

## Too Much Sushi (Curvy Japanese Waitress TG RC)

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **An Anonymous Commission**

*Aaron finds a job at a local sushi restaurant, not realising a branch of the yakuza operates it. Despite warnings in broken English from the very attractive Japanese waitresses, he doesn't realise that the special sushi his boss feeds him is turning him into one of them. Soon, Aaron finds himself becoming Aoi, a gorgeously curvaceous Japanese waitress with no idea how to escape her new fate!*

### **Too Much Sushi**

The manager of *Sushi Heart* was a tall, powerful looking man of mixed Caucasian and Asian ancestry. He had a scar over his left eye, though luckily for him the eye itself still looked functional, and both his arms had sophisticated tattoo sleeves that included images of koi fish, kimono-clad women, and oni clashing swords with samurai. Despite this intimidating look, he wore a professional looking sleeveless jacket, and was all smiles as he shook hands with Aaron.

“Welcome aboard,” he said with only a slight trace of a Japanese accent. “We’re really looking forward to seeing how you . . . progress here, Aaron Stubecker.”

Aaron grinned. The man had a hard grip, but he respected that. He shook back, nearly as firm. “So glad to be working for you, Mr Tanaka.”

“Please, call me Eddie.”

“I thought your name was Eri?”

“It is, but I usually go by my ‘Western’ name, and I’m more than used to it.”

“Well, thank you very much Eddie. This is a huge break for me. I’ve not been able to find solid employment for over six months, so you’re an absolute godsend. I won’t let you down.”

Eddie ‘Eri’ Tanaka smirked. It was a kindly smirk, with a kind of crafty intelligence behind it. Almost mischievous. “I know you won’t, Aaron. Make sure to get your uniform from Daki on the way out - she’s the head waitress who showed you in. Oh, and Kahori can give you your shifts and access keys, along with any other information you require. Make sure you’re here on time Monday, and Daki can oversee your training. Rumiko can also help you. She has the best English.”

“Thanks again, Mr Tanaka. Eddie, I mean. I’m so glad to be working here.”

“Not as glad as I am to have you here, Aaron. You’ll look very good in a uniform when you start, and even better in a few weeks when you’ve come to . . . fit in.”

Eddie gave a belly laugh, and Aaron was so excited that he joined in despite not getting the joke. It must have been an inside joke, or perhaps a cultural thing he was missing. Eddie Tanaka gave a slight bow, and Aaron gave a much lower one before leading the man's office and heading through the back area of the well-regarded restaurant.

The staff was almost entirely female, though the head chef was not, or accounts man. The rest, though, were a collection of frankly *gorgeous* women in all sorts of shapes and sizes, but all of them beautiful in their own unique way.

The most beautiful was clearly Daki, the woman who had welcomed him in. She was the head waitress, and preparing for the night's coming guests and reservations. She wore a tight white blouse and dark black skirt as her uniform, as did the rest, but her lithe yet shapely figure did well to fill it in all the right places. Her hair was long and silky, falling to her back, though likely she would tie it up when actual shift work began.

"Hello," he ventured. "I'm Aaron. The man you welcomed in? I'm told I can get my uniform from you?"

She cocked her head for a moment, clearly struggling with what he was saying. She closed her eyes, mumbling to herself, until she recomposed and smiled sweetly. She looked to be around thirty years old at a maximum, and her smile melted him.

"Oh, hai! Uni-form," she said, her accent thick as she phonetically spelled out the English. "Come."

She brought him across the room, through a door, and turned around, uniform in hand. "You run," she said.

"Yeah, I'm in a hurry."

She shook her head. Suddenly, her expression was serious, almost anxious. "lie, iie. No. You go *run*. Leave."

"Oh, sorry! I didn't meant to be a bother. I just had to get your uniform."

"You change. Big change. No go back!"

"Exactly!" he said, finally understanding her. "Real big change. No longer unemployed."

She just raised an eyebrow, sighed in an exasperated manner, and shoved the clothing into his hands.

"I try, I try. No good. Kahori no tell you. She no care. Round corner. Run away but no listen! Pah!"

She walked past him and left, making him feel utterly confused. Aaron blinked, left the room, and found the woman named Kahori around the corner. She looked to be in her mid-thirties, but who could honestly tell with Japanese women? They seemed to never age past thirty five, then poof! Suddenly they were wrinkly old grandmas, with no stage in between. The only clue to this thin, willowy, and elegant shift manager's age were the

near-invisible wrinkles at the edges of her eyes, and the glasses that gave her a refined, mature aspect.

“Shift,” she said curtly, and passed him a file that had his hours on it. “No lose.”

“Um, I won’t. I promise.”

She regarded him coldly. “Hmm, maybe better lose. Maybe not. Eri like you, so I say nothing. You join us soon?”

“Um, Monday. Wasn’t that on the sheet?”

She chuckled. “Join us is not *join* us. Eh, you understand in time. Pay good - don’t forget! And Tanaka good boss once you accept.”

That at least buoyed Aaron a bit more after Daki’s odd attitude. “Also I was told Rumiko can help me with training on that day? What does she look like?”

Kahori tapped the glass window of her office, and pointed out one of the women getting prepped. She was probably the youngest looking member on staff, perhaps around twenty or twenty two. She had a shorter bob that was cut smartly, almost in a sharp anime style so that it fell equal to her chin, but lost height as it went past her ears. Her hair was dyed with a blue tinge that looked really cool, and she had a short, cute figure with a nice pair of hips. Aaron got the feeling he was going to like getting trained by that woman, but kept such elation to himself.

“Thank you,” he said, giving a slight bow.

She bowed back slightly, a smirk on her features.

As Aaron left, a few of the women looked at him oddly. Some even made a shooing motion.

“Leave!”

It made him hope that this wouldn’t be yet another hostile workplace. He was, after all, really counting on this job to make it work. Still, with his uniform in hand and his shifts tucked in his pocket, he got on his parked bicycle, unlocked it, and rode all the way to his cheap little apartment. He was not the most manly man, but he couldn’t claim not to be fit thanks to all his cycling about. The twenty-five year old couldn’t afford a car after so much bum luck, and it wasn’t like he had family around to help him. He had to get by, living cheaply, trying to find work where he could. With his sandy blonde hair and bright blue eyes, he wasn’t exactly anyone’s first imagined individual when it came to working at a Japanese-run sushi restaurant, but he’d heard such good things about *Sushi Heart*, and moreover it paid well. When he got home, he made sure to shave the stubble from his face.

“I’m going to look smart for that first shift,” he said to myself. “And once I prove myself as a waiter, I’m sure those other ladies will look upon me more kindly. Goodness knows they probably need more English speakers for their customers.”

He went to bed that night almost unable to sleep. Just a week ago he'd had almost no money, no prospects, and no way of paying his future rent. Aaron always considered himself an optimistic kinda guy, but he'd been getting to the borderline of morose after a string of failed applications to a variety of jobs. But now, out of the blue, he'd been recommended by a jobseeker service to *Sushi Heart*, and Eddie Tanaka had taken a liking to him instantly. The pay was pretty damn good for just a waiter job, and he had experience in such circuits. And, of course, there was a huge side benefit as well.

Any leftover sushi that needed getting rid of was the staff's to take home.

Aaron *loved* sushi. He always had. Raw sashimi, salmon rolls, onigiri, unagi . . . the works. And given that food expenses were a genuine financial worry for him, then the prospect of steady cash *plus* getting tips from customers *plus* being able to take home food to supplement his groceries was a dream come true.

"I won't let them down," he said to himself. "I'll be the best damn waiter I can be."

He needed to make Eddie Tanaka proud of him. He felt like he owed him already.

\*\*\*

Aaron's first shift wasn't the easiest in the world, despite his initial excitement. The staff barely spoke a word of English outside of the orders they took from customers, which confused the hell out of him. Daki the head waitress was immensely popular for her beauty and serene, gentle manner, easily taking meal orders and serving them up with sophistication that matched her incredible beauty. She spoke in gorgeously accented English with her customers, but as soon as she left them it was like someone had flipped a switch, and she could only speak in broken English. He thought it was just a hazing ritual at first, but his own trainer - the cute young Rumiko - was exactly the same.

"Keep polite," she said. "Make you presentable. Always dish hold such as."

She held up a plate of sushi, palm perfectly level but close to her chest, as if she were carrying an item of immense cultural significance. Aaron mirrored it, getting her approval on the second attempt.

"Hai, sugoi! Is good!"

He couldn't help but beam in response to her comment. She had a light, peppy manner about her that matched the blue streak in her hair and her general air of cuteness. Even before customers she was bouncy in her movements, giggling and grinning in response to compliments, and joking around with them in an equally thick-yet-still-understandable accent as Daki.

"Are you ready to give your order? Wonderful. Yes, we can provide that; is there any particular preference on the sauce? Oh, of course we can do that! We like pleasing our

customers! Fantastic choices, I'll just take your menus and your meals will not be far along. I hope you are having a wonderful night."

Aaron took meals at the same time, attempting a similar level of enthusiasm - though less feminine buoyancy to his manner - but he occasionally found himself distracted by the notion that this woman was speaking perfectly fluent English with her customers only to speak in broken English once they had left. It made the learning experience more difficult than he'd expected.

Still, the first shift went alright. He was still a trainee, after all, and while he couldn't understand all the women and found their occasional concerned stares a bit condescending, they seemed like good people, if a little over-anxious. Daki sighed when she saw him, but seemed to reiterate her advice during their lunch break.

"What do - no eat food after. Understand? Say 'iie' to food, not from Eri."

He couldn't make heads no tail of what she was getting at, and it was clear her frustration with him made this a mere courtesy. He would have brushed it off were it not for Rumiko saying something similar during a lapse in orders.

"Tonight, bag of food, no take," she whispered in his ear. She was speaking in a hurried tone that made him just a little agitated. "No take, no eat. Change. No change want!"

He blinked, trying to make sense of what his trainer was speaking of, but then Kahori rounded the corner, glancing at them both from behind her magnifying spectacles. Rumiko scattered, leaving Aaron even more confused. He decided to just not take it in. Whatever was being spoken about would be obvious in its own time, but for now he needed to focus less on the staff politics (especially given they were probably just hazing him) and instead on impressing Mr Tanaka, who was observing the proceedings. The various workers usually became a lot less chatty and more personable in his presence, but their whispers stopped too. He certainly had a dominant personality, but Aaron didn't feel there was anything suspicious about him: he was friendly, genial, and polite with customers, and was personally very encouraging.

"You are making a good first impression as a waiter, Aaron," he said. "I cannot wait to see how you are in a few weeks."

"Thanks Mr - er, Eddie," Aaron said after the day was done. "I think I did alright. Once I get more used to the layout and culture of the place, well, I think I'll be even better."

"Just don't push yourself," he said. "I'm investing a lot in you!"

Aaron hesitated, but knew he had to ask. "Eddie, I had a few staff members mention that I shouldn't eat the food at the end of the day. At least, that's what I think they were saying. It was like they were excellent English speakers . . . up until they suddenly weren't."

Eddie smirked. "I imagine it looks odd from the outsider, Aaron. But the truth is they have a good number of rehearsed lines, that's it. To give you a peek behind the curtain, the

women here are pretty good at understanding English, but not speaking it. So they rehearse a number of phrases for a variety of situations.”

Aaron blushed. It was obviously, really. He just hadn't thought deeply enough.

“As for the food thing, I know exactly what they're talking about!”

Eddie hefted out a bag of sushi specially prepared. It even had Aaron's name on it. A good number of sushi rolls and even larger dishes were inside, including some tasty-looking unagi. “The girls are well aware of my little prank, it seems. It's not very nice, actually. It was indeed an old hazing procedure. I'd put some of the extra hot sauce on a random roll inside the sushi giveaway. Just a light prank on the new server. Don't worry, that's not the case here. But the sauce is certainly delicious! It's all for you.”

Aaron took it, bowing slightly, and perhaps a bit unnecessarily. “Really? All for me?”

“I like to share it out personally, in order to keep things fair. It's for you to have. I only ask one thing: don't share it with others. I like my employees having some of the spoils, but it wouldn't be fair for other people to eat our restaurant's food for free, would it?”

Aaron nodded eagerly. “Oh, of course not, Mr Tanaka!”

“Call me Eddie, remember?”

“Of course, Eddie. I'm looking forward to my next shift already.”

Mr Tanaka laughed. “I knew I picked a good investment! You'll fit in with this place in no time. Just make sure to eat all of that in time for your next shift, because they'll be more where it came from.”

He slapped Aaron on the shoulder and walked back to his office. Aaron left feeling happy and relieved that he wasn't crazy. He took the bag and made his way to his car. Outside, Daki was smoking. She stomped out the cigarette when he saw her and she him, and gave a look of exasperation.

“You take food. I say no take. Change.”

“Don't worry, I can handle hot sauce,” he said, grinning.

She just gave him a look of confusion as he passed and got into his car. The beautiful woman rolled her eyes, made something like a supremely bitter chuckle, and got into her own vehicle. She shook her head one last time, then took off from the car park.

“Did I do something to upset her?” he asked himself.

But he couldn't think of a thing. So he drove home instead, and the entire twenty minute drive he practically salivated over the wonderful smell of the sushi in the containers on his passenger seat. His stomach growled for them, and by the time he parked outside his apartment and took the food bag inside he was happy to open several of the containers right then and there and make them his dinner.

“Time to see if *Sushi Heart's* meals taste as good as they smell,” he said. He took out his personal pair of chopsticks and started off with a simple salmon roll.

It. Was. Delicious. The flavouring was perfect, and the raw texture of the salmon within the rice and nori was to die for.

“Mmhmm! Thank you Mr Tanaka! This is amazing!”

It was the best sushi he'd ever tasted, and it made him smile like there was no tomorrow. This was the perfect end to a perfect day as far as Aaron was concerned: he'd done well on the job, earned a little in the way of tips, and wasn't far off his first paycheck. And now he had the best sushi ever.

In fact, it was so damn good that he decided to crack open another container and have just a little more. And then a little more. And then a little more. It was like an instant addiction: the sushi tasted so nice that it was almost impossible *not* to eat it. It was sumptuous and filling, and though he knew he was overeating it was simply divine to leave in the fridge, especially since his fridge was old and had a way of making everything taste like it had been sprinkled with flakes of copper.

“M-might as well eat it all,” he mumbled as he opened yet another container, this one with the dark unagi, whose flesh was so wonderfully sweet and tender. He devoured it, finding each bite delicious beyond belief.

Eventually, every container was empty, and Aaron let out a terrific burp.

“Holy moly,” he exclaimed, “I can't believe I just ate all of that. I feel like a total pig!”

It was indeed bewildering. He wasn't exactly a big guy - sure he was around 5'10, but he was more of a beanpole. He had never been a big eater, in fact. This would have been the largest meal he'd eaten in years.

“Better make sure I don't send it to my thighs,” he said with a chuckle.

Aaron gave a yawn. He suddenly felt very deeply tired. His stomach growled, but not unhappily. It was like his core was yawning contentedly, filled up and now desiring rest to absorb the yummy meal it had just imbibed. He patted his stomach happily, and went to brush his teeth quickly, then head to bed.

He had barely put the covers on before he fell into a deep and entrancing sleep.

\*\*\*

Aaron's shifts at *Sushi Heart* continued, and he became further acclimated to the style of service and procedures at the restaurant. He had been a waiter before, but it was clear that while Mr Tanaka was a kind, if sometimes secretive, manager, he was also one to push his staff hard. A number of the women viewed him somewhat fearfully, and others straight up told Aaron to leave. At least, he thought that's what they were trying to tell him: their English was so broken and their points so vague, and only made when Mr Tanaka or Kahori, the older shift manager, was not present.

Daki seemed to have given up on him. She continued smiling sweetly and serving her patrons, and raking in the highest amount of tips by far. And despite the language barrier that still existed, Aaron was beginning to understand some of the office politics going on. For one, cute little Rumiko really didn't think much of Daki, and was annoyed that she had the bigger tips. She mimed having the larger bust of the woman.

"Then big tips, hai?" she said, before breaking out into a mischievous giggle. "Too bad change make tiny. Who know you turn! Too late so."

"Sorry, I don't quite get it," Aaron said. "But you're a damn good waitress, at least. I'm sure you'll have massive tips one day."

She just shrugged, returned to her bouncing manner, and continued. Aaron got the sense that nothing kept her down for long, while Daki was always pushing herself to be the prettiest, the most attractive, the most professional, and so on. The other women were simply just trying to get through the day, and it was clear that part of that meant appealing to the customers. There was even some flirting going on. At least, he thought it was flirting.

And at the end of each night's shift, Mr Tanaka would personally hand over some of the unfinished food that didn't go that day. After all, they always kept a stock of extra unagi, salmon rolls, and so on for the customers to enjoy, and the restaurant did have a takeaway bar. The staff women looked to this with frustration, which he interpreted as a bit of jealousy of cliqueness. But while it made him uncomfortable, Aaron scoffed the haul down each night as well, unbelieving that he was so hungry.

In fact, it was starting to lead to some changes. It was a bit embarrassing, but with the amount of sushi he was eating, Aaron was starting to put on some weight. As the joke went, it was going straight to his hips and thighs. He'd never been anything but fairly skinny, so it wasn't all that unwelcome, but it did alarm him given that sushi was so healthy. He must have been eating a *lot*. The next time Mr Tanaka offered it, he tried to turn it down.

"But I insist!" he said. "I know you are eager to work, and you have done well. Already your understanding of Japanese is improving too!"

Aaron gave in to the pressure of his kind boss, and took the bag. Besides, his stomach was growling, hungry for more of that delicious sushi. Besides, Mr Tanaka's words were true. While it had only been two weeks, he was picking up more of the conversation between the women, though Daki's thicker accent sometimes eluded him. He often said 'Hai' instead of 'yes' now, and to his amusement he'd even said it at the bank the other day, along with 'iie' for 'no'. He'd been a bit embarrassed over it, but the server just found his explanation amusing.

"No wonder you're speaking with a slight accent if you're around Japanese speakers all day! I was trying to place it!"

Aaron furrowed his brow. "I'm speaking with an accent?"



She smiled politely. “Just a little one. Only a trace. Trust me, when I catch up with my friends from Brooklyn I sound like a burrough kid for a while.”

She laughed, finished setting up his new savings account, and he thanked her and left. He had come very, very close to almost saying ‘*arigato gozaimasu*’ instead of ‘thank you.’ And then he’d said ‘*sayonara*’ anyway. She laughed, and he played it off as a joke.

“Man,” he said to himself. “I had no idea I was absorbing so much. I guess it’s just how many shifts I’ve been taking!”

But there were still more to come. Eddie Tanaka told Aaron that he was pleased with the young man’s progress, and that he was keen to see him go from part-time to full-time at the restaurant on a long-term contract basis. Aaron didn’t even realise that lowly waiters could even score such a deal, but he was ecstatic to take it on. Tanaka brought him back into his office. Another man was there, this one less friendly looking. He was tall, wearing a blue suit, and he had a series of what looked like gang tattoos on one side of his face. He was missing his pinky finger, a fact that made Aaron nervous.

“*Konnichiwa*, Aaron-san,” Tanaka said. It was a funny introduction, given he didn’t often talk that way. But Aaron returned it easily. Almost naturally.

“*Konnichiwa*, Tanaka-sishou.”

Wait, didn’t that mean mentor? Or master? Tanaka just smirked, nodded to his intimidating friend, who nodded back.

“This is my friend Riku. He’s a . . . business partner of mine. He wants to see your progress at work.”

“Good to meet you, Riku-san,” Aaron said. He extended a hand, and the other man took it. The missing pinkie was even more obvious now. The man mumbled something in quick Japanese to Tanaka, who replied in the same language. Aaron could only catch fragments of it: “Progress . . . transformation . . . submissive . . . hair darker.”

He was a little confused by it all, unsure if they were talking about him. In fact, his hair *did* look darker lately, though he assumed it was just a change in the seasons or something in the family-friendly incense of the restaurant or something. The man gave him a look over, gave a final nod to Tanaka, then walked out the door.

“He seems scary, but he’s just focused. Part of the larger business,” Tanaka said.

“Oh, yeah. How did he lose his finger?”

“It was . . . after a mistake. But that’s not my story to tell. Ready to sign your contract? We’re looking forward to having a young new waitress with us.”

“*Sumimasen*, but I think you mean waiter, Eddie.”

Eddie just chuckled. “My mistake! I think I am fluent and then I say such things. Let’s get you signing the dotted line!”

Aaron did so eagerly. When he was done, his stomach growled. God, he wanted more sushi. With a smile on his kindly features, Tanaka produced another bag of containers from the day, each 'specially prepared.' Aaron was happy to take them, though Daki just scoffed as he passed.

"No eat," she muttered.

Rumiko was also present. For once, her features were a little sad as she packed up the various plates. "Already change. Become us. Can walk away - did you sign?"

"Yeah, I signed a fulltime contract."

She changed to a soft smile. "Might enjoy it. Big change, big transform. But maybe not all bad. I have boyfriend."

He startled. "Oh, I wasn't - I don't mean to come across - I wasn't speaking like I thought that you and I -"

Rumiko just giggled. "You know what mean soon. *Sumimasen*, can't say more. You know soon. Daki warn you no luck."

He smiled politely and left, not sure what to even think of that. Kahori the older shift manager was leaving, her impressive figure with her wide, motherly hips swaying from side to side in her uniform. She just looked at him with an amused smile.

"Put on weight," she said.

He blushed. "Yeah, I've been eating too much."

"Look good. Going in right places."

"Oh, well thanks."

"Need more in chest. Customers like that. *Oyasumi*, Aaron-san."

"*Oyasumi*, Kahori-san."

He biked home, his bags in the container in the front of his bicycle. He was so, so deeply hungry. He passed a quick takeaway place with burgers he usually loved, but didn't even think to stop. He couldn't imagine having anything but sushi anymore.

It was just so *oishi*.

\*\*\*

Something was definitely happening to Aaron. He couldn't explain it, it hardly seemed real, in fact. He was putting on more weight around his thighs and hips, to the point that he now had a slight pear shape to his body. Hell, more than 'slight', really. If he didn't know better, he would have assumed the actual pelvic structure of his body was changing, because even walking normally made his hips sway a little from side to side, almost like a woman. It was a little embarrassing, though at least he didn't have any close friends to give him shit over it.

The closest thing to a friend, really, was Rumiko, and he could barely understand her half the time. But she sure was peppy.

But all the bright smiles in the world couldn't reassure him with what was happening to his body. His thighs were likewise thicker now, but they also were weirdly softer. All of him was. He'd never been the hairiest man in the world before, but now his skin seemed to be almost bereft of body hair. It even looked slightly different in tone, just a little darker, a little more olive in tone. With the sun out more he assumed it was just the sun's effects from his bike rides, but then how come it was affecting him all over? And how come his hair was growing so much faster - he needed a hairdresser to deal with the mess, especially since the roots were looking much darker than his normally blonde hair.

"It's just all so weird," he muttered to himself as he examined his body in the mirror. "I'm even growing a set of moobs."

That too was true. They were subtle but certainly present, and moreover his nipples had also swelled in size, like he was having an allergic reaction. Combined with the slight darkness in his eyes, and Aaron was becoming nervous that there was something deeply wrong with him.

"Am I getting shorter?" he wondered. He couldn't remember his actual height exactly, but it seemed like he was 5'8 or so now, which was at least an inch shorter.

He made the decision to call his doctor before going to work.

\*\*\*

The shift at *Sushi Heart* did a lot to remove some of his concerns. Tanaka didn't seem to notice almost anything different about him, and the girls were all very encouraging. In fact, it was so easy to talk to them that outside of dealing with customers, he actually stumbled over a few English words when trying to chat in his own language. Instead, it was easier to slip into basic sentences of Japanese he'd learned.

"<Hello Rumiko, I love the new pink colour in your hair>," he said, surprised at how easily the sentence flowed from his mouth. She beamed, bouncing on her feet excitedly, which made her breasts wobble noticeably in her top. Oddly, it didn't excite him in the way it should have.

"<Thank you, Aaron! And your Japanese is so good! You are becoming like us, then? You accept it?>"

He felt like he'd mistranslated something there.

"<What do you mean? Is it about my weight? I think I've put some on my chest. I feel weird - I have called doctor.>"

He winced at some of the improper grammar he applied. He had to learn to speak better in that language. It felt so good to say.

Rumiko just cocked her head like an owl. “<You haven’t figured it out? Oh no, I had assumed . . . Daki was right. You should stop eating sushi, but I can’t say. Magic won’t let me.>”

“Sorry, you are say magic?” Aaron said in English. Broken English. He coughed a little in shock at his poor grasp of his own language. It was obviously because he was switching away from another language.

Rumiko just nodded, spoke in broken English as well. “It all I say. No say more. Can’t. Best luck, Aaron-san.”

He had a lot of questions, but they’d have to wait for later: the first customers would be arriving soon to be seated, and there was still a lot of preparation to do. Daki took the lead as always, while Kahori ran the floor on behalf of Tanaka. Both kept giving Aaron glances: Daki’s was concerned and a little annoyed, while Kahori just seemed amused.

“<Looking good, Aaron-san. You will have meat on your bones and good curves.>”

“Um, *arigato*?”

Daki barely spoke to him at all, but likely because the gorgeous woman was so busy on the floor. Still, as she passed him in the backroom hallway, she took his hand.

“<You understand some of my language now. Get out, stop eating sushi from here. Leave before tool late.>”

“<Too late for what?>”

“<Can’t say. Impossible. Only hint. Your body is changing. You don’t want to change fully or you can’t reverse it, ever. You will be stuck, all thanks to the stupid *yakuza*.>”

Aaron took a step back. He remembered the man with the facial tattoos. Riku. The one with the missing finger and the dark look in his eyes.

“The Yakuza run this restaurant? Mr Tanaka?”

“<Is a member. Do you not know anything? This place is one of their legitimate fronts. But not so legitimate for us. A big draw for this place is the gorgeous women like me. I was not always such. But the sushi was too good . . .>”

Aaron swallowed. He’d never considered himself the smartest man, but he was starting to connect some seriously scary dots. He spoke again in English, but ran into some trouble.

“You mean me dark skin? Loss of height? Hair is long? Shit!”

He didn’t swear much, but the situation seemed to warrant it. Daki nodded.

“<Better to talk in Japanese. You will understand it better and lose English except when speaking to customers. It is the sushi. Don’t eat the sushi he gives you. Take it so there is no suspicion, but do not eat it. Find a way out of your contract.>”

Aaron could have kicked himself. His contract required a full month of work before quitting, else his paychecks for that period would be void. Sure, perhaps it would be worth the risk, but he hadn't made enough money yet to really get by. And wasn't this just all crazy ramblings?

But it did explain why his nipples were feeling really sensitive, and why his ass was slowly inflating, and his waist thickening too. And his changing grasp of language . . .

"*Arigato*, Daki-san," he said, bowing. "I will do best. Thank you!"

She sighed. "Wish luck."

At the end of the day, a now-very nervous Aaron took the sushi from Mr Tanaka, who was quite insistent that he eat it. He praised Aaron's work ethic, and his new grasp of Japanese, and the two even talked in Japanese. Riku was thankfully not present, but Tanaka's demeanour seemed less jovial now: his eyes wandered over Aaron's form, curious, almost entranced.

"<You are nearly ready to be entirely part of the family, Aaron-san," he said. "Just a couple more weeks, I'd say>."

His words made Aaron shiver, and not just out of fear. He felt a sort of duty to this man, to this mentor and master. Almost a submissiveness to him. When he got on his bike he pedalled home as quickly as he could, not that it was burning any of the new fat from his system. He put the sushi in the fridge - he couldn't bring himself to throw it out yet - and ignored his growling, angry stomach, instead ordering a burger.

It wasn't filling. It tasted, for reasons that made no sense, utterly disgusting to him. He had to force himself to consume each bite, and when he groaned in irritation, he was aware of how light and high his voice had become without him even noticing.

"Wh-what else haven't I even noticed?" he said. Was the sushi drugged or something? Was there a special sauce that not only changed him, but heightened his ignorance of the changes? In the aftermath of the terrible burger he forced himself to bed, promising to examine those changes for real when he woke, and finally throw the sushi out.

But God, did he want to eat it.

\*\*\*

Aaron was horrified the next morning when he woke not in his bed, but on the living room couch. He was surrounded by empty plastic containers, a translucent plastic bag on the floor that had once contained them in the fridge. Only a few specks of rice and sauce was left, as if during his sleep he had not only ventured to the kitchen, taken the food to the living room and devoured them, but also licked most of the containers clean of everything.

“*Ara maa,*” he groaned, shocked at what had happened. His voice had changed again: it had become lighter once more, perhaps even a little younger. It sounded, if not feminine, then certainly androgynous. Aaron swallowed and looked down at his body, only to look away immediately.

“*lie, iie.* It can’t be!”

But it was undeniable. His shirt had popped several buttons, and his pyjama bottoms were split open at the front. His changes had sped up, and now his figure wasn’t just a little pear-shaped, it was starting to look positively womanly.

“<I have to see! I have to see!>” he said, lapsing into Japanese again without even thinking. He shot to his feet, but nearly toppled over. Even his centre of gravity had changed, and it was lower; his hips were even wider than he thought, with his behind now actually *wobbling*.

He made his way to the mirror, muttering in frustrated Japanese and occasional English fragments. And it was only upon looking in the reflection and really, *really* focusing that he realised just how much he had changed.

He was barely recognisable as the man he used to be.

Hell, he was barely recognisable as a *man* at all!

His face was soft, and his nose had shrunk to become button cute. His eyes were darker, no longer blue at all, and were working their way to becoming a brown-black. His hair had left the ‘blonde’ territory a while back, and was now a mid-tone brown that only got darker towards its roots. It hung down to below his ears, and he had no idea when it would stop. Even his jaw had subtly changed. It was still a little mannish in shape, but had a renewed softness, particularly since even the minor morning stubble he usually had was not present. He was not just clean-shaven, but there were no little marks to indicate his face grew hair at all.

“So many change,” he said, stumbling over the words in what was meant to be his native language. “So many.”

He quickly tore off his loose, ripped pyjama trousers and removed his buttoned sleeping shirt. He gasped, briefly unable to even comprehend what he was seeing.

“I have, I have . . . *oppai. Mune.*”

It was undeniable. These were not ‘moobs’ any longer, not with the large dark pink nipples and wide areolas that surrounded them. Not with the unusual weight and heft that defied his body type: he may have gained thickness, but he certainly wasn’t fat by any means of the imagination, and so they stuck out prominently. They looked to be full B-cups, if not small C’s. Certainly as big as the few girlfriends he’d had in the past during his failed relationships. Hesitantly, he cupped them, and he spent several moments marvelling at their

pertness and simultaneously softness. He brushed a nipple briefly, and it released a pleasurable sensitive sensation that was not at all like his male chest would have done.

“Ohhh, *sugoi*. No, not *sugoi!* Not even wonderful! *Nantekotta*, I’ve got such an accent now!”

The rest of him was getting more womanly as well. His hips were wide and attractive, and while his waist was thicker, it fit his new curvy body type in a manner most un-masculine. His ass seemed huge, though it was more just generally peachy, big for a man but not too ridiculous for a woman. His thighs, on the other hand, were impressive. Soft yet thick, they were the kind of thighs that men like him fantasised about being ‘crushed’ between during sex. It didn’t hurt that they too were hairless, light brown in colour, and with increasingly dainty feet. Feet that were just a bit too big, mind, but still daintier.

But most emasculating of all was his manhood. It looked tiny. At least half its regular size. Aaron had never been the most ‘amply gifted’ of men, but he was horrified to realise he hadn’t even noticed his cock shrinking away this whole time. Yet as his mind finally overcame whatever hypnotic effect the sushi possessed, he was able to recall several other small changes that indicated this change. First and foremost, he had started sitting down to pee a few days ago and not even noticed. And just as his attraction to the beautiful women of *Sushi Heart* had faded, so too had his erections. He couldn’t remember having a single erection in the last week, in fact!

He stumbled on his feet, nearly slipping unconscious from shock. Mr Tanaka was turning him into a Japanese woman to work at his restaurant. Why? For the attraction? The reputation? Something darker? Were the other women all former men as well, or were some Caucasian women or African-American women who had been changed? Who had Daki been before? And Rumiko and Kahori?

The thought swirled in his head, nearly overcoming him. He moved quickly out of the bathroom and grabbed his phone. His breasts - God, that was weird to think of, ‘his’ breasts - bounced and slapped on his bare chest, almost making him wish he had a bra. He dialled his doctor again. The appointment wasn’t for several days, but he needed one now and -

He stopped dialling. Who would even recognise him now? And if they did, he’d be a freak! No, Daki had said if he could avoid the sushi it could be reversed. There was only one way to do that. Aaron dialled up *Sushi Heart* and talked to Kahori on the other end of the line. For the first time, he did something he had never wanted to do in his first six months of working there, but now was doing after only three weeks of employment instead; organise a day of sick leave.

He did so in fluent Japanese, and to his surprise, Tanaka allowed it to be approved.

\*\*\*

Aaron didn't go outside. He didn't go anywhere. He ordered food, made what he could from his meagre kitchen, which had almost nothing stored in it thanks to all the sushi he'd been relying on. God, how he missed the sushi already.

"Just have to be strong," he said to himself. "Have to be strong."

He sagged as he realised that he hadn't even spoken that sentence in English, but Japanese instead. He pushed through the day as best as he could, adjusting to his new body. The lack of a bra, or any kind of support, for his chest was quite annoying. They bounced occasionally, not massively, but enough to remind him that he had womanly breast, and when he thought of the sushi and the changes they were putting him through he even became oddly aroused, his nipples stiffening, becoming yet larger.

"Ngnh . . . not thinking about that!"

Or the fact that he *still* didn't have an erection. Not that, apparently, he could even be attracted to women any more. Lord knew that his own body was becoming thick and curvy enough to count for an attractive example of its own soon enough.

The hours passed with excruciating length. He continually found himself searching the internet for nearby sushi places, only to land on *Sushi Heart*. He eventually ordered some sushi for lunch from another place, but it truly wasn't the same. It took every effort to swallow every bite.

By the end of the day, there had been no further changes. He still looked more woman than man, but perhaps now that he had started the 'withdrawal' symptoms, it would eventually fade away. That hope remained with him through the awful turmoil, through the strange arousal at the prospect of changing further. There was a little voice inside his head, a tiny traitor that whispered in his ear, daring him to change yet more.

*It'll be sugoi! You'll be a kawaii Japanese serve with nice big hips and huge oppai!  
Big mune!*

He pushed it aside, focusing on being a man again. He had never been the most manly of men, but he still had his male pride, same as any other. He refused to lose his dick, or his testicles. He had no idea what being a woman was like, or one enslaved to whatever Eddie 'Eri' Tanaka was doing. Those poor women . . .

He had to remain strong. For hours he was so, until the bell rang on his door. Cautiously, he investigated, only to find that someone - he had a good idea of who - had left a bag full of sushi containers, double what he usually had, right on his doorstep. A little letter on top was written in Japanese, but he could read it almost as easily as English now, if not easier.

*Sorry you couldn't make it today. Hope you are better tomorrow. Have double the sushi so you feel twice as good for your next shift.*



It wasn't signed. Tanaka wasn't stupid. Aaron knew he had to get rid of the sushi as fast as possible. He grabbed the heavy bag and began to move to the outside trash receptacle, ready to throw it all out in one big go.

Only he couldn't. The voice in his head was too strong, and his stomach growled hungrily for more. Sweat beaded down his forehead.

*"Iie, iie! No, no, no! Warui!"*

He summoned his strongest willpower, but it simply wasn't enough. Nothing he'd eaten had filled the void which had opened up inside him like a black hole. It needed filling, or he felt like he might die. He knew it was his mind playing tricks on him, but his dependency on whatever was inside that sushi was simply too strong.

He went inside, and to his great shame, he ate some more.

A lot more.

\*\*\*

Aaron managed two more 'sick' days. In truth, he often felt sick, and not just because of his constant craving for *Sushi Heart* sushi, or his unwelcome changes when he gave in and ate the delivered packages each night, but also because he was craving something else too.

A return to work.

He couldn't explain it. Even as his skin tone evened out, becoming a light brown. Even as his hair turned a far darker brown, bordering almost on black, its curls slowly dissipating. Even as his breasts subtly grew, and his ass and hips enlarged, and his height diminished. Even with his voice becoming ever more accented and sounding like a Japanese woman, he couldn't resist it. The desire to return to *Sushi Heart* and fulfil his shifts was overpowering. The fact that Mr Tanaka had called several times to personally ask Aaron how he was going only made it worse: they even conversed in Japanese, but the man pretended not to understand Aaron's plight or to simply have a bad connection when he brought up that he was changing into a Japanese woman. His only concern was his so-called "<best future worker coming back to work.>"

"<I - I don't know what I can do that,>" Aaron replied, trying to breathe steadily. Trying not to reply in the affirmative. "<If you don't believe me about becoming a woman, you must believe I'm sick, or mentally ill enough to believe it, right? Can't I just quit? Can't you fire me?>"

"<Why would I fire my favourite waitress?>" Tanaka said, emphasising 'waitress,' "<especially when you are turning out so well! You are welcome to quit, though your contract makes this punitive for this first month, you might remember. And you'll need to come in and see Kahori and myself to sort out the paperwork. Do you think you can do that?>"

“Hai!” he responded eagerly, hopping enough that his now fully C-cup breasts wobbled on his chest. “<I can. Wait - no! I’ll just stay home. You need to fire me. I c-can’t come in. It’s a bad idea.>”

“<Of course, you get your rest. You take the time you need and then we’ll see you back! No point leaving now when you’ve done so well! We’ll be waiting for you to return, *Aiko*.>”

Aaron blinked, taking in what he’d just heard. Before he could respond, connect his name, Tanaka hung up, leaving the transformed man in silence. Aaron broke down into tears. Was there no escaping this torment?

It was only later in the day that he received a kind of reprieve and comfort, though it was not the one he expected. Already, his body had changed further; the transformation was clearly accelerating, to the point that his hair was now almost silky straight, verging on black, and his lips puffer as well. There was a knock upon the door, but this time it came at midday. He decided to avoid answering, hoping to not eat any more of the cursed yakuza sushi. But instead, there was further knocking, more insistent, and then even more insistent after that. It made him get up, put a jacket on to hide his large nipples which were denting his shirt, and saunter to the front door. This had never happened before. Cautious, he looked through the peephole, only to be surprised at the sight: Daki and Rumiko both were waiting outside the door in casual clothing. He opened the door immediately, and they looked at him with something approaching astonishment mingled with sympathetic understanding.

“So, you’ve changed almost fully,” Daki said, arms folded over her impressive chest. She was wearing a tight green blouse and loose blue summer skirt and heels that made her appear positively gorgeous. True to her beautifully refined nature, her lipstick was carefully adorned, light eyeshadow around her eyes. She stepped through as if she owned the place.

Rumiko, on the other hand, wore a casual leather biker jacket and white shirt. She had a pair of crimson-coloured shades to match the new dark red streak in her hair, and wore tight denim jeans that showed off her cute figure. She grinned rather earnestly. “Hey Aaron, sorry to see you like this. Don’t worry, it’s not all bad. We’ll get you caught up.”

She skipped in, perhaps a little too eager to see what Aaron’s place was like. He turned, still stunned. “You two speak English now?” he said.

They exchanged a glance. Daki just sighed. Rumiko gave an awkward smirk.

“Aaron, we’re speaking Japanese right now. *You’re speaking Japanese right now.* Didn’t you notice?”

He hadn’t, but it was true. They were engaging fluently in the language, which also meant . . .

“Oh God,” he cried. “How do I talk in English? I don’t know how to talk in English!”

To his surprise, it was the colder form of Daki that was at his side, taking his hand and leading him to the living room, which she found fairly easily given the smaller size of the apartment. "We came prepared," she said, handing him a tissue for his tears. That was another thing: he'd felt so damn emotional lately.

"Are you all woman yet?" Rumiko asked as he sat down.

"No now, Rumiko, have patience."

"Hey, I had patience, back when I was fifty years old. Now I can't help but bounce off the walls. Not my fault that damn yakuza serum made me into this!"

Daki sighed. "Don't listen to her. She's impulsive."

"Ugh, and you're cold. Almost as cold as Kahori, except she's in kahoots."

"I'm trying to comfort our new female friend here."

"N-not female yet," Aaron said rather awkwardly. "But I think I'm really close. Oh God, is it possible to change back?"

The pair looked at each other.

"Maybe," Rumiko said, "but I hit the same problem as you: I was addicted, and nothing could stop me eating more of that damned good sushi. It's where my money still goes for most of my food."

"So you two both used to be men? Why couldn't you tell me?"

Rumiko sat down next to Aaron on the couch, with Daki on the other side.

"There's something in the sauce, something chemical. I don't quite understand it. Basically, it's like we're programmed. When we talk to the customers, we're suddenly flawless English speakers, just with hella cute accents, right? But among each other and outside the restaurant, we have to get by on seriously broken English, and heads up, it never improves."

"Never, sadly," Daki added.

"And to add to that, we can't tell anyone. There's a mental block. We can barely hint at it without getting migraines. I got a powerful one talking to you two weeks ago, and Daki risked blacking out at one point."

"The cigarette helped," the refined woman said with a sly smile.

"But we're talking about it now," Aaron said.

Rumiko nodded. "Because, no offence, you're basically one of us now. So we can talk about it all we want. Just not to other people. I think it's a pheromone thing that unblocks that mental freeze. That's my theory: the special sauce on the sushi is what does it. It's why you've got - frankly put - a pretty nice rack and crazy wide hips right now."

Aaron blushed. Even since he had claimed his sick days, he had changed significantly. Perhaps he'd been fed a concentrated dose to speed it up, or perhaps the changes were exponential in nature. Regardless, he now looked more woman than man,

and sitting between one gorgeously refined woman and one cute little one only made his subconscious yearn to be the sexy, maternal looking one in the centre. He shook the thought off, even as it made him mildly aroused.

“Why change us? What does Mr Tanaka and the yakuza want?”

“I’ll handle this,” Daki said, patting his leg comfortingly. “I’ve been with *Sushi Heart* longer. It is a front for a criminal organisation, but a legitimate one. It helps clean their dirty money, but is a proper business. You need not fear too deeply, they aren’t turning us into prostitutes or girlfriends to yakuza members. Don’t get me wrong, I suspect they would do so immediately if they could, but the special sauce serum they devised or stole or came across - I don’t know its origin - only lets them change us so far. It doesn’t stop a few girls ending up as yakuza wives anyway, but this group has a strange sense of honour, as does Mr Tanaka. They are bad men, but mainly we are left to simply attract a very large customer base, and our love of the sushi means all of our food comes from there. I don’t think I could eat anything else even if forced. My body would reject it. Effectively, this means the restaurant spends less money on its workers, gets a greater attraction to customers, and the men who run it get to enjoy not only the sight of us, but the occasional willing transformee who eventually dates them or sleeps with them. A few do, mostly former white-women, I’ve found. We former men are a bit more reluctant. My boyfriend doesn’t know my past as a thirty-four year old black man, but we make do.”

It was a lot for Aaron to take in, though at least some aspects relieved him. His fear of being turned into a sex-slave was, at least, hyperbolic.

“That’s . . . crazy.”

Rumiko giggled, until Daki glared at her into submission.

“Sorry,” the younger one said. “I wasn’t always this way. I was a fifty year old man who badly needed work after a terrible injury. I was shocked that a sushi restaurant of all places would accept me, but I couldn’t be choosy. I could only use my right hand, and I needed quite a few breaks, but as I became addicted to the sushi, I didn’t just get my functionality back, but I lost over thirty years of my life! I ended up as seventeen years old and I’ve been with them for four years since. My contract ends next year - they do us in five year lots, I suspect they’re experimenting with the sauce to make a profit off a future sex-change drug or something, but need it to be waaaaaay more reliable.”

“But why get it renewed?” Aaron said, shocked. “They changed you against your will?”

“Yeah, and I try to warn everyone, and fail every time. But I was fifty years old. You’re a young one to me. I had no plan for retirement, my body was broken, and I missed my youth. Now, I’m a cute young woman who loves dating cute guys! I get to try life all over again, with a change.”

“It doesn’t hurt that there is a mild change to some personality aspects,” Daki added. “They’re mostly random, but seem to match our bodies. I literally can’t help but be a little aloof, and always try to be stylish. And Rumiko here . . . bounces.”

“Please, I also skip. I’ve got the energy of a ferret.”

“And the sexual libido of a rabbit.”

“Then what mental changes will I have?” Aaron said.

The pair shrugged.

“It’s the last thing to really set in,” Daki said. “But if I had to guess from your body, you might end up more maternal, or more sexual, or want babies, or showing off that rear of yours, or enjoy eating . . . who knows.”

Aaron sagged. “I can barely even fit into my clothes anymore. Everything stretches, and I’m getting shorter too, so I look ridiculous.”

“That’s something we can help you with,” Daki said. “If you want a fighting chance to change back and defeat your addiction, you need to terminate your contract. It won’t be fun, or painless, but there’s only one person who ever walked away from *Sushi Heart* and managed to reset back into a man again, and she - he, now - looked him straight in the eye, took the financial strain of terminating early, and managed to work her following shifts without succumbing to the urges. But you need to be there. Hiding like this will only make you more vulnerable, and the yakuza wish to continue changing you, so they’ll just keep leaving food. They don’t want to force you - the addictive aspect is something Rumiko thinks they’re experimenting with as well.”

Aaron nodded. “Okay, I’ll come back to work, so long as you both are there to support me.”

“Of course, stupid,” Rumiko said, elbowing him. “Wouldn’t miss the front row seats when you end up going full woman, at least potentially. Or, on the other side, Tanaka’s face when you manage to shake this shit off and walk away. Damn, just the thought of it makes me horny as hell.”

Daki scoffed, clearly annoyed at the juvenile thoughts of her older-younger comrade.

“It’s the only way to break the addiction. It forces you to be submissive to Tanaka and his masters. If you can look him in the eye and resist, well, you might have a chance. But you need to have your mind actively break that connection with him right before you. It was how Azuki did it. It’s what she told us before she fled, changed back to a man, and moved away before the yakuza could chase her.”

It didn’t sound like much of a plan, but Aaron couldn’t think of what else he could add to it. Already, his body was simply far too female, far too curvaceous and brown and feminine and soft. Even his eyes were changing slowly, taking on that almond shape that would mark him as of Asian descent, along with his hair and facial features and general

pigmentation. He needed to go back, he knew it. Confront the man who had tricked him and master himself. He'd never had the strongest will, but if it meant saving his very manhood, then he would simply have to summon it. And with these two women - friends, of a sort - by his side, he might just be able to do so.

"Okay," he finally said. "I'll do it. What do we do?"

"First thing is first," Daki said, while Rumiko giggled under her breath. "We get you a bra, and some proper clothes for a lady."

**To Be Continued . . .**

## **Too Much Sushi, Part 2:**

Aaron tried not to think about how much his body had changed, and how much it had *yet* to change. He tried not to ruminate also on the fact that his new name was set to be *Aiko*, or that he could well end up stuck as a sexy Japanese waitress with little English skills at *Sushi Heart*, at the whims of Tanaka and the yakuza, especially that awful Riku. It was a lot to take in, and every time he *did* think about it, the knowledge that his shrinking penis would end up being replaced by a much more feminine organ ate away at him. He had no intention of developing a vagina, and it shocked him to learn that Daki was not only okay with her body - if not fully her fate as a head waitress - but actually had a boyfriend. A boyfriend she had sex with! Rumiko seemed to swing both ways, men and women, but with her peppy and flirty attitude, it didn't take much effort to surmise that she too had adjusted to an altogether different set of gendered equipment.

Instead of pondering too deeply on whether such a stance would ever be adopted by him, Aaron turned his thoughts away from his Aiko alter-ego to-be, and instead tried to keep up with the conversation between the girls as they chatted back and forth. He was now fluent in Japanese - and could not understand English as a trade-off - but when it came to the rapid-fire dialogue between the pair of them, he felt like he understood no longer at all.

"What do you think, Aiko? I mean, Aaron?"

He blinked and looked in Rumiko's direction. She was staring back at him from the passenger seat while Daki drove. She had a very cute grin on her face.

"Um, what? Sumimasen, I wasn't listening."

"I said we're going to have a wonderful time, aren't we? Daki and I are thinking of getting some new outfits too anyway, just to help ease you in. Besides, I want to enjoy a nice party on the weekend and look fantastic while doing it."

“How can you view this so casually, Rumiko-san?” he asked, automatically adding the honorific without thinking. “You were turned into a woman against your will. Aren’t you angry?”

She shrugged, continued to beam. “Eh, I was an old injured man. I’ll take a change from that any day. You’ll understand when you’re older. You’ll do anything for a drink from the fountain of youth. I’ll take working as a sexy blue-haired waitress if that means getting to go out partying, meeting new people, and having energy again.”

Daki scoffed.

“Oh, something to say, older sister?”

Aaron had noticed she often called Daki ‘older sister’, likely just to have fun with her and annoy her. It was the same reason she hid her cigarettes on shift, just to bug the older waitress. Daki only seemed to occasionally snap when it went too far. Evidently, *she* felt herself the older, more mature one now, regardless of how long they’d originally lived.

“Only that perhaps throwing our ‘new sister’ into the deep end with *you* isn’t the best idea, Rumiko. I’d prefer to think we could go about this in a more . . . refined manner.”

“Refined like all that cigarette smoke you eject into the atmosphere?”

“That’s a low blow, young one. After all, I *literally* can’t help but smoke.” She gazed meaningfully at Aaron in the rear vision mirror, before setting her sights back on the road. “After all, it’s part of the new compulsions I ended up with. Yours will come too, Aaron.”

“Now who’s throwing him in the deep end?”

“Not a deep end, just making him - *her* - aware.”

“I’m n-not a her yet, Daki-san,” Aaron said, though even saying it felt feeble. His C-cup breasts jutted against his top, and the only reason his larger nipples were not poking right out was because he was wearing a thick jacket over the top. One that was pulling somewhat tight around the bust while being loose everywhere else. His hips were another matter: they were straining against even the loose trackie pants he was wearing. It almost made him wish he was in women’s clothing just to have some comfort.

Daki seemed to notice him gingerly adjusting his jacket and top once again, and smirked behind the wheel. “But you will be a her eventually, Aaron. In fact, it is likely you will be a *her* when you confront Tanaka. It is important that we get you clothes that do not distract you. That fit you, and don’t cause that serpent Kahori to bite before you have a chance to make your stand.”

“Is she loyal to Tanaka, then?”

“Oh, yes,” she replied, making a turn. They were coming up on the mall by that point. “Quite loyal. She benefitted even more than Rumiko here: she had a terminal disease, and was the first test subject. She has been with Tanaka since the beginning, and knew it was a

yakuza front all along. She doesn't care: her life was saved, and she owes a debt. Plus, she has a position of power and influence."

"She did seem mean at times. Withholding information too."

Rumiko groaned. "Yeah, and she is always on my case about my blue hair. And my red hair. And my orange hair. And when it was green - which made it look just utterly *sugoi*. This is despite the fact that the silly woman knows for a fact that it's a compulsion for me! Maybe being a total bitch is her compulsion! *Baka!*"

"Hey, watch where you're flailing your excited little arms, Rumi. I'm trying to park."

The young woman blushed. "Sorry!" she squeaked.

"The point is, watch out for her," Daki said. "She must think you're becoming a good Aiko in the meantime. Build your strength in the workplace, and be ready to terminate your contract. But if she finds out, she'll do everything to cut your shifts while still keeping you on, so they can keep delivering food to your house. If you're out though, well, you can leave, and there won't be the big follow up in your contract that'll bankrupt you. Got it?"

Aaron nodded, though truthfully he actually felt a little overwhelmed. "I think so."

Daki smiled in her knowing way. "It'll be okay, Aaron. You have a real chance to be a man again."

"Yeah!" Rumiko cheered, punching the air energetically. "Now let's go get you some sexy panties and a nice bra for those titties! Nice big *oppa!*"

Daki sighed. "You see what I have to put up with?"

\*\*\*

*Coquette's* was their stop, and it was the first time that Aaron had ever been inside of it. It was a classy women's store, though not so classy that it didn't have more affordable items, though nothing that was exactly what you would call *cheap* either. It also had a lot of women's swimwear too, which was uncommon for a store that seemed to specialise more in evening dress and the like. Still, it had seen a lot of success, with a number of stores across the country. Aaron had never been exactly lucky in love, but a couple of former girlfriends had tried to bankrupt him by pushing him to purchase a nice dress for him here.

And now *he* would be the one trying on women's clothing.

The walk to the store, in some ways, was the worst part. Flanked by both Rumiko and Daki, it was like being escorted down to death row, except that Rumiko was literally skipping and bouncing with excitement, while Daki stopped to look at some fruit-flavoured vapes.

"I'm trying to quit," she said. "It's hard, because of the compulsions, but I still believe that I might be able to do it."



“So long as I don’t have to give up a good drink,” Rumiko teased.

“A ‘good drink’ for you is enough to black out a horse.”

“What good’s a party if you’re conscious for all of it?”

They continued to bicker, but while the pair weren’t exactly the closest of friends, Aaron got the sense that their mutual back-and-forth was fairly light-hearted, in the end. The pair had been through an experience few others could claim to have, and that forged a connection that even duelling personalities couldn’t quite override. Still, Aaron felt like a passive individual, barely speaking as they led him on.

“I feel like a freak,” he finally whispered in Japanese. “I can’t understand what anyone is saying, but that group of boys is looking my way. They can see that I don’t belong, Daki-san.”

Daki looked over at the young men in their late-teens who were lounging by the mall fountain in the centre of the open area.

“Ah, I think you are mistaken on this, Aiko-san. They are not looking at you because you are a freak. They are . . . admiring your hips.”

“My hips!?”

“Specifically, your backside.”

Aaron went bright red. He tried to cover his butt by pulling down his jacket, but only saw small success. In fact, it drew attention to how his wider hips rocked from side to side. “I thought you couldn’t understand English outside of the restaurant?” he said. “When you’re serving customers?”

But Daki just pointed, a little amused, at how the boys were giggling to themselves and each other, and staring quite obviously at the three of them. Comparing them like meat.

“Some language is universal,” she said. “Trust me, you get used to it.”

“I hope not.”

“Regardless, we need you fitted for new clothing just so you can fit back into the workplace, and cope outside of it. Ignore their stares, and that other man’s as well. He’s looking more at anyway.”

She smiled at him as he passed.

“Nice look,” the man said.

“*I have boyfriend,*” she curtly, wiping the smile off his face. Her voice had been accented, and just saying the words had clearly been a struggle. But for once Rumiko’s giggling was in support of her, and Aaron found himself a little comforted by the display. At least if he were stuck as a woman, he could find ways to bite back.

Not that he was getting a boyfriend, of course. No siree. No matter how good-looking a lot of the men in the mall suddenly seemed to him.

It was therefore with almost a thankfulness that he entered *Coquette's*, no longer having to worry about the fact that at times, he was even staring back at some of the men that looked his way. Why was he looking so intently at their shoulders? They just seemed to draw his focus in.

Three of them muddled through their interaction with the storeperson. Of course, they couldn't speak anything but a few simple phrases and occasional words in English, but they got by. While Daki tried to be patient, Rumiko's true nature meant that she was both too old to give a fuck about being embarrassed, and too young to really care about looking proper: she indicated her little B-cup chest and lifted it, then jabbed a finger in Aaron's direction.

"Boob hats," she said in English.

The woman laughed. Daki laughed awkwardly. Rumiko cracked up at what she'd said. The only one that wasn't laughing was Aaron, who was about to try on some so-called 'boob hats.'

The transforming man ended up trying a lot more on than just that, though a bra and panties were where she started. While he was - to all outside appearances - a rather lovely and almost curvaceous looking Japanese woman, he still had a penis, and still had some signs of masculinity on him. As such, the story woman was kept at arm's length by the group, and instead Rumiko and Daki fussed over him. Thankfully, while Rumiko was ecstatic to have her try on *everything*, Daki conservatively helped Aaron with just a few bras for his C-cup chest, as well as selecting some larger ones.

"For later, if you change more," she explained.

Aaron just gulped at the thought of that. The wobbling C-cups on his chest already felt overly large, he couldn't imagine going bigger. D-cups? E-cups? God forbid if he went beyond that as he transformed into Aiko!

They set to work sizing him up and getting him to try on a multitude of bras. Rumiko was like the devil upon Aaron's shoulder to Daki's angel - not a configuration he expected given how they had first come across. As it was, he was forced to swallow his rapidly melting male pride and put up with wearing a procession of the articles, each of which emphasised his bust in a different way. He hadn't realised how . . . *big* they looked now. He said as much to the others in his incredibly feminine voice, and Daki smirked slightly.

"Being turned into a woman will certainly make one woman-like," she remarked.

"Yeah, wow. It just feels . . . more real, now."

"It's going to feel a lot more real when we put you in some sexy dresses!" Rumiko added, giggling and talking so excitedly and fast in Japanese that even the newly fluent Aaron was struggling to follow what she was saying.

The transforming male could only sigh and submit to the fact that he was getting new female clothing. At least the job was pretty well-paying, and so he could afford it. Plus, they had a good return policy.

“And I *will* be returning all of this,” he said. “I don’t plan on staying a woman.”

“Don’t worry,” Daki said. “Some of these dresses I intend for myself. You can simply borrow them. They have a nice flowing waist. Plus they emphasise the hips.”

Aaron groaned. “Like I don’t have big enough hips already!”

In the end they had purchased more than Aaron expected. Worse, he actually walked out *dressed* like a woman, albeit one still wearing male briefs due to his increasingly small penis. Somehow, Rumiko in all her endless excitement had managed to pressure him not only into wearing a cute black dress that emphasised his increasingly pear-shaped body, but also had a dip to reveal a surprising amount of cleavage.

“It’s another form of confidence!” she remarked, patting Aaron on the ass. Once, he would have taken that as a bit of flirting. But now that he didn’t even have any attraction to women, it was just . . . friendly. Teasing. That was it.

“I don’t feel confident,” he said. “I feel like a Japanese woman.”

Daki scoffed and rolled her eyes. “Welcome to the club.”

Aaron looked down at his bobbing breasts, his swaying hips, and the way his dress showed off his expanded rear. And then he looked up and saw a man walking past, giving Aaron a kissy face that was positively perverted.

“Gee, I hope not,” he said to himself.

“Don’t worry,” Rumiko said, hugging her friend and holding up a bag of clothing they’d brought. “We’ve also got your power suit. If you can’t wear this and stand up to Tanaka, you won’t be able to stand up to him at all!”

Aaron slumped, accidentally emphasising his breasts. “That’s what I’m afraid of.”

\*\*\*

Aaron was set to go to work the night after next. He spent the day after that shopping spree trying to get used to his increasingly female form, which included following Daki’s instructions to keep practising putting on his bra, adjusting his dress, and putting on a skirt. Even makeup was necessary, because now that he looked very obviously female, they confirmed that Tanaka would enforce that he ‘present himself well’ on his shift, which included wearing the right makeup.

“Damn thing, so frustrating!”

But that little tiny traitor voice in his ear continued. *You’ll look so sekushi! So kawaii! All the men will be into you, and you’ll get real big tips!*

He looked down at his increasingly big chest. He had a reasonable idea why he would be getting big tips, and it was because of two other things that were growing. He couldn't resist that eventuality: another shipment of sushi with the special sauce made it to the front step of his house, and he was obliged to eat it. Oh, he tried to resist, but at that point he was following the blueprint that was apparently laid down by the man who had once been Asuka, and was now a man again, the one person that both Rumiko and Daki was the one person to escape the waitress fate of *Sushi Heart*.

He groaned into the night, rubbing his warm breasts and stroking his almost nonexistent cock. It was nearly the small size of a micropenis, and yet it was so damn sensitive, as if just *waiting* to become a thirsty vulva. Aaron groaned, muttering and moaning in endless streams of eroticised Japanese as his body became soaked in a sheen of sweat, the changes coming on once again. His breasts bulged out further, heavier, rounder. His ass did much the same, and was similarly pert. He writhed, rubbing his soft olive-brown thighs against one another as hips cracked and cracked outwards, until he had a set of hips that wouldn't look out of place on a very productive, and very *hot*, Asian momma.

"Ohhhhhh, *sugoi! SUGOI!!!*" he cried, voice going higher and higher, and his body painfully more aroused. He squeezed his nipples, practically *urging* them to grow. His hair fell past his shoulders, and the final remnants of any curls went away for good. His body softened, and it occurred to him that he was actually *ageing*. Not significantly, but enough that he was probably in his late twenties now. It gave him mental images of older men in their mid to late thirties, maybe even their forties, ravishing him. Taking him. Thrusting their big, erect cocks into him. And he in turn shoving his chest into their faces, caressing them gently, offering them not the rabid sex of someone like Rumiko, but a slower, gentler, nurturing sex that was borderline maternal in its form of love. It felt unbelievably erotic just to think of it, and it sent him well over the cliff edge and down the waterfall, landing in a great pool of pleasure that erupted in geysers of bliss.

"Ohhhhhh G-God! YESSSS!!!"

The feelings were glorious, but when they were over, Aaron realised something that was simply terrible. Just as his body had changed, and his language centres had changed, so had something else changed as well.

His gender.

Not his sex, thank God. His penis was basically that of a child's now, and to either side the skin was becoming somewhat ribbed, as if readying to form a set of labial lips. But his gender had changed. *Her* gender. Because all at once, Aaron realised he wasn't Aaron anymore.

*She was Aiko.*

“No!” she cried, clutching her head. She pulled herself out of bed and nearly toppled over: her centre of gravity had shifted yet again. “I’m not Aiko! I’m Aiko! I’m A-A-A-Aiko! Ughh!!”

But there was nothing that could help her. Her mental state had become female, and while she hadn’t fully developed a female consciousness yet, or the personality compulsions that Daki had told her would most certainly come, she still thought of herself in female pronouns, and couldn’t help but think of herself as Sato Aiko.

“Even my family name goes first now!” she exclaimed. “And my boobs are even bigger. Stupid sushi, ruining my life!”

It was then that she realised she had not eaten it all. There were still a couple of rolls in the kitchen, just waiting for her.

“One more can’t hurt,” she said. “Or maybe . . . two?”

\*\*\*

Aiko returned to work, and in style at that. To her embarrassment, she was feeling the first compulsions of female behaviour. Nothing strictly personality based just yet, but definitely in the realm of what to wear and how to present herself. It wasn’t the worst thing, she considered. After all, she needed her ‘war paint’ as Rumiko had put it, not only to present herself to the job, but also to keep earning her paychecks. As sad as it was to admit to herself, simply getting fired wasn’t an option: her contract made it so that she would lose a lot of money if that were the case, and Tanaka and the yakuza had been smart, recruiting her and other men who were not exactly succeeding in life, leaving them all the more desperate. She refused to free herself only to be trapped in homelessness.

So instead she turned up wearing her cute black dress with its slightly plunging neckline. She was nervous, stepping cautiously, especially since she was wearing heels and still not used to them. But they were a requirement at the restaurant for female servers, and now it was only his micropenis that could possibly mark him as otherwise, and he wasn’t about to whip that out at any time.

Both Daki and Rumiko were present and setting up the floor when she walked in, hips sashaying extra wide thanks to her expanded hips as well as the heels emphasising her walk. Rumiko, in her typical fashion, began clapping, bouncing up and down with excitement.

“Oh my God, Aaron, you look soooo cute!”

Aiko frowned. “It’s Aiko now.”

“I thought you were sticking it to the boss tonight? Don’t you want to stay as - Oh.”

“Oh,” Daki added. “Another mental change?”

Aiko nodded sadly. “As you can see, I’ve changed again.”

“I thought your boobs looked bigger.”

“I’m a D-cup now.”

“Lucky,” Rumiko added unnecessarily. “I wish mine were bigger. But hey, at least I’m super cute, right?”

Daki stepped closer, and placed a comforting hand on Aiko’s shoulder. “Are you sure you’re ready to do this?” she asked.

Aiko took a deep breath. She was not a fan of how it made her heavy chest rise and fall, emphasising her bust. Still, she wouldn’t be let in if she didn’t look the part, and she would be changing into an outfit that was just as sexy, albeit in a waitressty sort of way, if she didn’t succeed.

“I am, I think,” she said.

“Eh, good enough.”

“Will you stick by me?”

Daki nodded. “But we can’t go in the office with you. That will be a battle of will you must win alone: Tanaka wouldn’t allow it. What we can do is keep Kahori at bay, and stay in view so you have our moral support.”

Aiko sighed. “That will have to be enough, I suppose. Thank you both. I hope I’m strong enough to do this.”

“I hope so too,” Daki said.

“I’ll keep a watch out for the witch and stall her,” Rumiko said. “I’ll threaten to dye my hair pink and that will be more than enough to make her rant and rave for five minutes and keep her out of the office meeting.”

Aiko gave her a thankful smile, then walked carefully on her heels into the backroom. Various cooks and chefs were already preparing meals and getting the equipment ready, but that was not her concern. She moved straight to Tanaka’s office and knocked on the door. To her surprise, it opened almost instantly.

“Yes, Aiko?” he said, clearly pleased with his efforts. “It’s good to see you back and in appropriate attire, yes?”

“*Hai*,” she said, almost enthusiastically. “Tanaka-san, may I please talk with you. I have something urgent that I must convey.”

“Can you not tell it to Kahori? If you need a new uniform then you will have to sort it out yourself I’m afraid. But judging from your figure and how you perfectly fit that dress, well, let me just say that I doubt you’ll have much trouble with that. You look resplendent, Aoki. All the customers will be as entranced with you as they are with Daki, even!”

She felt a flush of warm pride come over her, before she managed to push through it.

“Thank you, Mr Tanaka. But I must insist. Um, please?”

He sighed. “Kahori is busy, is she?”

The sounds of Kahori snapping and yelling at Rumiko, just half an hour before opening time, rang through the restaurant. Tanaka grinned, chuckling in that kind way of his, though it was a false kindness, she knew that now.

“Ah, I see. Well, come on in. It shall have to be a short meeting, however. As you can see,” he opened the door further to reveal his office, and her eyes went wide, “I currently have company.”

Standing in Tanaka’s office was Riku, his tattooed face deadly serious, devoid of emotion. He looked dangerous indeed, especially now that Aiko knew that he was a member of the dreaded yakuza, US branch.

“H-hello Riku-san,” she said, automatically bowing a little. She unintentionally gave him a sight of her deep cleavage as she bent over, and the sinister man chuckled slightly.

“Hm, hm. Very nice to see you too, Aiko. Very, very nice. You have progressed wonderfully thanks to our sushi, have you not?”

“I - I - I am changed, yes.”

She felt totally vulnerable in his presence, and she struggled to say what she needed to say.

“So, your name is Aiko, instead of Aaron, now. What is your family name, child?”

She wasn’t a child. His condescension irritated her. Hell, she was literally older now! Almost thirty, in fact! Still, she answered him.

“S-Sato, Riku-san. My name is Sato Aiko, now.”

“Hm, another fine round of work by you, Eri.”

But Tanaka Eri (as she now thought of him, with his family name first) shook his head slightly. He had a glass of rice wine in his hands, and he drank it, exhaling pleasantly before speaking.

“Not quite finished yet, I’m afraid. Are you totally female yet, Aiko?”

“I . . . no. I still have my male parts.”

Just admitting it was enough to make her go red with shame, and strangely, the shame was at not being female enough. Whatever was in that source, the other women weren’t lying; it made it so damn difficult to stand up to Tanaka and his masters.

“Well, that’s a shame,” Riku said. “But customers will not care. But a shame nonetheless . . .

Tanaka seemed to be tense in response to this. “Riku-san, you are out of place. My women are under my protection. This was the agreement I made with your leaders. The organisation will have its money from the eventual perfected formula, but these women are waitresses, beholden to work for *Sushi Heart* and nothing more.”

Riku just shook his head, slightly amused. “You are too sentimental, old friend. Alas, honour is everything. You needn’t worry about the deal . . . unless things go wrong.”

Tanaka Eri sweated, and damped his forehead with a cloth. He was avoiding Aiko's gaze. "They won't. I swear it."

"Good, you have a nice night now. Lovely sushi, by the way. You really do make the best in town. I hear some variants are addictive, though. I'd better stay clear of those, right Aiko?"

He brushed her cheek like a total creep as he passed, giving a thin chuckle. Still, even that minor contact made her body go flush, her nipples hardening with unchained lust. She had to take a deep breath to come down from that feeling, and it shamed her to have experienced it in the first place.

"As you can see," Tanaka said, returning to a normal, confident, kindly grin, "things are very tense right now! I have quotas to meet, and masters to please—"

"You mean the yakuza," she said flatly.

Eri paused, frozen for a moment. "The others told you. Of course they did. Daki may appear cold, but she is too great a sympathiser. Like me."

"You are not a sympathiser," she said, summoning all the courage she had. "You turned me into a woman, or someone about to be a woman! Just because I don't have friends or family and was struggling doesn't give you the right!"

He sighed, and for the first time, Aiko felt she was seeing an honest side to him. "No, it doesn't. But my hand, as they say in your *former* language, is forced, Aiko-san. You see, the sauce is my invention, but it is only thanks to the yakuza that I can even produce it. I have always had a passion for small business as well as science. Not the most common mix, but I wanted the sauce - the substance of it, the changing chemicals - to be able to help the world. Regrow limbs. Stop ageing. But it is too unpredictable, and only the yakuza would bankroll it. Had I known they would only care about using it to keep themselves young once it was refined, and to provide them with gorgeous concubines, well, I would have refused.

"Now I cannot refuse. I have managed to protect each woman so far, until Asuka. She escaped them, thank the Gods, but in becoming a man again it threatened them, and now I am on a knife's edge. If I do not hold to my contract and show them success after success - even control over ageing as you see in yourself - well, then I'll be forced to give more control over to them even sooner. Rumiko, Daki, and Kahori who is so loyal to me, they will belong to the yakuza fully."

Aiko was stunned. She didn't know what to say. There was another loud barking from Kahori, this time having some beef with Daki. Clearly, Aiko was taking up too much time with the meeting, and she'd stepped in after Rumiko's pink hair argument had run out of steam.

"K-Kahori . . . she's trying to keep the girls safe?"

He nodded, looking deeply saddened. "We play the villains, so you do not have to know the terrible stakes. You have every right to hate me for this, and I will not deny, I do



quite enjoy seeing the changes take place. That too is not a good sign of my character. But I have not been delivering the chemicals to you: that has been Riku. He is their contact to me. I cannot go against him.”

He sighed, opened up a drawer, and placed a sushi roll in front of her. She could instantly smell the wonderful sauce in it, the glorious compound that would perhaps finally make her a woman. It smelled too wonderful, too terrible. She knew she needed to act, and act now.

“This is yours,” he said, “before the shift. So everything goes smoothly. What did you want this meeting to really be about, Aiko?”

He resumed that grinning, friendly face, that mask that hid everything behind it. And she knew she could not ask to be let go.

“I wanted to take a sushi roll for good luck,” she said, trying to hide her morose feelings. She took it, and he seemed to sense something in her, but the two of them grinned, each holding up their masks.

And in truth, she needed the roll. She needed the sauce. As she left the office the hopeful gazes of Rumiko and Daki fell. They realised at once what had happened.

She had missed her shot and she knew it.

\*\*\*

What followed was a glum time for Aiko. It was her first actual shift as a female waitress at *Sushi Heart*, and it gave her an experience she would never forget. Men couldn't help but stare at her impressive chest, particularly since her professional white waitress top pulled tightly against her bust, outlining its prodigious size. Likewise, her pencil skirt revealed the wide expanse of her womanly hips, with one customer rather rudely asking how many kids she'd had to “end up with a pair of babymakers like that.” She had simply smiled demurely, answered that she was simply “born lucky to have them,” and rather submissively took his order instead.

And that was the thing: while serving customers, taking their orders, and getting their drinks, Aiko was compelled by whatever programming the sushi had put into her to play her part perfectly. She was kind, patient, and always ready with a gentle smile, in the same way that Daki was openly more gorgeous and elegant, and Rumiko was bouncy and energetic. She could finally understand English again, but whatever mental block that had taken shape in her mind was, it always came up again when she returned to out back. It was only in her interactions with those customers that she could speak her original native tongue, and even then she did so with a lilting Japanese accent that was refined and beautiful, and perhaps a little mature as well. Mature enough, at least, that more than once she overheard someone

calling her a “hot curvy momma.” Certainly, she did have a kind of maternal way to her, but that was more a function of her thick, voluptuous body, a body that held a lot of eyes, perhaps almost as many as Daki’s did.

Perhaps even more.

By the end of the shift, she felt as if she’d survived an ordeal by fire.

“It’ll get waaaay easier,” Rumiko assured her. “Trust me, soon you’ll be playing up how hot you are for tips, and besides, you are gorgeous with those big titties! I’m jealous!”

“Rumiko is right, if crude,” Daki added. “You did well tonight. It’s a taste of what’s to come, I’m afraid, but there can be pleasure in it.”

“Yeah, pleasure in showing off your hot butt!”

Daki silenced Rumiko with a glare. “Don’t listen to her. She flirts with all the customers. Just be aware that some will flirt regardless of if you start it. And some may . . . accidentally touch you on your rear. Think nothing of it.”

“Ugh, this is the worst,” Aiko said. “I’m not even meant to be a Japanese person, let alone a waitress, let alone one with these hips and curves!”

“Nevertheless, we adapt,” Daki said. “And one way we do so is-”

But Rumiko was already bounced on the spot, her coloured hair bouncing around in its short cut. “PARTYING!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, she isn’t wrong. In our free time on a Friday night, we can enjoy a quiet drink and-”

“DANCE!”

“And have a cigarette. You’re welcome to come, Aiko.”

She was about to say no, then thought better of it. For one, she felt a genuine attachment to these two, and they *had* helped her a lot. And for two, she didn’t have friends as Aaron. Why not have some as Aiko, at least?

\*\*\*

It was a lot easier to get drunk as a woman, or at least a near-woman. The three girls were out at the club together: it was an Asian club too, so there were plenty of other Japanese-Americans and even a few Japanese ex-pats to talk to. It made ordering drinks a lot easier: already, Aiko was finding that her taste buds had altered to really crave sweet feminine drinks: anything with grapefruit in it was perfect, especially if it was in sake! Rumiko was out on the dance floor constantly, and had invited her white boyfriend, who was clearly familiar with the club from the way he was utterly comfortable. Daki stood off to the side, enjoying the ambience and drinking with Aiko.

“I’m sorry it didn’t work out,” she said. “You could always try again?”

“And doom you all? I couldn’t bring myself to do that.”

“That’s if Tanaka was even speaking the truth,” Daki reminded her. “He could have been pissing lies between his teeth.” She blushed for a moment. “Sorry, I become a bit . . . lax with my language when I get tipsy. I’ll need to have a cigarette soon just to ground me.”

Aiko nodded. At least she wasn’t addicted to cigarettes like Daki’s transformation had left her. But one thing was for certain: she was definitely becoming increasingly attracted to men. Distractingly so, in fact. Even the bartender, with his cute black moustache and young, energetic personality, had caught her gaze. And her cleavage had caught his.

Daki must have caught her looking at a gentleman in another booth, because she smirked, and put a hand on Aiko’s shoulder. “It’s alright to find some comfort in this, you know.”

“I’m not going that far.”

“A little flirting can be quite fun, actually. Even I do it, when Rumiko isn’t looking.”

They both looked at the energetic girl dancing with her boyfriend. They couldn’t keep their hands off of each other.

“That woman has far too much energy for being in her fifties. Or was it her sixties? I forget.”

Aiko sighed. “I think I’m coming into my thirties, myself. This body certainly feels a little older.”

“You are getting that cute, curvy maternal look to you, that’s for sure. What do the English-speakers say: *<thicc>*? Well, I used to say that, I’m pretty sure. I ended up pretty *<thicc>* myself, but you’ve taken the cake with those hips and that chest.”

“This chest is still sore. I think - Gods, I think it’s still growing.”

“Well, you still aren’t completely female, right?”

Aiko nodded. “That’s exactly why I’m holding off on fully accepting this. I was desperate enough to accept this job and paid for it, so no matter how desperate I am for that cute sexy guy over there . . .”

She trailed off until Daki nudged her. “You just described him as cute. As sexy.”

“Fuck, I did. Damn it, these hormones are getting to be too much.”

“Welcome to the club, sister. Now, I need to go have a cigarette, and then I’m off. You enjoy your night, Aiko.”

Aiko bid her friend goodnight, and as soon as she was out of sight, turned her eyes back upon the manly figure in the booth. He was grinning in her direction, raising a glass to her. She smiled warmly despite herself, and raised her own back. He stood up, and began moving towards her.

“Oh Gods, he’s coming toward me. I knew I should have changed into a less revealing dress. I better shut this down.”

\*\*\*

Aiko didn't shut it down. Instead, she blew it up. The transforming former male had severely underestimated her body's intense attraction to men, and instead of backing away from the man who was named Kaito, she instead found herself pressing her impressive chest up against him, flirting back at him, smiling and blushing and showing off her figure in response to his compliments. She hadn't stood a damned chance: her curvaceous figure not only demanded to be shown off thanks to Tanaka, but it was craving the touch of a man.

Which was how she ended up, to her shock, in the back of one of the club's storage closets, cramped up against Kaito as he sucked on her thick, dark pink nipples and made her moan in ecstasy, her fluent Japanese language pouring from her mouth as she told him how it felt.

"*Hai!* Yes! More, more please! I need you to suck on my nipples. Gods, it feels so good! Mhmm, you feel s-so hard!"

He pulled himself back, but continued to knead and feel her large breasts, sending ripples of delirious ecstasy through her altered form. "I *am* hard," he said. "I want you, Aiko. I want to be inside you. Do you want that?"

Her runaway pleasure was immediately interrupted. She had yet to become a full woman, and she couldn't let this man discover that fact. Why hadn't she changed?

It was then that she realised that for the first day in a long series of them, she hadn't eaten the sushi Tanaka had given her. She'd taken it, but it was in her fridge. She wanted to taste it, but she'd managed to avoid it for longer than ever, thanks to her overriding sexual arousal.

But she needed to taste *something*.

"*Iie iie!* N-no!" she managed to say. "I want to - Gods, I want to go down on your big cock!"

Kaito grinned: clearly he had not expected *this* particular turn of events. "Well, okay then. I am more than happy for that!"

He worked to unbuckle his pants, still running his hands over her sensitive breasts. They were so hot and full of pressure, as if they *wanted* to expand further, but needed just a little more sushi to do so. *She* wanted the sushi, but she also wanted this man's cock in her mouth, to suck it and lick it until he came down her throat, and she swallowed it all. These thoughts terrified her, but clearly the mental changes had made her desire this, and she was helpless against them. And besides, they were helping keep the sushi-lust at bay.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, "I need it. You don't understand - I *have* to suck on your cock."

“Oh, that’s sexy. God, that’s hot. Now then! I want your lips on my cock. Can you - can you swallow?”

He gave a sheepish grin as he said it, but she nodded in affirmation, eager for that exact outcome. Reluctant, yet, but eager at the same time. Her life had become one great, humiliating paradox.

“I *want* to swallow,” she said, eyes pleading.

One final relieved smile, and together they finished unbuckling the man’s belt. She pulled down his waistband eagerly - perhaps even *hungrily* - and beheld his impressive cock. Well, it was more impressive than her own fledgling specimen, at least.

“I know it’s not the biggest-”

“Shh,” she said, transfixed by it. “It’s *perfect*.”

And it was. God help her, it truly was. The Aiko part of her was stronger than the Aaron part, because she wanted nothing more than to plant her lips on his hard member and suck him off.

So she did.

Kaito grunted as she began bobbing up and down on his cock. It tasted wonderful, with a manly musk that was driving her wild. She felt a base, instinctual need to please this man, to give him a release, to see to his anxieties and lessen them in the act. Daki had been right: her new self was developing a strong maternal, nurturing side, and she wanted to use her body to achieve that outcome in a deeply sexual way.

“Mhm, yes! Ah, I w-won’t last I-long!”

She was glad. She wanted his cum. She needed to taste it. To have him blow his load down her throat. It was that, or the divine sushi. And she knew at that moment which one was more accessible. Out of a sudden impulse she stopped striking his thighs and instead ran her soft hand across his pulsing balls. That was enough to make him suddenly seize up. She only had a moment to realise just how far she’d gone before he gasped out loud, and suddenly his cock throbbed in her mouth as it shot stream after stream of his cum into it and down her throat. She took it all in, continuing to massage his balls to ensure more would come, and then finally it was done. She was surprised how salty it tasted, but also how wonderful. God, it was almost as good as the sushi. Maybe even better. She withdrew, smiled up at him, and clearly swallowed it down in one big gulp.

“Are you satisfied?” she asked.

“V-very,” he grunted.

“Mhmm, good. I better head home now.”

“Can I get your number?”

“Um, another night, maybe?” she said. “I’m going through some stuff right now. But I’m glad I could please you. It feels good to please men like you.”

“Then can I at least have a goodbye kiss?”

“I just sucked your cock.”

“I don’t mind. I might not see you again.”

She shrugged, and pressed her naked chest against his shirt, kissing him more passionately than she would have expected. On a whim, she inserted her tongue into his mouth and slid it around his. She moaned once more, and they held each other for a time while their tongues danced. It was then that something occurred to her.

“Thanks,” she said as she pulled back. “For everything.”

“No, thank you.”

“No, *really* thank you. You’ve given me an idea.”

She couldn’t help but smile a little to herself as she retreated.

\*\*\*

The next day, she explained her plan to Rumiko and Daki, and both were sceptical. Daki in particular folded her arms across her chest and raised an eyebrow.

“It’ll never work. Riku is too careful.”

“But he has a weird thing for me. He likes the fact that I’m changing. He’s . . . he’s a real creep when it comes to my body. He wants my boobs to get bigger.”

“I wish *my* boobs would get bigger,” Rumiko said. “Everything else about me is just perfect except for that!”

“Not the topic of discussion, Rumiko,” Daki reminded her. “Besides, Aiko, this is too risky. Not only will you run the risk of getting on Riku’s bad side, and maybe dooming us all to be directly controlled by the yakuza, but you’ll be first to be retaliated against, and we all know how he thinks us former men-turned-women should be used.”

They all collectively shivered, especially Aiko, who was also craving the sauce and had only just managed to resist it that morning.

“It doesn’t matter,” she said, setting one of the tables for the starting shift in half an hour’s time. “I’m willing to take the risk, and I’ll do what I can to absolve you. But don’t you want to take a risk, and try to be free? Tanaka is a terrible person, but he fears them. If we can just drive a wedge.”

Daki folded her arms, clearly on the fence. Thankfully, Rumiko stepped forward.

“I’m in,” she said. “I’ll support it. Who doesn’t love a crazy dumb plan? Plus, it’s not a complicated one.”

“You *would* support this plan,” Daki said, sighing.

“And you should too. If we’re stuck as sexy Japanese waitresses, at least let’s not have the yakuza on our backs. It’s only a matter of time before they take me away from my

hyper cute boyfriend and make me a stripper . . . or worse. Same for you, Daki. Riku literally said he'd love to have you as a pretend geisha."

It was Daki's turn to shiver. "Fine, fine. Go ahead, Aiko. But please, do what you can to succeed. I don't want you hurt."

"Me either, but I have to try."

Daki brushed her cheek softly. Her beauty and elegance was astonishing. "And you know that if you do this, you can't go back? You won't be able to be Aaron again?"

Aiko looked down at her ample bustline, back at her impressive rear. Her penis was almost completely gone. The thought of being a woman forever still scared her. But she took a deep breath, exhaled, and set her face.

"I know. But at least we can all be free. Well, free enough."

Daki wiped a thankful tear from her eye. "Then you are committed. Thank you for this, Aiko. You are a true friend."

"A freaking amazing friend," Rumiko added, hugging her from the side.

"You both are too," she said. "Pretty amazing to have f-"

She halted. All of them did. They hadn't been paying attention. Kahori was standing to the side, regarding them with a cold look. Aiko's stomach turned icy. How long had she been there? How much had she-

"I heard enough," she said in Japanese, as if utterly fluent. "It won't work, either."

"P-please, don't tell Mr Tanaka. If you do-"

Kahori slapped her hand down on the table, silencing them all.

"It won't work," she emphasised. "The special sauce is not enough. Come with me."

Alarmed and confused, Aiko followed the woman, not knowing what to expect. For the first time, the woman - still gorgeous in her forties - let Aiko into her little shift manager office. She had her own fridge, and she opened it by punching a keycode.

"I have this, for emergencies," she said. "Tanaka-san trusts me. I do not intend to betray that trust. He saved me. But if you can . . . deliver this to Riku, then you will save us all. He does indeed have eyes for you, young one. So you give him this *extra-strength* solution. Anything else will not work."

At that, she held up a sushi roll with a thick glazing of sauce that she did not recognise, but could immediately sense was extra potent.

"Kahori, I-"

"Just make it work. Or I will cut you loose to turn in the wind and end up a stripper whore before I let Tanaka-san down."

Aiko swallowed, nodded, and took the sushi.

"Don't worry, I'll make sure he gets just enough."

Kahori smiled, and it was a terrifying smile. “No, child. You make sure he gets far, far too much sushi.”

\*\*\*

For all that Aiko’s gambit literally centred around Riku’s presence, it still sent a chill down her spine to see that he was entering the restaurant during her shift. She had just finished serving a group of rather cute looking young men, and the fact that she now thought of men in their early twenties as ‘young’ told her all she needed to know about the fact that her final change would no doubt leave her in her early thirties with an even more curvy, maternal figure. Riku must have been into that, because instead of going straight to Tanaka’s office, he sat down at a table and gestured for her to come closer, speaking to her in Japanese.

“You are increasingly gorgeous, my lovely Aiko-san, just the type of woman I truly enjoy. Tell me, are you fully a woman yet?”

“N-no, Riku-san,” she said, head bowed, her cleavage a little more prominent than the night before.

“Hmm, still a shame. Have you eaten your sushi?”

“I have. I just . . . didn’t have enough.”

“You should have some more. I would enjoy a private audience, to ensure it. I have talked with Tanaka-san. He is quite protective of you, but Eri does not hold the true power here, I do. Bring me a nice rice sake - your most expensive kind - and come back. We can talk some more. I’m sure there are more than enough waitresses on the floor.”

She hesitated. “Would you like me to bring you some sushi, Riku-san?”

He gave her a cold, intelligent look. “I am no fool, Aiko. I will eat in my own time. The only meal I want tonight is you, when you eat that delicious sushi and change one final time.”

Aiko gulped. “I shall get you your drink.”

“See that you do, Aiko-san. I am a lot more fun when I have had my drink.”

Things were already not going quite to plan. She had planned to confront him in the office, privately, but now she was being paraded in the restaurant itself, surrounded by people. It was still an hour out from closing, and all she could do was try to keep the alcohol coming, and the conversation with Riku flowing. Rumiko and Daki were on edge, but they knew better than to interfere. Tanaka lurked in the distance, and when she approached him, his gaze was flat, but not serene. Not at all.

“You have caught his eye, Aiko-san,” he said. “I am afraid I cannot help you. He has taken particular interest in you. You *must* change, for him. For the rest of us. Please.”



It was the most pathetic she'd ever seen of the man, and it made her pity him all the less. But she bowed submissively and courteously, and simply said: "It will be done, Tanaka-san. I will change tonight. I have the sushi."

His eyebrow lifted. "You will eat it soon?"

"When the other customers leave."

"I am surprised you still have the will."

Indeed, it had taken a day of masturbating and reliving the sensations of Kaito cumming in her mouth via memory just to hold off until this moment. It was torture. It was agony. She just needed to hold out one more painful hour, drawing upon her hate of Riku to get to the end.

"I do not have the will," she replied calmly, at least on the surface. "I simply know I cannot change in front of our beloved customers, and so damage the reputation of *Sushi Heart*."

He clasped his hands together. "Ah, there it is! Well, go out there and make a good impression, Aiko. I am pleased you have accepted your fate."

She could have spat on him. Instead, she smiled softly, continued on to grab Riku's drink, and Kahori's gift, and made her way back to the vile man, her hips swaying from side to side, her breasts bobbing even in their supportive bra. She sat down opposite him, then beside him when he indicated, and he stroked her thigh with his hand softly as he took the drink. She simply smiled demurely, and didn't say a word.

"*Kampai*," he said mockingly, and drank - but only after checking that the drink was pure, and had no . . . gifts, for him. "Now, let us talk of the future, Aiko. Of your life away from *Sushi Heart*, and among more . . . esteemed company. You are too beautiful not to be. Tell me, when do you think you shall be fully changed? I would like to see you fully, and without all those clothes, ha."

He was a lot more talkative now that he was with just her. She liked him better when he hadn't spoken much. Daki and Rumiko were serving several customers, and they kept looking her way with fear. Daki noticed first that something was up. Her eyes went wide, and she mouthed '*No, not now! Too early!*'

But it was already too late. Already, Aiko could feel the pressures in her body, in her breasts, in her groin, even in her already-wide hips and expansive ass. It was threatening to explode out of her. It was threatening to exaggerate an already curvy figure to a ludicrous extent, and quickly too. She moaned in pleasure, and Riku mistook it for him being the cause. He slid his hand further up her thigh.

"My, my, you enjoy this now, don't you? I knew that you were a submissive one as soon as I saw you. Tell me, my dear, what do you think of being my lust-filled concubine? Tell me honestly?"

She leaned against him, pressing her chest against him, the chest that so wanted to grow and expand and become bigger, so much bigger.

She kissed him.

He didn't take this in the surprise she thought he might. He kissed her back readily, seemingly uncaring about the customers around them, their surprise at such a vigorously passionate display. He gripped the back of her head, holding it firmly so that she couldn't escape. He opened his mouth wider even as he rubbed her thigh with greater firmness, as if already relishing the control he had over her.

It was then that the previously silent Aiko used her tongue to push the special sauce sushi Kahori had given her right out of her mouth and straight into his. She grabbed the back of Riku's head as firmly and quickly as she could, pretending to be a passionate lover kissing the man back. For a moment he seemed not to understand what was happening, and then he began to cough and choke and try to pull away.

"MMhmph! Mmmhph!!!"

She pushed her back against him, this time more forcibly. But every millisecond counted, and she kept her lips against his to the last, her heart beating wildly. Riku coughed, and bits of rice exploded from his mouth. But the sauce was, after all, sauce, and it stayed fixed on his tongue, down his throat, lining his oesophagus. His eyes bulged.

"You - you bitch!" he cried, causing a gasp from an audience that - understanding Japanese or not, could figure out what was being spoken in any language given his tone.

But Aiko just smiled. "Enjoy," she said, then arched her back and groaned as the changes came over her. Riku stood, sending his seat flying back in a hurry. She could barely pay attention to him, because the pleasure and ecstasy of the change was sweeping over her body. Kahori hadn't been kidding: the emergency sauce was another level beyond the regular one, and that had been addictive beyond all measure. She moaned high and loud, excusing herself as she moved away from Riku. To her amusement, he was looking at her with hate, and yet scooping up every fleck of rice he'd spat out and greedily consuming them. Already, his hair was growing, his voice squeaking.

"N-no!" he cried. "Th-there's n-no way!? He said it c-couldn't be that f-fast! Aghghh!!!"

His hips cracked wider, and people began to get out of their seats, alarmed. Some were already fleeing. Tanaka ran from his office, expression horrified as he saw what was happening. Aiko still hated him, but could have kissed him for hiding even that particular secret from Riku and the yakuza: the super fast changing batch was a life saver.

"What did you do?" he said, staring at the chaos in the main room as customers ran, as Riku's voice became a high, feminine whine and breasts began to push against his shirt.

Aiko was consumed with delirium, though, and could barely answer.

“T-taste of his own m-medicine!” she managed, even as Rumiko and Daki ran to her side.

“Are you okay?” Daki said.

“Never better! I’m sorry, Rumi, but I think those boobs you envy are about to g-get a whole lot bigger! OOHHHHHH!!!!”

She exploded with orgasms. They swept through her as she finally became female, her penis retreated to form a sopping wet passage that was already dripping with enormous arousal. Her vulva formed, her clitoris sensitive and throbbing. Her breasts split open the front of her top, advancing well beyond E-cups and all the way through to F-cups and then G-cups, until they were nearly the size of her own head each. Her waist thickened, and her thighs became magnificent, matching a pair of hips that were most certainly childbearing now - and technically capable of it too. She writhed, squirmed as much as Riku was as the chaos continued.

And she laughed and laughed even as Daki and Rumi held her, and Tanaka clutched his hair in terror, seeing his entire future go up in flames.

She knew she was out of a job again, and likely desperate once more, and stuck as a curvy Japanese woman forever. But Aiko had never felt better.

\*\*\*

It was rough for a while, but it was much nicer just a year after Aiko’s little ruse had been pulled off. Of course, things weren’t easy at first: the entire staff of transformed waitresses and cooks, as well as Tanaka, all had to flee. With his immediate master transformed and newly submissive, Eri seemed to gain the determination and courage he needed to escape across the country and get away from the clutches of the yakuza. A coward at heart, he left as quickly as possible, and Kahori - secret genius and even more secret ally that she was - had secretly squared away quite the private fortune. She loved her master, and went with him willingly to help start a new life and possible restaurant, but she ensured that at least half the fortune of *Sushi Heart* was left to the former males. Together they used that nest egg to similarly flee together, along with Rumiko’s wonderfully devoted boyfriend.

It took time, and money, and a whole lot of effort, but with Daki’s expansive knowledge of business practices they were able to create their own sushi establishment on the other side of the nation: *Party Sushi*. Naturally, Rumiko had come up with the name. It was a new life for them, one in which they could continue their lives as waitresses just as their mental states compelled them to, but also do so under their own terms. Daki was the new manager, though she was often out front, still serving because her body desired it. She managed to give up smoking - barely - but vaping was the latest vice, and twice as annoying

to Rumiko. Speaking of, Rumi was even proposed to by her boyfriend, and she readily accepted.

“I’m looking forward to married life again,” she beamed, “and from the other side, too! Who knows, maybe I’ll even enjoy getting knocked up and giving him cute little babies!”

“You are far, far too much,” was all Daki could say, though she did murmur a sincere congratulations afterwards.

Aiko was not yet ready to commit to dating, not just yet, but after her encounter with Kaito in the club, she was more than happy to have a very healthy sex life. Her final change had left her with a stunningly voluptuous and gorgeous body, and not for nothing was she now the head-turning head waitress of *Party Sushi*, and one who was more than happy to flirt with the various customers (so long as they flirted first, of course). No longer beholden to the yakuza, she actually found herself enjoying the role they had originally set for her.

“If I’m going to be in this body for the rest of my life,” she said, “I might as well enjoy it. I think I’m turning Japanese, I really think so.”

At that, even Rumiko had groaned. “You’re developing a strong sense of humour, Aiko. I hate it.”

But Aiko just grinned. She’d been a bit shy and down on herself as a man, but now as a stunning, busty, thick Japanese woman, she had finally come into her own in spades. It was enough to make her a mentor to the younger, yet still quite buxom, and *deeply* lusty Suzuki. They hadn’t planned on keeping Ruki around, but now that Aiko had finished her changes, she’d found that her maternal caring side was now in full force. Not only did she care for each of the customers she served, but she had a deep-seated need to protect those who were defenceless as if they were her own children. To that extent, she chided Daki for her vaping far too often, and did her best to look after Rumiko when they went partying, even when her boyfriend was present. But thankfully for those two, the majority of her maternal efforts were in helping Suzuki. The former yakuza thug had been left in the body of a gorgeous twenty year old or so girl with long dark hair, an hourglass figure, and a libido that would put even Aiko’s to shame. It certainly shamed the former male, but her mental change had rendered her unable to harm her new sisters, and most of her time preoccupied with being fucked by cute boys.

So it fell to Aiko to help train her up, and make her a better person again, in between their shared visits to clubs and bars to pick up cute men.

“Don’t worry, kid,” she said to her former tormentor, “you’ll come to enjoy it. That’s what you told me, right?”

**The End**