

Harem Hijinks (Field Trip Group to Anime Harem TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

After a landslide claims the lives of Ken and several other archaeology students on a field trip to Japan, the great Creator himself apologises for this accident and gives them a chance for a second life. But when Ken talks about his love of harem anime tropes before the others can speak, this ditzy creator sends them all to a new world that operates on anime principles . . . and where Ken's fellow students and his professor are now all cute anime girls who are desperately trying to fight off their new roles, and their new attraction to him.

Harem Hijinks

Part 1: The Wish

Ken was having a real good time up until the point where he and the rest of the field trip all died. He was an archaeology student, only twenty years old, who didn't quite know what to do with his life. The subject itself didn't hold immense value to him other than being an interesting elective to take, and the fact that it promised a field trip to look at the tectonic instability in Japan. He had always been a massive Japanophile, obsessed with anime ever since he had been eight years old. In many ways, he looked like a stereotypical western Otaku: he was slightly overweight, had permanently mussed up hair and a slight acne problem, and struggled to keep his voice from sounding hoarse and just a little *too* excitable when he got onto a topic of interest to him.

As a result, he didn't have too many friends, and those friendships he did have were mostly based on a shared love of anime - often the subgenre of harem anime - and general nerdiness. It wasn't that Ken was an isolated individual or a total offputting one, he simply struggled with social engagement in a way that others found naturally fluid. To put it simply, his excitement got ahead of him, and when the excitement really got going, it was difficult for him to notice that others weren't particularly interested or wanted to talk about other things. On those moments he did realise, he would clamp up tight, go red-faced with embarrassment, and usually um and ahh himself out of the conversation, feeling like an idiot for not noticing sooner.

This was a pattern that had repeated on the Japan trip, and the vibe was set from the beginning during the long flight over. He was more excited than most, and while on the flight

over he told his Professor more than once the many things he wished to see in Japan when they had off time.

“Yes, well, that’s very good Ken,” Professor Thomas Greene said, “but don’t forget our interest here is primarily part of our course.”

He was an older professor in his late fifties, and true to his name often wore a dark green suit. He had dark grey hair and thick black glasses that made him look like the classic professor. It was clear that he didn’t really understand the ‘young kids’ of the day, but his passion for archaeology and teaching was clear. He’d done this trip numerous times, and was overconfident in his approach, though his frustration with Ken was repeatedly clear.

“Oh, I know, I know,” Ken replied. “I just can’t wait to see the Ghibli Museum, and look at Tokyo Theatre, and also-”

“Well, we likely won’t be near those locations, depending on what we find at the sites. Just remember, we’ll be further south, Ken. I don’t want you getting your hopes up.”

At this Ken just nodded eagerly, and continued to read his manga, occasionally giggling to himself and hoping that he too would meet a cute Japanese girl who could fully understand him and be totally into him as her *senpai*. It was a long shot, even he knew that, but it was something he dreamed of, particularly since he often fantasised about being the kind of protagonist of a harem anime with girls all around him, practically suffocating him with their amusing personalities as they fought over him.

Of course, the actual personalities around him were not exactly anime girls. In fact, they weren’t *girls* at all, except for Alison. She was a tomboy and an activist through and through: short black hair and no makeup, shirts with anti-capitalist messages on them, and a habit of starting debates on topics *no one* wanted to touch with a ten foot pole, least of all because she’d mop the floor with them. If there was anyone that was going to take down the Patriarchy that she so strongly opposed, it was Alison. Already, she was pissed that the rest of the group was male, and determined to make sure that as its sole female representative, *she* was going to strive above and beyond the rest, just to prove the folly of the ridiculous gender statistics at play. She’d already caught Ken reading one of his harem mangas earlier in the year and openly berated him for it, much to his embarrassment. The other guys weren’t so fond of her either: for someone so short (just five-foot-one), she could be damn terrifying.

“Not that I care if the men on this trip mind, but I’ll be listening to my latest Femme Fatal podcast for the duration of this trip. Their newest release is a multi-episode treatise on sexism in Japan, so I *hope* you all realise that your dreams of flirting with Asian women is rooted in toxic stereotypes based on desiring feminine and submissive traits combined with oriental racist stereotypes.”

The others on the trip were a motley bunch as well. Mark was Alison's opposite. Where she was all passion, politics, and anger, he was a forever calm stoner archetype who was cool as a cucumber and as relaxed as a beautiful beach sunset. The others called him 'Shaggy' on occasion, because he really did bear a resemblance to the Scooby Doo character. His hair was a little darker, but otherwise he had the same scruffiness, the same bare whiskers, and the same lanky height and poor posture. He even wore green shirts just to lean into it a little. Ironically, he was allergic to dogs. Not to weed, though. Try as he did, Professor Greene had been unable to kick Mark out by proving he was always stoned, though it was clear he was. He'd chosen archaeology, allegedly, because 'bones are pretty cool.'

"I'm just gonna go to sleep, and chill out, man," he said. "Have a good flight, prof."

"I've told you before, Mark, I'm Professor Greene."

"Sure thing, prof."

He didn't even say it with any malice, just pure naivete and utter chill.

Harold, meanwhile, was fuming. He was stuck next to Ken and clearly not enjoying the flight. If Alison was the passionate tomboy activist, and Mark the lazy stoner, then Harold could easily be summarised as that dejected student who hated the course, hated the trip, and generally seemed to hate most things in general. He had sunken eyes and pale skin to contrast his dark hair, and tended to play a lot of online games where he apparently fumed through the headset at everyone and everybody. No one was quite sure why he had taken the course in the first place, least of all himself. Harold didn't seem to have much passion in life, and had the unique and cynical power to see the cloud in every silver lining.

"Fucking hell," he complained as the aircraft left the country. "We're probably going to find the same boring shit as every other class that's gone there, and not see anything nice at all."

"Well, actually," Ken interjected, "we'll at least be close to some beautiful mountainscapes and country horizon. There'll a restored feudal village we can visit, brimming with-

"Dude, I don't give a shit. It's all old, boring shit. God, the plane will probably drop out of the sky before we make it, the way this turbulence is kicking up. That would be a relief over hearing old Greenie yapping on about the fascinating nature of uncovered Sengoku Period bedpans recovered from earthquake sites or whatever."

It bummed Ken right out to be sitting next to someone who not only - somehow - wasn't interested in going to Japan, but actively scoffed at the place. His attempts to talk about TV shows and movies - particularly anime ones - had gone just as poorly as with the others, if not more so.

The only other remaining member of their expedition was Professor Thomas Greene's prize student, and apparently his one sole remaining reason for sanity with this small class: Ryan. He was a confident, athletic, strong individual, the kind who could believably exist on the football team, and in a leading position at that. He had a charming smile, and his dirty blonde hair was always immaculate. Unlike most of the others, he was intensely charismatic, and everyone could see he would go far in life, not least because of his work ethic: the young man was twenty years old just like Ken, but whereas Ken struggled socially and still obsessed over his teenage shows and pop culture, Ryan had shed these things in favour of wanting to get the best possible college results and catapult himself into a successful business career. He wanted a diverse resume, and to experience a great deal of life's variety, in order to do this. It also meant that he frowned upon things he saw as childish and nostalgic. Unfortunately, this meant that he tended to deride Ken's interests somewhat openly as well. This was in no small part due to the surprising fact that once upon a time, the two had been the best of friends.

The two had bonded over their love of anime, manga, science-fiction, Japan, even their interest in girls. This was back when they were only thirteen years old, and their friendship had lasted all the way up until they were eighteen, at which point Ryan had started to develop into a handsome young man, while Ken . . . hadn't. His success with girls also contrasted Ken's awkwardness, and slowly but surely he had drifted out of Ken's orbit, distancing himself due to viewing him as rather embarrassing to be around. Ken knew this, because after continually trying to reconstitute their friendship, Ryan had just come out and outright said it. He sat silently on the plane, sometimes talking to Professor Greene, but otherwise watching arthouse films on his screen or reading classical literature. For Ken, it was painful to be around Ryan, knowing how much his friend had changed and largely refused to acknowledge him.

Still, Ken tried to remain positive. This was his dream come true! Sure, the company could be a bit awkward, and he might not get to see all the geeky sights he was interested in seeing, and the likelihood of getting a cute Japanese girlfriend was in the 'fairytale dream' likelihood, but it was a trip to Japan, damn it! He was going to get as much out of it as possible. He would get to witness the gorgeous countryside, eat the local food, visit whatever museums and feudal places he could. And, if he was really, *really* lucky, he was going to get to unearth an *actual Sengoku era artefact*. That would be the highlight of his life. Even Ryan and Professor Greene would have to admit that it was amazing.

And indeed, Ken really was enjoying the field trip. He was bouncing with anticipation, at least as much as his larger body could, when they were going through customs at the airport, and talked Harold's uncaring ear off when they took a hired van down south. They would be located not too far from Osaka, and so it was with even greater excitement that

they took the Shinkansen. Alison was quick to point out that some carriages were female only due to upskirting being an issue, “yet another example of why Western men idolising Japanese culture is actually pretty fucked up from a feminist point of view,” as she put it.

The site itself was fairly unremarkable. It had been deemed safe, located at the base of a steep hill where an earthquake several months ago had disrupted the upper layers of the landscape. Several Sengoku artefacts had been uncovered, and now that they were likely all in possession of the Japanese government it had been opened to college field trips to see how such undertakings were done, peruse the artefacts that were still stored locally (including a genuine katana and half a samurai set), and have a go at replicating archaeological techniques.

“Don’t expect to find anything,” Thomas Greene had reminded them when they began investigating the site, “but please do your best to engage in the techniques and principles of archaeology that I taught you. This will be a *graded* expedition, after all, not a holiday. Especially not one based around modern pop culture, Mister Ken Samuels.”

Ken blushed a little. Ryan chuckled in the background, which only made him feel more embarrassed. Harold’s own sigh wasn’t as shaming - he was always sighing dramatically as if, as he said, “everything was shit.” But Alison’s own haughty scoff hurt too. Something about the only girl mock him, even if she was a constantly political tomboy, just hit harder, especially when so many of his personal fantasies and pop culture interests were about the nerdy guy getting the girl. Or girls, given his harem anime obsession. And there was the other kink he liked in overlap as well . . .

“Hey, like, I think I’ve got something, or whatever,” Mark said.

Professor Greene turned. They’d barely arrived, and somehow Mark had already slipped out of sight and travelled partway up the steep hill in a stoner-like trance. He was pointed at a cleft in the hill that was difficult to see at any other angle.

“Mark, get down from there!”

“It looks like a flute.”

“Ugh, I’ll come have a look. Stay here everybody, and don’t wander too far. Remember the principles of teamwork and discovery.”

Ken did. Despite his nerdy overeagerness and the constant intrusion of his niche interests, he was actually quite a good student. He decided to ask Ryan if he wanted to partner up, just in case the new environment had fostered a feeling of friendship in his old buddy, but the other man had already gone off on his own. Instead, he was stuck with Alison, while Harold sat down and tried to get reception.

“Well, shall we explore?”

“So long as you don’t talk my ear off about your patriarchal entertainment based on the subjugation of women, sure.”

"I mean, it's not that bad, is it?" he asked as they climbed up a different part of the hill. "Like, it's all just for fun. Like a fantasy."

Alison rolled her eyes and folded her arms. "Puh-lease. The perpetuation of vapid stereotypes and expectations of women are *deeply* ingrained in anime and manga. All those ridiculously big-titted girls with impossible hairstyles, always expected to be in pretty outfits and fawn over the useless protagonists. It's what the world of men wants people like me to be. I refuse to be like that."

Ken couldn't help but think that Alison definitely wouldn't fit in with *some* anime stereotypes. The whole 'big titted' thing especially. She was flat as a pancake all over, and seemed proud of it. Maybe suspiciously proud, in a 'lady doth protest too much' kinda way.

"Well, I really like them. It's just a fun escapist thing for me."

"Of course you wouldn't think further into it. It's all just vapid entertainment for you. Such a typical *man*. I pray I *never* become that materialist and shallow. Not that I would. I don't even own a dress!"

But Ken's mood wasn't too dampened. It was just Alison being Alison, which meant he had licence to be Ken. And while she clearly had a distaste for his interests, he could at least talk about them with her because she loved to debate and argue. In its own way, it was a fun back-and-forth, and allowed him to discuss his favourite shows while scanning over the area. In the distance, Mark and Greene were having their own amusing back-and-forth - Mark claimed he'd seen something but had already lost where it was. Harold was finally following Ryan but contributing nothing, and the latter was acting like he was on a time-sensitive mission.

"There it is!" Mark proclaimed. The rest of them, Ken included, turned to look to where the somehow eternally blazed man was standing. He'd reached into the cleft and had pulled something out. Professor Thomas Greene had an expression of astonishment.

"M-my God! It is a flute! And it looks old! It looks genuine! Come here everyone! Come and see!"

They moved quickly, and while Ken was not athletic in the least, he moved his tubby body as fast as he could. The professor was overjoyed, and Mark just looked self-satisfied in a totally chill way. Ryan burned with visible annoyance that *Mark* of all people had found something, while Alison was just astonished.

"I cannot believe this!" she said.

"Who cares? It's just a fucking flute," Harold added. "Just lame music."

"You hate music now?" Ryan asked.

"Most music is shit and overrated. People get way too much into things."

But nothing was putting a damper on the Professor's day with this find, or on Ken's as he looked at the item.

“This is amazing,” they both said at once, and an understanding seemed to pass between the professor and the student he was often frustrated by.

Unfortunately, that was when the landslide occurred. There was a sudden loud rumble, a roar of the earth as the ground beneath them quaked. As one, the group looked up, only to see that the hillside was quite literally *shaking*. Half of them fell over, Ken straight on to his stomach and face, while the others rocked backwards. Another quake, even more powerful, and then another. It roared like some great kaiju beneath the earth, erupting out to destroy them all in a wake of carnage.

“We need to get to safety!” the Professor called. “With me, everyone!”

Alison screamed. Ken screamed. Harold screamed. Ryan yelled. Mark chuckled.

“I just remembered a hilarious joke,” he said.

“Fucking save it, man!” Harold exclaimed, grabbing him and pulling him down the hill.

They made a run for it, but great fissures in the earth opened up beneath them, tripping them up again and again. The hillside tore apart, immense boulders and rocks and heaps of dirt sliding and rolling and colliding down the great incline. Ken’s heartbeat a thousand times a minute. He was falling behind the group, but they were all equally unsafe. To his left, Harold was hit first, buried beneath a catastrophic wave of dirt. The Professor and Mark were next, the former screaming in terror, the latter confused and only just beginning to realise the true stakes. Ken watched in horror as a boulder collided with Alison, crushing her instantly. He didn’t see the gory parts, thankfully, and simply focused on continuing to run. Ryan was the last one left, and pulling far ahead.

“Ryan!” Ken screamed. “Please! Help me!”

Ryan looked back, but only for a moment. His expression was terrified but determined, and for just a fraction of a second it was flooded with concern for his former friend. But then it rallied.

“I’m sorry!” he yelled. He continued to run, outpacing Ken, who could do nothing but watch the man who used to be his friend reach safety.

Well, *almost* reach safety. At the second he hit flat ground and was about to outpace where the landslide could fall, a crack opened up in the earth with shocking rapidity. It swallowed Ryan whole, and the young man screamed as he fell into the void.

“Ryan! NO! NOOOO!!”

Ken yelled. It was a nightmare. A horrible, impossible nightmare. He wept, barely able to see as dust was kicked up all round him. But his muscles were failing him, and his own path was about to be overtaken by the landslide. He was hit from behind by the powerful force of it, and it rolled over him, crushing and suffocating him.

The last thing he thought of before he died was how much he wished life was more like the shows and visual novels he read. In that kind of life, things would have played out better.

The Creator was deeply embarrassed. She didn't normally drink, especially on workdays, but the Celestial Bureaucracy had ground to a halt after the latest election, and while she technically had full override and veto power, she didn't like to use it. But by the stars she had crafted, it was a nuisance to deal with, and so occasionally a strong tonic made of starstuff and a little bit of black hole matter could *really* hit the spot. Unfortunately, it also meant that when she got a bad hangover the next day, she could sometimes make some small . . . errors. Namely, that little localised earthquake and landslide in Japan, when she'd *actually* intended for it to be a much smaller slide that would be entirely non-fatal and reveal a treasure trove of artefacts for the Western field trip. It was part of the Design, one which had a whole chain of consequences like the proverbial butterfly wings causing a hurricane in Miami. Which she had also caused once, after a headache. *That* had been a mess to clear up, particularly since the damage caused meant she'd had to hastily conjure up a lot of celestial reparations for the poor mortals.

And now, once again, she was in the same situation.

'Oh me, what have I done this time?'

She snapped her fingers, and the knowledge came instantly and embarrassingly.

'Oh me! Oh me again! Six mortals? Six!? This is worse than last time. I can't just let them go to the afterlife after this colossa stuff up.'

She snapped her fingers a second time, and in the great luminescent golden chamber. Several of them yelled, particularly when they regarded her own brilliance. She chose a more suitable form to appear before them: a gorgeous woman with darker skin and an elaborate white and gold dress. She stepped off of her throne, wobbling only a little due to the hangover she was nursing, which was positively *cosmic* in size, and put on as warm a smile as she could muster.

'Hello, mortals. I do so apologise for your premature deaths. It was not part of the Design that you perish as you did. There were, erm, mistakes that compounded things. Rest assured I will do everything in my almighty and infinite power to restore you to the best of my ability.'

The contradiction was not lost on the Professor, who was looking around in amazement. "Wait, infinite power but the best of your ability? Are we dead? Are you God? What is this place?"

'Yes, you are dead. And yes, I am the Creator. And, well, there are some things I can't do. Or won't, if they threaten the Design. I cannot, alas, restore you to your old lives. But I can grant you new ones with complete lives, as adults, for your to prosper in! Would that work? It worked for the last group!'

"Last group?" Ryan said, gaping.

"You've done this before!?" Alison said.

'Only once or twice a century! Really, I do run all of creation!' The Creator threw up her arms, which felt like noodly appendages. She much preferred being made of incandescent matter and a series of wings with eyes on them. *'Look, I want to give you another chance, and incorporate that into the Design. If there is a wish for a life you would like, I can grant it to you, simply say the words.'*

"We're fucking *dead*," Harold said, his angst now supercharged. "This is fucking joke! We were killed by rocks because of a stupid fucking field trip. This is a goddamn joke. I was right to not want to go. The Professor got us all killed."

"Um, is there, like, drugs in heaven?" Mark said. "And are you God?"

Alison slapped his shoulder. "She already answered that, you idiot! Oh, and God is a woman, ha! Maybe I'll wish to go to a feminist paradise, if this isn't already one."

The group bickered, Ryan trying to suggest some sort of game plan. He looked distraught, as if all his prospects and ambition had been reduced to ashes. Ken was left out of the discussion, and so it was him whose mind raced alone, imagining all the possibilities. Which was not to say he wasn't horrified at what had happened, or haunted by what he'd seen in his last moments. He wanted his old life back, for all of them. The idea of getting a new one was utterly alien.

And yet . . . his imagination ran wild, and he couldn't shake a certain image from his mind. Something he'd thought of at the moment of his death.

"Well, I don't know what the others want, but I really wish we could have a second life like in my harem anime."

The Creator frowned. *'Harem anime? I think I've heard of that in my omniscience.'*

"You know, with the normal everyday protagonist who is surrounded by different kinds of women who are all super into him and competing over him and have to share him. Like the *tsundere*, school idol best friend, the *moe*, the *ojou-sama*, the older teacher crush, the *yamato nadeshiko* and so on. I think it would be amazing to live in a world like that, with all the stylistic design and comedy, and also, I guess, I have a bit of an interest in them ending up-

'PERFECT!' the Creator announced. *'A remarkable solution. There is just such a world in mind. I hope this reparation serves you all well-'*

"All?" Alison said, looking alarmed.

“Um, does she mean all of us?” Ryan said.

‘-and you enjoy your new lives! Best of luck in your new roles! I’ll give you some compulsions and instincts to help guide you to best enjoy your future harem hijinks!’

Ken went wide-eyed. “Oh, I didn’t mean everyone, I just meant-”

But it was too late. The Creator snapped her fingers, and the group disappeared entirely. She reverted her form back to her original radiance, glowing brightly in her vast chamber, and was satisfied.

‘Another job well done. Now, where did I put that constellation I needed?’

Ken, Professor Green, Alison, Mark, Harold, and Ryan were all catapulted across space and time. It was like being shot through a vast kaleidoscope filled with numerous shifting colours and exploding star systems. They screamed as one, barely able to come to grips with what was happening to them as they turned head over heel through this tumbling bright void. As they did, something shifted in the very matter of their surroundings. Everything seemed to become more . . . flat. Stylised. Cartoonish. Texture simplified, and black lines surrounded the edge of surfaces that were filled in with a base colour that appeared to have little gradient. As they cried out, dark lines appeared briefly on their faces, their pupils contracting to exaggerated little blue dots of horror. Ken had seen these effects before. They were the exact expressions often seen in anime when something terrible was beheld, but it looked ghastly on a real person’s face!

Fortunately and unfortunately, reality was catching up to them.

“Oh God! Oh God! I f-feel sick!” Alison cried. “S-something’s h-happening to m-mee!”

Her body began to twist and warp, and before their very eyes her limbs lengthened, torso too. Her hair spiralled out to become long and elegant, turning a gorgeous honey-blonde, and her face gained some elegant makeup. She squealed in shock as her clothes rearranged to become a bright yellow stylish European dress, while her figure became much more feminine and lithe.

“She’s changing!” Ryan declared.

“More than changing, she’s turning fucking 2D!” Harold cried. “Look! She’s becoming, like, a cartoon or whatever!”

“Nice,” Mark said.

Alison gritted her teeth. “Not nice! Stop this! Stop - OHHH!!!”

She did indeed turn cartoonish, appearing just like a woman in an anime. It didn’t seem to affect her movement, thankfully, though she was tumbling through a void anyway, but her own appearance was utterly alien to her, and foreign to the rest of them as well.

“No! NO! I don’t want to be like this! *It just won’t do!*”

She clamped her hands over her mouth. She had just sounded *French* in accent.

Mark coughed. “Um, not to distract people, but I’m feeling, like, super weird as well.”

As they continued to arc towards a great star burst in the far distance, the others gazed upon Mark. He groaned in his low, awkward way as his body began to rearrange as well. In contrast to Alison, his limbs were becoming shorter, and his features softer. He lost his facial hair, and his scraggly hair turned black and formed into a cute double-buns. His skin darkened noticeably, his eyes talking on an almond shape even as his face softened. His clothes altered to become a college uniform, complete with skirt and blouse, which were quickly filled in by a changing figure that took on a slight hourglass. The impression of two small but obvious breasts was left.

“OHhhhh - ACH!”

He clutched his crotch, spinning over in circles in response to the obvious disappearance of his penis. In mere moments, he had been transformed into an Asian woman, and like Alison he also cartoonified. He even gained a set of red pencil marks on his temples to indicate his embarrassment.

“Okay, this is really weird!” he said in a Chinese accent.

But as overwhelming as this sight was, it was not the end. The others began transforming in sequence as well, all of them becoming women and then proceeding to alter to become animesque in nature. Some gained small knots on their forehead, a classic animator’s signal of anger, while some got brief blood noses that disappeared the next second to indicate their attraction to one of the others before they collected themselves. But all were turned, even Professor Greene, who was most embarrassed of all and tried to get Ken to turn them back. But Ken could only tumble through this void with them, unable to believe what was happening, regretting his words to the Creator, and wondering what anime girl *he* would become. Certainly, the others were already filling up a variety.

Harold’s apathetic form shifted to become a bright green-haired woman (the kind of green hair that was long and bouncy and literally impossible to have in ‘real life’). She was dressed in a bright outfit with dance shoes and gloves, and her voice was divine, even as she literally *sung* about how much she hated this, as if she were a peppy idol singer. Of course, she also developed a *very* large chest, and it was already bouncing and jiggling as they fell through the void in a way that no real pair of breasts could ever possibly be so active.

Professor Greene de-aged, the clock winding back until he looked to be only nearly thirty or so. Definitely older than the rest of the group, who still all looked about twenty after their changes. She gained long purple hair and a mature woman’s figure, complete with a not-unimpressive set of breasts that outlined against her professional female suit. She had a

pencil skirt, and Ken personally found the look deeply attractive. She had clearly become the older love interest type, the college tutor who falls for the younger protagonist. Greene wasn't a fan of this change, though at least she got to keep her glasses.

Lastly, there was Ryan. He tried to fight the changes more than anyone, hurling curses out at Ken the entire time.

"Damn you! Just - damn you, Ken! I can't believe your love of freaking stupid anime is turning us into - NNGHH!!!"

There was no other way to describe Ryan's change: he became very, very cute. His hair turned brown, falling down over his shoulders while the rest of him slimmed down dramatically. He grew breasts, and an hourglass figure, though his body wasn't as mature as Greene's nor as busty as Harold's. But his face was utterly beautiful, with a sweetness to it that seemed to mark him - appropriately enough given their shared past - as the Childhood Best Friend archetype. His short stature seemed to confirm this: the new Ryan was half a head shorter than Ken, and her exasperation sort of adorable as she tried to cling to anything - even him - while she anime-fied as well.

"Why am I so small? What the hell did you do to us?"

Ken couldn't answer. Besides, it was his turn. He felt the tug of changes across him, and knew that soon he too would become an anime woman just like the rest. He racked his brains for what archetype remained. There were so many, after all. Would he become the athletic one? That was missing so far. Or perhaps the hyper nerdy *moe*? He could only hope that the Creator didn't include part of the harem fetish he secretly enjoyed, because if he too was becoming a girl . . .

Only he didn't.

Much to the frustration and anger of the rest of the cohort, his body retained its maleness. It slimmed down, losing its overweight aspect, and his clothing re-shifted to become a college shirt and professional pants. His ethnicity changed to become clearly Japanese, and he actually looked quite handsome, if a bit of an 'everyday' kind of handsome. A boyish kind. The kind of looks that one would expect the protagonist of a harem anime to possess. And while the rest of them weren't as familiar with such tropes as he certainly was, they were no idiots.

"No," Ryan said.

"Oh, *zis* is not acceptable!" Alison shouted.

"Ken, you need to convince the Creator to turn us back!" Greene exclaimed, before we hit that - that thing! I'm meant to be a man, damn it!"

Harold just shrieked in amazement, while Mark - of all people - began hurling insults.

"You idiot! You - you *baka!*"

Ken blushed, cheeks turning dramatically red before fading instantly. A group of anime women were suddenly very mad, exasperated, or confused by him, their focus shifting entirely upon him. It was just like a harem anime already.

“Um, sorry?” he said, grinning sheepishly.

But it was too late for anything else. They hit the portal, the starburst exploding in a cascade of colours. They had entered the other world, and their new lives and roles.

Kenji opened his eyes. To his surprise, he was sitting on a bleacher overlooking a baseball game in progress. The sky was stylised in deep hues of impossible morning pinks and oranges, and the distant figures were more like stick figures as they played, like they were cheaply drawn to save money.

“That - was that a dream?”

Someone yawned in his ear, startling him. He nearly jumped out of his seat, except that he couldn't, because a head was resting on his lap, and another someone slumped against his back on the bleacher behind him. In fact, he was pressed in on all sides by others, and it didn't take him long to piece together from the multi-coloured hair and *very* female bodies all around him exactly who they were.

“Oh my God, it actually happened,” he said to himself. “We've entered a harem anime. And *I'm* the protagonist. Oh God, they're going to kill me.”

One of them stirred at his left. Alicia opened her eyes, her honey-blonde hair resting on his shoulder.

“Mhmm, Kenji, I just had the most wonderful dream! We were touring Paris - very typical, I know, but it truly is the best city in the world - when suddenly . . .”

Her eyes - now bright blue - went utterly wide.

“What - what was I just saying? *Merde!* What am I doing!?”

Rika lifted her head from his lap. The former Ryan looked adorable and doll-like as she fluttered her eyes. Her cheeks were rosy red, her stare into his eyes utterly beatific.

“Kenji . . . I must have fallen asleep. I didn't mean - why am I calling you Kenji? You're Kenji! And I'm Rika! I mean, Rika! Oh, no!”

The others stirred as well, still pressed against him. Harold had become Haruka, and she was bobbing her head to the K-pop tunes in her earbuds, tapping on Kenji's back with her eyes closed, taking much longer to realise what was happening. Her breasts bounced dramatically as she tapped to the beat. Professor Greene was now Tutor Tomoko, and she was draped across Kenji's back, numerous books and journals and tutor notes having fallen on the bleachers. She stirred slowly, but then started to quake with utter humiliation.

“A professor would never - Kenji, I didn't mean - it's so inappropriate!”

Mao was the one that broke the pattern. She looked a little different from the Japanese girls, and she soon realised it was because - judging from her different uniform - she was an exchange student to the college. She leapt to her feet, seething with rage, eyes going far too big for real life.

“Stupid! *Baka!* You let me fall asleep and turn into a woman! Kenji, you ruined everything! I - why am I so angry?”

“Why am I so damn sweet?”

“Why am I listening to this dumb, oddly catchy music?”

“Why am I no longer old? And horny - I mean, younger!”

“Why is he the only male one? And why are we clinging to him?”

There was a silent pause for a moment as each of the women exchanged glances. Then, as if blown by a dramatic wind, they *rocketed* backwards so that they were all parted from him, all except Ryan/Rika, who just shuffled slightly, keeping close to her former friend. There was an instant sense of embarrassment from everyone involved, but also something deeper they couldn't explain. It was like Kenji, somehow, was a black hole at the centre of their new lives. Rika was already finding him oddly entrancing, feelings of friendship rising up and up and up in her mind. Tutor Tomoko, formerly the professor, was agape at how strangely attractive the younger man was. She could feel her loins tingle in response to that attractive, her libido powerfully inappropriate. Mao was furious, wanting to strangle the sole remaining man. And yet . . . part of her wanting to do *other* kinds of things to him. Alicia's mind was stirring with thoughts of fashion and art and culture and materialism, all things she was meant to hate as Alison, but there were also thoughts of making Kenji more refined. Making him try on fancy suits too. The only one that didn't find Kenji attractive in this way was Haruka, formerly Harold, but it wasn't from lack of passion. Music and song was dancing through her being, and she needed to express it.

The fact that all of them were being hit with new instincts and memories only made this transition all the more wild. They were at Takahiro College, living as senior students within Osaka, which apparently existed in this universe even if the school was 'made up.' They were senior students, not far from graduating, which made no damn sense because they were all twenty years old, but anime logic was clearly in charge of this universe. It wouldn't be the first harem anime Kenji had experienced that found some loophole to 'age up' the protagonists in order to justify things getting naughty. But perhaps that was just his mind getting naughty in response to being surrounded by so many pretty women of different personalities and shapes and sizes. Either way, they were all aware they had class soon.

“You better explain this, fast!” Mao said.

Kenji winced. He looked up at the five women who surrounded him, trying not to be blinded by their beauty. They were just like the anime archetypes of his dreams, right down to the elaborate and colourful hair, the different personality types (all of which seemed oppositional to their original selves), and the way they practically *pressed* in against him, suffocating him with their wonderful presences. He had to remind himself that these were his former classmates and professor, and that it was partly his fault that they were turned into this!

“Um, okay, I’ll do my best. I think due to my wording, and also because she was impatient or something, the Creator turned you all into women.”

Alicia rolled her eyes in her newly haughty manner. “We figured out *zis* already, Kenji!”

“Okay, that makes sense. But the specific reality she sent us to is one where anime harem tropes are an actual thing.”

“What are anime harem tropes?” Tomoko asked. She already had a pad out, and was writing furiously. She had a new habit of sticking her tongue out a little from the corner of her mouth, and it was oddly cute.

“Well, promise not to get mad, but it’s basically a, well . . . um . . .”

He blushed red. And it was an impossibly deep red. The others all waited for him to keep going but it was Rika, formerly Ryan, who finished instead. She didn’t even mean to, but she placed her hand right next to his - digits almost nervously touching - as she spoke.

“It’s a type of Japanese manga and anime storytelling that Kenji and I used to enjoy, before I grew out of it and he didn’t.” She instantly felt bad about the insult. It rankled her, how sweet she now was. “In it, the protagonist is a young everyday man who is often nervous and inexperienced with women but also quite kind and . . . proficient. By coincidence, a group of women of different archetypes surround him, all becoming obsessed with him in some way. They get into embarrassing, flirty, sexual, or otherwise romantic situations with him, often by accident, depending their relationships. By the end of the story, the protagonist either chooses one girl to be with, or . . .”

“Or? Or what, damn it!” Mao exclaimed.

“Yeah, I’d like to know the ‘or what’ too, since this is my future at stake!” Haruka added.

“Or sometimes he chooses *all* of them,” Kenji admitted.

Each of their jaws fell. Their eyes became the shrunken blue dots of terror for a moment, even Tomoko’s.

Mao fumed. Literally; there was smoke emerging from her head. Her teeth became briefly sharpened in that classic manga display of viscous anger. “No way! *Bèndàn!* I mean *baka!* I mean idiot! I am *not* sleeping with you!”

Kenji threw up his hands, a large drip of sweat going down his temple before literally fading away. "I - I never said anything about that! I would never want to sleep with you, Mao!"

"Hey, that's rude! I mean, it's not like I'd *want* that at all. You're just some insecure ridiculous boy." She harrumphed and folded her arms, before looking off to one side as if she didn't care whatsoever. Kenji immediately recognised this as a total tsundere moment. It was almost uncanny, and not at all like the Mark this woman had once been. The rest of them sensed this, because Rika approached her and tugged on her sleep almost passively, despite her own original forthrightness.

"Mao . . . are you okay? You're acting . . . different."

"I AM NOT!" she cried, scaring the normally fearless Rika - at least when she was Ryan - backwards. It seemed to finally startle Mao out of her role. "I mean . . . *Gāisī de!* Why am I acting like this? I'm meant to be smoking weed and chilling out. I hate arguing with people, it's pointless. It's like I've taken bad acid and it's making me trip out in anger or something. Ugh, this sucks! Does anyone have weed?"

"Japan isn't the most drug-friendly country," Alicia said off-handedly. "Now ze French on the ze other hand, we know how to party properly, even in the most high-class ways. We don't have such tawdry bigotries towards a little fun there, of course."

She grinned, then she too realised that the 'mask' had come on a little too tight, and was in danger of sticking. "*Merde!* Zis ridiculous new life is making me act like some cultured French tart who only cares about looking good and acting all materialistic. I bet she'd cozy up to the patriarchy in a hot second if it gave her a really nice dress, particularly a black slimming one that contrasted her *frankly gorgeous* blonde hair and nice hips and . . . *merde!* Kenji, you have to change us back!"

The group immediately began to squabble, each of them trying to fight off their new instincts. The closest to their original selves was the Professor, but even as tutor Tomoko, she was struggling with a high libido that was already rising at the sight of her former student, as well as an inherent clumsiness that kept putting her in attractive positions: twice already she'd dropped her notebook, only to bend over rather enticingly to grab it, stretching her professional blouse and making her pencil skirt pull tight against her delightful rear. Kenji was straining not to notice, and thankfully the squabbling of the overenthusiastic Haruka, who hated her new optimism and boundless energy, and Mao, who was telling her to shut up or get into a cat fight, was enough to distract him. In the end, it was up to Rika to play peacemaker; she fought against her new instincts to be submissive and shy and brought forth her Ryan self to lead the group.

"Everyone, please just listen! Stop fighting! I hate it when we fight! At least, now I do. Look, I'm pushing against my new nature here, so I need you to hear my words. Only

together can we fight this. Clearly the Creator thought we *all* wanted this future, when it was just Kenji and his own perverted fantasies!”

“Hey!” Kenji said, though it wasn’t exactly wrong. Mao certainly looked at him with derision, while Haruka just looked awkward and annoyed. Alicia was snobbing him, and Tomoko just looked confused, trying to keep all her journals in her clumsy arms.

“We need to try to adapt to these new lives and get to know this world. Only by sticking together as a - I can’t believe I’m saying this - as a *girl’s group*, can we fight against the logic of this world and what Kenji’s wish accidentally set us up for. We are *not* becoming some ridiculous harem, that’s for sure!”

“Hear, hear!” Alicia said, waving her hand as if she were her old revolutionary self.

“Agreed!” Haruka said. “No matter how passionate I am now, I’m not *that* passionate!”

“I think it would be rather taboo, in fact,” Tomoko said, blushing.

Mao pouted. “Wouldn’t even dream of it!”

“I mean, I’m not *that* bad,” Kenji said, blushing. In fact, he was feeling his own strange compulsions; to protest vehemently that he wasn’t looking for a relationship, that he just wanted to be friends, and to treat all of these girls in a gentlemanly manner that would have been impossible for his previously socially awkward self. Now, he was only *partly* socially awkward. More nervous, in fact. Who wouldn’t be, with so many beautiful women surrounding them?

“That settles it then,” Tomoko said. “Rika is right. I’m still a professor at heart. We must play our roles, use our new knowledge, and adapt as best we can until we form a plan. We won’t play by the rules of this setting, and the Creator might even realise her mistake. For now - Good lord! We need to get to class! I mean, you all need to get to class, *I* need to get to my office space.”

“Who cares about being late?” Mao said, which Mark also would have said.

But Rika swallowed; she felt a deep-seated need to obey the rules, even if Haruka didn’t care. Alicia too felt less rebellious, though she was prepared to arrive stylishly late in some manner.

“Let’s make sure to stick together, and keep strong. Separate when needed. And Kenji, you need to behave, and help us, okay? This is your fault, and we are *not* ending up like the manga we - I mean, *you* - used to read. Got it?”

Kenji nodded, eager to please and not wanting to take advantage of anyone.

“Of course! I would never want to . . . I just want you girls to be happy!”

All five of them blushed, until finally the next bell went, and they all realised they needed to hurry. The group moved, partly separating as Mao and Haruka lagged behind, while Kenji moved in the middle of the pack. The girls still gravitated around him, doing their

best to resist their new selves, their minds working furiously on maintaining their original habits. Their bodies were alien to them - the bouncing of their new breasts, the absences between their legs, and even for Alicia her new height and fashion sense and beauty. But already there was that tug, that desire, to fall in line with the harem anime tropes.

It was only a question of which would be the first to break.

Part 2: Mao

Mao wasn't entirely convinced she hadn't just had some bad mushrooms or something. Sure, she felt a hell of a lot different, and certainly a lot less chill when it came to attitude, but she'd taken LSD and magic mushrooms and all kinds of hallucinogens before, and those had also produced some wild effects. And given that this world she found herself in was like an anime come to life, complete with exaggerated hairstyles, hair colours, ridiculously showy school uniforms and animated emotions dancing above people's heads, it only made sense that this was all just some strange trip.

So instead of rallying against these compulsions, the new Chinese-Japanese student leaned in them, accepting that they would end. She had been Mark before, and it while it was near impossible to think of herself as Mark presently, she was certain she would think of herself as Mark again when it was over.

"It *is* going to be over," she said to herself as she strode through the halls of Takahiro College. "I refuse to be stuck in this *ridiculous* girly body! Especially one with such little breasts! It simply *won't* do, *gāisī de!*"

She noticed her reflection in the glass-lined cabinets of sports trophies as she passed. Mao was not particularly tall, nor greatly curvy, but she was pretty damn cute but for her bossy expression and general grimace. She strode forth like she was on a mission, causing her double-buns upon her head to wobble with a bit of comedic effect as she did so. Her fists were clenched, and anger roiled through her.

"How *dare* he make us like this! I don't care if this is some bad drug trip, it's somehow Ken's fault! Kenji's, I mean. When you go on a trip there are certain things that can ruin it, and all that talk of manga and harems and all that absolute *nonsense* has meant this is how I'm seeing the world! Hmmp!"

And yet still, she followed her instincts, rounding the corner of the hall and merging with a great body of students. A number of them got in her way, or gave her some funny looks due to her exchange status. She pushed them out of the way, exercising a dominance that Mark never would have possessed.

“Out of my way! *Yídòng!* Move! I don’t have all day!”

She shoved through the crowd. Somehow, she knew she had calligraphy class, and she was determined to focus on that and get the thoughts of Kenji out of her mind. Despite her anger at him, she couldn’t deny that he looked damn cute, especially with his clean-shaven face and male uniform. It made her feel a little weird, and that weirdness made her angry.

“He said something before, when I was leaving. Something about me being a tsundere. What does that mean? Bah! No point finding out, it’s all just nonsense anyway. Kenji got us here, somehow. *Baka! Bèndàn!*”

She entered her class and found her desk immediately, not letting anyone else take *her* spot, despite the fact that this place was entirely new to her. Somehow, this trip was obviously impacting her brain enough to fill out a story, something Mark had experienced before. He just hadn’t counted on a trip where he had *boobs*, and ones that felt so real. He was almost tempted to touch them, as well as feel between his - *her* - legs, when another student entered: Rika, formerly Ryan.

“M-may I sit here, please?” she asked, indicating next to Mao.

The new Chinese-Japanese girl rolled her eyes. “Whatever! Take it if you want it. But don’t expect me to be all nice; we weren’t close before, and besides, you’re not real.”

Rika looked alarmed, though she took longer to respond than Ryan would have. Another clue that this was all fake; the real Ryan was decisive, not submissive.

“I’m not real? What do you mean. This is *very* real, and we need to find a way out before we end up following all the harem story tropes. You were there with Kenji just moments ago, you would have felt some weird . . . feelings towards him. The rest of us did! Even Tomoko, and she used to be our professor, Mao!”

Mao sighed dismissively. “It’s true, I definitely don’t feel like myself. I never would have snapped at people or pushed anyone over. I’m meant to be very mellow. But that’s just further evidence that I’m on drugs or something. The fact that taking drugs seems very distasteful right now is just further proof I’m probably on them.”

“What - what kind of logic is that!?! Mao, we’ve all been reborn, and we’re all women. This is real. We need to all meet up during the first break and figure this out. Alicia is already making weird comments about how she wants to take him out and dress him up all cute - poor Ali can’t help herself!”

But Mao just slammed her hand down firmly upon the table, silencing not just Rika but the entire room, who paused in awe.

“Shut up about this nonsense! Just let me get to the end of this bad trip, huh? And stop talking about Kenji. I don’t care about him at all! Not one bit, okay!”

Her cheeks developed two unnatural red marks of embarrassment on them, and she looked the other way. Even her hair had gone briefly messy to indicate her irritation, only to return to normal a moment later, as per the rules of this universe. Rika herself was shocked: in that moment of intimidation, she had *literally* shrunk down to the size of a child beneath the behemoth that was Mao's tsundere fury. This exaggerated symbolic portrait only lasted for a few seconds before all was returned to normal.

No one else in the class thought it was out of place at all.

"Mao's on the rampage again," someone whispered.

"Yeah, because she mentioned Kenji. She can't admit she's got the hots for him."

"WHO SAID THAT!?" she cried, eyes going completely white, teeth sharp as she leered at the people behind her. As before, this effect dissipated the moment the crowd was cowed. "That's what I thought! Now shut up and wait for our teacher. Some of us want to learn."

She didn't, but it was a good cover. She *certainly* wasn't going to be doodling little secret pictures of Kenji in the corner of her paper. No, certainly not. Nor would she be secretly writing his name in Mandarin just to practise it.

It was all part of the trip. She was certain of it.

Mao was feeling a lot less certain when the bells rang and the student body exited out of the building. Mrs Hamimoto congratulated Mao personally on her excellent poise and deliberate care when writing her hiragana and katakana, which made the new woman quite proud. It also made her a little concerned; how long was this trip going to last, and since when did she *ever* care about getting good grades and praise from the teacher? When a student had murmured a comment about Mao being the 'overseas teacher's pet', she had practically *snapped*.

"*Bèndàn!* Who said that? Come and say it to my face so I can slap the funny right out of you, tough guy?"

The young men had shrunk away. One had even skidded out of the door in a literal cartoonish puff of smoke.

"Ugh, this is so weird. I'm twenty years old but this school is like a high school, except they're all of age too. Harem mangas are just too weird. There's even those stupid, ridiculous moments when the crowd parts and the girl just happens to see the guy in slow motion and - and - *damn!*"

That was *exactly* what happened at that very moment. She was making her way outside when she came to the intersection of the hallway filled with other students her age.

As she pushed through them, her new natural aggression coursing through her, she suddenly burst through to an oh-so-conveniently empty space, one occupied only by Kenji. His handsome, boyish features seemed to look her way in slow motion towards her, his kind eyes settling on her form and making her feel utterly special. She could tell he was attracted to her, and moreover that she was attracted to him. What kind of trip could possibly simulate that? It was like, suddenly, her whole universe revolved around him.

“K-Kenji,” she managed, cheeks burning an unnatural red.

“Mao! How was class? I’m still so sorry about all of this, but I hope you’re adjusting. This world really is something else, isn’t it?”

“*Baka!*” she cried in Japanese, before following up with the Mandarin equivalent.

He exhaled in a kind of confused stutter, a sound clip she knew existed in many anime clips. Not the kind of sound someone would make in real life, but it seemed to suit the genre conventions she was now in.

“What’s wrong?”

“Am I on drugs or what? How come I’m a girl?”

“You - you were there. Don’t you remember how we-”

“Of course I remember, idiot! I - I’m just trying to figure it all out. This has to be a trip, right? I’m just hallucinating. No way are *these* real!”

She fondled her tits right in front of him, shifting one up and the other down, and vice-versa. The blouses for the girls at the school were fairly form-fitting, it seemed. Kenji briefly had a blood nose in response to the sight.

“Um, they certainly, uh, look real, Mao!”

Mao halted. The sickly realisation came over her. This *was* real. The sensation of her nipples stiffening, of the embarrassment of touching her breasts in public with all these students watching, even of her strange attraction to Kenji’s cute new nice guy form . . . they all pointed to something else deeper going on. The Creator had been real. Their deaths had been real. All of it was real.

Mao swore. “What are you all looking at!?” she screeched. “Scram out of here!”

She grabbed Kenji by the hand.

“Let’s go see the rest and figure this out, you moron,” she said. “And don’t get any ideas about when I was touching my boobs a moment ago. It’s not - it’s not like I like you or anything!”

She pulled him out to the bleachers where they had all first landed. The whole time, Kenji was obviously quite appalled at being literally dragged by his school jacket, but while the milquetoast Mark wouldn’t have cared, her stronger Mao personality had taken over in the meantime.

“I’m sorry about this - I mean, I’m *not* sorry. You’re at fault for this, *baka!*”

“It’s just, this is so unlike you, Mao!”

“Ugh, I know! I really need to take a chill pill . . . not that there’s anything wrong with me! How dare you suggest that!”

She gave him a brief sheepish grin that communicated her current woe: if this *wasn’t* a bad trip, and she really *had* been turned into a Chinese-Japanese tsundere by Kenji’s wish to the Creator, then it was up to her to try and tame her new mental changes and avoid getting lost in them. Which was very damn hard when the only seeming outlet to avoid her immediate attraction to Kenji was to shout at and demean him. Such a tsundere thing to do, of course.

“Mao, let him go! That’s so mean!”

It was Haruka that spoke. She was glammed up with her dance shoes and gloves still on, and she was thrusting her hands all about as she admonished the tsundere woman. Of course, this had the effect of causing her very large chest to bounce up and down in an overly dramatic fashion, even more so than real gravity would ever cause to occur. For just an instant, Mao was hit with a very deep jealousy of the woman’s mega-chest, particularly when her own was so darn petite.

“Damn lucky, doesn’t deserve that bust.”

“What did you say?”

“I said fine, you can have him!”

She let Kenji go. The Japanese man got back to his feet and scratched the back of his head awkwardly. Haruka was the very image of the genki girl; the excitable, extraverted, and beautiful harem stereotype who often had large breasts and performed a lot of unintentional fan service with them. Mao, on the other hand, he’d already figured out. Slowly, the others trickled in: blonde-haired Alicia with her half-French, half-Japanese features and elegant/haughty style, and Rika who positioned herself next to him like a childhood best friend so obviously would, only to realise what she was doing and pull back a little.

“S-sorry,” she mumbled. “I mean, I’m not sorry. We aren’t meant to be - oh, this is so stupid! Where’s Tomoko?”

“Our former professor?” Alicia spoke in her lovely French accent. “She is doing some tutoring with zose girls who simply could not keep up with our shining brilliance!”

Kenji took stock of the four that were present. “Um, how are you all going?”

There was a brief extended silence that was broken only by the generic looped sounds of the baseball team practicing. A comically large droplet of sweat ran down his forehead and disappeared. “Um, so pretty good I take it?”

Mao could have kicked the beautiful man! She wanted to, if it wouldn’t leave a mark on his perfect skin!

“How do you think we feel? I’m meant to be relaxing, but my thoughts keep getting so snippy and snappy and angry! Not to mention I have a *vagina* now!”

“We all do,” Rika said, before blushing furiously. “Not that I’ve checked!”

“It’s not that bad,” Alicia said, smirking. Then, her expression changed. “What *is* bad, however, is suddenly being soooooo absolutely shallow and high-minded and elite, when really the system needs to come down instead of me sitting at the top of it. Even if I *do* look rather marvellous sitting there in my wonderful fashion sense.”

“We’re all trying to fight against these new compulsions,” Rika said, drawing close to Kenji again before stopping herself. She pushed some brown hairs behind her ear, smiling nervously. “Kenji, please, you need to help us. We don’t *want* to end up as your harem. This is all wrong!”

“I know that,” he said, nervous himself for being surrounded by so many women. “I didn’t expect you all to end up like this! I certainly didn’t ask for that. The Creator cut me off! But I don’t think we’re going to find our way back to the Creator.”

“Well, find one for us then, you dolt!” Mao exclaimed. She jabbed him forcefully in the chest. “I want to go back to being a weed-smoking, uncaring, apathetic and relaxed man, instead of what I am now!”

“Hear hear,” Haruka said, bouncing on the spot. “I didn’t ask for big boobs, and I certainly don’t want to sing. Well I sort of do, and that’s the problem, huh!”

“And I would rather keep my own choices,” Rika said, looking at the ground. “I didn’t ask to be forced back into friendship with you, Kenji. Even if . . . no.”

She refused to elaborate on what had been unsaid. Alicia put a comforting hand on her shoulder and also affirmed her stance silently with the group. Kenji bit his lip, obviously trying to think of a way to placate the group.

“I don’t know what to do, but perhaps my knowledge of harem manga and anime can still help us! I’ll do everything I can to remember all the tropes and expectations from them, and help you steer clear of them.”

“What can we do?” Alicia asked.

Mao crossed her arms. “Yeah, hurry up and give us the cliff notes version, man!”

Kenji thought as quickly as he could, summoning all his knowledge from years of being an unattractive nerd with an intense love of harem storylines. It felt strange to suddenly be an attractive man surrounded by even more attractive women, and so it took longer to centre his thoughts (especially thanks to Haruka’s chest and Alicia’s gorgeous features).

“Okay, so first of all you’ll need to stay clear of me as much as you can, certainly one on one. In pairs is best, though you may have an instinct to fight for my attention.”

“Ugh, this is ridiculous!” Mao exclaimed.

"I know, but it's part of the fun of the genre. You won't be able to avoid me completely though; fate will push us together or have us meet up by happenstance. In such cases, try to avoid pulling me into activities that suit your new personalities, or locations."

"Why?" Alicia asked.

"Because the harem protagonist - the guy, that is - is rarely proactive. In fact, the many women make him nervous. It's, uh, part of the big appeal. All these women pursue him but he doesn't have to put in much work."

She huffed. "Of course. The sad man's fantasy."

Kenji blushed. "Well, I suppose it is." He didn't mention the *other* part of the fantasy. That bit would come much later, and he hoped it didn't actually happen, or the girls would be very angry with him. "But my point is, in most manga and anime examples, the protagonist gets roped into going to the beach, or clothes shopping, or to a festival, or a trip to the mall, and in doing so becomes closer to his, well, his harem girls."

Mao swallowed. She still had her arms crossed, was still besieged by thoughts of annoyance at her whole situation. But worst of all, she'd been planning to drag Kenji privately to a Chinese noodle place nearby to hash this whole situation out with him. It could have ended up going exactly along with the tropes she wanted to avoid!

"Well," she said. "Someone better pass this advice onto Tomoko. I imagine she'll be needing it, as will the rest of you. I will be just fine by myself, thank you very much! I have no interest in you whatsoever, Kenji, until you figure out a way for us to turn back. *Gàobié!*"

She walked off, her hips swaying more than she intended, as she left the group entirely. She had a new world to figure out her place in, and was certain that she could find a way back anyway.

Still, she turned back to look at Kenji briefly when she wasn't looking.

"So damn handsome. Damn him!"

To Mao's surprise, life at the college began to normalise as she found her place within it. She knew that her new existence was definitely not a drug-induced trip now, though she almost wished it was. She wished she could go back to a life where everything was completely laissez-faire and illicit chemicals were actually easy to find. Not to mention she still felt a lot of emasculation at losing her manhood.

There were upsides, however, and the biggest one as far as she was concerned was connected to the aforementioned downside. While the new Chinese-Japanese woman had lost her claim to maleness, it also didn't take long at all for her to explore her new womanhood either. In her new life, Mao lived in a dorm attached to the college, sharing her

bunk with a timid girl who was easy to practically ignore, to the point where she still hadn't learned her name a week in. It wasn't too different from the original Mark, in fact. He had never learned his roommate's names due to being too stoned all the time. Now, Mao was just simply too uncaring in a different way, particularly since, like most tsunderes, a lot of her mental energy when back at her place was devoted almost entirely to being unbelievably fucking horny. She could scarcely believe it. She'd never been a hugely sexual being as Mark, but certainly masturbated a little here and there. Well, Mao *dreamed* of Kenji in all sorts of positions, and she was so sexually frustrated upon waking that she practically barked at her roommate to go have a shower just so she could feel herself up.

And my, what a feeling it was. Mao, like most men in her former life, had imagined from time to time what multiple orgasms would feel like. But imagination fell far short, and even more so when she imagined that it wasn't herself teasing at her sensitive folds, but instead Kenji's loving touch.

"Ohhhhh, Kenji! That f-feels so wonderful," she would moan, or some variation thereof. "I want you in me, you stupid, ridiculous man! If only you could s-see this side of me, when I don't have to put up a wall in front of the w-world and - Ohh! Ohhhh! YESSSS!!!"

Her body shuddered in pleasure, and in the aftermath she had to fix up her buns as her hair always came undone dramatically. It had a slightly red shine to it, she'd noticed. Fitting, given her new mental compulsions, because she was both embarrassed at what she'd done and angry at who she'd been imagining.

"Damn that man for putting us into this world! And damn him for being so damn cute!"

It was a common refrain as the days followed. She took Kenji's advice and did her best to ignore him, as did the other women of the group. Alicia as a half-French woman apparently lived in an elegant mansion and so could easily find her own safe space, while Haruka felt compelled to dance and sing under her parents' paid training, all in the hopes of becoming a big J-pop star. From what Mao knew of such conventions, she'd achieve this dream in the series finale or something. For now, she was at least able to have her own space. Tomoko was a tutor, of course, and thus part of the college faculty. Mao saw her blushing whenever Kenji was near, her behaviour going all clumsy and flustered in her presence. But again, she had her own space. It was Mao and Rika who were suffering the most; Rika because as Kenji's childhood friend she was basically tied to him at the hip, while Mao didn't really have much going on.

"This is so frustrating!" she whined to Rika over a week after their changes. "Already I'm struggling not to think about that cute idiot! It's only been nine days and I'm starting to think more and more like a woman. A crazy one! God, I miss my weed . . ."

Rika put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

“I know what you mean. Kenji is so kind and lovely and gentle . . . is what my brain keeps telling me. I drifted apart from him in our previous life because I moved on from this kind of anime weirdness, but now we’re all stuck in it. I was taking charge of my life, but now I’m too nervous to even stick my voice up against other people. I’m a total wilting flower. And this blushing effect is the worst.”

“Not as bad as the sudden blood nose when I see him stretch before gym class.”

They both had a brief gushing nose which instantly dissipated.

“Stupid anime trope.”

“Stupid anime trope,” Rika agreed. “But what can I do? I’m his childhood best friend. He talks about it all the time. The best friend is the one that often is ‘victorious’ in an anime or manga, and ends up with the protagonist. I’m doomed! It doesn’t help that I’m soooo cute.”

She was. Cute, attractive, and with gorgeous hair. Mao was briefly annoyed that she had fuller breasts too; nice B or C cups compared to her own dismal A’s.

“Bah! You need to take charge! We need to take charge!” She snapped her fingers dramatically. “I know exactly what we can do! Haruka has her music, Tomoko her tutoring, and Alicia her fashion. *We* need to do sports!”

“Sports? But I’m a twig now!”

“That’s why we have to toughen you up, silly!”

“You hated sports before.”

Mao briefly sagged. “Don’t I know it. I miss being a couch potato. But this way, if we join the track team, we can keep away from Kenji and get a bit more tough. You miss being tough, don’t you?”

Rika nodded. She did. She so desperately did. That, and being confident and able to express her thoughts without flutters of anxiety, like some wilting flower. Mao grinned at her tepid yet affirmative response.

“It’s decided then. While we figure out how to get back to our old lives, or adjust to our new ones, we join the track team. It’s decided. *Chūsè de!* Excellent!”

She pulled Rika into a side hug, and it was clear from the body language of the pair of them who was the real decider of this outcome.

Mao worked hard in her training. She ran everyday, channelling her frustrated personality into her jogging. She signed up for the college basketball team and even the baseball team, and dragged poor Rika along with her, bossing her all the way. Of course, because this world ran on manga rules, all the sports uniforms managed to be even more revealing than the

regular college uniform, with tiny sports shorts and shirts that left their arms entirely bare and part of their midribs on display. They were also quite . . . snug, leaving their breasts nicely outlined. Well, Rika's breasts, at least. Mao didn't have nearly so much to display, which only fuelled her passion on the court, the field, and the track. She was a demon against other competitors, and soon the other students had developed a sensible fear of their opponent when they faced her, because she embraced her inner tsundere madness to conquer as much as she could, often dragging Rika to victory with her. She said as much after a particularly long prep run that left Rika panting, little animated 'breaths' of hot air coming from her mouth as she tried to regain herself.

"For goodness sake, Rika, you used to be good at this athletics stuff! I wasn't! How have we switched places so easily?"

"Blame K-Kenji and his wish. I don't even know if I can p-put on muscles, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

Rika collapsed in a melodramatic manner upon the curb. "I mean that this world follows all the tropes of Kenji's favourite manga and anime. I used to read the same things he did, and watch them with him too. And even when these things ran for years, the look of the characters almost never changed. In fact, some of them were basically ageless, like in cartoon sitcoms like *The Simpsons*. It was only when girls grew bigger boobs or were the type of girl to put on muscle that they actually got it."

Mao's eyes widened. "You mean I'll get bigger boobs?"

Rika sighed again, looking away nervously. "No. I might. Sometimes the childhood friend gets even more beautiful in age, as like a 'reward' for the protagonists for choosing his original sweetheart. But you're the tsundere. They almost *never* have big chests."

"WHAT!?! That's not fair! Not that I care! I don't care at all!"

She folded her arms, as she usually did, and pouted off to the side.

"You'll get stronger muscles, at least. Often tsundere types are track champions, though sometimes it's taken up by another athletic one who is boisterous and has a big chest. But I think you're safe there, because Haruka has gone the musical genki girl route."

"Lucky her. I could have done that. Ugh, I hate being so frustrated all the time! I'm masturbating *all the time*."

Rika went red. "M-me too."

"Often as me? I swear I do it once a day at least."

Rika somehow went redder. "Yes. Once a day. Definitely just that."

But Mao was too caught up in her own world to care, because at that point she noticed that Kenji was walking their way, also heading to college.

"Heads up! He's here! Damn it, hide!"

But there was nowhere to hide, and soon Kenji, who had his head in the clouds, noticed they were there. By that point there was no point in stopping or avoiding them; their collective impulse thanks to their new 'rules' was to walk to college together.

"Um, hi Rika! Hey Mao! How are both of you today?"

"D-doing well, K-Kenji," Rika said, brushing her hair behind her ears nervously. "It's really good to see you."

Mao elbowed ahead of her. "Hmm, not asking about me specifically, then?"

"Um, I asked about both of you."

"Oh. Well, I'm doing very well, thank you. I don't know if you care or not, Kenji, but I just ran three miles straight."

Kenji was very impressed, and showed it with the beaming smile on his face. "Wow, that's amazing, Mao! You should be really proud. I heard that you had joined the track team."

"And the baseball team. *And* the basketball team. I'll join more, I reckon, since I'm obviously such a natural at it."

"I could never imagine the old you doing that!"

She frowned. It was a compliment, but something about it stung. "I can quite anytime I want. So can Rika here!"

"I can?" the other girl asked.

"No."

"Oh."

"Anyway, if you're trying to catch up with us and make your sick fantasies of some perverted harem where we all have sex with you and kiss your nice lips and cuddle and you get to feel my - I mean our - breasts and - shut up!"

Kenji was bewildered. "I didn't say anything!"

"You were saying it with your dropped jaw and your wide eyes! Stop perverting on my breasts!"

She covered her meagre chest, acting affronted at behaviour she was only imagining. "My point is, I won't be tempted to be around you, or to *do* anything with you, because I'll be a star track runner and leading sportswoman. And there's nothing you can do about it!"

Kenji looked a bit wounded, which in turn made her feel a bit secretly wounded.

"That's really good though, Mao. I don't *want* for you to end up how, uh, the universe is trying to make us end up. I'd feel really guilty if that happened, especially against your will! I told you the truth when we first landed here; this was all a total accident on my part, and I've been trying this whole time to find a way back. But there's nothing in the library or online I can find that matches any description of the creator we met, or how to avoid isekai rules."

"Isekai?"

“Um, stories where you’re reborn into another world. The kind I like where you end up with a sexy harem.”

She sneered. “You *aren’t* ending up with a sexy harem. I’ll be out on the field, too busy to notice you, and for you to notice me.”

It was then that she noticed an odd expression passed between Rika and Kenji. The nervous pair were hiding something.

“What is it?” she demanded. She practically picked them both up by their collars, her head becoming briefly huge as she barked at them. Another anime trope that quickly dispelled. Rika answered, looking utterly ashamed.

“Well, I did invite Kenji to come watch our basketball game tomorrow night.”

“You did *what?*”

“I couldn’t help it! It seemed to be the right thing to do. And . . . the baseball game on Wednesday. And to encourage us on our track run practice on Thursday.”

Mao groaned. “And you turned this down, right Kenji?”

This time he looked ashamed. “Um, the compulsions were pretty strong to follow it, actually. I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to! But it’s going to be hard to avoid it! The others are all coming too, and it just seemed so right, and - and -”

Mao sagged. “*Baka and Bèndàn!* Fine! Come along if you must! See if I care!”

But she did care. She cursed herself for it as she continued her run to the college, but she cared very much. The idea of Kenji cheering her on filled her with warmth. She really wished she could just smoke some weed and get rid of the butterflies that thought put in her stomach. Otherwise, she might soon be high on Kenji’s presence alone.

Mao dribbled the ball with expert precision. Clearly, he new tsundere self was *made* for this. The rival team were similarly gorgeous girls, some of them with impressive heights and busts or both, all of which made her madly jealous. She had neither, but she did have muscles, and the fitness regime was paying off already. She danced around the court, easily keeping the ball from their reaches. At one point she literally *growled* at an opponent, who tipped backwards out of fear. In classic dramatic fashion the game was down to a single point, and it was all up to her. She got within the three point line as the rival team surrounded her. Rika was useless, being knocked around left and right and barely contributing anything.

“*Baka!*” she shouted. “Help me out!”

But the timid girl was no use. Mao looked around for relief and found none. That was, until her eyes settled on the crowd. Tomoko was there, seated by herself, spilling her nuts everywhere and pulling her purple hair over the tension of the game. Haruka was a dancing

cheerleader - when had *that* happened? - her large breasts bouncing all over the place in her scantily clad uniform. Alicia was in the centre of her cluster of high-fashion girls, lording over them as the haughtiest of them all. But Kenji himself was on his own, clapping and cheering and calling Mao's name through the raucous noise of the crowd.

"You can do it, Mao! Take the shot! I believe in you!"

It was all in slow-motion. Literally. Time had actually slowed so she could take this all in, like some cheesy montage. Mao's heart fluttered, her icy demeanour breaking. To hear this kind, wonderful man cheering her on, even as the rest of the crowd was filled with anger or despair or fear that she would fail, it made her feel like she could move mountains. She jumped, shooting the ball right from the three point line.

It sunk seamlessly into the net.

For a moment, silence, and then the bell rang. The crowd erupted into cheers and applause: her team had won. *She* had won. And it was all thanks to those simple words from Kenji. His belief in her had actually gotten her to power through.

"God, this is corny," she mumbled to herself as her team lifted her up and Haruka danced about with her fellow cheerleaders. "I have to stay strong!"

It was hard to stay strong though, when Kenji kept appearing at her games and her practices to cheer her on. She kept trying to tell him to stop showing up, only for her instincts to overpower her, at which point she'd just say something dismissive yet deniable like, "Fine, come to the next game! I won't look your way though!" or "You better be there to cheer me on, just don't expect me to acknowledge you as anything other than an acquaintance, or at best a friend, got it?"

And each time, a little part of herself winced at saying this. Not only did it still feel a bit weird to be so rude, but she *wanted* him present. His encouragement always allowed her to push through and win, and not in a metaphorical way either. She *literally* became stronger and faster and more capable thanks to his cheers, and always at the most narratively dramatic moments, in keeping with this world and its weird rules. Afterwards, he always did his best to encourage her; the damn moron had gotten so good at social interaction lately! Well, kinda; just like any harem anime male protagonist, he still seized up when talking to girls or trying to appease them. Especially since they were all wary of ending up going any further.

Still, after two weeks of being a woman, Mao was becoming increasingly frustrated by her inability to keep him out of her head. She was still pleasuring her new female form to the thought of him, and it had gotten to the point where she had to move to a single dorm

just so her regular roommate could still live there. Her increased athleticism also meant that she was wearing more showy clothing: sports bras and yoga pants when working out, or cute and tight shorts and crop tops when going on runs. And, while it revealed a lot less, her baseball outfit made her look incredibly cute, little hat and all.

“Ugh,” she complained to herself more than once after she had to remove herself from Kenji’s presence after a game. “Why can’t I be exchanged back to this world’s China already? Because I swear it feels like something is gonna happen! *Gāisǐ de!*”

She wasn’t wrong, because things were coming to a head. First, Rika quit the sports teams and the track events. Mao shouted at her, but was able to summon enough of the old Mark within her to settle down and understand why; the lithe girl wasn’t exactly sports material, and instead had joined the chess club and the book club. Stereotypical. Second, she had begun noticing the other girls hanging out with Kenji, despite their shared plans to ignore him. It angered her; she’d been doing so well! And with that anger came a certain jealousy, especially when she actually saw the blonde-haired Alicia fix up Kenji’s hair and even gift him a more stylish pair of glasses.

“That slut! How dare she touch my Kenji! I mean, our Kenji! Uh, whatever! I’ll show her! I’ll show them all!”

And she did, in a far more extreme way than she imagined, after a track field event.

“You can do it, Mao! I believe in you! You’re number one! You’re number one! Keep going, just keep on going! I know you can win this!”

Her mind clung to the echo of Kenji’s sweet voice from the bleachers even as her body threatened to give out. Her legs were shorter than her competition’s, and she clearly was not as powerful in the thighs as some of them. Her old self would have walked any track race, but with the crowd cheering this official college event, she knew she had to push herself. And it was Kenji’s words, as always, that got her to that point. Droplets of sweat beaded down her temple, and soon her legs were moving so fast that they became cartoonish blurs. Racing lines, like from a cheap animated flick, flickered all around her.

“I. Can. Do. This. I’ll. Do. It. For. Him. I. Won’t. Let. Him. See. Me. Fail! I CARE TOO MUCH ABOUT HIM TO LET HIM SEE ME THAT WAY!”

The words burst from her burning lungs, and she managed to just - *just* - overtake her competitor, a proud athlete named Suzuki. The commentators went wild as they announced her surprise win, and she collapsed not long after making it past the finish line.

Fittingly, Kenji leapt over the audience barrier and raced to her side, helping her to her feet with a heroic effort. She clung to him, even when she was able to stand on her own.

"I did it," she said.

"You did. It was amazing! I can't believe how fast you went. It was crazy!"

She smirked despite herself. "Just like one of those moments in your manga, huh?"

"Exactly like that!" he said, his voice ecstatic. "I won't lie, it was like a real life dream come true, seeing it all unfold. You were so amazing, and you pulled ahead of Suzuki at just that last second. I mean, wow! I can barely believe it! I know you didn't want to end up like this, and I really can't apologise enough, but I hope you know how inspiring it was to see you perform like that. I was utterly mesmerised!"

She was mesmerised too, only for her it was by his words, his voice, and his own enthusiasm. It made her blush a little, and she had to look away and pretend to pout. The burn in her muscles was starting to fade, as was the cheer of the crowd. And Kenji's hand had slipped to around her waist as he helped her walk. They both seemed to realise at the same time, because she pulled away and he *jumped* back, throwing up his hands in apology as they reached the bleachers.

"I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to touch you like that. It's just - you seemed like you needed help, and I wanted to help you, and -"

"I still need help, idiot! Put your hand back around my waist already! Ugh!"

She grabbed his hand and put it there, forcing him to keep marching her back to the change rooms. She didn't need his help. In fact, she had recovered perfectly. But it just felt so very nice to have him against her, his side against her right breast, her hip swaying against his, his hand clutching her. It made her horny body flare up with arousal, and she had to bite her lip to stop herself from moaning as a number of very sinful thoughts entered her mind. Kenji seemed to notice as they descended the stairs down to the change rooms.

"Um, is everything okay? Are you going to be alright in there?" he asked, gesturing to the female change rooms.

She wasn't. Mao recognised the problem straight away. She didn't want to change out of her clothes unless Kenji was there to appreciate it. She'd seen how Rika looked at him, and Alicia too at points. Tomoko was getting all flustered from the stands before, the former professor now attracted to her former student. Even Haruka was cheering as much for Kenji as for the runners on the field. It made her see them all as competition.

And to the new Mao, life was a competition.

"Of course I'll be fine!" she snapped. "Now hurry up and come with me! We have something we have to do!"

She grabbed him by the collar and pulled him not to the changerooms, but instead to the utility closet nearby. Kenji was flustered by this.

"What - where are you taking me? What are we doing?"

“Shut up and don’t judge me! This is just because of my body’s needs, okay? It isn’t about you or your big beautiful eyes, got it?”

She pushed him into the unrealistically spacious closet (another trope of this new world) and pressed him against the back shelf. She turned on the light, shut the door, and instantly pulled off her top, revealing her bra to him.

“Oh my God,” Kenji said, and again when she began pulling off her sports shorts. This was a dream come true to him, and his cock became almost immediately, filling him with shame. “Mao, what are you doing? I thought that-”

“Shush!” she commanded, and he silenced himself immediately. “I told you, my body wants this. I see how the others look at you. They’re not winning any races any time soon! Now hurry up and help me get this bra off so you can suck my nipples while I play with you already. This Chinese exchange student hasn’t got all day!”

She was all over him in seconds, kissing his face aggressively and then making him shove his face into her A-cup chest. She wished they were bigger, but when he sucked her nipples her cares all melted away. It made her wetter than she’d ever been, and so she shoved him back into a chair.

“Take off your shorts, slacker! *Gǎnkuài!* Are all you Japanese boys so slow?”

Kenji was both terrified and turned on. He removed his pants, revealing a dick that was not only very hard but surprisingly impressive in its girth and length. Mao was briefly stunned by it, her nose bleeding for a moment.

“Um, it’s my first time,” Kenji said, smiling sheepishly.

Mao grinned, regaining herself. “Good. Because that means I *win*.”

She lowered herself on him, and the two gasped as he entered her. From there, they continued to moan together as she rode him, up and down. The sensation was better than any masturbation for Mao, and Kenji was of the same opinion. He was actually being mounted by a crazy tsundere girlfriend and loving every moment of it. He couldn’t stop himself now if he tried, and neither could she. Their rhythm increased in speed, his cock sliding deep within her tight, wet passage. She gasped in ever higher tones, raising her gaze to the ceiling as she fucked him. She knew she should stop herself, but Mark had never had a particularly strong will, and ironically it was his resigned personality features that came to the fore now, allowing the new woman to simply enjoy fucking this adorable hunk’s brains out.

“Yesss,” she cried. “I’m close! I’m so close! Hurry up and cum in me, already! Don’t be lazy, I want you to c-cum inside meeeeeee!!!”

“Oh God, this is amazing! You’re so amazing, Mao!”

“I kn-know! Now h-hurry up!”

It didn't take him long. He came, and she came with him. His cock spurted stream after stream of seed into him, and she could only quiver against his form, delighting in it.

"You're soooooo goood," she breathed in his ear, even as he remained hard in her. It was only after a longer period that she managed to disentangle herself from him, and her male disgust and tsundere frustration returned at once.

She slapped him across the face.

"Don't expect that to ever happen again, okay? That was just a one time thing!"

She pulled up her shorts and put on her clothing and walked out without another word. But deep down, she knew she'd told a lie. She wanted that again already, and would contrive any excuse to cause it again. It was better than any drug-induced high.

Kenji, in the meantime, just remained sitting in his chair, unbelieving what had just happened, but not regretting it for a moment.

"That," he said, "was awesome."

Part 3: Haruka

Haruka was having a hard time. While Mao was clearly adapting so very well to her life, and doing a great job of avoiding Kenji (at least as far as she knew), the new genki girl was struggling to reign in her enormous reserves of energy and sudden, boundless passion for, well, *everything!* It simply wasn't fair. Haruka hated everything. It had been her *thing*. Sure, now that she was Haruka she recognised it had been little more than pointless, edgy behaviour that just ticked everyone off, but it had been *her* personality, damn it! She had the power to sulk all she wanted when she'd been a man, and spit out venomous comments that could reduce a man like Ken to bitter tears.

Now, the thought of bringing down *anyone's* mood was just impossible to even consider, at least for very long. She couldn't even simply *walk* like a normal person. She ran, full of hot air and energy, arms flapping at her sides in an unrealistically comedic blur. She burst into her classes with a shout, announcing her arrival or whatever was on her mind.

"This is crazy everyone! I can't believe Mao won the track last night how amazing was that I mean if you knew her like I did you wouldn't believe it especially since she only joined the team like two and a half weeks ago or maybe it was three weeks but it doesn't matter because it was incredible and Kenji even got up and helped her and it was sooooo damn sweet I nearly burst that I had to stay up last night and make a song about it does anyone want to hear it?"

It was only after saying something like that that she realised she had just run out of air, and had to take a deep breath. And even if her hurried mass of a run-on sentence was completely unintelligible to most of her fellow students, her male peers (and a few female ones) certainly paid much closer to the moments when she had to collect her breath back. For two reasons mainly. Two rather big, perky reasons.

Haruka had been blessed in the chest, and much more than anyone outside of maybe Tomoko, and she was a much older woman besides. She measured a full F-cup, her boobs nearly half the size of her own head and constantly, *constantly* reminding her and everyone else of their existence. The fact that they were impressively sensitive only added to the strangeness of having them, as well as how tight-fitting her uniform was, since it outlined her bust in an entirely exaggerated way. Many, many nosebleeds were produced from those who couldn't stop staring at them, and even her transformed female friends found excuses to touch them, Rika and Alicia most especially.

"They're just so . . . hypnotic," the latter said only a week after their change. "You could style them in so many ways. And they're very fun to play with."

"Stop it! I didn't realise you were a lesbian!"

"I'm bisexual, darling! I go both ways now! It's part of my whole 'European' thing now, I think. But even Rika here finds your breasts amazing. Don't you, Rika?"

The formerly strong male figure blushed furiously, as she seemed to do constantly

"They are . . . very impressive! I don't know why, but I feel such a strong need to touch them."

Haruka was thrusting her uniformed chest out at Rika's face before she knew what she was even doing.

"Feel all you want! There's plenty to go around, hee hee!"

As best as they could all figure, they were playing out another classic scene from manga and anime. It was the one where they were all in the change room at the same time, examining each others' bodies, showing petty jealousies and admiration and laughing and bragging and blushing and so forth, all while dancing their conversation around the elephant in the room: their shared love interest. There wasn't genuine attraction between the girls - except perhaps from Alicia - but they were certainly acting in ways that were how male writers *imagined* a female change room would be.

"Who cares!?" Mao spat from the corner. "Your boobs are too big! I can't imagine how annoying it would be to have such big melons weighing me down while trying to play sport."

"Ignore zee catty one," said Alicia, who had impressive D-cups, or so she claimed. "She's just jealous, darling. Your chest is a delight!"

It was then that Tomoko entered, the older woman looking a bit awkward as she joined them, her long purple hair immaculately organised.

“Do you mind if I join you?” she asked.

“Not at all!” Haruka declared, before Mao could say otherwise. “We’re just totally talking about our boobs and how totally weird they are - I guess you’d know a lot about that Tomoko since you’re almost as busty as me!”

Tomoko nodded, looking a bit anxious. “Yes, I imagine I am. I’m still getting used to all of this. It’s all so much.”

“Tell me about it,” Alicia said. “I am not only half-French but I cannot stop speaking in *zis* adorable accent and looking utterly divine and capitalistic!”

“And I can’t even smoke pot, because it disgusts me!” Mao added.

“I’m so shy,” Rika said. “And it’s so hard not to spend time with Kenji.”

“Kenji,” Tomoko said in a dreamy voice. “I bumped into him going to foreign language class today. He wanted me to tutor him . . . I had to run here.”

“Good call,” Mao said. “Not that I care.”

There was a general chuckle from the group, and Haruka’s voice was highest and giggliest. “Well, you’re more than welcome, Tomoko! We really, really, really missed you! I know you used to be our professor and stuff, but it would mean the absolute world to us - even Mao (“no it wouldn’t!”) - if you would be our friend! We’re not that far apart in age gap anymore, and we’re all in the same boat! Besides, I’m thinking of doing a musical performance soon and it would mean everything if you would attend!”

Tomoko breathed a sigh of relief. “That would be . . . wonderful, Haruka. But I’m not sure. Would that be inappropriate? I’ve tried to keep my distance from you all so I could-”

“Nonsense!” she declared, hugging up against the other woman. “You’re one of us now! We’re all suffering and trying to adapt, we can’t leave our old teacher behind! Besides, you’re still totally the wisest, and shouldn’t have to go through this alone. Come change with us! This is a safe space while we all adjust!”

Alicia snorted. “I think I much prefer this new Haruka to her old self.”

Haruka stuck out her tongue - it was about as petty as she could bring herself to be these days. “I promise I have plenty of dark, terrible, spiteful thoughts beneath all this sugariness,” she said. “It’s just so damn hard when I’ve suddenly got so much passion and excitement and *love of music!*”

She sang a brief, wordless aria just to emphasise her point. It was only after a withering star from Mao that she stopped herself.

“Sorry. This new me gets . . . carried away sometime. I’m sure you understand too, Tomokok.”

“A lot,” the other woman said. “Except I’m clumsy all the time! I never would have stood for that as a professor, I tell you! At least I still have my academic mind, though neatness is . . . more important to me than it was before, ironically.”

She began peeling off her clothing, changing into her sports outfit since she was overseeing one of Mao's upcoming games, and participating in an early lower faculty run herself. Everyone froze as they watched her remove her clothing, their jaws slowly falling, their eyes widening, Haruka's most of all. This was the first time Tomoko had rejoined them in such an intimate setting, and it was now over three weeks since they had changed. None of them knew what her body was like beneath her prim and proper clothing, but now all was revealed: she had a totally 'yummy mommy' body, with impressively wide childbearing hips and a slightly thicker waist that complimented her body perfectly. Her breasts were immense, compressed by her bra and a wrapping beneath her suit so that they were squished down quite a lot when covered. Now unleashed, they easily dwarfed even Haruka's own F-cup tits. These had to be H-cups at the least. Perhaps even double-H, or even J's! They were easily the size of the woman's head, if not bigger. Mao's eyes went green with jealousy. Haruka just gaped.

"You - they - so big!"

Tomoko blushed, holding them up. They easily overwhelmed her palms, her huge nipples filling them too. "I ask that you do not comment. Remember, I am still your professor down deep, even if I'm only a tutor now."

"*Sugoi*," Haruka said. "They are marvellous! Tomoko, you're so much bigger than even me! I'm so jealous, and so is Mao!"

"*Damare!*" Mao screeched.

"But they look so perfect! I want to feel them sooooo much!"

Tomoko hurriedly changed. "That won't be happening! But I will attend your new musical performance!"

"At least wear something that will make you stand out - you shouldn't hide your beauty!"

Tomoko managed to actually grin. "That's nice of you to say, Haruka. I hate to agree with Alicia, but I think I might enjoy this new you versus the old one. You may have too much energy, but dare I suggest that it seems you actually *like* things now?"

Haruka halted, preventing herself from smiling. "I can hate things. I can hate everything. I'm just choosing not to."

Rika sighed. "It's harder than that. We're all trying not to be our new selves. Just make sure not to invite Kenji to this musical performance."

"I'm not an idiot! He won't be anywhere near it!"

Haruka hadn't lied or failed her mission. After that experience, she had vowed to fight a little more against these wondrous feelings and prevent herself from inviting Kenji. It had taken a great deal of willpower not to even mention her performance to him, but she'd managed it. It was to be conducted at a rented music theatre in town, one her new parents had paid for. They weren't Alicia-rich, but they weren't lacking in wealth. Many J-pop stars needed connections to make it to the top, and this new reality had given them to her: a mother who worked as a model (hence her own inherited large breasts) and a workaholic father she barely saw, but was steeped in the powers-that-be of the music industry.

Music was the one major link that Haruka had to her former self. As Harold, she had been cynical, aggressive, and dismissive, and even a bit of a bully when she could be bothered. She had no real idea what she wanted out of life, and only knew that when people displayed passion in front of her - *him* at the time - it disgusted him. Perhaps, on some level, it just made him uncomfortable that others could feel so powerfully and sincerely where he couldn't. But music, at least, inspired something in him. He had liked listening to *Led Zeppelin* and *Metallica* and other rock and metal bands, and had slowly drifted to the dark vibes of black metal as well. Edgy tunes with Satanistic themes and gory visuals in their videos made him feel like a lone wolf, a dark badass with nothing to lose and nothing to fear, and occasionally it managed to stir a bit of excitement out of him, like blood from a stone.

Now as Haruka, music maintained an even more powerful grip, except all kinds of metal were completely unappealing now. To the former man's embarrassment, the boppy, bright, and totally catchy tunes of girly J-pop were her favourites now, and she could easily recite the lyrics to dozens, if not *hundreds* of J-bands, ranging from dancing boy band hottie singles to entire albums of squeaky-voiced girl models wearing adorable colour-coded dresses. The cheek heart pose was practically ingrained into her procedural memory, as well as the two-finger pose when getting photographed, all while smiling sweetly and emphasising her very voluptuous form. It was maddening, absolutely maddening!

And yet, at the same time, so very addictive.

J-Pop tunes just made her body *move*; it was impossible to resist a choreographed dance set when it was playing, or to join in when she heard the tune on the radio when she drove to school. The fact that her career trajectory was obviously headed towards literally *becoming* a J-Pop singer only made these behaviours all the more manifest. To try to hold them in only meant that exploded out of her in excitable, energetic ways.

She couldn't be less like Harold if she tried, which of course was a deep wound to the pride of her former self that still lurked within her ever moving, ever talking female shell. She complained of this repeatedly to Tomoko, who she started trying to catch up with repeatedly after that initial change room incident.

"I just can't help myself, it's so wonderful and infuriating and brilliant and terrible all at the same time!"

"I know exactly what you mean," Tomoko replied flatly, her more restrained self still looking a little flushed and embarrassed over the conversation. "I have many . . . tendencies that are difficult to resist. I find I am always putting pens and the like in my mouth. An oral fixation of sorts. It's so - so inappropriate!"

It was practically her catchphrase. In fact, Haruka was *certain* it was. They each were developing one. Mao said, "not that I care!" quite often, while Alicia exclaimed, "it's all about style, darling!" Rika, being the sweetheart childhood friend, had a more simple one: "I hope it all works out." And now Tomoko was saying, "it's so inappropriate!" whenever the topic of her attraction to the younger Kenji came up, or indeed any other behaviour. She pointed this out to Tomoko, who chuckled.

"I know yours, then."

"Really? I don't think I have a catchphrase. I mean, I'm talking so often that I can never stop so I don't know if anything sticks at all. Maybe I don't have one? It would be nice to have one though, I suppose. It would be really fun. I just want to have fun, Tomoko!"

Tomoko gave a dark chuckle again. "That's just it. *That's* your catchphrase: 'I just want to have fun!' You say it more often than you think, and each of them summarises our personalities. I may not be a professor of literature studies or Japanese texts, or even a professor anymore, but I can make the necessary narrative conventions. Our catchphrases are all elements that define our base new personalities. Mine is being the older woman in a position of authority who inappropriately finds Kenji very . . . attractive. Mhmm." She placed a pen in her mouth for a moment, sucking on it before remembering herself. "Please ignore that! Whereas your catchphrase is about your energetic approach to life and desire for everyone to have a good time. A bit of a change from who you used to be."

Haruka sagged for a moment. It took concentrated effort for her to consciously lower her own spirits, but she just about managed it.

"I know. It's stupid. I lose control to it all the time. I miss being angry and hating everything. At least I was in control back then. Now - now I just really want to dance all the time! Which is so humiliating because it shows off all of . . . this!"

She gestured to her large chest, which even at that moment as they walked the campus grounds together were bouncing and jiggling prominently. Because this was an anime/manga world, they defied gravity, bouncing even more obviously than they would have in reality, as if her large F-cup bra meant practically nothing. Tomoko's chest, far bigger even than her own, was at least hidden away.

"At least you get to hide it, Tomoko!"

"Perhaps let's not talk about our chests. I was your professor, once."

“*lie!* Who cares!? You’re much younger now, and we’re all in the same boat. You’re like an older sister. You go to the same change room as us on sports days.”

Tomoko sighed. “True. But at least give me some room with this. It’s a lot to get used to.”

“You’re not wrong. Ughhhh, I just wanna go to dance practice already. And dye my hair. It really should be pink. Wouldn’t it look better pink?”

“Do you want it pink, or does Haruka?”

Haruka paused, then pulled her hair over her eyes. “Ughhhh, you’re right! I have to resist! I have to -”

Suddenly Tomoko grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her into a nearby bush by the walking path. Haruka shrieked in an embarrassing way, only for the older woman to cover her mouth.

“Shhh!” she hissed. “Don’t say a word!”

Haruka struggled, her new brain desperately wanting to say just about every word. She struggled against Tomoko, which only had the effect of making the woman’s grip slip down to her prodigious breasts, causing her to moan in pleasure and several buttons to come undone.

“It’s Kenji!” Tomoko hissed. “He’s coming!”

Haruka managed to still herself, barely. Through the bushes she could just see him coming. He looked so ordinary, so plain, and yet so handsome in his normality at the same time. The perfect anime protagonist, the kind whose boots could be filled by the reader or viewer, or in this case the chubby nerd she had once so easily derided and mocked as a loser for his passion. Now, her eyes *literally* became little hearts for a moment, until she again managed to push those thoughts aside.

“Must. Resist. How. Good. Looking. He. Is!”

She did, as did Tomoko, who was chewing on a leaf furiously just to distract herself. Unfortunately, at that very moment, Haruka spotted a small white spider descending by a thin silver filament web down right before her nose. She gave a little ‘eep!’, and Tomoko also shuddered. The busty pair could hardly contain their sudden fear. Haruka tried to concentrate on the fact that she literally had a pet tarantula in her other life, but it was all for nought. Her new self was a total girly girl.

She burst from the bushes, terrified and squealing, and straight into Kenji’s shocked arms. In a scene that could have been cut from any harem manga, he yelled in shock, toppled forward and landed on top of her, his face buried in her magnificent cleavage.

“Spider! Spider! I hate them so much Kenji save me save me save me!”

Kenji was unable to say a word; his face was muffled by her cavernous cleavage, which practically suffocated him. He managed to free himself after a few seconds, blushing

furiously at how much of her boobs were on display. She covered them, grinning sheepishly as she rocketed back to her feet.

“Oops! Don’t look! There was a spider in the bushes!”

Kenji looked, but Tomoko had withdrawn deeper, hidden from his sight. She took the moment to appreciate him, though. It made her wet between her lusty thighs, and once more she knew she’d have to ‘take care’ of that in the privacy of her study. Not the fate she’d imagined for herself. In the meantime, Kenji found the spider and placed it away from Haruka, back in the bushes.

“There you go,” he said. “All better now. Are you okay, Haruka?”

“Much better! Thank you so very much! I was sooooo terrified! *Kowai!* You arrived, like, just in time Kenji!”

She moved closer to him, bouncing on her feet in relief. Kenji, as naturally as any red-blooded male, found it very difficult not to look at her deeply prominent cleavage.

“Um, what were you doing in the bushes though?” he asked. After the experience with Mao, something no one else knew about yet, he didn’t want to fall into another trap and accidentally end up having sex again. He still felt a little guilty. Well, not really, but he would if it kept happening!

“M-maybe you should button up your top before you answer that,” he added.

Haruka looked down at her huge, wobbling cleavage. Unlike the others, she didn’t go bright red, but she did become even bouncier. “Oh, I didn’t realise! How *embarrassing*. You could have been looking at my boobs the whole time! I bet if I were Mao I would have slapped you, heehee!”

She hastily buttoned them up, but the buttons still strained from how she stood, revealing diamonds of pink flesh that made Kenji have to put his books in front of his crotch to hide his growing erection. It made Haruka feel even more playful.

“Oh, since you saved me, I guess I owe you. You can take one peek!”

She undid the top button, just for fun. The Harold personality lurking underneath it all practically raged against this, but with no power to enforce itself. Haruka was enjoying the hypnotising power of her tits too much. It made sense for her new personality; Tomoko was the busty girl embarrassed over her large chest, but Haruka was the extravert who *flaunted* them proudly. She did so then, and Kenji went red, a nosebleed appearing.

“Aren’t they just great?”

“*Sugoi*,” he mumbled. “They are. I mean - what were you doing in the bushes?”

She realised she had no excuse. “I was trying to avoid - ugh, I was trying to avoid doing this! And now I’m doing it! We’re trying to avoid you, remember?”

“We?”

Tomoko coughed meaningfully from the bushes.

“Um, a metaphorical we?” Haruka said, smiling sweetly. “But obviously I can’t avoid you because of the rules of this place, and you *did* free me from that spider, and besides you’re just looking so cute today. And I really need someone to come to my music performance this Friday night. Won’t you come, Kenji?”

“W-well I was planning to study. And Mao has a game-”

“Forget the game! You’re always with Mao, it’s not fair. You have to *share* us. That way you don’t end up having sex with one of us or whatever, right?”

Kenji swallowed, a big bead of sweat cartoonishly falling down his temple. He didn’t want Haruka to know that he and Mao had already had sex . . . and more than once, now. She would drag him into hidden closets and other spaces for their taboo relations, then curse him as she left, angry at having done the deed that they both so desperately craved.

“I g-guess that logic makes sense.”

“Great! Then it’s decided! You’ll come and support me, and get to see me on stage with the dazzling lights and costumes! It’s going to be amazing!”

She hugged him, and it only had the effect of making her pillowy boobs squash against his chest. The eruption of cleavage pushed up to his chin, and it took all her genki girl energy to allow her to run off in excitement and end the discussion.

Tomoko caught up with her, of course, after the coast was clear. The purple-haired older woman looked as forlorn as she used to when students hadn’t handed in their papers.

“You invited him.”

“I know! Won’t it be great!”

“You were trying *not* to invite him, remember?”

Haruka blinked, realisation coursing over her. “Oh. Oh no. OH NO! I wasn’t meant to do that! This is a disaster!”

Tomoko sighed. “For you, at least. I suggest, as I advised you once, to show self-control. I don’t want anything *inappropriate* happening to you.”

Haruka nodded in affirmation, agreeing with her former professor turned confidante and friend. Except she was already thinking about all manner of inappropriate things, such as how good it had felt to have Kenji’s face suffocating in her cleavage.

“Mhmmm,” she murmured dreamily as she headed off to performance class.

The hall was filled with people, most of them students from campus, but also many outsiders in their early twenties and even a few in their early thirties. All the girls were present except for Mao who had a game on. They had dressed up in more casual clothing. Alicia, naturally, was wearing a golden dress that looked not only expensive but simply divine, while Tomoko

was adorned in a more formal feminine suit that still hid her many curves. Rika was rather glam, having achieved the stereotypical moment where the 'ordinary' looking childhood friend dresses up in a feminine blue dress with slight cleavage and bare shoulders, enough to make the protagonist realise how beautiful she was. And Kenji was certainly seeing that: the two accidentally bumped into one another in the press of the crowd, and with embarrassed, flushed faces they gave repeated compliments.

"You look - you look very beautiful, Rika."

"And you look very manly, Kenji. I didn't realise you would look so good in a formal shirt like this. It suits you."

"Are you coping okay? I know our friendship drifted apart, but it's been great to see you often again, even if this is all my fault."

She lowered her gaze to the dance floor. "It may be your fault, but I know you didn't intend it. This isn't even Rika's thoughts, but my old self speaking as well. I - I can forgive you for it, because it wasn't intended. It just gets awkward. I always feel so nervous and shy in your presence, and I want to . . ."

Her gaze lingered further up to the stage, as did his. They were saved by the arrival of Haruka, and she considered this a good thing as well. By sheer narrative coincidence, both Kenji and Rika were positioned in centre stage, a small circle of people around them so they were easily visible. Their hands were lingering so very closely to one another's, and Haruka felt a surge of anger and jealousy. It was almost like being Harold again.

"Oh no. Not you two!" she muttered under her breath as her dancers and musicians got ready. "*I* invited him. *I'm* the one that gets his attention today. Not you Rika, no matter how cute and amazing and adorable you look in that super beautiful blue dress! *Utsukushi!*"

She activated the mic, and caught the attention of the crowd. Many eyes - particularly the male ones - looked her way. She was wearing a super cute silvery outfit that matched her fellow dancers and backup singers, with the classical headband that gave her a cutesy look. Naturally, her shoes were high-heeled boots, and the hem of her dress fell to her mid-thigh, leaving a gap of skin before her see-through stockings began. Her prodigious bustline was nicely displayed, though not *too* much so, with just a hint of cleavage. The rest was merely suggested by the strained profile of the dress.

"Good evening, everyone! It's soooooo cool to see you all here! My name is Haruka Harada, and I'm the lead singer for a new band we're calling *Love Love Adventure*. I'm super excited to be singing for you tonight. Do we all plan to have a super amazing fun time on the dance floor tonight?"

The crowd cheered, Kenji among them. She grinned at his response in particular: he was looking right at her, and it made her feel even more bubbly than usual.

“*Sugoi!* Because we really, really want people to hit the dance floor hard tonight! I just love seeing people having a good time. I just want to have fun, and so should you! So let’s get to it. This first song is called *Nice to Be Here*, and those who know me might be able to guess some of the super hidden meanings behind it.”

She made a quick two-fingers ‘cheese’ pose as several individuals in the crowd took photos, before sweeping her hand to gesture for the lighting guys to get started. The stage suddenly went dark, as did the wider theatre. There was a moment’s pause, a rising of tension and excitement, and suddenly the lights were on again, this time in bright pinks, purples, and reds, hovering exclusively on the stage. Haruka had gotten herself into position beside her fellow dancers and backup singers, and they moved as one, vocals blending together as they engaged in their choreographed movements.

*“Here in the city lights, our dreams come alive,
Beneath the neon sky, it’s our time to thrive.
Hear the rhythm in the streets, we’re gonna find our way,
My heartbeat sings to me: it’s a brand new day!”*

She wheeled about and spun, moving in time to the other dancers’ movements. The crowd hollered, several whistling at the sight of the beautiful women on stage, and she revelled in those sounds, amping up to the next verse. She beamed as the lights flashed over her form, and any embarrassment over what she had become faded away: she *wanted* to show off her form, and let her chest wobble and jiggle so it got all the attention it deserved. Much better than being a cynical loner; now she was the centre of attention!

*“In this strange new world, we’ll find our space,
Lots of crazy new rules, and brand new faces,
Hand in hand, we’ll make it through this night,
Don’t yourselves girls; we’ll be alright!”*

The changed women in the room began to realise the meaning of the lyrics as they were sung. Haruka was in full cheer as she saw the epiphany upon their faces. Alicia began to dance, as did Tomoko, even if the latter was very much restrained. Rika’s eyes bubbled with tears of joy, and even Kenji looked to be mesmerised not just by her form, but by the lyrics as well. Things *would* be alright, if they kept together. They’d all been so separate for over three weeks, but coming together under the power of music was what *she* could do for them to lift their spirits. Even Mao’s, when the time came in the future.

*"It's nice to be here, where our wish has shined,
It's the song of life, our changing souls entwined.
And every step we take, a new story unfolds,
We've come so far . . . who knows what the future holds?"*

The song continued, as did the others following. The dance floor quickly kicked up a storm, and even the former men who had been nervous to approach it and embrace their new selves began to do so, at least for this one night. Alicia abandoned any of her former anarcho-cynicism and wholesale embraced the populism of J-Pop, singing along with the lyrics and twirling her impressive dress all about. Tomoko was off to the side a bit more, mingling with some of her older peers and even some of the teaching staff who had turned up to support Haruka. She was enjoying herself visibly, even as she blushed a little, though at one point she clearly had to duck off to the bathrooms when her breasts suddenly surged forward after a particular dance move, her restraining band having snapped under the tremendous pressure. It took everything in Haruka not to giggle. She couldn't imagine concealing breasts that large! Even Rika was getting involved, and when she did she became an alluring sight. More than anyone else, she displayed a surprising elegance and grace on the dance floor. The world quite literally went to slow motion, the colours bleeding out like an water colour painting as she began to loosen up. She and Kenji danced together, the former friends looking closer and closer as their forms circled around. Kenji was lost in the beauty of Rika's eyes.

"I can't believe you used to be your other self," he said. "You look so - so beautiful, Rika. I'm sorry if that makes you feel awkward."

"It does make me feel awkward," she admitted, looking away. "But . . . I don't mind you saying it. It feels nice to be told that. I don't feel very beautiful."

"But you are. I'm not saying that because of the harem anime rules or whatever. I'm saying it because it's true. You look stunning, Rika. And I'm so glad we're spending time together. I know you don't want this to go too far and I understand, but it's good to be friends again, at least."

Rika smiled. "It's . . . it's nice. I missed talking with you. And even this ridiculous anime scene is kinda funny to be in, isn't it?"

He laughed. "It is! I know this is stupid, but it feels like a dream come true in a way. Of course, I didn't expect you to be my victorious childhood friend."

"Not victorious yet. Or at all, I mean! I can enjoy reliving my old manga interests, but that doesn't mean I'm going to live them. Even if you look very cute right now."

Kenji's eyebrows raised. "I do?"

"You really do. It almost feels like this moment is scripted, Kenji. Like I'm going to . . ."

The lights flashed down upon them, a halo that showed only them against a background of silhouettes. The pair drew closer together, and before they could stop each other they were kissing tenderly. Their lips locked together, Rika having to raise herself just to meet him. Kenji hadn't meant for this to happen, and Rika *definitely* hadn't. And yet it was just as she had imagined, even way back then . . .

Haruka watched this occur. The entire audience faded to black - this was not a metaphor, the world's narrative localised around the kissing pair - and she went *green*, just as literally. She was just finishing her high note when her voice noticeably cracked and died away. Her backup choir had to pitch in to finish the song, which they did in style, but her own focus was lost as her gaze locked upon Kenji's lips on another woman's. Harold's own cynical spitefulness lurched up her throat like regurgitated acid. It bubbled in her mouth before receding back into the pit of her stomach, which felt like it was on fire with ulcers.

"He was meant to come and see me. He was meant to focus on me. This wasn't how it was supposed to be. I just want to have fun, but now Rika has ruined it! No, it's not her fault. It's not anyone's fault. I just . . . lost!"

Yuki, one of her music friends, approached her as the crowd roared at the song's conclusion. "Is everything okay, Haruka? You look upset. You never look upset!"

But the tears were flowing now. Haruka was a woman of powerful emotion. She was almost always full of positivity and energy, but as she was discovering now, sadness could be just as powerful in those rare moments when it came on.

"I've got to go. I'm done here. You guys play everyone out."

She walked away from the stage, feeling utterly low.

The only one that noticed her leave was Kenji. Haruka hadn't seen it, but Rika had gotten ahold of her senses and pulled away from him. With teary-eyes, she'd fled into the crowd, telling him not to follow her.

Which meant that he decided to follow and check up on somebody else.

Haruka hummed to herself on the subway. It always cheered herself up when she hummed. It gave her life some further musicality and positivity. The image of Kenji's lips on Rika's still haunted her, but gradually that malaise dissipated. After all, it wasn't like she actually *wanted* Kenji to kiss her, right? That was just her Haruka self! She may be excitable, but deep down she was still Harold, wanting to push the world away. She was sure of it.

"Hey, sexy lady!"

Haruka snapped her head around. The subway only had a few people on it, and one man a few years older than her had a pervert's grin on his face.

“Leave me alone please!” she snapped. “Please sir, I don’t want any trouble!”

“But I love trouble!” he exclaimed. “I see two *big* troubles right in front of me!”

He snapped out his hands before she could react and squeezed her tremendous breasts, nearly freeing them from her silvery dress. She squealed in horror.

“*Hentai!* Pervert! Please leave me alone!”

The man giggled in a nauseating fashion to himself, groping to the point where Haruka was in pain. Harold would have slammed his fist into the man’s face, but Haruka was too small and weak and cutesy to do anything.

“Help me, somebody!”

“No one’s coming to help! These tits are all mine to play with! And I’m going to-”

He didn’t get another word in. A flying fist came out of nowhere and knocked the man out cold. He collapsed in a heap into one of the subway seats, and Haruka was so in awe that it took her a moment to realise who had done it.

“Kenji!?” she exclaimed, seeing him breathing heavily, his fist bleeding sliding, his expression shocked at his own action.

“Are you okay, Haruka?”

“Y-yes! Now that you’re here! Thank you!”

She wrapped him in a hug, and once more his face was in her breasts. She savoured it this time until he finally detached himself.

“Come on, this is your stop, right?”

She nodded.

“Then let’s go before he wakes, the disgusting pervert. I’m so sorry this happened to you.”

He took her hand and they got off the train. Her heart beat rapidly in her chest as they ascended up the stairs, into the street, and then slowed down as they made their way to her home. It didn’t take long, and for once Haruka had little to say other than to reassure Kenji that she was alright.

“I can’t believe you knocked him out,” she finally said.

“Me either,” he replied. “I guess that was my big anime protagonist moment, because I never could have done that before.”

“I could have. Before, I mean.”

“I’m sorry about that. But your performance tonight was magnificent! You had everyone’s attention.”

She blurted out her next statement. “I didn’t have yours, though! You were kissing Rika.”

“Actually, Rika kissed me,” he said, going nervous again. His cheeks bloomed red, and her own jaw fell into a gaping void, though just for a moment.

“She did!?”

“Yes, and then she ran away regretting it. It was a weird night. I just wanted to have fun.”

“That’s my saying! I just want to have fun!”

“And did you?”

She paused as they reached the doorway of her home. Predictably, neither of her parents were home, so she used the key under the mat.

“I thought I was, but I think I wanted to spend time with you, like she was.”

He gave an easy, attractive smile. “We can always do that Haruka. I *want* that.”

She opened the door, and a sudden cheekiness came over her. A powerful need to expend her energy in a particular way that Harold would never have approved of, but that her libido desperately demanded as soon as possible.

“Let’s spend time together now then, you absolutely cutie!”

She dragged him in and was immediately kissing him. Kenji had suspected this might happen at the threshold, and just as with Mao, he failed to hold himself back. His own harem protagonist instincts were driving him as much as Haruka’s female obsession with him, and soon they were moving straight to her bedroom.

“My parents are never home, so we have all the time we need. *All* the time,” she repeated, “for you to play with these big, bouncy tits! They’re a lot bigger than Rika’s, I bet!”

She ripped down her dress, revealing her perfect globes in all their naked glory. They bounced for whole seconds, causing Kenji to develop yet another blood nose.

“*Ok!*,” he said, mesmerised. “So big.”

You can touch them, you know,” she said as she dragged him up onto the bed. “I really want you to.”

“Are you sure, you never would have wanted this-”

“Before before before. But I do now, Kenji! I’m full of soooooo much energy and it’s maddening. I’m always so positive and happy and I want *you* to feel the same *with* me. Won’t you please feel my big tits? I’ll be your perfect harem girlfriend, I just know it!”

He couldn’t resist that call. He began groping her tits, and it was so much better than the pervert on the train’s touch. It was gentle, slow, and it drew out her pleasure.

But she wanted things to go much more quickly. An idea formed in her mind. She began feeling his cock, rubbing his trousers so that he became harder and harder. He was big - bigger than she expected. Big enough for what she wanted to do. She kissed him firmly, giggling as he continued to fondle her incredibly sensitive nipples, and then she moved down and kneeled at the edge of the couch.

“Sit down! Trust me, you’re going to super love this! It’ll be amazing for the both of us!”

He was momentarily confused until she helped him remove his trousers and underwear, then placed his erect cock in her cleavage, sandwiching it between her mammoth breasts. Ordinarily, lube would have been needed, but this reality didn't work like that. It was far more convenient, and hot.

"OHhhhhh," he moaned as she began giving him his first ever titty job. He was not a virgin anymore thanks to Mao, but she was so demanding when it came to sex, and always preferred to be on top. Now Haruka was literally on her knees before him as he sat at the end of the bed, using her tits to rub his cock to fruition. She stared at it, giggling in delight.

"You like this, don't you! Are you having fun!?"

"So much f-fun!" he declared. "The greatest! Ohhhh, this is amazing, Haruka! You're amazing!"

"I f-feel amazing again! I'm going to make this the best night ever! Get ready for the high note, Kenji!"

Lost in the moment, she did something she never imagined ever doing, even once she knew the score of this world. She placed her lips on the head of his cock and began to suck away, making Kenji groan with even greater bliss. She continued to rub her tits against his cock, but her tongue contributed extra. It was only when she felt it throb between her breasts that she pulled back and looked up into his eyes. She wanted to give him a show!

"YESSSSS, HARUKA! YESSSS!!!"

He erupted all over her, his seed splashing against her face, her mouth her neck, and - most prominently - her tits as well. She was splattered with his issue, and it was somehow deeply fucking hot.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, cumming as well. The sensation of her nipples rubbing against his skin did it, as well as the general sexiness of the whole situation. She cried out again and again as more orgasms hit her, and each was as musical as the last. A small part of her was disgusted, but the rest was enticed, and fully satisfied, especially once Kenji used his hand to caress her cheek and stroke her hair.

"That was incredible," Kenji said. It had been just as good as Mao, but so different. Another dream come true.

"It was," she replied, giggling. "But I think that was just a rehearsal. The actual performance will be sooo much better, after a bit more practise."

This time, Kenji giggled with her.

Part 4: Alicia

Alicia felt like she'd developed split-personality syndrome, or something. On the one hand, she was meant to be an anarchist. A radical feminist. A class-conscious eco-terrorist in the making who wanted to overthrow the patriarchy and replace it with a system in which women could finally make decisions about their own biological destiny, damn it! On the other hand, however, she had also become a *very* pretty half-French, half-Japanese woman with flowing blonde locks, a tall stride, and a set of legs and sense of fashion to absolutely *die for*. It was a betrayal of everything she had been. She had eschewed fashion as bourgeoisie capitalist excess, even parroted that it was secretly a way to control women by forcing them to be plum little objects to be subjected to the male gaze.

The only problem was that now she was Alicia instead of Alison, she *loved* being subjected to the male gaze. In her exorbitantly expensive outfits and trendy makeup and hairstyles, she was easily able to make men sway their heads in her direction wherever she went. Even her college uniform was - impossible - unique compared to those around her. In this new life her parents were incredibly wealthy, working as hardly-seen French embassy diplomats or some such, but all that was just backstory that allowed her to stand out as 'the rich one.' The Ojou-sama, as she had learned from Kenki. The 'young lady' of Harem anime and manga who stood out as classy, rich, elegant and sexy, while possessing a positively endless wardrobe of stylish outfits. She was also quite materialistic and haughty, both qualities Alison had been proud not to possess in her previous life.

But my, oh my did she possess them now, especially since her college outfit had a longer skirt of a far more expensive make, and its colouring was golden yellow instead of the standard black and white with pleated green skirt. In their original reality, no school would allow such a strange divergence from the uniform, but this reality was bound by the rules of harem-style fiction, and so all it took was one throwaway line about her rich parents 'paying the right people for darling Alicia's privilege' and it was all settled. Hell, the outfit even *gleamed*, as if it were from a cartoon.

"I am a cartoon," she mused to herself as she left to go to school. "A darling cartoon at that. A positively resplendent cartoon . . . why, or why has this happened to me!?"

She rode a bicycle each day. Something about that felt very French, especially how it blew her skirts in the wind in a way that conveniently revealed her luscious pale thighs. Men's noses burst with blood every time she passed, and she simply giggled and posed a little, enjoying the way they took photographs of her. Somehow, no matter the situation, she was always perfectly photogenic. She'd even gotten Rika to test the theory by taking a photo of her while she pulled a face and fell over to the side. Nope, in the photograph she looked to be a gorgeous model, posing elegantly, her eyes betraying her new smug confidence.

The confidence was Haruka's fault, she reckoned. The concert had been the previous night, and it had been practically impossible not to dominate the dance floor. Worse, when the lame nerd Kenji became the focal point of the whole thing, the world literally giving a shaft of light upon him and Rika as they danced romantically, something in Alicia had become *very* haughty and envious indeed. She'd almost considered doing something to sabotage them, such as paying off someone to stage an emergency, or simply making an outrageous announcement herself to distract them.

Thankfully, Haruka had run off crying about something or other, and Kenji had chased her loyally in a way that only left Alicia a *little* jealous. It also made her consider how wonderfully gallant he was.

But the true legacy of that night, as far as she could tell, was that it had pushed her over the edge into embracing Alicia for several hours, and that was a very dangerous thing. Alison had only liked being the centre of attention when throwing pies at climate criminals, or shouting invectives at misogynists, or proudly announcing her class-conscious acts when marching or speechifying against the Patriarchy. As Alicia, the incredibly gorgeous dress she had worn had instead been what she showed off. That and her earrings. And her other jewellery. And her perfect dance moves, all of which showed off her legs and overall slim figure. Instead of talking about political issues that mattered (did this world even have political issues that mattered? It seemed to bend around romance and love hexagons more than anything!), she instead talked about colour combinations, how cute others looked, what diets would be best to maintain their figures, and what clubs she could start or even take over in order to swell her following.

"I have a following now," she muttered as she rode, her body automatically making the action look elegant and easy. "I would have killed for a following as my previous self. No one listened to me back then. But talk about pretty colours and stupid, wonderful outfits and suddenly all these stupid girls are gathering themselves around you to be your adjutants! Bah, they're petty commoners just trying to get a taste of my refinement! I mean - ugh! These stupid bourgeoisie thoughts! I can't believe Kenji has literally made me into a gorgeous French aristocrat! I literally am descended from royalty in this ridiculous timeline!"

Still, even as she said that, a hint of pride came over her. She *was* descended from royalty, and she *was* very high-class. And just a few weeks into her new, strange life, she already had a small army of fashion-conscious and needy girls attaching themselves to her like a little cult, all wanting to be like their Ojou-Sama.

"I guess it's not *totally* bad," she muttered to herself, blowing a few kisses to passerbys who were starstruck by her beauty. "But I'm not going to get used to it! I will be a rebel again! Even if I have to be a very stylish one!"

She continued to ride to college, swearing that she would indeed cling to her anarchist past. It would prove harder than she realised.

The following week was difficult for Alicia, for a number of reasons. Despite her agreeing to the general plan to ignore Kenji as much as possible, it was just too difficult *not* to run into him. The entire universe was bending to make them endure a series of meet-cutes and clashes. In fact, she even found herself moved out of her regular grammar class into his due to her high ability, and guess whose seat she was located just next to? Kenji's, of course. With his regular, everyman good looks and gentle smile, it was hard not to feel her heart flutter a little bit. She tried to draw strength from the fact that Mao was in the same class, but despite her endlessly angry demeanour, the former stoner was strangely closer to Kenji than Alicia would have suspected, often finding excuses to touch him, or go to the bathroom around the same time as him, or generally laughing at his jokes before snapping at anyone who would dare comment on this.

"It's not like I care about him or anything, okay?" Mao exclaimed after class when Alicia confronted her about this. "He's just not *completely* terrible, alright? Besides, he comes and cheers my sports games, so I owe him. That's all!"

Alicia wasn't entirely convinced, but she had other concerns on top of this. She had discovered something very dangerous indeed: in the presence of Kenji, her appearance *sparkled*. Like, literally sparkled at times, when he looked at her, with rose petals falling from an unseen source all around her before disappearing. Just having his gaze upon her, or being near him, made her look even more gorgeous and refined than usual. Her lips were glossier, her eyes bright and shining, her hair bouncing splendidly in ways that could have been from a shampoo commercial featuring a top model. It was just another temptation for her new personality to be near him, especially since he often stuttered and spluttered in her presence. One afternoon, she was simply walking down the hallway to her next class following the lunch break. Kenji was heading the other way, chatting excitedly with Haruka, whose overly-large breasts were bouncing eagerly in her top in a way that made Alicia practically roll her eyes. Alison would have thought she was a sellout to the entire female gender. Now, she felt a prickle of jealousy as well.

"That ridiculous woman," she muttered to several of her near-identical acolytes, who moved subserviently beside and behind her. "Her proportions are all wrong, and she shows far too much flesh when one should *tease* invitingly. No class at all!"

She knew it was ridiculous of her to say, especially given that 'class' was practically a trigger word to her old Alison self. It was even sillier because of who Haruka had once been; the loathsome, vulgar Harold. Still, her followers murmured approval.

"Not as pretty as you, Alicia!"

"Her boobs are too big, yours are perfectly sized, Alicia!"

"Alicia-san, she could never measure up to you and your style! She lacks your fashion sense!"

"You're absolutely right," she said, and with that, she strutted forward, letting her custom-school uniform shine splendidly in the sunbeams that cast themselves through the hallways windows. Kenji and she passed in slow-motion - literally - and the entire moment turned into some kind of movie scene. Alicia smirked in his direction, her eyes confident yet sexy at the same time, her expression that of a woman who knew she looked good and was heads and shoulders above the rabble around her.

"Woah," Kenji gasped. Haruka was saying something, giggling and bouncing and being all manner of excited in his presence, but whatever she was communicating was lost on him. In that moment, his entire attention was transfixed upon Alicia. Even back as Ken, he'd found her interesting, albeit intimidating. She was the only girl in their group, and despite her radicalism and refusal to go along with feminine norms, he found it hard not to be a little attracted to her. Now she was beautiful beyond compare, her refinement and style and command radiating from her as if she were born royalty.

Alicia recognised that look, and she too felt like royalty, particularly since Kenji almost bowed in her presence as he passed before catching himself.

"You did *zis* to me," she noted as she passed. "So it's expected you would be apologetically worshipful, don't you think?"

"I - I do think. I very much do think!"

"Good! Now leave my presence before things get awkward. I don't like to mix with people below my station, Kenji, not unless they can *prove* they're worthy of my affection."

The slow-motion effect ended, as did the rose petals falling around her. Suddenly they were in a hall again, and Haruka was looking a bit annoyed.

"What - what are you talking about, Alicia-san?"

Alicia had no idea, at least the Alison part of her didn't. Why the hell was she quasi-flirting with this stupid geek of a man, even if he was handsome? But instead of backing down, she continued. Something about having a little personal army of sycophantic fashionistas made it easy to go ahead, and hard to summon her old self.

"Oh, I'm just stating the obvious, dear Haruka. Your musical performance the other night was just to *die* for, by the way. You danced quite well, as did our Kenji here. But a J-pop performance is one thing, and a fashion show quite another."

“A f-fashion show?” stuttered Kenji. Even now, having made girlfriends of two of the women (and therefore now technically already possessing an anime harem), he still found himself nervous in the presence of those not yet ‘converted.’ Hell, he still found Mao kind of scary, even as she fucked him senseless in hidden lockers and private spaces.

She smirked, particularly as her various fangirls all cooed and awwed at her brilliant idea. She adopted a radiant pose, a magical cartoon spotlight turning on, sound bite and all, in time for her to flourish her hands.

“Of course,” she said. “It would be utterly ghastly to be stuck in *zis* outfit of mine for too long. Fashion is an ever-changing thing, and how we dress is how we define ourselves, at least in cultured France! Wait, I’m not from . . . but anyway, I am willing to stop ignoring you Kenji, if you prove to me that you can be as appropriately stylish and confident in your manner as *moi*. Or better yet, if you can *judge* the right style for *moi*. How about *zis*?”

Kenji had never known anything about fashion in his previous life. He certainly didn’t know anything about it now. But he recognised a classic narrative trope when it was presented to him, and the ‘man reviews a thousand dresses of an attractive love interest’ was something endemic not just to Japanese manga but Western films and television shows. And while he was genuinely, truly trying not to be a creep in all of this, a small part of his id *absolutely* desired to take part. Alicia was a golden-haired goddess of a woman. Where Mao was all passion and tempest, and Haruka giddiness and bounciness (in two areas particularly), Alicia was like a living painting, a being of feminine grace and beauty. He turned to Haruka, who looked rather sceptical. She was holding onto his arm now, one of her large breasts squashed against his side. He had the feeling she was definitely going to treat him to some fun time after their next class, but for now his attention was on Alicia.

“I will do my best to prove myself, Alicia. I’d hate to disappoint you.”

Alicia briefly blushed. He really did sound like he meant it.

“Very well! My chauffeur will pick you up this Saturday. Say around ten in the morning? Be on your best behaviour. We’ll be going to the classy part of town. See you then, *mon cœur*.”

And with that, she continued walking away, her little entourage giggling and gasping and gossiping, and her curating it all. One little thing nipped at her original Alison conscience though: why had she just called that nerdy anime-loving freak ‘my love’ in French? Surely she didn’t mean *that!*

But then she *had* just invited him to judge her outfits, and that was also very much not like her.

“*Oh mon Dieu*, what ze hell am I doing? This is the most unfeminist thing I can imagine!”

But then again, what could be more feminist than subjecting a man to the delights and achievements of female fashion? Surely that was an act of rebellion against the patriarchy, right?

“I think I should invite some of the others, just to be sure.”

Mao wasn't interested,, but came along for some reason despite refusing to explain herself. Haruka was instantly in agreement to attend, and despite the prickliness between her and Alicia, she at least understood the possibilities of style. Rika was naturally the best other fit, with her demure personality and submissive approach to life. Alicia couldn't get Tomoko to come, sadly, and this was a disappointment, as the Alison side of her had been hoping the immensely busty woman would at least distract Kenji's attention so that he wouldn't get too close to the French-Japanese woman. Things were getting a little dangerous on that front, particularly as she and he rode in the limousine together that Saturday morning.

“This is going to be soooooo fun!” Haruka cried, touching Kenji's leg before pulling back with embarrassment. “I really think I'll need to find some super cute dresses that can fit my big bust.”

“Oh, stop talking about your big boobs!” Mao exclaimed, folding her arms over her flat chest. “We get it!”

“You're just jealous you don't have big tits like me and Alicia!”

Alicia rolled her eyes. “Please, mine are well-sized and respectable without being . . . over ze top, such as yours. Literally, in *zis* case.”

Haruka looked down and realised she was muffin-topping. “Oops! Sorry!”

She adjusted herself back into her cups, and Kenji sprang a nosebleed. It was Alicia that quickly fixed that, leaning across the space in the limo to clean his nose.

“*Zis* entire ridiculous harem situation is your fault, Kenji, so be on your best behaviour, okay? Remember, you are here to prove you are even worthy of being around us, not to sleep with us, as ridiculous as that would be! Am I correct, girls?”

Rika nodded as eagerly as she could, but Haruka and Mao just fell into strange coughing fits for some reason. Kenji was bright red.

“R-right,” he said. “Of course.”

They arrived at the *De-Luxe Mall* not long after. It was an absurdly ostentatious building that was immensely oversized, to the point of literal cartoonishness. Alicia exited the limousine, taking the hand of her driver. Several manservants in separate cars, alongside numerous sycophants, all followed behind her subserviently. The harem girls and Kenji struggled to catch up with her impressively long strides. She was wearing a gorgeous

knee-length red dress with tastefully bared shoulders and white rose patterns. It outlined her form well without being aggressively tight. She preferred things that *flowed* rather than clung. It was the essence of finery, and from Kenji's mesmerised gaze, she could tell it was working.

"Do not look too much, Kenji," she noted. "It is like the sun. Look, but do not stare. Besides, we have not even begun! Right through here, girls! I shall direct you. Who else, after all?"

Her sycophants laughed as one, but Mao simply groaned in annoyance.

"Let's just get this over with! There better be some good sports bras here!"

"Ha!" Haruka teased, "like you need them!"

Storm clouds brewed over Mao's head, but Alicia ignored it all. She was here to introduce the group to some *style*. What followed was a strong lesson in it, as she directed the girls through some of the most expensive outfits imaginable to their meagre new bank accounts. Naturally, she enjoyed being the one to foot the bill, but first of all came the parade of dresses and outfits to review, and naturally Kenji was selected to be the judge.

"I'll make sure to wear something that *really* shows my girls off," she whispered in his ear as she passed, making sure to let her large melons bounce. Kenji coughed, and it took Mao stretching in a rather obvious way to show off her athletic body to snap his attention to something else. But then the girls all disappeared into the various change rooms - which were naturally in a convenient semi-circle with him seated like a rapt audience member in front of - leaving him to judge what was coming. Alicia shut a curtain across the entire proceedings.

"Now girls, it's time for me to fix all of you up. As ze resident fashionista of our new reality, it's only fitting that I make you look like the glorious beauties you were meant to be, with me as the shining star!"

Rika raised an eyebrow. "Alicia, I thought we were trying not to go too deep into our roles. I mean, isn't this the opposite of what we-"

"Oh please," Mao sighed, "everyone saw you kissing Kenji at that party."

"You didn't! You were doing an athletics run! Besides, you make him go to all your track events!"

"I *did* invite him to the concert," Haruka mused, smiling to herself. "It was a good choice."

"This is what I mean," Rika protested. "We keep bringing him to stuff. I'm so meek, like a little flower, all thanks to this transformation. Alicia, you're meant to be a rebel. This is hardly you! What if you end up showing off to him too much and something happens?"

Once again, Mao and Haruka coughed and turned bright red. Only this time, they noticed *each other's reactions*. Mao pointed at Haruka and made a gesture with her mouth.

'You?'

Haruka likewise responded. 'You too? When!? How!?'

'After a game! It was an accident!'

'Me too! After the concert!'

'You absolute big-boobed slut!'

'You're one to talk, I bet you did him first! Ugh, why am I jealous?'

"Is there something to share, you two?" Alicia said, noticing the silent conversation between them.

"NOTHING!" they both yelled at once.

"Just show us what to wear!" Mao said enthusiastically and borderline out of character. Haruka echoed the sentiment, and it was enough for Alicia to continue. Only Rika remained suspicious, but soon she was swept up in the fashion experience.

"I know I should fight this," Alicia said to herself as she picked each of the girls' outfits, "but it's just too much fun! I shall just have to be a feminist in fashion instead! Take down the patriarchy by looking far, far too good!"

And look good she did. They all did, even if Mao looked quite out of place with all the flowery outfits that followed. One by one they paraded before Kenji, wearing all manner of dresses and outfits that ranged from sporty (Mao looked particularly sexy in a high-class golfing outfit, complete with little half-cap) to racy (Haruka could not have shown more cleavage if she tried in her expensive crop-blouse with its silky texture) to the utterly adorable (Rika in her blue summer dress with its yellow sunflower patterns, complete with a twirling effect). Just like a classic anime montage - or even the western equivalent of the same genre - the girls cycled through clothes at an unnaturally fast pace, a camera flash effect separating their appearances. They wore cozy winter jackets, elegant ballroom gowns, two-piece summer outfits, designer blouses and jeans, fashionable sunglasses and headbands, and numerous other forms of wear that suited their bodies. Not everything quite worked: Mao looked ridiculous in her poofy pink dress, while Haruka quite literally burst open her blouse thanks to her large bust, causing a single button to ping right into Kenji's forehead and stick there. And Rika, being the cute childhood friend, looked utterly uncomfortable (yet deeply demure and sexy) when wearing outfits that showed her midriff and cleavage.

But the real takeaway was Alicia's utter command of style and beauty, just as she had planned. While Kenji had to hide his erection and clear lust towards the women as they strutted forward - Mao in a dominant fashion, Haruka bouncing, Rika holding her arms awkwardly - this was Alicia's domain, and whenever she appeared alongside the other women the former wide-set nerd was unable to look away. She made anything look good, to the point where she literally *shined* in her outfits. One in particular she committed to wearing out of the store; a golden dress that shined much like her hair. It was a sequined cocktail

outfit with an impressive matching shawl that then wrapped down around her waist and hung over one hip. It had a gem-studded collar and went over one shoulder, leaving the other bare. Her cleavage was present but tastefully teased, not fully shown off like Haruka's but instead suggestive of more to be unwrapped. With one slide on the other side for her perfect thigh, the entire thing looked like a rich Christmas present to be unwrapped carefully, and only by those who were worthy.

"Well, *mon cœur*, what do you think?" she asked Kenji as she twirled about, letting him see her clothing in its entirety. Even the other girls 'oohed' and 'ahhed' as a collective, as did her army of sycophants nearby. Mao pouted, annoyed but clearly impressed.

"You look utterly incredible Alicia," Kenji declared, gazing up at her like she was a golden goddess. "I can hardly believe you were the person you used to be. You have so much style now, you literally could be a supermodel! Or a socialite! Or both! Sorry, I'm saying all the wrong things. You probably don't want to hear any of that, huh?"

She didn't. Well, she was sure she didn't. But her Alicia self was hungry for such comments, devouring them up in such a way that she got a strong dopamine hit for every compliment of her beauty and brilliance. And so as much as she wanted to snap at him for making her this shallow parody of womanhood, she was also unable to stop herself from embracing this new side of femininity. It was so very enticing, after all.

"Oh, Kenji, of course I want to hear it! I mean, I shouldn't. I know I shouldn't. But perhaps I was just a little wrong about who I was before. Perhaps it's the French in me, or perhaps I'm just changing, or maybe I lacked perspective, but I feel rather beautiful *and* powerful as I am. So bring on the compliments! Bring them on!"

Kenji did. Having been given permission, they flowed freely now, and extended to others as well. "The dresses are just like out of my imagination. And the way it shows off your hair, and your makeup matches perfectly! Sorry, I don't want to sound sleazy or anything-

"Please do," Mao and Haruka whispered together, before exchanging an awkward look.

"Oh, I'm sure you can make it sound quite refined and appropriate," Alicia noted, placing a hand on her hip and posing with her hair over one shoulder. She looked like she could have been on the cover of one of those fashion magazines she had once despised. In fact, she quite wanted to be in that moment.

"We-ell," Kenji said, looking round at the women, and being very aware of the relations he already had with Mao and Haruka, "I guess what I was trying to say was that you all have such perfect, um, bodies. What I mean is that you are all so beautiful, and I love how your outfits show off how unique and special you are! They make you look elegant and

fancy, while also being fundamentally *you*. Especially you, Alicia. You're in your total element!"

She grinned, soaking in these compliments. Haruka sighed happily, and Mao blushed while trying not to look touched. Even Rika was affected, having to wipe away little tears of happiness. She hid her face from view.

"Wonderfully put, no?" Alicia said. "And you're right, this is my element. But I have other elements, my dear Kenji. In fact, I'm thinking of exploring one from my old life that I very much enjoyed, only this time in much, much greater style."

Kenji gave a quizzical look. They all did.

"Where would that be?" he asked.

Alicia gave an appropriately long dramatic pause before striding over to one of the piles of clothing she had accumulated. She withdrew something she most definitely hadn't worn yet, but made Kenji water at the mouth just to imagine it.

"Why, the beach of course!" she declared, holding up a bikini top over her chest and placing a large sun hat over her head. "In fact, I think we should all go there tomorrow!"

Their collective jaws dropped. Even after having so much sex with Kenji, the thought of wearing a bikini publicly was shocking to Haruka, and even more so for Mao. But seeing Kenji's excitement wiped away any reluctance. Only Rika trembled at the thought.

"And this time we can judge *you*," Alicia said, poking Kenji in the chest. "I like a man by the beach."

It was all coming out of her, and there was no stopping it. What the hell was she doing?

Alicia tried to put the brakes on herself, but between the fact that the other members of the so-called harem were going, and the encouragement from her own little army of fashionistas, not to mention her own desire to hit the beach once more in style, it was impossible to get this train off the tracks. The beach was absurdly beautiful and idyllic, appropriate for their current 'beach episode.' Alicia arrived wearing a white bikini held together with golden hoops. She wore a large sun hat that could only belong to a woman of style, and sunglasses with horns that spoke to both her sense of fashion and power, as well as her new devilish streak. Her hips swayed as she walked, her D-cup breasts bounced spectacularly, and her perfect body shined thanks to the sun rays upon her carefully lotioned skin. Several of her followers arrived with her things, ranging from her parasol to her layback beach chair to her many swimming items.

The others didn't take long to arrive either. Haruka wore pink - naturally - the former angry man compelled to be all sweet and bubbly. Her enormous F-cup breasts bouncing fully. Her wildly-coloured hair had changed again, this time matching her outfit, and she dove into the water without a second thought, screaming in excitement. Mao arrived after, trying to cover herself. She wore a beach top with long sleeves that nevertheless cut off high to bare her athletic midriff with its impressive muscles. She wore tight swimshorts beneath. It fit her completely, though in truth the original male her would have just arrived in boardshorts and smoked weed in a beach cabin the whole time. She had brought a number of balls and bats for beach baseball, cricket, and - of course - volleyball. Rika came after, wearing a modest blue one piece that nevertheless outlined her cute form. She looked embarrassed to be present, though Alicia felt her style matched her well. Lastly, there was Tomoko. She couldn't make it the previous day, and almost looked like she wasn't sure she should be here now. Her absolutely mammoth HH-cup breasts were barely contained in her dark one-piece swimsuit. She was also with several of her new friends of the same age as her; fellow tutors who she had invited along in order to give herself some plausible deniability.

"My, that young Kenji is rather cute for a twenty year old student, isn't he?" one said, whose name was Aoi.

Tomoko slumped her shoulders, causing her enormous chest to wobble for what felt like a minute. "H-he is, I suppose. God, I can't escape it!"

He had just arrived, and already all the women were eyeing him. Rika flocked to his side, grinning nervously.

"Kenji! We're set up over here! Even Tomoko could make it!"

"Fantastic! I'd hoped to see all my girls - I mean, *the* girls - here. You all look so marvellous! This is seriously a scene right out of one of my mangas-"

"*Party Beach Girl Club*," Rika responded immediately, surprising him. She blushed, looking down at the sand beneath her feet. "I, um, remember it from when we used to hang out together."

"Those were good times," Kenji said. "I really miss them, you know."

"I - I do too," she admitted.

"Then why did you end our friendship?" he asked. "I don't understand why-"

"Kenji! Finally you're here!" The voice belonged to Alicia, who practically *tore* him away from Rika. "Let's get *zis* top off of you. I think we *all* want to see what's underneath, and besides it's hardly fitting for a beach setting. It's time we all enjoy ourselves, no?"

Haruka and Mao joined in on getting his shirt off, and each were dazzled - literally with stars in their eyes - when his impressive musculature beneath was revealed. He wasn't mega-ripped, but he wasn't lacking in the muscle department either. Mao and Haruka both placed a hand on his abs at the same time and gave a jealous cat-growl to each other.

“Hey, back off! I wanted to feel first!”

“Please, *I’m* the one with the big chest. He-”

They both realised what they were saying quite out loud. Rika was too distant to hear, and Tomoko was on the sidelines trying to slowly break her way in. But Alicia heard it all. Her suspicions already aroused, she began to put two and two together. Her inner radical feminist *growled* at the epiphany.

“You - you both!? Both of you!?”

“Shhh! It was just one time!” Mao said. “Or five times. Eight. Ten. Whatever!”

“Oh, we’ll I’ve had him waaaaaay more than that,” Haruka replied in a half-whisper.

Alicia shook. She was caught between wanting to admonish these ridiculous women who had given into this perverse male gaze of a fantasy, and wanting to join it herself. Angry that she hadn’t joined it *first*, in fact. Instead, she calmed herself, stood tall, and exclaimed out loud.

“Nothing to see here! Except our handsome Kenji, of course! But now that we’re all here, let’s get in *zee* surf! I am sure *some* here would do best to *cool off*.”

She addressed that last part to Mao and Haruka, but Kenji was on notice too. It was hard to hide a budding erection, and water was just what he needed. Not that Alicia was planning to give him a break.

“It is time to show them all what a *true* woman is capable of,” she said. “I shall summon power from old life and the new to take charge of this beach party!”

Mao was first in the water, easily outsprinting the rest. Haruka joined her, her enormous bust and wild hair (green again) bouncing in her adorable pigtails. Rika waded in alongside Kenji, unable to bring herself to continue their original conversation, but happy to be near him. It felt quite calming to be by his side again, close as friends once more. But it also felt wrong, only not for the reasons the others were experiencing. She was fighting something far older than their change, something that went right back to their teenage years.

“Something the matter, Rika?” Kenji asked. “Apart from the whole being turned into a girl thing, which I’m still very, very sorry for.”

She chuckled softly, stroking her brown hair with hands in preparation for the big dip. “Oh, nothing like that. I’m just thinking back to when we used to go to beaches like this. Well, not cartoon ones. But we had good times back then.”

“And just like then, there are very beautiful women around. You and I used to comment on how we’d never be so lucky to have them!”

She blushed. “Well, that may change. Only I *am* a woman now, though a plain one.”

Kenji looked at her like she'd grown three heads. "Rika, you are incredibly beautiful! I just didn't want to say because, well, it would be awkward. But you are very, very beautiful."

She swallowed. "Um, I think I better dive in. Mao and Haruka are fighting. Again."

She dove under the water and swam as fast as she could away, unwilling to let herself expose her innermost feelings. It had been hard enough not to look at Kenji's stomach, his shoulders, the muscles of his back . . .

Tomoko was also watching. She hadn't joined in for swimming yet, staying on the sidelines a little and observing Kenji from afar. She had already tripped over more than once on a sandbank or a deckchair as she drank in the sight of her former student.

"So wr-wrong. So very wrong! God, it makes it so . . . naughty!"

She hugged her chest, causing her magnificently large breasts to push nearly up to her chin, and even exposing some cleavage at the top of her one piece swimsuit. She put the end of her glasses in her mouth and sucked on them a little suggestively without even realising it.

"Need to cool off. There's just no way. It would be unethical! Oh, I need to throw another girl to him just so I don't do anything!" She spotted Alicia wading into the water, all class and beauty, and Kenji looking her way. "Perfect!"

Alicia was more than happy to get the attention. She swam with perfect poise and precision through the water, lacking the aggressive speed of Mao but instead appearing like a water dancer. Her perfect legs were on display as she did a handstand in the water, and when she rose up she deliberately flicked her hair over in such a way that wouldn't be out of place in one of those chauvinistic James Bond films when the Bond girl emerged from out of the sea. It was an image she would have hated once, but now she was discovering a strong sense of *power* in her new self. She could be a powerful force of femalehood by demonstrating the worthiness of womanly style, beauty, and rich refinement.

And besides, Kenji was watching her.

"Ah, sweet Kenji, like what you see?" she teased.

"Um, yeah. A lot, actually."

"Hm! Well, I don't imagine you can afford it. Like they say in zose cheaper shops: look but don't touch, yes?"

She swam up close to him, practically *daring* him to touch her. But of course he didn't. He was far too gentlemanly, and that was the problem. Alison was barely holding her Alicia self back, keeping her from pressing her body against this man and showing him what a *true* lady was like when it came to passion. She was now part-French, after all, and the French knew passion.

“Don’t worry,” Kenji said, putting up his hands in a placating gesture. “I definitely wouldn’t touch without permission, Alicia! I mean, not that you would give permission. You know what I mean! I just feel so bad that I’ve put you in this situation.”

“Whatever do you mean?” she asked, though she knew full well why.

He scratched the back of his head. Mao and Haruka were splashing each other with water, and it was a pretty sexy sight to see. Even Rika was getting in on the fun, and soon the three of them were all turning on Tomoko who was wading into the water far too slowly.

“Stop it! I’m a r-respectable tutor! I work for our school!”

“And you look all the better representing it as a wet beach babe!” Haruka exclaimed, hurling more water her way.

Alicia and Kenji shared a chuckle, until he turned back to her with a serious expression. “I’m glad they’re having fun, and maybe even coming to like their new bodies, but it’s not something they should have to adjust to. Even if, er, some have adjusted more.”

Alicia stood higher in the water, letting her full chest show in his sightline. She folded her arms beneath the white bikini fabric over her chest and raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, I believe Haruka and Mao have adjusted quite well, haven’t they?”

“Um, whatever do you mean?” he said, parroting her words back.

“It means that I’m starting to suspect you’re already building a harem, mister! Yes, you are a regular charmer, no? *Zis* harem manga dream is becoming a reality! Admit it!”

Kenji swallowed. The others were all distracted, and starting to move up to start a volleyball competition. It was borderline stereotypical.

“Well, uh, maybe we had a little bit of, well, connection. I didn’t mean for it to happen, it just sort of did! I even asked them to see if they were certain, and I didn’t pressure them!”

“I bet you didn’t, little man,” she said dismissively. “But why not approach me first? I’m the most elegant, the most beautiful, the most rich and refined! Plus, I know the most about how to be a woman! *In every way.*”

She held his gaze for a long time. For a moment, it felt like something was about to happen. It took all her strength to pull back.

“*Mon dieu*, what am I doing? This stupid new mental state I have is making me really want to be passionate with you, *mon cœur*. Ugh, but I’m meant to be a damned feminist! A rebel! An anarchist and socialist and revolutionary! Not this prim, proper beach beauty!”

“I’m sorry,” Kenji said. “Maybe if we get away from each other, maybe if-”

“The volleyball competition,” she interrupted. “Of course!”

That way she could throw another woman his way. Make sure Haruka’s big bouncing breasts grabbed his attention instead.

She didn’t realise that Tomoko already had the same plan, only it applied to Alicia. And it was already in motion.

The crowd cheered as the women played. The team was divided into two: Kenji, Rika, Tomoko, and Alicia on one side, and Mao, Tomoko, and Haruka on the other. In the best tradition of anime beach episodes, the bikinis and swimsuits of all the women had shrunk just a little, allowing for lots of bouncing, jiggling, and many a sexy bare midriff. Haruka and Tomoko were naturally the biggest (literally) standouts, but even Mao's impressive hips and Rika's lithe body were moving in appealing ways. Alicia danced about, proving herself almost Mao's equal as the captain of her own team. The ball went back and forth, with those two women just as passionate in their approach. Rika tried to get the ball several times, but was too short and lacking in jumping power to be much help. Still, she actually seemed to be enjoying herself. They all were, smashing the ball into the air and becoming hypercompetitive to the point where Kenji was almost a little scared.

"You can't win, Alicia!" Mao cried.

"I can and I will! You may have strength, but I have finesse! And *zat* is the far finer quality, *mon cheri!*"

Of course, there was little doubt that Mao's side would win, especially since the energetic Haruka was on their side, as well as tall Tomoko. Even Kenji's inability to concentrate because of all the beautiful women around them made it borderline impossible for Alicia's side to get the scoring point, while Rika was barely keeping up.

And yet . . .

And yet somehow they *were* winning. Alicia's own haughty, prideful nature - something which was absolutely part of her original life as well - would never let her see the truth, but the game had been rigged from the start. Tomoko was practically salivating at the sight of Kenji, and had known it was only a matter of time before she did something seriously inappropriate, and so she had beseeched both Haruka and Mao for aid in pushing someone else in front of the bus. And given how completely self-obsessed Alicia had been over the past few days, and their own embarrassment at her knowing that they had been sleeping with Kenji, they were all too happy to go along with it.

"*La victoire!*" Alicia shouted as she once more scored a point, bringing the game to an end. Her side had been victorious, and despite the setbacks they had suffered she was flush with the thrill of triumph. Enough so that it sent her over the edge. "We did it, Kenji! We have won! You and I - and Rika I suppose - are *ze* winners! We won!"

She grabbed him and kissed him, planting her mouth right on his lips. It lasted only a fraction of a second before she pulled back, but it had been *heaven*. In fact, his kissing potential was quite impressive, given how well he had fitted her in that brief moment.

"It is, ahh . . . just a French congratulations, *mon amour!*" she said, trying not to lose her cool.

But already Tomoko and the others were seizing on this moment.

"Congratulations!" Tomoko said, clumsily inserting herself into the conversation. "As per agreement, the winners all get access to the prize beach cabin, of course."

"Of course!" Mao said.

"Absolutely," Haruka added.

Alicia and Kenji exchanged a look of confusion. "What do you mean? *Zis* was never said before!"

"You probably, um, weren't listening!" Tomoko explained.

Mao stepped in. "Yeah, you were too haughty-toity to hear, sure. The comfy beach cabin with the super romantic view and stuff - it's all yours now! Have fun!"

Rika raised an eyebrow. "This seems pretty susp-"

But Haruka clamped a hand over her mouth.

"OhByTheWayINeedToBorrowRikaForSomethingYouTwoGoOnAndHaveFunBye!"

The group practically *shoved* Alicia and Kenji forward. The two walked down the beach, and by sheer convenience the afternoon sun hit, turning the sky a luscious, romantic set of pink and purple hues. Sure enough, there was a rather romantic looking cabin further down the beach, and sure enough the rather cunning Mao had broken into it after determining that its owner was not home. And so it was that the two stepped in, not quite sure what they were doing, but neither willing to back down. For all her pride, Alicia's own heart was pounding. She had never imagined feeling this way about a nerd like Kenji, particularly one who viewed the world through such a male gaze. But now the male gaze was on *her*. It made her want him. To let him appreciate her. To make him understand how truly elegant she was in all things, especially sex.

"This actually looks really comfy," Kenji said, stepping inside the cabin where the large bed was prominent, and the terrific view of the ocean outside the window. "What would you like to, um, do here?"

Alicia didn't even war with herself, not like the other two. Instead, she *synthesised*. Her Alison self had wanted, more than anything, to break the status quo and raise female power. As Alicia, she rationalised that this was exactly what she was doing right now. She slammed the door, and cocked her hip to one side as she gave a sexy smile.

"I want to show you ze art of lovemaking," she declared.

"You - what?"

She chuckled softly. "Look around, Kenji. We've been had. The others want us to make love. They want me to go the way of angry Mao and giggly Haruka. But we won't."

"Um, so you know about that. Sorry. I swear I wasn't trying-"

“Hush,” she ordered, and he followed that order. She placed a finger on his lips, and slowly began taking off her bikini, freeing her perfect D-cup breasts. “We’re going to do much more than some silly manga hentai nonsense. You and I are going to - how do you say it? - *elevate the material.*”

She stroked his back, lowering her hands to tug down his board shorts and free his fully erect penis. She moaned softly at its sight, getting out of her bikini bottoms with a cute little wiggle. She stood before him, naked and perfect, a gorgeous little half-smirk on her face.

“Don’t tell me you don’t want a taste of my beauty, Kenji?”

The nosebleed occurred, disappearing moments later. Kenji swallowed.

“You know, I think I’m getting more confident, because I can tell you that so long as you want it, Alicia, I absolutely want it.”

“Good. Because I’m going to teach you the power of womanhood.”

They made love. It wasn’t like the angry sex of Mao, or the wild excited lust of Haruka. This was a practised art. A dance. An agreement. A contract between two parties with numerous complex stipulations and orders and equations and steps, all laid out with delicate intricacy. If Mao’s dominance aroused him, and Haruka’s bounciness excited him, then Alicia was *educating* him. She kissed in numerous different ways, dancing her tongue on his, before rubbing his body with her fingers in all the right ways. She massaged his cock not in some brute force way, but bringing him ever closer to his full before denying him, teasing him so that the tension rose and rose. When finally she sat down upon him, with Kenji himself sat on the end of the bed, she made sure the act of penetration was done lovingly between the pair of them. She manipulated his hands over her breasts, turned her head back to kiss him as he thrust. Her moans were calculated as they were honest, the shifting of her hips perfectly in time to his.

“Yesss, *mon amour*, I am close. *Mon dieu*, I am close! Do not stop! Prove your worth to me! I want us to arrive together. Ohhhhh, I shall wear many pretty things for you, and you will be in awe of my beauty!”

“Y-yes! I want that!” he declared. “God, I want that. You’re so pretty, Alicia. And you’re s-so damn good at sex. I want you to t-teach me!”

“I’ll teach you m-many things, if you teach me pleasure r-right now! I’m Alicia, and I am happy to be her. I know now what it is to be a true wom-aahhhhhh!!!”

She came, and just as she had desired he came with her. His seed poured into her, making her body shudder. He gripped her breasts, and she gripped the hands that gripped those breasts, making him massage them so that her orgasms came even more powerfully. When it was over he flopped back onto the bed, and she on top of him. Alicia licked her lips,

moaning softly as she turned around so that her chest was against his, her mouth breathing softly against his cheek.

“That, *mon amour*, is how one *really* makes love. No?”

Kenji could barely say a word, he was so overcome.

“Yeah,” he managed. “Wow. It seems I have a lot of learning to do.”

“It is a good thing then, that we go to the same school. I bet that was much better than Haruka and Mao.”

“B-better? It was . . . something else, that was for sure.”

Alicia smirked. The answer was good enough for her. Of course, there was the embarrassment of knowing she had been set up, so at least three other members of their group could reasonably guess what had happened. Still, she was content to lie here for now, savouring that she had taken ownership of her new self.

That was, at least, until Rika came and began banging on the door of the cabin, forcing the resting pair to quickly get changed before she too realised.

“You’ve got to come quick!” she yelled through the door. “Something weird is going on with Mao! She just threw up everywhere!”

It was a good thing Alicia didn’t notice the guilty realisation upon Kenji’s face. He just hoped this wasn’t his *other* secret fetish coming real. Otherwise things were only going to get even more complicated!

Part 5: Tomoko

Tomoko was struggling even more than the standards of most of the girls. The former Professor Greene was dealing with the fact that she had quite literally been spun back in time from her middle age all the way to her early thirties, on top of being turned into an incredibly large-breasted Japanese woman. Her voice was song-sweet, with a high lilting quality that was almost too dainty to be real; she had to imagine this was a quality some of the voice actresses in anime put on, because how could any real person talk like this? Her hair was incredibly long, having grown even further so that it now went even below her ass all the way to her mid-thighs. The only way to deal with it was to carefully do it up, something her body instinctively knew how to do. Even then it fell to her lower back, and it always swayed from side to side in a fashion that seemed at odds with gravity, like some animators were having fun with her design or something. The fact that her body had some incredibly impressive curves only made her new femininity more obvious and difficult to come to grips with. Perhaps she would have been able to handle it better if she’d just become a younger

female professor with ordinary looks, but instead she had wide womanly hips, thick thighs, and a set of breasts that were each larger than her head. That wasn't an exaggeration either: her HH-cups as she came to know them were like huge bags of bouncing sand on her chest, weighing her forwards at all times. If she didn't wear a bra or compression bandage they flopped out of control. Naturally, reality continued to put her in situations where she *did* have to run, often due to her clumsiness and perpetual failure to realise the time. This resulted in her bounding down school hallways or to the college itself to make it to her tutor lessons or talk to her professors for a scheduled meeting. The effect of this was that her massive melons bounced in her professional suit, ping-ponging off a button occasionally. She'd gotten quite good at sewing as a result.

And as if simply putting up with having literal head-sized breasts wasn't bad enough, there was the way everyone now looked at her. Students gazed at her with hearts in their eyes or perpetual nosebleeds as she tried to tutor them. Thanks to her clumsiness, she often found herself leaning over said students to help grade their work, only to realise that her colossal breasts were hanging against the backs of their heads of right by their sight line. The effect was embarrassing as hell, and particularly galling given how professional and proper the former academician had been. Every day she did her best to hide her body, but while her outfits did a little to cover them, it was very clear that Kenji's ideal world that the Creator had sent them to was catering to some sort of 'professional kink' of his; hence her tight trousers or pencil skirts, as well as her form fitting blouses. She could only be glad that she wasn't showing off cleavage like Haruka. Or so much everything, really.

She tried to be taken seriously. Tomoko was still smart, still a master of various fields, even if archaeology was no longer her main one (and even then her private study could catch her up, for which she was grateful). In many ways, it could be argued that she was the least changed in terms of personality among the girls, except for the fact that she had become such a damn lustful klutz of a human being. No matter the day or hour or whatever was going on at the time, she just couldn't help but stumble over, drop something, mess up her words, or otherwise perform some kind of clumsy accident that practically screamed for a double-entendre. If she bent over to pick things up, her cavernous cleavage would be briefly exposed. If she had to order her papers after messing them up, she would bend over so that an entire class would get a fantastic view of her ripe ass against her tight pencil skirt. And when she lost her train of thought, she would stick a pen or marker in her mouth and suck on it idly, perhaps even moaning slightly in concentration. Only when she realised what she was doing would she turn completely red, particularly since the men around her (and even some of the women) were going red with arousal themselves.

"P-please concentrate on question eight!" she would declare, or some other activity for them to go on with. But the damage was done. No one would respect her in the same

way as they had Professor Greene. At best, she would be the sexy, clumsy, incredibly busty tutor that all the young men lusted after as the 'perfect Christmas cake to eat.' She knew how Japanese culture worked: she was now a single woman of thirty, which was 'too old' for many. But there was a category of men who found that singularly attractive.

Kenji, no doubt, was one of them.

Sure, being younger had its perks. She had more energy than ever, and the aches and pains of middle age, particularly in her formerly arthritic hands, were now just a memory. Her waning libido had also returned. Of course, it had redeemed with a goddamned *vengeance*, to the point where she was masturbating easily twice a day to the sheer taboo of being attracted to Kenji, her own former student, so that was a problem. But at least she wasn't having to take boner pills anymore when she went on dates, not that she dared to actually go on dates anymore. But it wasn't enough. She wanted to be a respected professor again, instead of a gorgeous and clumsy woman who was always stuttering in the presence of damn Kenji.

Which was why she had to be as cunning as her new self was able to.

The plot had worked, as she had hoped it would. Mao and Haruka had clearly fallen for Kenji already; Tomoko was no fool to notice this. But given how much she had been unable to stop looking at Kenji's wet torso as he emerged from the sea on that beach day, it had been utterly necessary to put Alicia in his way instead. It wasn't like she was likely to mind, after all. Besides, Tomoko wouldn't be the first member of the teaching staff to help young love foster, surely? Though she doubted any of them went to the weird extent of giving them a cabin to make love in.

"Mhmmm, make love," she moaned to herself. She began sucking on a lolly pop, she was such a damn sugar addict lately. And of course she did it suggestively, instinctively thrusting out her mammoth chest which was seriously straining the upper half of her swimsuit. Thankfully, she was knocked out of her sudden arousal by a horrible wet sound, followed by a series of gasps.

"*Nanite kotoda!* Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "Mao, are you okay?"

The athletic tsundere was doubled over and vomiting up the contents of her stomach on the ground. Her cheeks had gone a deep shade of green to indicate this, just like in a cartoon. Even the former professor recognised the effects from her own youth watching western programs. She ran to Mao's side, helping her stay upright.

"Ughhhh," Mao groaned. "Feel so damn nauseous. Don't touch me! I'm f-fine. I just need to - UGHH!!"

She threw up again, and only began to settle down afterwards. Rika checked over her with Tomoko's help, then ran off to get Kenji. It annoyed Tomoko that this had been her own personal response, as if somehow this everyman former student of hers was an authority on such things.

"Did you eat something?" she asked Mao.

The other woman shook her head. "N-no! I was just having fun and I suddenly felt this awful nausea."

"Were there any other symptoms?"

"N-none! Well, my stupid boobs have been sore recently. I swear these nipples are killing me, they're so tender! Oh, and I didn't win the track race last night. I was exhausted for no reason!"

Tomoko's head spun. Could it be . . . ? Surely it couldn't! But then, she'd pieced together fairly quickly that she and Haruka had . . .

"Haruka," she said, turning to the second-most busty woman in the pack. "How are you feeling?"

The girl with bright green hair was stepping from foot to foot in anxiousness, her large breasts wobbling in her scanty pink bikini top. Even Tomoko was impressed, though she knew her own bust would be far more impressive if she showed it off.

"It's just super gross!" she declared. "I can help get some water but seriously don't expect me to, like, touch that and stuff! No offence Mao but I'll seriously vomit too!"

Tomoko slapped her forehead. "I mean are you feeling, um, sick as well? Nauseous? A bit sore lately?"

Haruka chuckled slightly, cheeks turning red. "Um, a little. How did you know? I mean, my boobs are even bigger lately I swear! Also, a bit sore and stuff. But I haven't been sick - though my stomach is seriously super churning looking at Mao here!"

"S-screw you," Mao managed, before drinking some of the water Haruka shared with her. "Why are you caring about her and not m-me anyway?"

Tomoko considered how to answer, but it was at that point Alicia and Kenji returned, running back together. They were holding hands. Just seeing it made her burn a little with desire. She bit her lip, chastising herself for such ridiculous thoughts, and instead explained the situation. Well, she *tried* to explain the situation, but her new clumsiness also extended to speech when she was overcome, and she stumbled over herself before Haruka and Rika stepped in.

"Okay, maybe we can call it quits for the beach for now," Alicia said. "Mao, you should get home and rest. All of you should, and we'll see how you are back at school. I'll . . . well, I'll take care of getting our Kenji home here. *Zis* is fine, yes?"

Mao and Haruka signalled an okay - Haruka in particular seemed joyous that another had clearly joined the growing harem - and Rika nodded along, though she seemed less certain. Tomoko was just grateful to get Kenji away from her.

"I can see Mao home," she said, but Haruka waved her off. "No way, it's fine! I know you're super busy and your other friends are here. You totally stay around and I'll see our angry little sportswoman home. She pretends to hate me but she really cares!"

"S-screw you," Mao managed, but then allowed Haruka to help her.

"Just keep in, um, contact," Tomoko said. "Tell me if it continues. I think I know how to help."

Well, that wasn't exactly true. She didn't have kids, and had never wanted them. But she also wasn't young, and certainly wasn't stupid. And she knew patterns and could connect a pair of dots, unlike some.

"I really hope she isn't pregnant," she said to herself, before turning her gaze to Haruka who was helping Mao. "Either of them, actually."

But at that point, her closer-aged friends called her to return to them, and she did so, running in their direction with her enormous boobs bouncing heavily on her chest. Naturally, she tripped head over heels on the nearest sand castle, leaving her butt stuck up high in the air.

"What was that young man even *reading* that this is a regular occurrence?"

Tomoko had only bought herself a brief time, however. As a tutor across multiple disciplines, it was only a matter of time before Kenji himself showed up to one of her time slots, and worst of all, just by himself. He stepped into the classroom, the handsome young twenty year old looking simultaneously ordinary and yet filled with a kind warmth, and it was only once he'd closed the door that he realised who he was in the room with.

"Hello, I'm here to get some tutor help when it comes to my mathematics and physics - Tomoko!? You're my tutor today?"

Tomoko had been drawing some *very* racy pictures in her journal idly, most of which were depictions of her own self finally freeing her busty, curvaceous momma-like body in the presence of a figure who looked suspiciously like Kenji. She was sucking on the end of a pencil she did so, and one hand was creeping down to her skirt; the door didn't have a window in it, after all. Of course, the second she heard Kenji enter and speak she practically *vaulted* to her feet, sending her journal and drawings across her desk and onto the floor.

"Agh! Kenji! I - I didn't hear you come in!"

"Sorry! I didn't mean to scare you!"

“You didn’t - I was just studying.”

“What were you studying?”

Her panicked eyes cast down to the open journal on the ground that showed her own naked form drawn in exquisite detail, her mouth open in a cry of ecstasy as a man held her thighs, ready to enter her.

“The human body!” she exclaimed, quickly scooping up all her drawings manically, half of them spilling out of her hands before she managed to stuff the whole lot into the desk before her. “It’s for human physiology!”

Kenji only saw traces of what she was drawing, but did notice that her own appearance seemed to be present. He still didn’t have an idea of just how large her bust was, or how flattering her figure was in general, but what he saw certainly looked outside the realm of usual portrayals of the female form.

“Um, is it someone in particular you’re drawing?”

“J-just a member of the school! Part of art class. Human nudes.”

“I thought you said it was for-”

“It’s a crossover, alright! I mean, how can I help you? You’re here to tutor, let’s just do that! It’ll be like, um, old times, right? Me the teacher and you the student, huh? Totally normal!”

Kenji gave a slight nervous grin. “Of course! Just like normal. Only maybe this time I won’t get so distracted.”

“Maybe!” she said hopefully, before realising that she was still leaning over her desk, her breasts straining against her professional white blouse. She quickly fixed her posture.

“Ahem, let’s get to it then! Mathematics and physics. I can help with those absolutely!”

It was more familiar ground for both of them. Kenji didn’t want to say it out loud, but the classic hot older student/sexy teacher trope was one of his absolute favourites in anime and manga. Like Tomoko was finding out herself, the taboo of it was positively thrilling, and the idea that a sexy, slightly clumsy woman would keep accidentally showing off her form to those she was in charge of only made it more appealing. Tomoko followed that particular trope repeatedly, despite trying to catch herself again and again. Over the course of the following hour, she continued to accidentally end up in positions and poses that were quite suggestive. Innocent, but suggestive. At one point she even leaned over his shoulder to check his work, and while correcting it her hanging bosom resting against his face, causing him to grit his teeth and nearly snap his pencil in half from the sexual tension. The same occurred when she went to grab some of her practice papers. It would have been an ordinary action for the woman in her past professorial life, but instead she bent right over,

shaking her rear to a tune in her head as she sifted through the bottom of a cupboard. Kenji gulped, unable to look away.

“Y-you’re a really good tutor, Tomoko,” he stammered out.

“Oh, that’s so nice of you to saaaaay! Woah!”

She stood upright and turned suddenly, nearly tripping over in the process. Kenji rushed to her side and managed to steady her. To their collective surprise, his hand accidentally ended up gripping her behind. His eyes widened not just at the act he had committed, but also how incredibly thick her rear was. He knew she would have a sexy mommy-style body, but hadn’t anticipated it to this degree.

“I th-think you should get your h-hand off there, Kenji!” she stammered. “It’s c-completely inappropriate!”

He pulled back straight away. “Of course. I’m so sorry. I think this is enough study for today. I’ll - uh, I’ll see you next week if that w-works?”

Tomoko managed to nod her head rapidly. She was just hoping her large nipples weren’t making an obvious outline against her thin bra.

“Y-yes! That’s fine! Have a Kenji day, good!”

She didn’t realise how much she’d mixed up her words until he’d left, and by that point she was already grappling with the ridiculous arousal of her body.

“Goddamn it,” she said, locking the door and making sure the heavy blinds were drawn across the second story windows on the other side of the room. “I used to be a professor! I was respectable! I would never think of my students this w-way. I certainly wasn’t s-so shy and clumsy and -”

She tripped over a seat and landed on her back, her legs spread wide. She sat there for a long moment, the visual of a man like Kenji being the one behind those thighs conjuring up into her head. She grabbed a pen to suck the end of, but it wasn’t enough. She wanted an altogether different hard, rod-like object.

“M-maybe just a little taboo break. J-just a little one!”

She lay back against the cupboard, keeping her legs spread, and lowered her hand down to her suddenly wet panties.

“Ohhhhhh, Kenji!” she moaned, as she began to tease her womanly folds.

Several minutes later, passing students were a bit confused by the strange moans they heard within the room, and even more so when a frazzled looking Tomoko burst through the door to head straight for the car park. Rika was among them, and the sight dismayed her.

“Oh no, another one,” she whispered to herself. “We’re all succumbing to him. It should have been . . . no, I can’t even say it to myself.”

She clenched her fist and continued down the hall. She was trying to get the word on Mao. Apparently she was sick at home again.

“P-pregnant!? *Baka!* This is a stupid suggestion! I’ve never even had sex with him more than a few times!”

Tomoko had received a text from Mao to come to her dorm room. Haruka was also there, looking a bit pale from having emptied the contents of her stomach recently. They both sat next to each other on the bed, struggling to meet Tomoko’s eyes, though Mao occasionally did so just to glare.

“I’m just saying that it’s an explanation that makes sense,” she suggested. “I know about these things from being older. Besides, you fit all the symptoms!”

“You can’t even enter a room without tripping onto your enormous boobs! Why should we care about what you say?”

Tomoko gestured outward as if to demonstrate the insanity of the situation. “You asked me to come here!”

“That was Haruka’s idea. You two have all boobs and no brains. No way I’m knocked up. I just - I can’t be, okay?”

“But you did have sex with Kenji, right? Both of you?”

Mao blushed. Haruka did too, but instead of scowling she had a sheepish grin on her features. She began to bounce a little on the bed, causing her boobs in her crop top to jiggle noticeably. Tomoko almost wished her own chest was as ‘little’ as Haruka’s.

“Well, like, yeah,” she admitted. “I totally did, and now I know Mao did it with him even before I did. And we did it loads. It’s soooooo good. Seriously, Tomoko, you’re missing out.”

Tomoko began sucking on a pen at the side of her mouth, trying not to focus on that particular thought while Haruka continued.

“And I guess, like, we didn’t use much protection. Actually, we didn’t use any. Kenji is just too cute! And besides, his dick is suuuuuper big. I’m not joking, he’s massively packing down there.”

“He is?”

“He is,” Mao confirmed. “He way is. God, this is embarrassing. I’m meant to just be a chill guy, and now I fuck him like some sort of animal.”

“And get knocked up too, apparently,” Haruka teased.

“Hey, if I’m pregnant with his baby, so are you!”

Haruka's eyes widened. Shades of her original cynical self floated to the surface, aghast at the suggestion. "N-no way. Wait, really? I mean, I've been throwing up, and my boobs have been, like, super tender. But I thought that was just all the performances and singing I've been doing making me all tired and stuff. Ohhhhhh, but I've been eating way more lately!"

"Me too," Mao admitted.

Silence panned out. Tomoko sighed, not even sure how to proceed. She'd had to deal with pregnant students before, but not in this manner. It was just a casual finding out that they were expecting, a minor congratulations, and then back to work. But now she was trapped in a harem anime reality, and she was being drawn inextricably into it.

"I brought tests for both of you. I, um, may have accidentally lost half of them on the way here when I tripped over, but there's enough for three tests each. Follow the instructions and find out for sure, okay?"

She handed them to the women. Haruka took hers greedily, while Mao hid hers straight away, as if it were an awful secret from the two of them.

"It'll be false. It has to be. No way am I having his handsome babies!"

"They would be sooooo handsome though, right? Oh my God, I bet I'd get even bustier and cuter while pregggo! Don't you think, Tomoko? Ugh, this is so weird. I shouldn't be thinking this. I hated putting up with moms talking about the miracle of life before, but now I feel super fuzzy about it. Stupid new brain! Gah, babies are so cute though!"

Tomoko could only give a wan smile. "Well, I hope you both, ah, get the result you want. Um, I won't tell Kenji, but you might have to if it's true. You know, when you're ready."

Neither seemed ready at all, so she withdrew out of the building and returned to her car to head home off-campus. The entire drive home she couldn't get the image out of her head of what *she* would be like if she were pregnant, especially with Kenji's babies. Her body *felt* fertile, particularly given its dimensions and curves. Would she be capable of getting pregnant soon? Would she possibly even get knocked up with twins? And with her breasts already so large, would they somehow manage to swell even bigger with milk? The thought of breastfeeding Kenji, letting him lap up her excess meal while he stroked her fertile roundness made her squirm in her seat. She was so aroused at the thought of delivering his babies - such a glorious taboo! - that she parked on the wrong street twice until she found her own apartment building.

By that point she needed to masturbate all over again, this time imagining what it would be like to fuck her former university student without any protection.

"S-so wrong! But so, sooooo right! Give me your babies, Kenji! I'm already th-thirty! Don't let me t-time out! Let me - ahhhh! - take care of y-you!"

Suffice to say, she orgasmed harder than she ever had while imagining the scenario. In the aftermath she flopped to her side, her melon-like breasts wobbling about heavily and tugging on her shoulders. She wanted Kenji's face in between them, resting snugly.

"N-need another p-plan. Get him with another girl before it's too late."

Mao and Haruka had returned to school several days later. Tomoko could tell just by looking at their embarrassed reactions that she had been right. Both were no longer arguing as much, and Mao was turning down several athletic events, only doing the running ones and no contact sports at all. Even baseball saw her approach with greater care. Haruka was still performing and dancing, but had less energy than usual, and was certainly no longer taking part in the wild cheerleading practices that she enjoyed. This was to Kenji's disappointment, since he loved seeing her glorious form in the tight two-piece outfit, her large 'pom poms' bouncing all over the place. Of course, he wasn't in the know yet, and the two former men weren't telling. They cornered Tomoko several days later during an empty tutor session.

"What do we do, damn it!?" Mao exclaimed.

"So it's true, then? You're both . . .?"

"Super knocked up!" Haruka. "It's soooo *sugoi*, but also terrible! My old self hates this, my new self is excited. Babies are sooooo beautiful! But it's also growing inside me! And it's Kenji's! This is all too weird! We never could have seen this coming!"

"I'm sure you c-could have," Tomoko said a little nervously. "I mean, you were doing the deed, right?"

Mao scowled, folding her arms over her chest. The only part she was enjoying was that her breasts were slightly larger. Only slightly, though.

"Well, none of this is ordinary, okay!? Are you going to help us or not?"

"Help you? What can I do?"

"You can - like - figure out what happens next," Haruka said, gesticulating wildly in her passionate way. "You used to be our professor. You're super wise and stuff!"

"I never had children! Besides, we all know how this goes. You'll grow bigger until it's obvious, then you'll give birth in eight months or so."

"Oh God, birth," Mao said. She cupped her mouth as if she were about to throw up. "This can't be real. Kenji can't want this, right?"

"Maybe this is just the more realistic part of this world?" Tomoko suggested, noting the literal cloud of despair above Mao's head. The Chinese-American girl just gagged again.

"*Wǒ de tiān a!* Oh my God, this is so messed up. I'll have to get rid of - I'll have to g - why can't I even say it?"

But the answer was obvious. In a light, fairytale harem anime/manga like this, the topic of abortion just didn't come up. Pregnancy, once it occurred, went right through to the end, with all the unintentional comedy and plot devices and amusing (and sexy) tropes that went with it.

"I think, um, we're going to have these babies," Haruka said, bouncing nervously on her feet. "M-maybe you should be super careful, Tomoko. I bet with those hips and those big boobies I bet you would make babies, like, on the first time."

"*Ara ara*," Tomoko said, cupping her chest without thinking. "Oh my. Oh my oh my."

"So we're just pregnant now? Oh shit, Kenji can't find out! I need time to deal with this."

Haruka put a hand on her friend. The pair had been getting closer, often swapping stories of their repeated exploits with Kenji, even if Mao was always a little aggressive about it.

"We'll go see Alicia and warn her!"

"I'll go find Rika!" Tomoko said quickly. All this talk of sleeping with Kenji and getting knocked up by him was making her so damn horny. She needed to stall this eventuality. And given that Rika hadn't fallen into the harem yet, she'd be the perfect 'sacrifice.' She was meant to be a professor, damn it! No way was she falling for that handsome man's wiles in this strange new universe.

She split from the three, the nervous pregnant women heading in the other direction to have lunch in the college courtyard. Tomoko was on a mission, however. She needed to track down Rika, who was often a bit of a sad, wistful loner when she wasn't nearby Kenji, and try to gently nudge her towards the man. Perhaps he would be satisfied with a harem of four? Anything to avoid the ultimate humiliation of going from a hard-headed professor to a sexy, submissive MILF-to-be! Yes, that was the best plan. And given that he was apparently thoughtlessly getting these younger women pregnant, then perhaps his priorities would shift enough to leave her alone. And then Tomoko could focus on becoming a professor, and keeping her perversions to herself and her drawings. God, she made some filthy drawings. That was Kenji's fault as well, no doubt!

She was so caught up in these thoughts as she strode across the school garden area that she didn't even see Kenji walking the other way. Rika was in the distance, all by her own just as she'd suspected she would be. She raised a hand to call out to the younger fellow former man, only to crash straight into the very person she was trying to avoid.

"Rika! Rika, we need to - OOOOF!!"

"OOOF!" Kenji replied in turn, having also not looked when he was going. He was distracted by the sight of an embarrassed Mao and Haruka having a chat across the garden, roughly fifty metres or so away, and Alicia herself going pale white. But then he was knocked

to the ground. He reached out at the same time to grab onto anything to stop him from toppling, and Tomoko found out that was her. She squealed as she too collapsed, and her hands reached out to grab him. They spun about, trying to keep upright, but soon she landed backwards into a bed of surprisingly comfortable flowers. Her blouse popped open, two strained buttons pinged off to the moon (again, literal. This reality clearly enjoyed the exaggeration). Her breasts were freed from that confinement, swelling larger though still managing to stay mostly in their cups, though her slightly backwards position made them look impossibly larger.

“Oh my God!” she cried, breathing heavily. “Kenji, I’m so - *ehh!*?”

She realised suddenly why there was a deeply pleasurable pressure upon her large boobs: Kenji had fallen face first into them. He had landed right on her, his hands accidentally around her, fingers sinking into the flesh of her fine ass, and his entire head wedged comfortably into her cleavage. He was practically being smothered.

“K-Kenji? Kenji!”

He lifted his head slowly, locking eyes with her.

“Oh, uh, hi Tomoko! I didn’t see you there, hehe! I suppose we both tripped and fell. A good thing there were these incredibly comfy pillows to land . . . on . . .”

The young man realised exactly what those ‘pillows’ were. He scrambled backwards, his arms becoming small animated whirlwinds, large droplets of anxious sweat appearing momentarily on his forehead.

“Oh God I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry I’m sorry!”

Tomoko gripped the sides of her shirt together. The buttons were gone, and apparently this was no temporary animated effect. Her heavy bust was practically spilling out of her cups, and she realised why: in all the kerfuffle, the bra had actually snapped at the class. If she didn’t keep her hands awkwardly around her chest then a lot more was going to be shown soon. She jumped to her feet, only to stumble backwards again. This time Kenji caught her, and he had surprisingly strength in keeping her upright. The only thing was that given her impressive height, her chest was now right in front of his face again, ripe and full.

Cue classic nosebleed.

“Kenji! That was an accident! Don’t look! I need to f-fix this up!”

He spun on one foot, feeling terrible about having just played out another anime trope that he loved. Of course, he also felt pretty good about it, despite himself. And he’d had no idea that his former professor-turned-sexy tutor was so well-endowed. She looked almost twice the size of Haruka, and Haruka’s boobs were huge, especially lately. Why was that, anyway? How were they bigger?

He was pulled from his thought by the frustrated grunts and groans of Tomoko, who was trying and failing to keep her blouse in order.

“Um, sorry Tomoko, I don’t mean to be rude, and I certainly didn’t mean to, uh . . . anyway, is there something I can do to help? I mean, you look like you’re struggling there.”

Tomoko drooled with frustration. She didn’t want to be seen by staff members or teachers in this state, especially with all the leaves in her hair and the ripped nature of her clothing and the sheer canyon of cleavage that was threatening to spill forth. There was only one answer to this situation given that Kenji was the only one nearby.

“You need to c-cover me, please!” she said.

“Um, like, borrow my shirt? I’m not sure it will fit.”

“No! I don’t mean that! I just mean - I can’t believe I’m asking this - I mean I need you to literally walk in front of me so I can get back to my tutor room. I have a spare shirt just in case something ridiculous like this happens. And a spare bra too, I’m certain. Can you do that? P-please!?”

Kenji nodded, daring to glance her way. The flower bed roots had certainly done a number on her blouse. Even her thighs were showing a little from the rips in the material. Conveniently there were no actual scratches on her, but she looked dangerously like she was about to be more half-naked than she already was.

“Of course! Lead the way. Um, direct me to lead the way, I guess!”

His immediate gentlemanly answering of this call stirred further attraction in her. She had to remind herself over and over again as they moved back to the school and around the hall and up the stairs that such thoughts were entirely unprofessional. Of course, that only made them stronger. Soon her fat nipples were stiff against her broken bra, and her pussy was becoming moist with desire. She tried to see where Rika was to redirect him once she got to her room, but she’d lost her chance.

“Remember who you are, remember who you are,” she mumbled to herself.

“What was that?”

“N-nothing! Here’s the door. Just need to open the lock and - oh dear! *Ara ara!*”

She stumbled over her shoe as part of the heel broke off. The pair of them stumbled forward, her against him, and the door conveniently slammed and locked behind them as this time she fell on top of him. Her bra slid across the room and two more buttons pinged off, leaving her shirt fully open and her naked, globe-like breasts right in his face. Her hair formed a curtain blocking off Kenji’s outside world, so that only Tomoko’s beautiful face with its bright eyes and full lips, as well as her massive rack, were in his view. It weighed heavily on the lower half of his face, and when he went to shift her large left nipple plopped into his mouth, causing both of them to moan. Instantly he was erect, and Tomoko could feel his iron-like hardness against her crotch. In the madness of it all, her pencil skirt had flown up, so that her panties were the only existing barrier to her womanhood.

It was too much to bear. She began unbuckling his belt without a second thought. Kenji took the signal, and rather than trying to get her breast out of his mouth, he took the opportunity to do what he'd been wanting for a while, and suck down on her large nipple. The feeling that ensued was absolute ecstasy for the older woman, and when he switched breasts she took the time to begin pulling away her pencil skirt and panties for good.

"Ohhhhhh, Kenji! We shouldn't - it's against regulations! It's unethical! But this is so, so . . ."

"Hot?"

"Yes!" she cried, in part from the pleasure of pressing his face against her tits as much from agreement with what he'd said. "Very h-hot. And so wrong. And the wrong - ohhhhh - makes it all the m-more right!"

Kenji was trying to decipher his former professor's words. Even by the standards of his past few weeks, which had included fucking several of his formerly male peers having them conform to sexy anime tropes, *this* was a weird one. Intellectually, he knew this utterly voluptuous woman was his old professor. Literally, his *old* professor. Not ancient, but certainly not young either. And now he had become a she, an older woman with MILFy curves and a set of breasts that were like fleshy pillows in size and comfort. Her hair was long and soft and running all over body, while her thick thighs straddled him. So much of her was softness upon a form that was far more mature and womanly than any of the other women. He wanted her *badly*, but even his hesitation remained a little.

"Tomoko, m-maybe we shouldn't!" he gasped, even as she helped pull him into a sitting position and shoved her tits right in his face. "I mean - do you really want to do this? I'd feel terrible if you were forced! I mean, this reality is partly my fault because of my wish to the Creator! What if we just, um, talked a little, and -"

"We've talked enough!" she cried, wrapping her arms around him and smiling. "Now it's time for, ohhhhh, *education*. I want to tutor you in s-so much more than academia, Kenji. Please, make love to me like a - argh!"

She was trying to be sensual and erotic, but the clumsy tropes were still in effect, because at that moment she slid over to the side and pulled him with her once more. This time she was on her back on the carpeted area near the back of the classroom, a much more comfortable area, and Kenji was on top of her, his dick practically at her entrance. Both of them looked at his cock - well, she looked where it *would* be, but her mountainous breasts stood tall and naked and proud, obscuring the view. But she *felt* it, and that was enough to make her reach out and grip it.

"P-please!" she moaned. "I need it. And I need to suck it afterwards. God help me, I need it. But in me f-first!"

Kenji didn't need any more permission. He slowly slid inside of her, and with his positioning and her natural height, his face was right above her breasts. She moaned in response to the agonising bliss, particularly once she felt her hymen tear and the true passion begin. She wrapped her arms around him and suffocated him in her pillowy breasts, igniting yet more desire.

"Mhmmm! Yes, s-so unethical! So against the rules! S-so good! Sooooooo good! Mmmhhh!!"

He thrust into her, savouring the sensation of not only her tight pussy but her general softness. He'd never experienced breasts like hers - even Haruka's didn't match up to these. Everything about Tomoko was so womanly and curvaceous, and her demeanour lustful yet submissive. It was a contrast to Haruka's incredibly excitability: here Tomoko let him take full control, and she moaned in unbridled joy, wiping her forehead and giving herself over to the motions of their act. Kenji grew more confident.

"You like this, don't you? You like being my older, sexy Christmas cake, don't you?"

"I - I do! I can't believe it, but I - ohhhhh - I do!"

"And you like m-me in you, like this? You like being mine, all mine."

"Mhhmm! Yes! YES!"

She curled her toes, accidentally knocked over a desk when she kicked out a leg. He was pumping inside her ever faster, and it made her breasts tremble. Kenji reached out to grip her soft ass, and it made her feel even more wonderfully submissive. She truly was all his. She wanted to remain his. Despite the person she had been, the position of authority she was meant to have, *this* was far better. To be the clumsy, sexy, lustful woman in this taboo relationship, allowing this vigorous younger man to fuck her. And more than that, too.

"Knock m-me up!"

"Huh?"

She gripped him with her legs. "Fuck me pregnant! I want your - ohhh - babies! Don't you want to p-put a baby in m-me?"

Kenji almost stopped, but then he began to thrust even harder. It was a dream come true to him, the darkest secret he had. One he'd never shared with even Rika back when she'd been a man. He didn't just like harem anime and manga, he *loved* the ones where they all got knocked up at the end. When he had done it multiple times with Haruka and Mao and later Alicia, he'd imagined in his mind getting them pregnant and seeing them swell beautifully with his babies. And seeing how mature and older and curvaceous Tomoko was, and knowing who she used to be, getting her big with his babies - maybe even more than one baby - brought him to his full.

"Y-yes! Get you pregnant! I want to get you knocked up so you're big and round and full with my baby!"

“W-with milk-filled breasts that are even - ahhh - bigger! I’d be yours, all yours, Kenji! I’d be a mother to your babies! I want it. I can’t believe it but I want it! I was never a father, but I want to be a mother! Make me the mother to your b-AAHHHH!!!”

It was enough for them both to finally climax. His seed shot deep inside her, Kenji grunting in pure ecstasy at the thought of getting this woman, this former professor of his, all big and round and pregnant. It was a greater orgasm than either had ever had, all because of the words they’d spoken. He collapsed on her breasts, resting his head upon them, and she cradled the smaller man as she breathed gently, the post-coital bliss fading away.

Both of them realised what they had just done. Both of them knew that she could well be getting impregnated by his sperm at that very moment.

And both of them wanted that more than anything.

Part 6: Rika

Rika was no fool. Unlike Haruka, she hadn't become ditzy and inattentive, nor overwhelmed by strong emotions like Mao in a way that batted her reasoning skills aside. She could recognise the pattern that was occurring: one by one her fellow transformees were falling for Kenji and even sleeping with him, and it was only becoming more obvious the more now that all four of the others had joined his harem. They were barely even trying to hide it at this stage! She had retained some hope that Tomoko, as their original professor and a figure of steely will, would hold out against her attraction to Kenji, but for several days now Rika had noticed Kenji running off to several unscheduled ‘tutor’ lessons in private spaces around the school. Private spaces that echoed excited moans from behind the locked doors, after which Kenji and Tomoko would emerge, the latter frazzled as she did up her buttons hastily and tried to find a missing shoe.

“Oh, Rika!” the clumsy woman exclaimed. “I just fell over here and Kenji was helping me up! Nothing to see!”

“Yes,” Rika said, sighing as Kenji also emerged, “nothing to see.”

“Oh, hi Rika!” Kenji said, features warming. He was blushing heavily, turning tomato red as per cartoon conventions. “C-can I help you? I didn’t forget one of our walks, did I?”

She looked away, trying not to notice that his fly was still open. He seemed to realise and zipped it up quickly.

“No, I was just walking by myself,” she said. “M-maybe we could walk again, this afternoon? We could go into town?”

“Of course! I’d love that - oh damn, I just remembered that Alicia has asked me to rate a couple of her new dresses, and afterwards I need to check in on Haruka and Mao. They’ve been really sick lately and asked me to come by and see them about something. Maybe we could go for a walk tomorrow?”

She nodded sadly, trying to hide her disappointment. “Y-yes. Of course. I’m sure that would be fine. It’d just be a friendly walk, after all. Not like what you have with these other girls.”

“Rika, that’s not what I-”

But she was already walking away, trying to control the tears bubbling up in her eyes.

“Why is it so hard to tell him the truth? Why can’t I just say it!” And why am I the last one to give in to him, when I have all the best reasons to be the first one to do so?”

She wiped her stray tears and moved beyond the gates of the school, skipping the upcoming class for the first time since she had arrived here. She was normally such a good woman, the classic ‘friendly girl next door’ archetype who had grown up with Kenji in this reality and adored him from afar.

But then, that had been true for a while now.

Back when she had been Ryan, Rika had a terrible secret. He - for he *was* a ‘he’ at that time - had been quite deeply in the closet. When he was young, he remembered watching cartoons with his older brothers. Silly superhero nonsense with dashing figures in tights. He remembered them making crude comments about how hot some of the heroines were, and what actresses they’d like to see in a live action film adaptation. Ryan laughed along and added his thoughts, but he didn’t possess the passion of his brothers, nor quite understand the appeal. In fact, he was far more fascinated with the male heroes, particularly the lithe ones who danced acrobatically about as they fought.

At the time, he had assumed it was just because he was only twelve years old and therefore not ready for romantic feelings, but as the years went on he continued to appreciate female beauty only from afar. Male beauty, on the other hand, *intrigued* him. He thought most guys were like that, and so when the previously lonely Ryan befriended a similarly nerdy young teenager named Ken, he just assumed it was ordinary. He and Ken became huge anime and manga fans, and the ridiculous romances with their meet-cute moments and scantily clad characters and silly harem situations were not only amusing to Ryan but actually spoke to a hidden fantasy within him: what if *he* could find himself in such situations, only surrounded by young men rather than women? Hell, what if he *was* the woman? Wouldn’t that be easier to explain his feelings? Sometimes it felt like his wires were

crossed, and far from puberty clarifying the situation for him, it only made it more difficult, especially with one particular development.

Ryan developed a crush on Ken.

He wasn't sure how it had first developed. Ken wasn't exactly his 'type', but then Ryan wasn't really sure he had a type, and was still battling with the fact that if he did, it would be someone far more masculine than feminine. He'd raised an eyebrow at the men with washboard abs on television, yet Ken didn't have washboard abs at all, far from it! His best friend was tubby, had occasional bad acne, and his hair was often mussed up in a way that irritated Ryan. And yet despite this, he couldn't help but be intrigued by his friend. It was the way he could be so passionate, even if it was just with his collection of fiction. It was how despite being kicked down again and again in life, he didn't let that keep him down. It was how, in a cute way, he could be pretty socially unaware of the people who mocked him, and how he never held a grudge and always offered a hand of friendship, even to those who would never take it. The two of them spent so many afternoons and nights together that Ryan found the times without Ken difficult in some undefinable way, as if in not being around his friend, he was also not truly himself.

It couldn't last. It simply couldn't. As they entered the late teenage stage, it was truly obvious to Ryan that Ken was not even remotely into men. There was no drop of bisexuality in him, and his repeated excited discussions about the hot girls in his harem anime and manga collections only made Ryan all the more sadly aware that he was the odd one out here. He was pining for a friend he could never have, all while that friend was utterly, naively oblivious to his own pain.

He began to work out his frustrations by going to the gym and meeting new people. He tucked away this hidden side of himself and made female friends, even girlfriends. Those relationships never lasted, though not for the reasons others suspected. Far from being a ladies man, every moment of passion with a woman, no matter how attractive, was an effort of imagination on his part. Ken repeatedly slipped into his mind, and once he even said the name during climax. It was lucky the woman he was doing it with was named Cindy, as he could play it off as him saying 'Cin.' During this time he shifted away from Ken. He couldn't stay in that friendship, not feeling the way he did. It was easy to play it off as moving on, and putting all the nerdy hobbies away from him as he became the kind of tough alpha male his father wanted him to be.

It didn't stop him from having secret stache of old manga and anime on his computer, each one carefully scanned from the collection he had grown during his time with Ken. On sad nights when he felt lonely and missed the presence of his crush, he took the time to read them and place his fingers thoughtfully over particular scenes. He could almost imagine how much better his life would be if he were in a world like that.

But then he would have to put it away, and resume his studies and work ethic, and remind himself that wasn't who he was anymore. He couldn't be that person. It was all just fairytale nonsense.

That, of course, had been before coming face-to-face with the Creator. Now, Ryan had become Rika, and her life had been shaken all about, leaving her right back next to Kenji all over again. She didn't know what to make about becoming a woman. It was so strange having a pair of breasts (and not bad ones either) on her chest, or being so short and weak, soft and feminine, with her calming, almost maternal voice. Kenji was now taller than her, and something about that piqued her interest just like in her teenage days. And unlike before, he now actually did have washboard abs beneath his clothed everyman appearance. His face was handsome, and he had kind eyes. Moreover, his passion had not waned, even if he was embarrassed to find all his obvious kinks come to reality.

"I'm one of those kinks now," she mused as she walked her way home after the Tomoko incident. "Me! I'm one of his dolls, playing my part like all the others. So why don't I hate it like I should? And why haven't I embraced it! *Magirawashi!* So confusing!"

She stumbled into her little cramped apartment and threw her bag on the ground, before sliding against the wall and crying again.

"Stupid. Stupid. I shouldn't be jealous. This is his dream come true, and it's not his fault really. I've just got all these hormones, and I'm so shy now. If I couldn't tell him before, how can I tell him now? How can I tell him *I love him.*"

She gasped at her own words, placing a hand against her mouth. She hadn't said it out loud to herself before. It was almost unbelievable, and yet saying it made it all the more concrete. She did love Ken, even with his ridiculous kinks and fantasies that had inadvertently landed them in this harem anime trope-run universe. And it made sense, didn't it, on some level? She really was his childhood friend in both realities. Here she had grown up beside him, studied with him, gone on long walks with him. She'd done some digging and found that she and he had met even earlier in this timeline. They had both been six years old and found each other while exploring a forest. Together they invented all sorts of amusing tales and worlds together. Their parents often joked they would get together, but Kenji had been oblivious, passing this off as a joke even as Rika had become increasingly in love with him. It was almost vomit-inducing in how stereotypical it was for anime romance: the classic unrequited love story of a friend who wanted to be something more.

“But that *is* my life,” she whispered to herself as she held her own arms for comfort. “That’s how it was before, and how it is now. Except Kenji is having s-sex with all those other beautiful women who also changed, and once more I’m outside looking in!”

She could just imagine how happy Kenji was. Finally, not only had he lost his virginity, but he was getting to enjoy the fruits of actually being at the centre of a harem narrative like he’d always fantasised about. It made her want to join in. She could do that, couldn’t she? She could take that step?

“I can’t,” she groaned, putting her head in her hands. “This stupid new brain of mine is too nervous! Too shy! I’m incapable! I blush and look away and fail to hold his hand at every chance he gets. And he deserves more than just s-sex, he deserves to know the truth I kept from him all these years. I’ve always loved him. *I’ve always loved him.*”

She stood up suddenly, fast enough to cause her still unfamiliar chest to bounce in her bra. She put her brown hair back into a ponytail with surprising rapidity, straightened out her clothing, and wiped away the last of her tears. A new determination was forming.

“I will tell him. I have to. I’ll do it just like the tropes call for!”

And she knew exactly the best way to go about it.

“Wow, this is a really lovely walk, Rika!” Kenji declared happily.

“It is, isn’t it?”

Kenji wasn’t wrong. The sky was crystal clear and a vibrant midday blue, the sun’s rays warm upon their backs but tempered by a cool Spring wind. Rika was wearing a cute pink summer dress, something that only emphasised her new femininity. Her brown hair was tousled elegantly, almost unrealistically, by the wind. Kenji on the other hand was dressed in a pair of cute navy shorts and a button shirt that made him look boyish and manly at the same time, somehow. Rika found it hard not to keep looking at him. She had to force down her smiles. Her heart was beating in her chest, her stomach twisting itself into knots in anticipation. She had practised her words in the mirror, the explanation of everything she needed to get off her chest before she exploded. And she needed to do it without any interference from the other women; she’d practically had to trick Alicia into going on a solo shopping trip just so she could spend some time along with Kenji.

“Why did you invite me on this walk, Rika?” he asked as they ascended up a hill on the edge of town. Its idyllic hilltop had a single large tree for cool shade, and it overlooked the city. The perfect place for a romantic picnic and an unburdening of feelings.

“Wh-what do you mean?”

Kenji gazed up at the sun thoughtfully for a moment before continuing. "I mean you seem very nervous around me lately, even more than usual. I know I've said sorry again and again for doing this to you, but I'll say it again. I am sorry. I know you wanted to do your best to avoid me, so what changed?"

"The others all stopped avoiding you, didn't they?" she said, muttering under her breath.

He frowned. "They did. Um, is that what you wanted to talk about? I didn't pressure them or anything, I swear. You know I wouldn't do that. I have my own compulsions too, you know. I have to be the nice guy, all the time."

"You always were a nice guy," she said quickly. She meant it too, though Kenji didn't realise that.

"You're just saying that because of the rules of this world. You're the Childhood Best Friend archetype."

"No, I mean it. You were a good friend. I was the bad one. I walked away."

They reached the top of the hill. The view of the city was astounding, and for a time they simply stared at it. Her hand hovered near his, only to withdraw.

"Beautiful," Kenji said.

"It is."

"I meant you. Sorry, I shouldn't say that."

Rika blushed. "No, you . . . I'm sorry, Kenji. Sorry that I walked away."

"Why did you? You always loved our nerdy interests, and then one day you were too good for them. I know I've always been pretty bad when it comes to social interactions. Was I embarrassing you? Was I too much of a loser *otaku* or something?"

"No, no! It wasn't anything like that!" She said it so enthusiastically that she bounced a little, almost like Haruka. It made her breasts bounce in her dress, drawing Kenji's eye. She liked his gaze on them, though it also made her anxious.

"Then what was it? I'm sorry, I have to ask even if you didn't want to talk about it on our walk today-"

"I did. That's why I brought you here. Look, let's get the picnic out, and I'll explain everything."

"Of course! I'm getting ahead of myself!"

The conversation was dropped for a time as they opened the picnic basket Kenji had been carrying. Inside were numerous carefully made sushi rolls courtesy of Rika's new cooking skills. It was only appropriate that with her new 'girl next door' origin that she had a homemaker's set of skills. Hell, even her cute pink dress had been made by her; she'd gotten the strange impetus to make herself a dress rather than buying one with Alicia just the

other day, and this was the incredibly impressive result. It was a new set of skills she was coming to appreciate, especially as Kenji took his first bit. His eyes lit up with literal stars.

“*Sugoi!* This is amazing Rika! I’ve never tasted a sushi roll this delicious before!”

“R-really? You think so?”

He beamed at her. “Absolutely! You’re so talented, if you don’t mind me saying. I wish I had your cooking skills! At least you got that out of the change, huh?”

She blushed a deep shade of red, unable to meet his eyes. “I - I did, yes. Also sewing. I made this dress. Do you like it?”

“Do I like it? It looks perfect! It suits you absolutely! I thought Alicia might have bought it for you, but you’re right, I can tell your handiwork in it. No one could make something so appropriate to who you are.”

Who she was. That was what she was here to clarify. To let him know.

“You’re too kind, Kenji. I - I don’t blame you for this, you know. I don’t. It’s not your fault, or even the Creator’s. It was just a stupid, silly accident and we all have to adjust to it. Even if some, like Haruka and Alicia, seem to be adjusting much quicker than the rest of us.”

He chuckled. “I think we’re all adjusting at our own pace.”

“I’m the slowest. I used to think I could adjust fast, back in my other life. Now I feel like I didn’t change as much as I thought, and that I was never really adjusting, just running away.”

She took a sushi roll and ate it while thinking about how to proceed. Kenji gave her time, and two of them drank tea and ate as they looked over the city. Romance certainly felt like it was in the air, or at least on the verge of manifesting within it.

“Kenji, I have to tell you something,” she started. “All those years ago, I -”

“Mao and Haruka are pregnant,” Kenji said suddenly.

Rika paused. Her jaw fell. The sushi roll fell out of her hand and began to roll down the hill and out of sight, picking up speed like a comet. Clearly, this was a comical cartoonish flourish according to this universe’s tropes.

“Wh-what? Pregnant? PREGNANT!?”

Kenji put up his hands in a placating gesture, obviously sheepish and mortified. “I’m sorry, I know you had to say something important, but I needed to come forward as well! I didn’t mean for it to happen, Rika, but one by one all the others who were changed came to me. I tried to comfort them, or get along with them. I didn’t mean to romance them, but then one thing led to another and I also had my own new harem protagonist instincts to follow; you remember how the tropes go in the stories we used to read!”

Rika stammered. She tried to form the words, but simply couldn’t. And in the awkward silence that followed (and the convenient wind that whistled and crickets that chirped, in midday no less) Kenji filled it with his own desperate explanation.

“I have to be completely honest with you, Rika. I didn’t share this with you even when you were my friend in the old reality. I mean, I never stopped seeing you as my friend, even when . . . anyway, you know that I liked harem anime and manga stories. B-but there’s also another trope I liked. A subgenre, if you will. And I think the Creator incorporated that when he sent us to this reality or perhaps even created it.” He scratched at his mussed-up hair, trying to find the words.

“What is the thing you never told me?” she asked.

He coughed awkwardly. “I, um, liked it when they ended up pregnant at the end.”

“P-pregnant!?”

Now he was struggling to look at her, rather than the reverse. “Yeah. I can’t explain it. I’ve just always had a fetish or a kink for it, alright? I liked it when he knocked them up at the end, and they end up having big, wonderful families at the end, all while living in the same big house together. It’s stupid, I know . . .”

The worst part was that it wasn’t entirely stupid. Rika knew it was part of her change, but she could almost *feel* her ovaries burning, her womb radiating fertility in a desperate bid to get her knocked up. The idea of not only being *with* Kenji, but of being his *wife*, his *pregnant wife*, made little thought clouds emerge that only she could see. Her, still in pink, her belly swollen with his children, the two of them tied together forever, as she had long wished for to be. Well, quite differently from her initial wish back in her old reality, but the substance of it was somehow even more loving and romantic.

But she couldn’t pry her mind away from what he’d said.

“They’re pregnant? Haruka and Mao?”

He gave a sheepish grin. “Um, and probably Alicia too. She had to cancel a few things lately because she’s been sick. She actually complained that she’s struggling to fit into her dresses lately. Which is ridiculous, because she wouldn’t even be showing, but maybe her boobs are a little bigger? I know Haruka’s boobs have grown even bigger. Mao is complaining that hers have barely budged, but I think that’s a tsundere thing, like a cosmic narrative joke or whatnot. I only had, um, sex with Tomoko for the first time two weeks ago, but if the pattern follows I might have gotten her pregnant. Definitely, actually, since she was really begging for it. I feel bad for the professor - tutor - but she seems like she really was down with becoming a mother now that she’s accepted her part as a total-”

Rika stood. She couldn’t hear this, not right now. It put too many strange emotions into her. She had realised he had been sleeping with the other girls, perhaps even all of them, but to know that these incidents were not only *not* flings, but actively ongoing relationships, complete with *babies* on the horizon, *that* was something else entirely!

“R-Rika! I’m sorry!” he exclaimed, standing as well. “I didn’t mean to put this all on you. I know it’s a lot to absorb. I shouldn’t have run my mouth but you deserved to know the

truth before you told me yours. I swear I didn't mean it. Look, I always liked it when the protagonist finally ended up with the entire harem, right? It's just silly fantasy stuff. I didn't mean to live it out!"

"But you are! And you're enjoying it! And so are they! And it's happened; they're pregnant! They're all pregnant! And I'm . . ."

'*And I'm not,*' was what she thought. Her hand fell briefly to her belly, before she forced it to her side.

"And I h-have to go! I can't deal with this right now!"

Tears streamed from her eyes, and there was no way to wipe them all away with how thick and fast they came. She ran down the hill, her gorgeous pink dress rippling with the wind. To match the new mood of the scene, dark clouds emerged over the horizon and closed over the hill, and rain began to pour.

Kenji remained on the hilltop, getting soaked by the rain, for some time. He cursed himself for his idiocy.

The other women comforted Rika. Despite knowing what she knew about them now, she couldn't blame them. She had felt the pull of Kenji back when he'd been Ken, and it was a lot stronger now that she was following a harem romance arc. The other girls had adapted far better somehow, though Mao was still quite crabby about getting knocked up.

"I can't believe it! At least you haven't fallen for him yet! I don't even really c-care about him! He's just some guy! But now I have to stay with him because I'm going to blow up with a big baby. *And I still don't have big boobs, damn it!*"

Haruka smirked in Rika's direction, but wisely didn't say anything, except perhaps thrust her chest out a little. Tomoko put her hand on Rika's shoulder, giving her an encouraging smile.

"I'm sorry, Rika. You were always such a good, adaptable student, even before. I didn't mean for this to happen to me. I never would have wanted to make you uncomfortable."

"Me either, dear!" Alicia said, looking a bit green in the gills. "I never expected to become the kind of woman who would hang off Kenji's arm. Ah, but he is too cute! Too dashing! And he appreciates my style far too greatly!"

"Not to mention he's amazing in bed," Haruka sighed, gazing off wistfully into the distance. "Seriously, that man knows his way around a pair of -"

"Please don't say anything more!" Rika exclaimed, blushing furiously. "I - I can't know this. At least not in detail. I mean, he can't be that good, can he?"

She gazed around at the other women. They were all sitting at one of the benches in the local city park, having come there after school. For a couple of hours they had been talking, coming to grips with their new relationships with each other and with Kenji. Each were in uniform, though Tomoko had her tutor outfit and Alicia got to wear her golden variant, while Haruka had tied her top up so that it showed off her midriff and emphasised her waist. Mao, of course, was in the sports uniform, her muscled legs and biceps showing. Only Rika was stock standard, and she felt even more so as she took in their amused expressions. Not one of them even pretended to agree with her statement.

“What? Really? He’s actually good in bed? Kenji!?”

Tomoko gulped. She had placed a pen in her mouth, and was sucking on it idly as she tried to answer. “He’s . . . very good.”

“Good enough to knock us up,” Mao said grumpily.

“Yeah!” exclaimed Haruka, who was clearly a bit more excited. “I mean, I should hate it. The old me would have. But it’s just so exciting! I can even do performances with my big belly sticking out in the future.”

“Well, lucky you. I can’t exactly win track or play basketball!”

“And I have to get a whole new set of dresses,” Alicia complained, though it sounded more like an opportunity than genuine annoyance.

Tomoko put a hand on her belly. “I might not be pregnant,” she said. “I meant, I could not be, right?”

The rest of them all raised an eyebrow. The poor former professor sighed.

“You’re right. I am p-pregnant. God, I’m such a klutz! I really wanted it at the time. I - I think I still do.”

“We all do,” Haruka said. “It’s part of this world’s rules.”

“Hey, I don’t want it!” Mao snapped.

“Oh please, I see you rubbing your belly and smiling all the time when no one is looking. You’re just playing out the tsundere thing.”

Mao snarled, but otherwise didn’t argue back. Everyone knew it was true, and arguing would only make it more obvious. Tomoko sat back against the bench, looking at the horizon.

“I used to be your teacher. Now . . . I’m your friend. I didn’t expect my life to go this way. But maybe it won’t be all bad. In fact, even though I’m always clumsy and can’t help but be flustered half the time, I feel like I have a new lease on life, even if pregnancy wasn’t expected. I mean, I might not be - oh, obviously I am. It’ll be strange. But we can manage this together, right?”

“Of course!”

“Obviously!”

“*Oui!*”

Rika was silent. The eyes of the others turned to her. Tomoko placed a hand back on her shoulder.

“You can fight it, you know. I think you can, if you really try. You don’t have to end up like us. But we’re happy, Rika. Or at least, we’re finally admitting we are, despite the hiccups and awkwardness.”

Rika nodded. “I know. I just . . . it’s a lot to take in. There’s a lot you don’t know. I felt such . . . betrayal when he told me you were all pregnant. Like it was meant to be m-me. I was his childhood friend in both realities. Why am I the last one? Does he not care about me? Do I mean so little to him?”

The others all exchanged a look. Tears flowed once more, and it was clear that they all finally understood what her problem truly was. It was Mao who broke the silence.

“*BAKA!*”

“What?”

“I said *BAKA!* You idiot! You think because you’re the last that he doesn’t care, when it’s the obvious, moron!”

Rika was taken aback. “I - I don’t understand.”

Alicia folded her arms. She looked like she was about to vomit again soon. Morning sickness for sure. But she hung on to hear what Mao was thinking. “Me either! Explain *zis* theory of yours, Mao! At once!”

Mao rolled her eyes and lounged back. She had her hand on her belly, and Rika could see for the first time that it was rounding out a little. It made sense. Kenji would have slept with her a couple of months ago, and if she was eight or so weeks along, that would mean her stomach would be showing the first signs of change, even if very small. The woman drank some of her power drink and chuckled.

“I may have been a total stoner in my previous life, but even I knew a bit about harem stuff. I mean, I had all sorts of junk from cruising through life. And in those stories where the guy ends up with *all* the women, it’s the one that ends up with him *last* who is the most important to him, and the most romantic. It’s the climax of the story, idiot!”

The revelation hit Rika like a ton of bricks. Mao was absolutely right. The Childhood Friend was often the last one to become fully part of the wider romance, precisely because the author wanted to tease out that particular ship for as long as possible before it set sail.

“I’m . . . I’m the special one,” she whispered to herself.

“Well, I wouldn’t say *that* special,” Mao said.

“I mean, we’re all pretty wonderful too, right?” Haruka said.

“Certainly, I am *ze* most stylish.”

“And I am the most motherly! I mean maternal! I mean . . . oh, never mind!”

Rika smiled at them. "Of course you all are. I just - I didn't think. I didn't realise. I thought that Kenji didn't consider me much after-"

"Oh please, he loves you!" Alicia said. "He always talks about you, about the past and the present! Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to be very inelegant in the bathroom."

She ran off, cupping her mouth. Rika chuckled at this, as did the rest, but then she stood and gave each a close hug in turn.

"Congratulations, all of you. And thank you. Now I know what I have to do. If you don't mind, I should-"

"Go!" they all shouted, shooing her away with encouraging expressions. "Go go go!"

Rika giggled and ran. She ran all the way to Kenji's apartment, even as the sun dipped over the horizon. It was on-site at the school, but was of an unrealistically large size to fit with the narrative conventions of their universe. She had only been in it a couple of times, and those times had been nervous indeed. Not this time. She was determined to do it right, and let him know the truth. She didn't even knock on his door, instead pushing through into the apartment with zeal in her spirit and confidence in her heart.

"Kenji! I'm sorry about before! I just needed time to understand it all, but now I do. Kenji, it's taken me a long time to be able to say it out loud, but -"

But he was asleep on the couch, snoring heavily. Rika smiled softly at him, amused by his tender breathing and his easy slumber. It was only nine o'clock, but clearly he'd been working hard or otherwise distressed by her reaction the day previous. Either way, she could wait patiently. He wasn't using the bed, which she knew would smell of him.

In the meantime, she now had an even better way to prepare her confession to him. She gazed over to the little kitchen in his room. The best way to a man's heart, after all, was through his stomach . . .

Kenji woke to the most wonderful smell. In fact, for a moment he thought he was in heaven, or back with the Creator in that wondrous place. The truth was even better, though a little more confusing. He was in his dorm apartment, the entire area somehow cleaned utterly spotless, his mess removed right down to the last visible crumbs. And in the kitchen was Rika, looking utterly beautiful in her pink dress, the last rays of the setting sun shining down upon her pretty form as she cracked several eggs. She looked up at him and winked.

"Looks like the sleepyhead is finally awake!" she declared.

"Finally? How long was I out? Wait, I don't remember you being here!"

Rika giggled. "Morning, sunshine."

"Morning!?"

Kenji stopped for a moment, the epiphany hitting him in full. The light streaming in from the curtains wasn't from the afternoon light, but from the rising sun. He was still in his uniform, having fallen asleep while studying, his thoughts having been continually distracted by concern for Rika. And now she was here . . .

"How long have you been here?"

"All night," she said, blushing a little. "I hope you don't mind. I came by last night around nine o'clock to tell you something very important, but you weren't present, so I thought I'd just stay around and, um, help out."

The apartment was not only spotless, it *literally* shined from her ministrations. Everything in the kitchen had been put back in its place. Somehow, she hadn't woken him at all, in part thanks to her own carefulness, but also due to how deeply he'd slumbered.

"I can't believe it," Kenji said, rubbing his eyes. "I feel quite embarrassed. Where did you sleep?"

"In your bed, of course!" she said, though she bit her lip from embarrassment a bit at that. "I hope you don't mind."

"Oh, um, not at all! No! It's just . . . unexpected. But I guess we used to do sleepovers all the time, right?"

Rika grinned, and the two of them shared a laugh. It wasn't that it was funny, it just reminded them of times when they'd been close. Rika felt that closeness again, and so did he. But the moment was interrupted by the loud grumbling of his stomach. Kenji clutched it, looking a bit sheepish.

"Sorry, I forgot to have dinner last ni-"

Rika placed down several plates and bowls on the coffee table before him, as well as a set of chopsticks on a holder and a tea cup. She had made a traditional Japanese breakfast, and it looked *delicious*. Tofu and fish in one bowl, a homemade miso soup in another, a split bowl with porridge on one side and rice on the other, while several egg slices and vegetables were also present. She had even gone to the trouble of getting mushrooms and serving them with the vegetables. The whole thing smelled divine, and his eyes *watered* at the prospect of eating it, especially the carefully prepared salmon.

"Rika, this is amazing! Please, you must have some for your-"

"Already do," she said. She was interrupting him a bit; it was a good sign that she was feeling confident. She returned to the kitchen and laid out her own breakfast on the other side of him. Together they crossed their legs on the floor and ate. Kenji couldn't believe it. It was the best breakfast he'd ever tasted, though he was acutely aware that Rika's presence made it all the better. She ate slowly and methodically, with a womanly grace that somehow fit her so perfectly despite the fact that she had once been a tall, muscular man. He found himself continually distracted by her, particularly since she was wearing a

gorgeous pink and rose-coloured kimono that just made her look so demure and homey. The bow around her waist suggested her lithe, feminine figure.

“Eat, silly!” she teased, laughing at his constant pauses. “You can look at me later! For now, I want to fill your stomach and make you happy.”

“Just having you in my life again makes me happy,” he said, causing her to blush and look away. “I mean it. I’m sorry for what I said the other day. We were having such a good time and I dropped that on you. Rika, I swear that I never meant to harm you.”

“No, I’m sorry. I harmed you first, by leaving our friendship and never telling you the real reason why.”

Kenji put down his chopsticks and finished the last of his tea. It cleared out his mouth, and left his belly warm and full. She too finished, though her petite stomach meant she hadn’t eaten it all.

“And you’re not upset about me with, um, the others?”

“I was . . . awkward about it. I accept it now. Kenji, this isn’t your fault. And they’re happy. I talked to each of them, and even Mao is overjoyed, though she pretends otherwise. I think she’ll be happy when she’s big and round to finally act like her old self a bit and lounge around!”

They both laughed.

“And even Tomoko is coming round. She really does love you, it’s just a big adjustment.”

“What about you?” he asked. “Are you adjusting? I feel so bad that you have to live in a world where it pushes you to be attracted to me.”

She sipped her tea delicately, lowered it back to the table, and took a deep breath. Then, she looked down. Not from nervousness or embarrassment this time, but from a desire to be submissive. To act like the perfect Japanese homemaker and wife. She had already started to play the role so well.

“I’ve always been attracted to you, Ken. I’ve always been *in love* with you.”

Kenji nearly dropped his cup. “You - what?”

“It’s true. It’s why I ended our friendship. I knew that as I was, you could never love me back. It hurt too much to hold such unrequited love. When we landed here, I was confused and hurt and still trying to dislike you. Disliking you was the best way to avoid confronting that I still loved you, that I never stopped loving you. But these past few months, as you’ve connected to each of our friends, I could no longer hold onto those feelings. And I thought maybe we could just be close again, like we were. But . . . I know now that it’s not enough. I love you, Kenji. I have always loved you, and I *want* you, too. If - if you’ll have me.”

Her patience dissipated, and she cast her eyes to the ground again. Kenji didn’t say a word as he took all of this in. And it was *a lot* to take in. But then he stood slowly, stepped

around the coffee table, and helped pull Rika to her feet. Gently, he cupped her chin and brought it up so she was staring up into his handsome eyes.

"I had no idea, Rika. I'm so, so sorry. I didn't appreciate what you were going through. I was too socially stupid to realise."

"It's not your fault. It wasn't anyone's fault. We weren't compatible."

"But," he said, pausing for a moment on the cliff edge of uncertainty, "we are now, aren't we?"

She smiled, and that smile turned into a beaming toothy grin that crossed from one ear to the other. She put her hands on his shoulders just as he put hers around her waist. Her eyes shimmered, but there were no tears this time. Only hope.

"We are," she replied, in a voice so faint it might well have been a whisper. "If you want me."

"Do you want me?" he asked. "Still?"

She nodded, barely able to form words. "Mm-hm. Yes. Absolutely, yet."

"Good," he said, practically glowing with his emerging joy. "Because I want you too, Rika, more than all the rest. If you're, um, willing to share with them a little."

She giggled. "I'm more than happy to, Kenji, just so long as you make me your wife."

"That is something I absolutely can do. How could I not, after that amazing meal?"

They laughed together, their foreheads resting against one another. Slowly, the laughter faded, and they stared into one another's eyes. And even more slowly, they pressed closer together, her on the tips of her toes as they kissed.

It was a far more romantic kiss than any of the other harem girls received or gave. More than even Tomoko's first dalliance, this was a kiss of love, more than simple passion and lust.

Which was not to say there was no passion or lust. There was quite a bit of that. They held one another for a long time, continuing to kiss, but soon Rika's body began to respond in a far more base way, especially as she felt Kenji's hardness against her.

"Let me take care of that," she whispered. "I've dreamed of it for so long."

"We won't keep you waiting then!" Kenji said excitedly. He took her hand and led her to the bedroom, and she sat on the bed submissively, facing away from him so he could help disrobe her from her kimono. He did so slowly, and the excitement and tenderness built as it fell from her smooth shoulders. He kissed them, then helped remove the clothing all the way. She turned, holding her breasts demurely with her forearm.

"Do you like what you see?"

"I see my friend. The person I was meant to be with. Of course I like what I see, Rika. I just wish I had seen it a long time ago."

She *launched* herself at him, and soon they were kissing and caressing and touching and removing the last items of their clothing. She moaned softly, her sighs sweet and feminine, her nature like that of a perfect submissive housewife to-be. When she spread her legs to receive him it felt like this was how she was always meant to be. She said so, and Kenji agreed.

“Maybe it is. If it isn’t, then let’s make it so, Rika. I want to make you happy.”

“Then enter into me, Kenji, and you will. I promise you’ll hear it.”

Funny, how much confidence came to her when she was in the bedroom. But then this was the climax of everything her life had been moving her towards. She couldn’t be more thankful to the Creator, except when she felt his large penishead press against her entrance and then slide into her slickness, at which point she was in a far more rapturous gratefulness.

“Yessssss,” she moaned. “Ohhhh, it f-feels so different from what I imagined, and s-so much better. I love you K-Kenji!”

“I love you too, Rika. I should have always loved you.”

“We w-weren’t - ahhh - compatible. But now we are! Now I can finally b-be yours! Be your wife! B-bear your children! Ohhhhh!”

Kenji continued to pump inside her, the pleasure growing. He was quite adept at sex now, but as he played with her breasts and caressed her hip, he was conscious that he was performing far better than usual.

“Are you s-sure you want that, Rika? To have babies, I mean? I didn’t mean to knock the others - ahh - up, but now that we know, we could use pr-”

She clamped him with her thighs. “No! Don’t you d-dare! I want you to be happy! I want to be e-everything you want me to be! Give me your babies. I’ll be your w-wife. I’ll cook and clean for you, my future husband, and give you all the children you desire! It’s p-perfect! You know it is; admit it!”

He thrust even faster, building closer to a climax. Her body was gorgeous, and she bucked her hips in time to his, milking his cock expertly despite her lack of female experience.

“I do!” he cried, verging on cumming. “I want to kn-knock you up Rika! I want you in my harem!”

“Then make me join, Kenji! Make me the first in your harem! Give me your babies!”

He came, and so did she. They erupted together, their cries becoming a sweet song that lasted a long while, their bodies shuddering as stream after stream of his issue poured into her waiting womb. She clamped onto him harder, refusing to let any of his cum leak out of her. She was greedy, wanting it all. Wanting to give him children.

Wanting to be his perfect, pregnant wife. The leader of his loving harem.

In the aftermath as she held him, stroking his hair while he caressed her form, she knew that's exactly what she would be.

"I love you, Kenji," she whispered as she held him.

"I love you too, Rika," he replied.

She had him. He was all hers. No, that wasn't true. She would have to share him, with Mao, with Haruka, with Alicia, and with Tomoko. And yet after their chat earlier in the day where they'd all gotten along, that seemed remarkably okay. In fact, it seemed like it would be very comforting, and great fun to boot. Kenji was more than enough man for all of them, and they could help each other in pleasing him. There was no need to compete. Instead, their shared submission to him was cause for celebration.

Rika grinned to herself as the last of the post-coital delirium faded. She couldn't be more thankful for the hijinks that had led to Kenji's harem.

Epilogue: The Harem

Kenji woke to a very full bed, one that was getting fuller everyday. Mao was slumped up against him, her form partly intertwined with Haruka's. The former was snoring loudly as was her habit, and she scratched at her dome-like belly every minute or so. At eight and a half months along, she could literally go into labour any time over the next two to three weeks. Thankfully, she was sleeping soundly for now, her head resting against Haruka's now G-cup breasts. Haruka must have been having another dream of performing, because she was half-mumbling a J-Pop song under her breath and smiling broadly. Kenji carefully turned his head and nearly chuckled at the sight of Alicia. True to her nature, she was a figure of feminine repose, even in her third trimester. Her silky nightwear complemented her refined beauty, and her sleeping face could have been Sleeping Beauty's. Tomoko, on the other hand, had been true to her nature as well: she'd rolled off the bed, somehow. Again. Thankfully, the narrative rules of this universe meant she'd come to no harm whatsoever, nor her babies. She was positively *ripe* with twins despite the two months or so to go, and her breasts were impossibly large, like great soft basketballs. She was sucking on the end of a marker in her sleep.

"Oh, my lovely women," Kenji sighed quietly. "I love you all so much."

As if by instinct, Mao reached out for him tenderly . . . only to slap him on the cheek due to some frustrated dream. Perhaps a holdover of her original self getting a little revenge. Kenji had to extract himself from the bed to avoid laughing too hard and waking his pregnant sleeping beauties. Each was unique and wonderful and desirable in their own way, but one

in particular was missing. Slowly, he made his way out of the bedroom. It was a good thing that they had all moved into a house Alicia had purchased: with her marvellous funds and her own successful modelling career (including a lot of maternity shoots lately) they weren't exactly lacking for money. Coupled with Haruka's own rising musical star (even if she had to be on a break with birth now looming) and things were looking just peachy for them. Kenji followed the wafting smell of a traditional Japanese breakfast. The kitchen downstairs was impressive, with its own island with three sinks and a walk-in pantry that was very well-sized. Enough to cook for a large family, and that was exactly what Rika was doing now.

She was dressed in her cute pink kimono, albeit this one was looser around the waist to accommodate her burgeoning belly. She wasn't as large as the other girls, yet, but was very obviously pregnant, and quite happy that her cup size had gone up a little. She wore her hair up now in a traditional style, looking every part the classical Japanese wife making breakfast lovingly for her husband. As she saw him descend the stairs, she smiled softly.

"Morning husband," she said. "You can go back to bed. I was planning on bringing food upstairs for everyone."

"They're starting to stir, I think. I wouldn't want you to go to all that effort anyway. Far easier for you if we come down and eat. You look beautiful, Rika."

He approached her, kissing her lips and then moving down to kiss her belly.

"She's moving a lot today," she said proudly, rubbing her stomach. "Another little girl."

They shared a chuckle. *All* of his children were girls. It was just another one of those tropes, he supposed. He didn't mind. He'd love his children no matter what.

"You are so wonderful," he said, kissing her again. "I'm so glad you've taken to this life. I was always worried I'd trapped you in it."

"I'm happy to be trapped in it," she said, pressing her side against him. "I'm happy to be trapped with you."

"Then I'm glad. How long until breakfast?"

"Another fifteen minutes."

"Did you want to make it twenty? Twenty five?"

Rika grinned. Wordlessly, she took her husband by the hand and led him away. The large house had many rooms, guest rooms, spare beds and large couches. They picked a guest room this time, and made love together, both removing their morning clothing and taking in their naked forms. Rika was well used to this by now. It was kind of crazy that she was a woman, let alone a pregnant woman, but even that craziness was increasingly just kind of . . . normal. But the orgasms that were produced when she rode her husband, mounting him as she was now and letting him thrust into her while she bounced atop him, that pleasure was anything but normal.

"Y-yes," she moaned. "I've b-been wanting this. Soooo many hormones, Kenji."

“I’m always happy to satisfy,” he grunted, thrusting again. He was getting close. He placed his hands on her larger breasts and kneaded them. She moaned. They were full lately, almost ready to produce milk.

“You - ahhh - always do! I can’t wait to make you a father! I c-can’t wait to be a m-mother! I’ll have as many b-babies as you want! I love you!”

“I love you t-ahhhh!”

His cock stiffened within her, and his balls contracted slightly. Moments later he throbbed, and a stream of his semen poured up inside her, igniting a thunderous wave of pleasure. She leaned back on her hands, bucking her hips just a little on his throbbing cock, milking it. He placed a hand on her belly, admiring her pose as she moaned. It took literal minutes for the pleasure to finally fade, by which point both parties were *very* satisfied.

“Well, looks like *someone* got in early!” came a voice.

The two embarrassed lovers looked over to see Mao standing in the doorway, her huge belly looking ridiculous on her otherwise lithe form, like a big white egg.

“Morning Mao!” Kenji exclaimed, blushing. “I see you woke.”

“We’re *all* awake now, thanks to you. And that means you owe us *payback*, Kenji! Me first, since I’m so far along!”

Kenji gave an embarrassed smirk to Rika, but she just giggled and kissed his cheek before carefully dismounting from him.

“It’s fine, my love. *Sugoi*, in fact. There’s more than enough happiness to go around. You see to all the rest of your women, and I’ll have breakfast ready for all of us, once you’re done. Enjoy!”

And Kenji did, four times in a row, his refractory period practically magical to accommodate his harem. Tomoko in particular was a divine experience; he couldn’t stop playing with her massive tits or appreciating her twin pregnant belly. By the end, he was exhausted in the best way possible.

A good thing Rika’s meals always gave him the energy he needed.

“Hit the stage and have some fun, jump up and down, you’re the one! You’ll be a star, falling down to Earth, let them see your light, let them know your worth!”

Kenji kissed the back of Haruka’s head as he moved around the living room area.

“I love that song, Haruka, and I bet all our little girls will.”

“That’s why I’m, like, singing it. I think I can, like, totally get into singing children’s songs as well. Besides, we need some lullabies to get so many babies to sleep, especially since I really, really want to have twins with you one day.”

Kenji chuckled. "That would be amazing."

"Mhmm, absolutely. Think of all the pregnancy sex!"

Mao rolled her eyes from the corner. "Well, you better give me a longer break between getting knocked up! I still want to do my sports, and it's impossible with this huge belly! Besides, you still haven't given me boobs!"

"Sorry, I think that's a sort of tsundere trope."

The others giggled, though Tomoko put a comforting hand on the fuming Mao.

"Just you wait, my girls are going to be major league baseballers, basketballers, trackrunners, everything! They'll outshine all the other babies!" She rubbed her stomach again. "I don't blame you, little one. It's all that Kenji's fault! You're blameless and perfect!"

It was clear that her tsundere act was just an act though: her love for Kenji was real by now, and her attraction even more so.

Alicia's eyes lit up. "Oooh! I can do *ze* outfits for them! I am already planning to colour coordinate all the clothing so *zat* we don't get *zem* mixed up from all the babies!"

She rubbed her stomach. Out of all of them, Alicia wore pregnancy the most stylishly. It was like she hadn't lost any energy at all, even in her third trimester. In fact, her elegance had only increased, and she certainly knew it . . . and flaunted it.

"Dibs on red," Mao said.

"Green for me," Haruka said, pointing at her hair.

"I was hoping for green," Tomoko sighed, referring to her original name. "Perhaps turquoise blue."

"Pink for Rika," Kenji said, and Rika beamed. He knew her too well: she'd fully accepted her new feminine nature to the utmost.

"Colour coordination is not enough," Tomoko said. She was at a desk, trying to accommodate her belly against it, and was writing furiously. "I have a rigorous study plan for all of them. It's important for me to be a teacher again, and this is a way to achieve it! I can raise them properly until they are ready for school and get them ahead on every topic. Not to mention after-school tutoring. If you'll look here you can see my fourteen-step program for - gah!"

As usual, her clumsiness got in the way. In her excitement, she toppled over the massive collection of motherhood books and sent her paper sprawling everywhere.

"Oh, um, darn."

"It's okay, Tomoko," Kenji said. "I know you'll do a fantastic job. Once, um, we get you a staple binder so the sheets don't keep going everywhere."

Rika was instantly moving about, collecting the various sheets and placing them before her former professor. The other women all got up as well, and despite their big

pregnancies, they all helped out. Kenji got involved too, and soon Tomoko's work was all placed back at her desk, with the entire family surrounding her.

"Thank you all!" she exclaimed, getting a bit teary-eyed. "Oh, these hormones!"

It set off a chain reaction, of course. Something about the entire harem coming together to prepare for their children in all their own ways made them a bit weepy-eyed. They clustered around, hugging one another as best as they could, trapping Kenji in the middle, surrounded by their uniquely beautiful forms and against their pregnant bellies.

"I love you all," he declared.

"And we love you!" they replied.

He exchanged a quick glance with Rika. She was already proving that she was a perfect wife, and soon to be a perfect mom, but they were all on this journey too.

"Well, let's get out of the house already," Kenji said. "All of us, together."

"Where to?" Alicia said, already getting excited.

"No idea. I figure you'd be best at deciding that Alicia, and perhaps with some help from Haruka and Mao. Tomoko and Rika can help me pack. I figure we can all get some fresh air and enjoy ourselves, and talk about all our babies yet to come."

The five women smiled, immediately moving to ready for their day trip. Whatever they would end up doing though, they knew they would do it together. They were Kenji's loyal anime harem, and wouldn't have it any other way.

The End