've still got huge, absolutely massive tits. Seriously, these things are HUGE! They are always bouncing and wobbling with the slightest of movements, and all the guys I pass practically crash into telephone poles because they can't stop checking out my cleavage.

I should feel terrified by all this, but the truth is, I'm not. My Henry self has returned, but it's not just Henry in here anymore; Haruko is sharing equal space. I don't know how to describe it. I left a day between diary entries just to see if it was a fluke, but it's like I've reached a new equilibrium. The Haruko parts of me have not gone away, and most are as strong as ever.

I still, for instance, like Haruko's fashion. I don't know, it just feels more . . . classy, to dress in proper women's fashion befitting a lady such as I. Not to mention proper office wear for my job, now that I can remain a translator.

And gardening! I'm a little repulsed by the fact that I still love gardening. God, what a soothing experience it was as Haruko. Makes me want to go out and buy Todd and Phillip a bonsai tree each.

Other parts remain also. For instance, I am almost definitely sure I am totally into dudes. Men. Very much so, in fact. The thought of having their cocks inside me makes me moist just at the thought of it. But I also feel a strong love and pull toward Hiro, a loyalty that has not waned with these new revelations.

Oh, and I've sort of noticed that my language is still pretty refined, yo.

Yeah, that 'yo' felt pretty forced to me, to be honest.

BUT

I'm back! I remember skateboarding, and I want to get back into it, even if these enormous melons will totally throw off my centre of gravity. I want to be friends with Todd and Phillip again, if they'll have me, and drag them and Debbie to karaoke night! I want to hold my Mom and Dad close and never let them go again. I'm crying just at the thought of it. And I want to get stoned again.

Actually, I don't. Sorry, Henry, you're back and all, but the Haruko part of me just can't stand smoking. Or any kind of dirtiness.

I have a lot of adjustment to go through at the moment. A lot to figure out. This is so much to take in. Is it strange that the part I'm worried most about is telling Hiro? I love him, and I don't want to lose him, but I have to let him know.

Sorry, I know this entry is nonsensical. The neat, calligraphy nut in me is frustrated just by the lack of eloquence! But I feel good, I feel right.

I feel like I am finally whole.

### **November 16th, 2015 - Tears and Hugs and Identity**

Dear Diary,

It's been a crazy week, full of - as my title says - tears and hugs and musings on my new identity. Mom and Dad were, predictably, over the moon. No, that would be underselling it. Mom fell to her knees clutching me, crying and wailing and unbelieving that her ridiculous plan had worked. I held her, feeling a little awkward, both as a son and as a more stoic woman. But it was wonderful just to be held by my mother again.

It took a lot of tears, more hugs, and then explaining to get them to understand that I had not 'fully returned' as they thought of it. Indeed, I have come to realise over this past week that as much as I am now a union of Henry and Haruko both, I feel more affinity to the latter still, at least when it comes to my identity. Dad was hardest to make understand this; he wanted "his boy" back, but in truth I am his daughter now. I am Haruko.

I also haven't changed my position on moving out. I am an adult woman - in her mid-thirties no less! - and living with my parents (and with my voracious . . . appetites) would simply not do. But I am certainly not moving to Japan either. This is my hometown. This is where my family is. I haven't told Hiro exactly why, only that I can't move. He doesn't quite understand, but he trusts me to tell him: his patience is infinite. God, I do love him. Such a strange feeling, to feel such a mature love when I was having foolish crushes and a budding sex life in my twenties just a few months ago.

I still detest filth and adore cleanliness. That hasn't gone away. I think Mom and Debbie are secretly pleased, as it leaves Dad the only messy one left in the family - he's surrounded! But I have regained my love of Led Zeppelin, Metallica, ACDC, all the great metal bands! Though at the same time, J-pop gets me dancing while I do the chores! And while I love a good action movie, I still can't stop watching my addictive J-dramas. I've become a walking contradiction.

I still struggle a little with English, I've found. I thought I had it all back, but between my Japanese lisp and my struggle with L's, as well the occasional word that slips my mind and comes out in Japanese instead, I'll have to do a bit of study to regain my full vocabulary. It does mean my future as a translator is still secure, however: my English is stronger again, and no longer waning.

Sarah and the thaumaturgical mages were astounded at what had happened to me. They've never seen a reversal of memory loss like mine, and claim it may be a huge discovery for the future of Reality Signature Change Syndrome treatment. They're calling Mom an inspired therapeutic practitioner alongside Sarah, who approached my Mom in the first place. There's going to be some intriguing, thankfully anonymised, papers written about this. It could well help serve as the key to giving memories back to the other poor souls who have gone through what I have.

For now though, I have my family back. Even my friends too, though I doubt they'll ever see me quite the same way again.

## **DECEMBER**

### **December 10th, 2015 - Christmas is Coming**

Dear Diary,

'Tis the season for change, and what changes I have had. It's bizarre to think that it's been a little less than a year since that first strange seizure, the changes to my mind and body. I still can't believe I have traded my penis for a vagina, or that I have learned to love that change so dearly. Nor can I believe the enormous melons that sit upon my chest, and that demand so much attention. And again, that I would love their size and heft, and be pleased that they are not grotesque but fit my tall figure. Again, I feel comfortable in this body. I like putting my makeup on in the morning, and adjusting my hairstyle. I like dressing up in style. It helps me calm myself, just like cleaning up and making nice Japanese cuisine.

But it is not my body, but my relationships that have changed.

I have a lot of apologies still to give, and a lot of presents to buy for the people in my life I nearly lost. There's still going to be an awkward adjustment period, of course. I don't think it'll ever not be strange for my parents to have a son-turned-daughter who is just a

decade younger than her own mother and father. And, predictably, now that she has me back, Debbie has returned straight away to being very jealous of my bust and figure, particularly since her new boyfriend keeps trying to eye my curves when he thinks neither of us are looking.

But perhaps all of that is okay. I'm transitioning into a new life, and isn't that what all children do? Branch out and make new lives for themselves? Indulge in sex and relationships, break barriers, stir up trouble before finding themselves a contributing member of society? Sure, my tale is one of great extremes than most, but now that I have all my memories back, and a lot of Henry is still with me, I feel like my life is just beginning again, in the best of ways.

Particularly since I have managed to convince my whole family to join me on karaoke night. I half-expect my stoic father will be just like me, and end up reveling in it.

## **December 24th, 2015 - Truth and Honesty**

Dear Diary,

This will be my last entry for quite a while, perhaps ever. Tomorrow is Christmas, but tonight is Christmas Eve, and despite my family begging that I enjoy a close dinner with them, I am choosing to spend my time on a romantic night with Hiro. I have a gift for him, but it will be one that will be difficult in explaining.

It is a *Metallica* album.

My changes have been quite confusing and confronting for my lover. I know he truly appreciates me, and I know he is very, very attracted to me (and seriously, who wouldn't? The old male me could only fantasise about getting up close to a body like mine), but it I recognise that it is undeniably strange to have someone you care deeply for - someone you love - to suddenly have a desire for skateboarding, to be listening to heavy metal, and to be investing money in an impressive gaming rig.

I've held off this decision long enough. I will tell him the truth about my past, about who I used to be and in many ways still am. I know it will be hard to tell him, and probably even harder for him to hear, but I love this man. I love his stupid little puns, I love how much he cares for his garden, I love his passion for cooking, even when it goes disastrously wrong. And I love the way he looks at me, and holds me, and never takes me for granted.

So I will give him this gift of my former self.

And if he accepts me fully, all parts of me, then I will give him the other gift, the one he *definitely* doesn't know about. It took me a while to find a cute maid outfit that would conform to all my . . . dimensions, but I think I have exactly what will turn him on like crazy.



Because I'll be secretly wearing it under my baggy jacket and trackpants while I tell him, and if things go well, then I'll make sure they go *even better* when I take him into the bedroom, and let him do that thing to me that he's been asking for.

Though what thing is, dear Diary, I think I'll keep to myself.

Farewell.

## ONE YEAR LATER

**November 17, 2016 - A Year Onwards!**

Dear Diary,

It has been nearly a year since my last entry. So much has changed, and there is so much more to update. I felt it best to return to this diary to give it a 'capstone' of sorts on my life as it is, a year on from my decision to tell Hiro about my life. It was, I realise, a bit of a cliffhanger, and given that my Haruko self delights in neatness, it began to itch at me when I remembered that last entry, which did not feel complete.

I am still Haruko, though I have kept my original last name instead of Hayashi. But it doesn't matter, because I will be losing my last name soon anyway! That's right, my wonderful Hiro stayed with me (my hero, ha!). The news was big to take at first: he had some difficulty with it. In fact, it was a bit of a J-pop drama where we would take, separate, agree to meet and talk, separate again. It was nearly a week before he decided that he wanted to keep dating me, that his love was stronger than any strangeness in my past. I

apologised rather tearfully for my lies, and he accepted the apology. I think he understood the uniqueness of my situation.

And so we began dating again, as if we were truly meeting again for the first time. We took it slowly, so he could get to know the 'new Haruko', but it didn't take long for him to accept me for who I really am, and guess what? It turns out he's a big fan of *Metallica* as well now! We've added 'heavy metal' to our repertoire on Karaoke Fridays. We are now fully moved in together, and looking for a bigger place, but more on that in a moment. Suffice to say, our love remains strong, and our love life *constant*. Seriously, how is it that I have so much more stamina as a mid-thirties Japanese woman than I ever did as an early-twenties man? Hardly a day goes by without Hiro pressing his face into my chest while I ride him, or me moaning and squealing in Japanese utterances as he goes down on me, or sometimes even simply lying on my back, legs around him, as he thrusts his cock deep into me, suckling at my breasts.

I know, I know, I shouldn't include such sexual matters in a diary! But the truth is, ever since my Reality Signature Change Syndrome, I've been a lot more . . . kinky. There's something very arousing about writing this all down. Plus, other biological matters have also increased my natural horniness. But again, I'll get to that!

I have continued work as a translator, but I'm transitioning to a finance firm where I feel my skills will be most useful. I have regained almost the entirety of my English fluency, though I still have a rather cute Japanese accent which isn't going away anytime soon. Plus, my resume is now impressive enough, and my confidence and skills equally so, that I believe I can net a position of importance. Anything to be able to boss a few people around, though always in a compassionate, yet firm way of course.

But while I have found my way with Haruko's passions, I certainly still have many of my original ones too. People are surprised to learn that the determined, domineering businesswoman with the gorgeous looks is also a massive CoD player, or that she can kick your ass all the way to Sunday with her epic skills. I still enjoy my multiplayer matches with Todd and Phillip online, and together we absolutely *PWN* anyone who tries to shittalk me just because I have a vagina.

The skateboarding is even more fun. It took an embarrassingly long time to get used to my new, much higher centre of gravity, and the fact that no matter how good of a sports bra I wear these big jugs will always be flopping about, especially when I crash. Yeah, let's just say I was pretty damn popular at the park for a while, and then even more so when I got good. Of course, I ended up taking my skateboard to work somedays, and even visiting the skateboard before or after my shifts. It's what led to that embarrassingly viral video that went all across the internet, the one Debbie can't stop showing me while grinning:

***HOT ASIAN LADY WITH BIG BOOBS LANDS A HALF-PIPE KICK FLIP!***

I won't lie, despite the slight red-cheeked look I get when people remind me, I'm actually pretty proud of that clip. Not that I can use the skateboard at the moment, or for a while in fact.

Which brings me to the other big piece of news I am excited to share.

I'M PREGNANT!

PREGNANT!

THIS FORMER GUY GOT KNOCKED UP BY HIRO'S BIG COCK! I'M CARRYING A MAN'S BABY!

Ahem.

Sorry for the above outburst, sometimes I can't help but be Henry again and 'shout' on the page in all-capitals. It's just that I'm SO EXCITED and SO NERVOUS!

It wasn't planned. We were simply careless and in love and deep in the throes of lust. I think I can even pinpoint the exact night my lover impregnated me. We were in the living room, and he was sitting, reading one of his academic books, when I suddenly became so smitten by him. Something about his gentle smirk as he turned the page, clearly entranced by what was on the page. I just had to have him. And so I sauntered over, leaning down so that he could have the best look at my frankly *cavernous* cleavage, drawing his eye to my very ample features. I kissed him deeply, placing the book to one side as I straddled him, and soon I was naked upon him, allowing his impressive member to slide into my feminine depths, rising up and down on his lap and I pressed my huge boobs in his face and demanded his suck and luck my nipples.

Oh yes, that was a good night.

He even asked if he should put on a condom.

"Let's risk it, just this once," I said.

And just a few minutes later we were groaning and moaning in utmost pleasure, bringing each other to heights of ecstasy, and then his warm seed flooded into my womb. And without knowing it, I became pregnant with his baby.

That was five months ago now. My life has changed considerably since then, and it's been a big adjustment. I thought I might be losing my mind again when I became nauseous and tired and sick, and it took Mom's awareness skills to realise what was actually happening, and she quickly brought me a pregnancy test. Taking that test, and finding out the result, was one of the most anxious moments of my life. It took me a while to come to terms with the pregnancy result. Me! A former man! Now pregnant! It's been a lot to take in. It's one thing to become a thirty-five year old woman, it's another to realise your belly is going to round out as you *literally build a child in there*, and you're going to make milk in your big boobs, and eventually going to have to lie back and spread your legs and scream and push and give birth and then breastfeeding and diaper changes and and and and -

It's a lot, is what I'm saying.

And for a while it was hard to accept, particularly since my already humungous tits grew another two cup sizes (not that Hiro minded, that sexy pervert of a fiance). But as my belly has grown, and come to dominate my torso even more than my breasts, I've come to love the life that grows within me, especially ever since he or she started kicking and moving around. To think, I am one of the only people in the world who was born a man, and yet is experiencing the miracle of motherhood. Speaking of . .

Mom was, of course, over the moon. Dad was a little shocked, even had to sit down, but now that I'm showing he can't wait to be a grandfather, particularly since he and Hiro are constantly swapping such terrible dad/grandad jokes! Debbie is keen to be an aunt, but I think she's also just happy that her 'big boobed big sister' as she calls me finally has evidence of being 'taken.' Though judging from the looks I get from her current boyfriend, maybe being pregnant isn't such a turn off that she thinks it is.

Goodness knows, Hiro certainly doesn't mind. The man can't keep his eyes or his hands off me. I'm starting to think he wants to get a whole litter off me over the next few years, but as wonderful as pregnancy is, I'm putting my foot down. Three kids max. Four if I don't get a girl. It doesn't matter. Hiro is incredibly excited. The man is such a father already, though he is intent on marrying me as soon as I am ready after our baby is born - he's a little traditional that way! I had made it very, very clear that although I wish to marry him - greatly so, in fact - I am not doing so with a giant balloon of a belly.

But marry him I will.

This will definitely be my final entry, but I will leave this diary on one final happy note. In two days, I am visiting Japan with my family and Hiro, to meet his family for the first time. He and I will be translators for my family, and I can't wait to meet the culture I now have such an affinity with.

So I guess things all worked out.

Except that I won't be enjoying a fine sake while I'm there.

Signed,

Haruko Watkins

**The End**