

Dating Sim Secret Ending (Anime Dating Sim Girl TG)

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A Story Tier Prompt for Scoobert

Mark and Aaron are accidentally transported into a visual novel dating game. Mark becomes Haru, the game's male comic relief, while poor Aaron is turned into Yua, the busty fashionista romantic interest destined to lose out to the main character's childhood best friend. But can the pair unlock a secret ending that brings them happiness . . . together?

Dating Sim Secret Ending

Part 1

"So what is it, some kind of hentai or something?"

Mark rolled his eyes as he started up the game on his computer. "No, Aaron, it's a visual novel *dating game*. It's ultra rare. Lots of rumours about this one, but I've managed to get a real bonafide copy! I never thought it was possible!"

Aaron regarded his friend. They were both average dudes in their twenties, both with brown hair and glasses and nerdy interests. People had often mistaken the best friends for brothers, but in truth they'd grown up on the other end of town until Aaron's family had moved into Mark's neighbourhood. The two got on like a house on fire in high school. Sure, Aaron was a bit more sporty and athletic, and generally a bit more socially capable, but Mark was a damn computer whiz and could play Counterstrike with the best of them. Plus, he was a damn *hacker*, and Aaron thought that was mega cool. But his weird obsession with manga and anime dating shows and all that kind of stuff?

Waaaaaaay less cool.

"Okay," he said, as the game began to boot up with the loading screen. "So what's the appeal? Walk me through this."

Mark grinned, adjusting his glasses in that telltale sign of nerdy interest. "Okay, so visual novel dating sims are kind of a guilty pleasure of mine, right?"

"So I've noticed. God, I wish I could forget that monster girl one."

Mark blushed a little, but continued. "Anyway, the generic appeal is being able to play out a novel, albeit one with several choices that let you pick the girl the protagonist is meant to end up with. In the more literary, ahem, novels, there's generally considered a 'right' love interest, whereas the others are more, well, fun distractions."

Aaron raised his eyebrows. He imagined that these 'distractions' probably came with some rather lewd illustrations and animations. Perhaps even a voice track, though he hoped not to find any of that out.

"*Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend* is meant to be more of that literary type," Mark explained.

"Doesn't sound too literary. I mean, it's not exactly *War and Peace* in terms of titles."

"The protagonist," Mark continued, ignoring his friend, "is an audience surrogate named Jin, who can flirt with and even sleep with several available love interests, but only Sashira is meant to be his love interest. Ah, there she is! And the rest of the cast, too."

The main screen had now booted up, and Aaron could see the more tropical beach-inspired setting, which conveniently allowed so much of the cast to be in cute bikinis, one-pieces, or midriff-baring warm weather clothing. The middle male figure was obviously Jin, who looked fairly ordinary and brown-haired, with glasses just like theirs. An audience insert, as Mark had said. Sashira was by his side, looking like a very pretty, but not supermodel-gorgeous woman like some of the others. She had dark black hair and wide blue eyes, and was the only one wearing a summer dress, which was an innocent blue in colour.

"Has kind of a girl next door vibe, I guess," he noted.

"Exactly! She's his childhood best friend, and all the leaks say they end up together if you play the game right."

"And who's that guy?"

He gestured to a shorter male character with a goofy expression on his face, who was tripping over a sandcastle so that he was about to land face first into a busty western-looking anime gal's chest. She was gasping, her blonde hair flying back as if from the shock of what was about to happen.

"Oh, that's Haru," Mark said. "He's like the cheeky comic relief. You know, accidentally keeps ending up in sexual situations even when he's not actually able to get with any of the girls because he's always tripping into them and stuff."

"And the blonde girl with the huge boobs?"

"Yua. She's a gyaru. That means a Japanese girl who's really into over-the-top western fashion and often dyes her hair or wears coloured wigs. Though she'd got princessy aspects, sort of ojou too."

"Uh-huh," Aaron said. "Okay, I admit, I'm lost. What's so special about this game that you invited me over to see it? I mean, I like *some* anime, but this is really not my thing, dude. No offence."

Mark smirked. "None taken. But I know you *do* like urban legends, right?"

This was true; Aaron loved urban legends, whether it be the mothman or the chupacabra or the local myth of the drainpipe demon that skateboarding kids around town liked to spread around.

“So the myth about this game is about why it’s so rare,” Mark explained. “Apparently, the game isn’t actually a game, but a portal to another universe. There are little signs when you play it that indicate that it’s not from our world, and some people who have managed to track it down, or download copies of it, have even disappeared entirely, allegedly sucked into the game or into another universe, or simply had the natural laws of the universe fail and annihilate them from reality entirely.”

Aaron shivered. “So it’s some kind of eldritch game masquerading as an anime dating sim?”

Mark turned to grin at his friend. “Exactly. Shall we find out if it’s true? Who knows, there might be some creepy glitches, like some online talks mention.”

Now *this* was something Aaron could be more invested in. He pulled up a proper chair and sat beside his friend. His computer setup was impressive, with a large screen they could both look at; the perks of having your own place.

“Boot it up, then,” he said.

Mark clicked *Play*. The game shifted to an opening cutscene of sorts, though it was more like a series of coloured manga images with a written narration at the bottom of the screen, and an auditory reading from his speakers.

“It was my first day at Tropico Island. The town of Ocean Tides looked lovely, warm, and inviting. It was like a slice of the vintage past preserved in the modern day, but with none of the coldness of modern life; cell phones didn’t work here because of the interference from the dormant volcano, and there was none of the pollution of modern devices.”

“Wow, volcano science right out of the bat,” Aaron remarked. “This isn’t scary so far.”

Mark frowned, but let the scene play out as Jin, the protagonist, entered with his friend Haru.

“My friend Haru was with me, and I was glad for that. He was quite a bumbling sort of guy, and I worried he was going to get us into trouble. There were so many beautiful women here, and yet - oh no! Haru!”

The screen changed to an image of Haru tripping on a dropped ice cream cone and launching forward dramatically, right towards the busty gyaru-oujou Yua, who happened to be walking down the footpath in the opposite direction, wearing a tight and stylish two-piece outfit that showed off her impressive cleavage and flat stomach.

“Of course,” Aaron said. “Can’t have a dating sim without-”

He was instantly interrupted by the screen going *nuts*, the colours crackling, becoming pixelated and then flashing as a photo negative of Haru launching into Yua's breasts. The speakers crackled, going high pitched as the voice over began to crash out:

"BZZZTTTT! HARU HARU HARU BZZZZT HARU HARU BZZZTT WATCH OUT FOR BBZZZT NAME IS YUA YUA YUA GET OFF ME BZZZT CAN I HELP YOU BZZT YUA YUA HARU YUA HARU BZZZT-"

"What the hell?" Mark said.

Aaron looked at the screen. It was really glitching out, but in a creepy enough way that it was really sending the urban legend spooks through him.

"Hey, uh, maybe we should turn that off."

"I'm trying, but it's not shutting off. It's freezing the damn computer. Fuck, I hope this isn't some kinda break in the syst-"

The screen bubbled in three dimensions, the static reaching out, clawing at them. Both young men screamed, but weren't quick enough in jumping back, because the rubber-like static manner of the screen sucked at their flesh, pulling at their hands and dragging them into the screen.

"What the fuck!?" Mark screamed.

"It's real!" Aaron cried, his entire arm being gobbled up by the malfunctioning gamescreen. "The legend was real! Shut it off!"

But Mark couldn't reach the power switch, or even the cables. His entire shoulder was inside the screen now, and it was attached to his face, compressing him down and stretching him like a noodle, like an astronaut being sucked into a black hole.

"I don't understand wath hahpeningghhh!" Aaron screamed, or at least tried to, because his face was entering the computer screen, his entire body stretching impossibly. Mark followed along with him, and the last thing they saw before they entered was the undisturbed space of Mark's apartment.

And then . . . the code.

Computer code.

It was everywhere, 1's and 0's manifesting all around them, and *they* were code two. Two long lines of code in humanoid form, hurtling forward through a dark, information-filled space. They tried to scream, but only electronic whirs came out. Their code was changing. Something was rewriting them! Instantly Mark realised what was happening - the legend was true, and they were entering the game, becoming characters in it! He could feel his code shifting, personality altering, his very dimensions and figure transforming. Aaron was the same, and he came to a similar epiphany only moments later. His own code stretched him upwards, his chest burning and pushing forwards, his figure slimming in some places and expanding in others. But it was impossible to see or take it in fully.

“whAt’S gOiNg OnNnN!?!?” he managed, his tone rising in octave.

“I dOn’T kNoW!!!” Mark screamed back, his voice twisting, altering.

And then, the light at the end of the tunnel. The code changed, and a vortex of light drew them in, pulling them towards its epicentre. Both men screamed, though their voices were alien to them, and their bodies seemed all kinds of wrong, and yet it was impossible to tell exactly why. They tried to pull themselves back to where they had come from, back towards Mark’s apartment and the reality they had known all their lives, but they may as well have been fighting the pull of a black hole for all the good it did them. Mark held on just slightly longer, and then he was catapulted into the tunnel of light, still screaming in shock.

“wHaT’s HaPpEnIng!?”

Haru suddenly found himself on a footpath, his body and name no longer his own. He looked with alarm at his surroundings: he was on the street of some beautiful sea village resort town, the swaying palm trees everywhere, the sound of the clear ocean off to his left. The sun was shining, the air was warm and tropical, and he was dressed in a ridiculous Hawaiian-style t-shirt. He was also shorter than he was used to, and felt more awkward, less coordinated.

“What just happened!?” he cried, and even his voice sounded strange to him; higher, perhaps a bit whinier. More . . . *comic*.

“Nothing, Haru,” the man beside him said. “Unless you count that wonderful ocean breeze. I think we’re going to like it here. I just hope that I can find a girlfriend, you know?”

Haru’s eyes went wide as he looked up at the slightly taller man beside him. It was Jin, the protagonist of the game, looking milquetoast and inoffensive, slightly handsome but not too hunky. A perfect audience insert.

“A-Aaron?” he said.

“Who’s Aaron?” Jin replied. “Oh, is this one of your silly jokes again?”

So that wasn’t Aaron. But where was his friend? Holy shit, he was inside the game and stuck in the body of the comic relief. And they were redoing the intro of the game, which meant that at any second-

“Haru, watch your step!”

It was too late. The distracted man tripped on a dropped ice cream cone, sliding on its melted raspberry and vanilla contents. He slid forward dramatically, tumbling in a comic fashion that made him aware of just how uncoordinated he was now. A woman was heading the other way, looking fearful and worried; it was the mega-busty ojou Yua, her hands cupping her breasts in confusion as she ran.

"Help me!" she called. "Something super weird has - OH!"

Haru collided with her, his face pressing right into her chest exactly as it was going to happen in the dating sim when they'd been on the other side of it. She stumbled back, and Jin raced to *immediately* catch her, holding her from behind so that she didn't fall back onto the pavement. Haru was still wedged into her cleavage; she was wearing a two-piece outfit that showed a *lot* of cleavage, and she had to comedically pry him out. He stumbled backwards, face red and embarrassed.

"S-sorry!" he said. "I'm so very sorry! I didn't mean to fall into your lovely breasts! I mean, into your big chest! I mean, into you-"

"What my friend is trying to say," Jin said, still holding her, "is are you alright?"

Of course, the woman was not alright. For one, she had a woman's body, and her name was Yua, both of which shouldn't be true of the former male known as Aaron. And for two, she was immediately distracted, not by the heavy weights upon her chest or how revealed her strange new body was, but by the flood of warm feelings she possessed when looking up at her saviour.

"Y-y-yes," she stuttered, before a sudden sense of haughty pride overtook her, and she pulled herself out of his arms. "Not that I needed you to catch me, of course! No offence, but I don't even know you! And besides, how do I know you haven't been touching gross fish down at the beach or something? You could ruin my skincare routine, not to mention my designer two-piece dress. Do you have *any* idea how expensive this is?"

She herself had no idea, but she felt *compelled* to defend the cost of it. She wasn't truly repulsed by this man - in fact, she couldn't keep her eyes off of Jin for reasons she couldn't even understand - but pride had been injected strongly into her personality, far more than before. She crossed her arms beneath her breasts, emphasising their sheer weight and size, and waiting for him to respond.

Jin, characteristically for a self-insert style dating sim protagonist, gave a simple bow. "Please accept my apologies, ma'am. I didn't mean to offend you. If it helps, my name is Jin."

"Jin," she replied, her mouth talking for her. "Well . . . it's not a terrible name. My name is A - A - A - Yua! My name is Yua! I'm the richest and most stylish woman on this island, by the way. My family owns almost half of it. Perhaps I'll be seeing you around, Jin. And your little friend here who was far too . . . forward."

The automatic 'script' emerging from her mouth ended, and she got the sense that she had to leave the scene now, allowing for the protagonist to get to know other women more. It was infuriating - she had tits now, and a vagina, and a body to kill for, and her hair was dyed a beautiful blonde, and she was feeling *proud* of it. So humiliating! But how to get back to her life as Aaron?

Haru was thinking the same thing. He'd caught the strange hesitations and blushing on Yua's face, and her attempt to say her true name before failing.

"I guess we'd better keep moving," Jin said. "What an intriguing woman?"

Haru sensed an opportunity here. "I might meet you at the apartment block," he said. "I've got some things to do."

"Oh, don't tell me you're going to try surfing again, Haru. You always fall off!"

Haru frowned. So *that* was going to be a recurring gag, then.

"Of course! I'll master it soon! Just you wait!"

He ran in the opposite direction to Jin, pulling a ridiculously wide grin and nearly tripping backwards over his own feet, but then rounded a corner to see where Yua had gone. Instead, he ran straight into her breasts. Again.

"What the hell!?" she cried.

He pulled himself back. "S-sorry! I'm shorter now! And you're taller! So your tits are at head height!"

"What the hell are - wait, M-Mark?"

"Aaron?"

She hugged him, and again the boobs were in his face, before she realised what she was doing and pulled back. God, she was tall. She had to be over six feet in height, easily. Those legs . . .

"Hey, my eyes are up here, dude!"

Haru looked up and blushed. "Sorry! It's just - this is a lot to take in!"

"How do you think I feel?" Yua said, gesturing to herself with such dramatic movements that it made her boobs shake like an anime girl from a hentai. "Look at me! I've even got, like anime hair."

"At least it's not blue."

"Yeah, well I've got boobs, dude. What the hell are we supposed to do?"

"I don't know," Haru said. "We're stuck in a dating sim. The urban legend was real. Only instead of becoming main characters, you've turned into the decoy romantic interest, and I've become the comedic best friend."

Yua was freaking out. She had huge fleshy weights on her chest, an empty space between her thighs, and she was trying like *hell* not to think about how cute and intriguing that new 'Jin' guy was in her changed brain.

"Then what the hell do we do?" she cried.

Haru winced. "I've got an idea, but you might not like it."

"Oh God. What is it?"

"Well, another rumour was that you had to *win* the game to get your happy ending. In this urban legend, that meant completing the game."

“So how do we complete it?”

Haru hesitated, looking up at his gorgeous friend and trying not to be mega-attracted himself. “Well, you’re the decoy love interest, right? I think . . . I think we need to get you to win the dating game, Yua. You need to be the one who gets with Jin.”

Part 2

Yua immediately dismissed Haru’s plan. There was *no way* she was going to try and win this stupid dating sim. This was all Mark’s fault! Though of course, he was actually *Haru* now. It was odd, being so much taller than her friend and then having him constantly peeking at her large tits, which were very much on display thanks to her fashionable attire. Even worse, it gave her a sense of pride in her ample assets that she just *knew* she wasn’t supposed to have.

“I mean it!” Haru said for the umpteenth time. “Do you really want to be stuck like this? I mean, c’mon, you’re a hot woman-”

“Don’t call me hot!”

“-and you might be stuck like this for good unless we win the game. Well, *you* win the game. I’m just the comic relief here, Aaron!”

Even the name didn’t sound quite right to her ears. She was supposed to be *Yua* in this new reality, and it was annoyingly . . . familiar to her.

“Look, just . . . we’ve only been here for a little bit, okay?” she said. “*And besides, with my family’s wealth and my own beauty and style, I’m sure I can conjure up another elegant solution!*”

She paused for a moment. They both did.

“That was me having to be in character.”

“I know,” Haru said. “I have this compulsion to go surfing. Badly. I think it’s a lame running joke. I’d rather *not* get stuck like this.”

“Well, it’s *your* game that did this! I don’t want to be some anime bimbo girl with a western fetish, or whatever! Just . . . fix it! Without me having to romance that handsome Jin! I mean, just Jin! Whatever, I’m going *back to my resplendent mansion, away from gross little sidekicks like you.*”

In truth, she wanted to stick around, but her legs were already starting to walk for her. Yua looked back at Haru with surprise in her eyes.

“Um, that wasn’t me! Haru, I can’t stop!”

“We mustn’t be allowed too many scenes together! Listen, you’ve got to unlock the secret ending! Stop the girl-next-door Sashira from ending up with Jin! You’ve got to do this, Yua! You can do it!”

And with that, he turned on his own feet and began running off to the beach, intent on buying a surfboard.

“Damn it,” he said to himself even as his body went on autopilot. “I don’t even like surfing!”

Yua’s ‘parents’ in this strange dating sim setting were conveniently in Europe organising some vague business deal, which gave her full run of her mansion. And it was a veritable mansion, right up on a sunset vista cliff face that provided a magnificent view of the rest of the island as well. The rooms were large, the decorations extravagant, the servants there to meet her every whim. And her wardrobe!

“Jesus, it’s full of western dresses. I really am a . . . what was it called? A *gyaru*? A Japanese chick who dresses up all western and dyes her hair.”

Except because this was a game, her hair was somehow *naturally* a bright blonde, wavy and all, and her eyes were that hypnotic blue. She spent a long time looking at herself in the mirror, shocked that her world had been turned upside down like this.

“Ugh, I really do look good,” she muttered, checking out her makeup and making some small adjustments on a sort of bodily autopilot.

“Crap, now I look even better!”

She wasn’t nearly as much of a manga and anime nerd as Mark/Haru was, but she wasn’t stupid; her getting dolled up like this could only mean one thing: she was about to meet the protagonist again.

“No way. I’m gonna find a real exit from this place.”

Yua showered instead, rubbing off all of her makeup. It gave her time also to explore her body; to cup her large breasts and sigh from the lovely sensations they produced.

“At least if I have to be stuck as some anime dating harem girl, or whatever, I’m an *absolutely darling one with just the perfect body!*”

Yua grimaced at how her language kept making her to be all haughty and self-obsessed. She tried to focus on the consolation prize of getting to feel up the hottest chick she’d ever imagined being in the same space with. She pinched her nipples, lowered a hand down to caress her womanhood. Soon she was starting to moan, closing her eyes as she conjured sexy images in her mind to spur on her arousal to greater heights.

Unfortunately for Yua, that meant imagining only one person specifically; Jin, the bland central character of the game.

"Ohhhh, noooo," she sighed, breathing more heavily as the pleasure rose. "Ohhh, anyone b-but him! Ahhhh! Mhmm! Yes, Jin! No, Jin! Ahhh, yes, yes, yesss! JIN!!"

She orgasmed. She hadn't even realised she'd slipped her fingers inside of herself, but that action sent her over the edge, trembling with disbelief as the image of Jin thrusting into her made her cum like crazy. In the end, Yua needed to turn the shower cold just to come down from the humiliating high. When she left, she was so embarrassed at where her new mind had gone that she didn't even notice how well she was dressing herself up until she was before her dresser again, now adorned in a classy pink blouse and expensive white jacket over the top, as well as a knee-length skirt that showed off her luxurious legs. She even had heels on; and they weren't cheap ones, either.

"Fuck, I've even done my makeup, *and it looks positively divine! I bet Jin will love it . . . not that he's worthy of a woman like me, of course.*"

Inside, Yua fumed. It seemed she had a role to play . . . one that would bring her into Jin's orbit whether she wanted to be there or not.

And indeed, just an hour later she was bumping into him again, this time at a cafe in town. Already, there were several women around him; an athletic tomboy, a cute and short nerd, and of course that was Sashira as well, the pretty girl-next-door. As soon as Yua saw the intended final relationship of Jin's, her blood began to boil. She was already gazing at this ultra-ordinary man, her body desiring him. Her nipples even hardened a little in her top, just imagining what it would be like to have his hands upon them.

"Stupid brainwashing," she muttered to herself. "*And stupid Sashira! She's not nearly the fashion queen I am!*"

She strode forth, her hips swaying, her breasts bouncing, and pulled up a chair for herself, placing her feet up so that they were blocking out Jin's view of Sashira's face.

"So, we meet again!" she declared. "The new and mysterious man in town, and somehow you've managed to make it to the most stylish and venerated cafe on the island! Perhaps I misjudged you, Jin."

Jin gave a sheepish grin. "Oh, I didn't realise you came here, Yua!"

Knowledge filtered into her brain on how to respond. She let loose a haughty cackle. "Oh, dear man! My family *owns* this cafe, and *I* routinely decide on the selections. Let me get a better table for ourselves. Tanaki!"

She clapped her hands and a waiter promptly appeared. "Yes, Miss Yua?"

"Get a table for two for Jin and myself. I'm sorry, lovely ladies, but you just aren't up to scratch. I intend to interrogate this newcomer personally and ensure he understands how to become a lot more respectable in the eyes of an elite woman like myself!"

Every word was like swallowing shades of glass for Aaron, but now that she was Yua, she felt a compulsion to play her part. Worse, her body was responding to it; a rush of dopamine and almost sexual pride hit her as she whisked a helpless and hapless Jin away from his current harem of interested girlfriends and away to a private room. The fact that he was staring at her divine cleavage only made her smirk all the more, until she realised what she was doing and bit her own lip to stop herself.

“Now, there’s some better privacy,” she said, adjusting her lovely blonde hair.”

“I, er, I was with Sashira and Fumiko and-”

“Forget them!” she said, leaning forward so that her breasts rubbed against the table, causing his jaw to drop. “I’m more interested in validating you, Jin.”

“V-validating me?”

“Yes,” she said, taking out a pocket mirror and checking her own reflection. “And making sure that you are *worthy* of being on *my* island. After all, if I deem you worthy, I’ll *have* to update your wardrobe and make you a new man. One who is worthy of yours truly!”

The male part of Yua cringed heavily. Had she actually said that?

“Did you actually say that?”

Yua folded her arms beneath her breasts and looked out at the warm, tropical ocean. “Of course I did. I can’t stop fucking playing along when he’s in my presence. It’s not quite like being on autopilot, but I just feel this . . . primal . . . need. Don’t make fun!”

“I won’t!” Haru said, though he started laughing, prompting her to slap him and send him careening into the sand.

“Oh, shit! I’m so sorry, Haru! I didn’t think that-”

He stood up, hands raised, his face carrying a perfect imprint of a feminine hand in red across his face. “It’s okay! It’s a trope, remember? Female on male violence is way more acceptable in media like this, particularly when a guy pervs or says something inappropriate. And I’m the damn ugly comic relief.”

Yua cringed, feeling a bit sorry. “You’re not ugly, man. You’re actually kinda . . . cute.”

“You really think so?”

She regarded him in his boardshorts. He wasn’t tall, and he wasn’t muscular either. But he had a cute nerdy look to him. “Yeah, absolutely,” she said, smiling. “No, I mean it. Trust me, I’ve got these female eyes now, and they’re kind of appreciating what they’re seeing.”

“I’m not Jin though, right?”

Yua rolled her eyes. "Ugh, screw Jin. And not in the fun way like this body wants. I only go gaga when it's narratively convenient. Now that I'm away from him, I can tell he's generic as fuuuuuuck. Seriously, Haru, I still have some Yua parts present even now, but they go way up around him. Now? I can say it out loud: he has so few definable features other than 'nice guy.' Bland as hell. You've at least got a look with character and a fun personality to match."

"Maybe my personality could have fun with your big personalities!"

Yua's eyes narrowed. "Was that a joke about my tits?"

Haru giggled, looking down at her tits. She was wearing a bikini, bright red in colour, and her big boobs popped out wonderfully. "Oh, yeah," he replied.

Another slap, another comical moment where Haru was sent flying. "You pathetic little nerd! Do you have any idea how unworthy of me you are!"

"S-sorry!" he exclaimed, digging himself out of the sand. "That really was another comic relief moment. I can't help myself. I've already wiped out on the surfboard twenty five times in the last two days."

Yua nodded, relaxing a little. "Sorry, I'm on edge. Losing my dick and then flirting hardcore with a dating sim protagonist will do that to you."

Haru approached the next subject lightly. He knew he had to be careful here. He stepped up beside Yua, taking just a quick peek of her fabulous cleavage. He wasn't aware, but she noticed him looking and simply smirked to herself a little. Yua couldn't help but feel that pride again at being appreciated, even by her best friend.

"So . . . have you thought about the plan I put forth?" Haru suggested.

"Well, I feel like I put it into action even though I didn't want to, but yes, I've decided to go along with your madcap plan. There better be another way out of her. These things end in sex, right?"

"Y-yes. Usually."

"Damn it. Ugh, and I bet I'll be so elegant and wear the most fanciful dress and - shoot, I'm going into ojou mode again."

Haru patted Yua on her bare back. It made both of them pause for a moment, feeling awkward about it, yet oddly . . . intimate at the same time.

"Sorry, I'm trying to encourage you."

"It's okay!" Yua said a little too quickly. "I don't mind!"

"You might not have to. Have sex, I mean. We might be able to exploit a secret ending. These games often have that."

Yua sighed, her chest rising and falling like an empire. "Thank God. Yes, find out what you can while I'm away. I'd rather let him have Sashira and we can get out through an exploit."

Haru frowned. "Wait, where do you have to go?"

With a sigh, Yua pointed to the beach, where a number of giggling girls, including Sashira, were running onto the beach, chasing Jin, who looked to be a mix of nervous and excited by the prospect of all these lovely interested women.

"Yeah, that looks like a pivotal narrative scene," Haru murmured. "The classic beach romance bit. You'll have to be there."

Yua hugged her friend, pressing her breasts up against his naked chest.

"Wish me luck," she said, and then kissed him on the cheek. She turned bright red immediately after doing so, brushing her long strands of blonde hair back and pressing her boobs together and she awkwardly held herself. "S-sorry. That just seemed like what my character would do."

Haru blinked once, then twice. "D-don't be sorry. That was really nice."

She grinned awkwardly, then assumed her haughty demeanour. "But I still consider you far beneath me, you nerdy little man! Don't go reading into any of this! *Baka!*"

With that, she took off down onto the beach, leaving Haru confused, flustered, and more aroused than he expected. God, he wanted to follow her, but he had to remind himself that Yua was actually his best friend and not meant to be a woman. But judging from the way her huge tits flopped about as she ran out into the water to distract Jin from Sashira, she certainly made for a fine woman, that was for sure.

Haru looked down and realised he was sporting a *very* noticeable hard on. He quickly covered his crotch with his hat, then sideways walked into the water, another comic relief bit played out just like an anime scene.

"Just this once, I actually *want* to be wiping out on my surfboard!"

What he didn't notice was that, even as Yua played her part to pull Jin away from his other love interests, she occasionally gazed out at Haru making yet another surfing attempt.

There *was* something oddly cute about him.

Part 3

Yua didn't exactly *like* the fact that she had to cosy up to Jin and pretend to be into him, especially since her busty ojou body really *was* super into him, but it seemed like the only way to escape this dating sim. *Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend* seemed predicated on *someone* ending up with the super generic protagonist, and only with the conclusion of the game would she get to become Aaron again, at least that was the assumption Mark had made. Not that he was Mark anymore. Instead, he was the oddly cute Haru, always failing

on his surfboard, always cheery and optimistic and sticking by Jin's side, and providing comic relief. He got lucky, in her opinion, since he was still a man, but she had to admit that even if she did end up with huge boobs and an incredibly lustful, curvaceous figure, she at least had *style*.

That was what she leaned on to entice Jin. It was clear that the girl-next-door Sashira was supposed to be his 'canon' love interest. Hell, she was even his childhood best friend! In that sense, Yua had an uphill battle against her, particularly since her new personality was boastful and haughty, whereas Sashira's was down-to-earth and kind, shy and loving, the exact kind of combo that was 'meant' to win out in the end.

So Yua leaned into that style and haughtiness as a direct counterweight. When she strode onto the beach, it was in her gorgeous bikini, her breasts *straining* against the cups, her breasts bouncing with each step. She placed one foot in front of the other, letting her hips sashay prominently and even adding to aforementioned mammary bounces, and she brushed her long blonde hair behind her delicate shoulder in a practised display of femininity.

Jin's jaw dropped.

Haru, off in the water, launched off of his surfboard, clearly distracted.

She ignored the latter and focused on the former, moving towards him and smiling.

"Oh, Jin, isn't it? How amusing to find you out here?" she said. She placed her hands on her lovely hips, thrusting out her large chest for extra effect. "And who are these *interesting* women you've surrounded yourself with?"

Jin practically had to pick his jaw off of the ground. "Oh, uh, this is my best friend Sashira," he said, indicating to the cute girl in the one-piece. "And this is Akemi," he said, gesturing to the shy nerdy girl with an adorable pixie cut. And I've recently met Rin here. Did you know she's a track star and a volleyball star?"

He gestured to an athletic woman, tall and muscular and strikingly beautiful, her skin a dark tan, her abs amazing. Yua would have worshipped her had she still been a man, but all she saw now was competition.

"We're full up here," Rin said. "We've used up all the towels."

"I'm sure we can make some space," Sashira said kindly. "Um, if that's okay by you, Jin? I'm just . . . I mean . . . we could always go on a romantic walk - I mean a regular walk!"

Yua rolled her eyes as the sad exchange continued. Damn, if this wasn't formulaic. Some amazing dating sim! She could barely believe Mark/Haru had so wanted to track it down; it was cliché as hell! She decided to cut the Gordian knot, striding forth to grab Jin's hand, lowering herself so that her large breasts were right in his vision; he was sitting down, making for the perfect view of her large 'assets.'

"Nonsense! This isn't a time for walking! This is a time for *swimming* and getting wet and being playful. Isn't that right, Jin?"

She pressed herself against him, her breasts just brushing against his chest. God, it made her aroused. She was playing a part, she had to remind herself. She didn't want to actually get lost in the part. Unfortunately, her proximity to Jin, generic and lame that he was, still had the effect of activating her role's compulsions. The result was that she was truly *into* him.

"I - that sounds like a great idea!" he said.

"Marvellous!" she declared, and she meant it too. "I've been meaning to break this bikini in. Why don't you help me?"

The other girls radiated hate as she pulled him towards the ocean, except for Sashira, who just felt heartbroken. It made Yua feel a little bad, but she aimed to get out of this reality, and that meant succeeding in seducing Jin. And damn if she didn't do a great job of it, too. She 'accidentally' pressed her bikini body against him as they splashed one another. She asked him to help adjust her breasts in their large cups, even moving his hands to feel them to see if they were 'positioned right.' It made her nipples hard, and she made sure to let him feel that. She posed in her bikini, and when the other girls came to the water, she made sure to drag him away again, demanding in her haughty way that he take photos of her as a 'photoshoot.'

"This is *my* beach and island, after all. It would be remiss if you didn't pay a little tax by giving me a modelling job, right?"

At this point, Haru rejoined them, and his jaw fell and his eyes became little circular dots in a rather anime-like fashion.

"Stop staring, little man!" she yelled. "And take photos of Jin and I here!"

This was a more awkward part; it was absolutely *hot* to have Jin's arm around her waist, and her left boob pressing against his side. She held him, posing in increasingly scandalous ways while talking up herself and her wealth and beauty. But at the same time, Haru was watching, and he was clearly trying to hide a tent in his pants. She couldn't even blame him; she was even starting to make little sounds of delight that were far too close to erotic moans. Haru took the photos, but his jealousy was clear. It made things . . . awkward.

"Um, maybe pose now with you facing one another? With her arms around his neck? Very romantic-like and stuff?"

"Uh, y-yes," Yua said, feeling a little less secure in herself now. "Of course! That would be just darling!"

They held the pose, her looking into Jin's eyes. She had to resist her genuine attraction to him, but it was just so damn hard. Instead, she focused on how empty his eyes were. This man was a cardboard cut out of a person, a generic self-insert protagonist, nothing more. She needed something more genuine to keep her from filling that self-insert with *herself* and *her* desires, so she looked aside to Haru, focusing as he took the perfect

photo. He actually was . . . very cute. It made her amused, the way he was putting such effort into this.

"Oh, just take the photo already, Haru!" she demanded. "Your queen of the island demands it!"

And that was when, in his enthusiasm, Haru slipped on a rock in the water and tripped over, soaking the camera immediately. Yua gasped. Jin suppressed a chuckle. And the women who had been waiting jealously in the wings *immediately* took this opportunity to run straight to Jin and drag him away.

"No, no!" Yua cried. "We still can't take photos!"

"Volleyball time!" Rin declared.

"And then, maybe, some reading under the shade?" Akemi suggested.

"And that romantic - I mean, friendly walk," Sashira said, following after Jin.

Yua was left in the water, furious. She marched over to Haru and picked him up out of the water by his ear.

"You moron! You little creature!" she snapped. "I had him!"

"I'm s-sorry!" Haru said, grinning sheepishly. "It's my character, Yua, I swear."

Jin was now far enough away that she had a better sense of herself. She let go of his ear. "Shit! Are you okay? Sorry, it's what my character would do as well."

He waved it off. "It's okay. I'm a comic relief, so I'm pretty indestructible. I'm really sorry though, Yua. We almost had him."

She placed her hands on her hips, thrusting out her chest again. "I know. God, I was close. He was so handsome . . . up close. Fuck. Stupid dating sim role. I've got such a gloriously beautiful body and stylish presentation, but he's running off with the dregs!"

"Ah, you're talking haughty again."

She sagged, then placed a hand around her friend's shoulders. "I know. Can't help it. But we got close. We can do it again."

"Um, Yua?"

"Yes?"

"Your, uh, boob is against my cheek."

It was then that she realised that between her tall height and his shorter stature, her chest was practically in his face. She paused, shocked at this, but surprisingly comfortable with it. Both of them turned beet red, and then, finally, they jumped back.

"It was an accident!" she declared.

"I didn't mean to be so perverted!" he replied.

"I mean, sure you're cute and all, now. Surprisingly cute, but-"

"But I'm unworthy of you, unworthy of being touched by you and - agh!"

He slipped on the same rock again, and it was enough to break the tension. Yua erupted with laughter as she walked over to Haru, who was lying on his back underwater, the fish inspecting him idly.

“Oh, Haru,” she said. “What a role you’ve ended up with.”

She pulled him to his feet, and this time they faced one another. His gaze moved from her large breasts up to her face, and her eyes roamed his body. He was no Jin. In many ways, he was *better*. He had personality, for one, and he made her laugh. And he was *real*. She blushed again.

“I’d better get to this volleyball game. Show that I am worthy to defeat Rin, naturally.”

“And, uh, I’d better fail at surfing some more.”

They both smiled sheepishly, and moved in their separate directions. But Yua paused and turned as Haru made his way off.

“Haru, wait,” she said. “I just wanted to say . . . you are rather . . . attractive, in your own way. To this body, I mean.”

He blushed, but his grin went wide. “And you are very, very attractive to *anyone*,” he replied. “You’re doing amazing, Yua. You can do this.”

He took off, hunched over a little to hide his comedic erection. To her surprise, it was a rather *big* erection, and perhaps that was part of the comedy. She licked her lips a little.

“Don’t even think about it, Yua. You’re already screwed up enough.”

She moved to rejoin Jin, though in truth, she would much prefer to be learning to surf with Haru.

Haru did his best to support Yua, but it was really hard. Try as much as he might, he couldn’t stop feeling drawn to her. She was damn attractive, and that haughty attitude was something else, even if it was a total contrast to his own happy-go-lucky comic relief personality. Perhaps that was actually what made them gel, in a way. It was wrong, he knew, to fantasise about her so strongly. She was his friend. She was *Aaron*, the one he’d trapped in her because of his own stupid obsession with this game. And now she was forced to seduce the anime protagonist, who was boring as all hell, just to get them out of here. So he put aside his attraction as best as he could to support her, though they often wound up in rather embarrassing and close situations anyway.

The day after the beach episode, Yua managed to drag Jin along for some high-class shopping at her own family-owned stores. He in turn took his best friend Haru, and so the former anime nerd now had front row seats to his busty best friend putting on all sorts of sexy sundresses, fashionable miniskirts and crop tops, and generally looking stylish,

beautiful, and downright sexy. It was going well for Yua, at least, as she was dangerously close to getting a date out of Jin, but then the other girls arrived, ambushing him with their own styles, and Yua was frustrated by their insistence on going out for lunch. In the end, Haru had to help her get out of a particularly tight dress, an embarrassing and strangely intimate moment for both of them.

“Don’t look,” she said. “This doesn’t come with a bra, Haru!”

“I won’t, I swear! I’m not *that* perverted!”

“Oh, please, you very much are! Like I could end up with an unsophisticated man like you, even if you are a little cute, you have no style at all!”

He blushed at this. “Um, maybe you could help me find something that’s not quite so unsophisticated then?”

What followed felt like a little bonus scene out of a dating sim, because Yua actually took it upon herself to style him, updating his shirt into something more befitting a stylish beach session, and then providing him with a new hairstyle as well.

“There you are,” she said, smiling. “Much better! Much more worthy of me!”

She blinked, realising what she had said.

“I mean, in the sense of -”

“I get it, just character stuff,” he said, grinning awkwardly. “I’d better go! This is perhaps a bit too - waggh!”

And then, naturally, he slipped on a loose article of clothing and crashed into a rack of clothing, knocking it all over. Yua could only giggle at this and help extract him.

This was the pattern of things as they went. Yua would get so damn close to pulling Jin, and then the other girls came in and ruined everything, leaving her and Haru to commiserate. But then those little after-failure meetings had a rising tension to them as well; Yua was too good looking, her body too lustful, her haughty attitude hiding this adorable kindness deep down. And Haru, for his part, was constantly looking out for her, always trying to lift her spirits, amuse her, and yet accidentally sparking embers of interest.

It happened at the mall.

It happened at the night festival.

It happened even at the day spa, where the two ended up sharing a hot spring together after Haru slipped and fell out of his towel. The pair were totally naked, and for the first time saw everything of one another. Yua turned bright red.

“My, you are . . . for such an inferior specimen you are . . . quite well-endowed.”

“I, uh, guess that’s part of the joke?”

Yua had to take a deep breath. Her body was *responding* to this man. Hell, for the first time, Jin was free from her thoughts. “That’s hardly a joke to me. I mean, sorry. This

body is so damn lustful. Can you please just get further into the water so I'm not staring at . . . it?"

"Oh, of course!" he said, before slipping in further. Of course, he literally tripped over and landed face first upon her large, bare breasts. She shrieked, pushing him away, getting rid of the surprisingly pleasurable sensations.

"Nope, nope!" she declared, getting out. "This is too weird. Don't look, damn it!"

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I can't help myself, I swear!"

"I know," she replied, getting her towel on, though it struggled to contain her dimensions. "But I can't keep doing this. We . . . there's a chemistry here that is feeling very, very weird, *dude*. I'm meant to have a man's body, Haru. We're meant to be in the *real world*. But if we don't succeed soon, then she'll win."

She pointed out Sashira on the far side of the complex, who was having a massage worked upon her by Jin. It made her boil with jealousy, and yet . . . part of her didn't want to leave Haru. And that was a *problem*.

"We'll win," Haru said. "I know we will. The island dance is coming up, that'll be our key to victory."

"It better be," she proclaimed. "Because I *cannot* be Yua for good!"

Haru retreated back to his room. He had to help Yua prepare. He also seriously had to rub one out, because he couldn't stop thinking of her. And thanks to his rather cheeky new personality, her breasts were perfectly preserved in his memory.

"Sorry, Yua!" he declared to himself. "I just can't stop thinking about those big, beautiful boobs of yours!"

She was in his mind, she was in his body. God, he'd actually put his face against them in the hot springs. It was so wrong, but he needed to deal with this. So he flopped onto the bed, unzipped his pants and then quickly pulled open the drawer beside him to find some hotel tissues or the like to deal with the aftermath.

"At least I've got a big cock now," he mused. "God, I'm such a failure. Masturbating to my own friend. But she's so beautiful. I'd do anything for a woman like that. And sometimes she looks at me and . . . hey, what's this"

His libido began to fade as he beheld a book in the drawer. It was not, as he thought it might be, some kind of spiritual text or amusing little easter egg. Instead, it was something altogether more powerful.

Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend: A Player's Handbook and Guide

Haru's face lit up. He instantly forgot his arousal - well, almost instantly - and sat up, moving straight to the desk in the room so he could read the book. He opened it, and beheld with utter *wonder* everything he and Yua needed to succeed. It had been right here the whole time, and perhaps Yua had one in her room too. Perhaps all 'players' did, if they just knew where to look! It was an easter egg, the best one anybody could find!

Everything was laid out; the pathways for romance options, how to get the various endings. How to unlock the special bikini skins and extra clothing options for various characters, including Yua. He smirked at that, imagining being able to provide her with even sexier styles.

"Holy shit, I can even make her a sexy mermaid! This shit is amazing!"

All the little easter eggs were laid out, all the different interaction options, how to develop the right amount of 'hearts' for Jin, and even the secret endings. He flipped ahead to a crucial chapter: *So You've Been Sucked Into the Game - How To Get Out*. He had the widest grin on his face. It was all going to be okay. Everything was going to be fine! Everything -

Haru paused as he read. No, that couldn't be right. He read the section again, and then the rest of the page, and then the chapter. As he did so, his enthusiasm gave way to concern, and then to fear.

"No, it can't be," he whispered. "It can't be."

He lowered the book and gulped. There was a way out of the game, and they had been pursuing it. By successfully romancing with Jin, one unlocked the ending that allowed one to escape. But it would only allow the individual who romanced him to escape. The other would be stuck here . . . forever.

"Yua will be Aaron again, but I'll never leave," he muttered, the realisation crashing down upon him like a powerful wave upon the beach.

He flicked through more pages, looking over the secret endings. He could help Yua escape, he knew. This was his fault, she deserved to get out. But . . .

"Holy shit," he said, gazing at one of the secret ending pathways. It depicted Yua in a sexy-looking lingerie straddling *him* - Haru - her gaze loving as she looked down upon her new lover. Her breasts hung like overripe fruit, practically escaping from her bra, and he was clearly naked, his impressive member hidden only by the perspective of her body. They were on *her* bed, too, lush and comfortable, silken and perfect. There wasn't just lust in their expressions either. They seemed to be in the very throes of romantic attraction. It was enough to make Haru hard in his pants again. He touched the page, imagining such a future. God, she looked so sexy. So hot. So . . . radiant. And he, in the image, looked like he was her most devout and loving worshipper, intent on pleasing her in every way he could for the rest of his life. He had to take a deep breath to avoid fainting rather comedically, because

such a future was so enticing that he had to remind himself of who Yua truly was. She was meant to be a man, and yet how could anyone like that be anything but a goddess?

“Stop being so horny, Haru!” he told himself. “Focus on what’s important!”

And what was important was clear: there *was* another way. They could end up together. He and Yua. There was attraction, wasn’t there? There was tension, and interest, and they’d come close a few times, perhaps too close. But could Haru do that to his friend, as attractive as she now was?

He gulped again. He had a real choice to make.

And a secret ending to consider.

Part 4

Yua sensed that something was off about her best friend, even more than it had been lately, what with their greatly changed bodies and personalities. He was avoiding her, keeping clear, and often giving her funny looks. She told herself that this was all fine. After all, she was *much* too beautiful and refined for a silly little comedic man like him. She was destined for Jin, to take his body and leave Sashira crying in loneliness. She would be the victor, the glorious fashionista that she was, and then she would be the one to experience Jin, body and soul.

And to escape, of course. That was the whole purpose of this plot, she had to remind herself. They were on a nature walk, and the whole damn horde of ladies were following along: Sashira holding hands with Jin, and Akemi trying to talk about the local biology in her nerdy way, while Rin kept urging people to keep up with her steady athletic pace. It made her seeth, but even as she complained and asked for more rest stops to spend more time with Jin, she kept on looking back at Haru, who was pulling up the rear. His expression was one of serious struggle, with wisps of smoke comically rising from his feet as he tried to keep up.

“Come on, Haru!” she called. “You’ll fall behind, you silly little man!”

He puffed, cheeks totally red to an absurd degree. “You go on ahead! I’ll - *puff* - get there eventually!”

She narrowed her eyes. This seemed fairly typical, but she knew her friend, even in Haru form. Especially in Haru form, in fact. He was capable of absolutely skedaddling in a comedic way when fleeing from a perverted moment, or when sufficiently baited. She lowered herself, presenting her cleavage more obviously, hanging like overripe cantaloupes from her chest and nearly falling out of her white dress.

“Are you sure I can’t convince you to speed up?” she teased, grinning. She told herself that this was just to get him to hurry up, but she couldn’t deny that she *liked* showing herself off to Haru. His gleaming eyes made her feel special, and a little aroused. Not that she’d admit that.

His jaw fell, and his eyes went wide, showing little sparkles in them.

“That’s my funny boy,” she giggled, letting her shoulders shake. “Come to the boobies.”

He reached out like a zombie, fulfilling his comedic role. But then he suddenly stopped and corrected himself. “I - I’m fine! All good! You go on ahead!”

Yua frowned. What was with him? Hell, just a few days ago he’d fallen face first into her tits in the day spa. She’d had some rather lovely dreams about that. Most of the time, her dreams were about Jin, in order to compel her to her end goal. But now, Haru featured in them. Him and that very, very big dick of his.

“What is up with you?” she whispered under her breath, before turning around and hurriedly catching up to Jin. She had a mission to pursue, and if Haru wouldn’t help her, then she’d just make sure to do her part correctly. Still, it burned a little, knowing that Haru was avoiding her for some reason.

Did he no longer think she was pretty?

Haru’s will had to be like iron. Like *steel*. Yua was trying to spend more time with him, but he knew that if they did, they would continue to flirt. He’d probably end up face-first in her breasts yet again due to some humorous accident. They would talk about how attractive they found one another, and their flirting could even bloom into something more . . . real. God, he wanted that. Every fiber of his being lusted after her. But it wasn’t just his perverted, girl-hungry nature (though the compulsions of the narrative definitely meant they were still a big part). No, it was more than that. He liked his friend. He liked the way she giggled at his stupid antics. He admired how well she was coping as the buxom, stylish queen bee of the island. He loved shooting the shit with her, and doing activities with her, spending time with her, and . . . simply looking at her.

But he knew he had to make the right decision. He’d weighed it up for over a full day after the discovery of the *Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend* guidebook. He’d pored over it, looking for more answers, hoping for a third way, but the *So You’ve Been Sucked Into the Game* section only gave the same two options.

Either Yua could escape on her own, having successfully won the game by romancing Jin. This would leave Haru trapped in the game, perhaps forever.

Or they could unlock the secret ending together, by romancing one another and, well, *bedding* on another. Doing this would leave them stuck in the game, but they would get to live out an existence together in one another's company.

It was cruel. It was unfair. It was not at all what Haru had hoped, and yet he couldn't get the image from the book out of his mind, the one where Yua was straddling him, wearing her sexy lingerie, her breasts practically spilling out of the cups. They both looked so happy in that image. Hell, he looked *joyous*, while she looked deeply satisfied. Perhaps a little in control of the romance, not that he would mind that anyway. In fact, it was quite a turn on.

He sat in his room while Jin was reading a book. His 'best friend' had just complained about not knowing which girl to invite to the dance, and had asked him to help him make a choice. Instead of simply suggesting Yua, Haru had done something he already regretted: he'd told Jin that he would have a think about it and do some research for an hour.

"I can't just keep avoiding her," he told himself. "I need to make a decision."

He looked through the guide again. Ultra horny man that he now was, he couldn't keep himself from looking at that image for the bonus secret ending again. The steps were all there. He'd have to invite her to the dance. She would turn him down, expecting him to ask a second time. But before he could, Sashira would make her play, he'd fall over, tripping on something, right into Yua's arms. Then they would dance together, and a blushing romance would finally bloom into something more. The island dance was the key, and he could easily manufacture this change.

"And I wouldn't be alone here," he muttered. "I'd have her. And she'd have me. That wouldn't be the worst, would it?"

He flicked through the numerous fun locations on the island map of Tropic. There were more than enough things to do around the island and in the town of Ocean Tides, enough to fill a lifetime of fun and *pleasure*. And there were also various paths to unlock secret costumes. One had Yua as a gorgeous mermaid propped up on a rock in the waters just beyond the beach, her breasts straining at the little seashell cups, her tail green, her hair luxurious. Another had her as a sexy Santa for Christmas, while apparently visiting a holy shrine on Tropic Mountain in July would give her a shrine maiden appearance and unlock some fun sidequests. There was even a tease that he could unlock a cute kitsune form for her, and it was enough to get him aroused.

"I could have so much fun with her. And she could style me. God knows she liked my big dick. We could please one another. It could work . . ."

But even as he said the words, he knew what he was thinking was wrong. This would be a betrayal. It was him - Mark - who had gotten them into this mess in the first place, and now he was actually thinking about plunging Yua even deeper into it? He'd kept his gender,

but she'd been forced to become a busty beauty who lusted after a boring plain harem anime protagonist. She was suffering a worse burden than him, and it was all his fault.

"No," he told himself. "I can't. I promise you, Yua. I'll get you out of here. I'll set you up with Jin and see you off, no matter if it means me staying here."

He stood up triumphantly, raising his fist to the air.

"And I'll make the hero's sacrifice, as if I were the main chara-"

The door slammed open and Jin stepped in. "Hey, Haru? Made the decision to help me yet?"

Haru leapt up into the air, bonking his head on the ceiling, and then slipped over the book that had fallen onto the floor. He crashed into his friend, cheeks blushing.

"Ugh, y-yeah," he said.

"Classic Haru!" Jin laughed. "Always getting up to no good and being clumsy while doing it. Who should I ask out? I was thinking of Sashira, but Yua is also in my mind. I feel like it's between those two. I need my best friend's help to decide!"

Haru exhaled, his shoulders sagging. Still, he put on an enthusiastic smile for his 'best friend.'

"Jin, what are you talking about? I thought I was supposed to be the silly one, not you! You've known Sashira since you were kids, and she clearly carries a torch for you. But she's like a sister to you! Yua is a real woman. The kind that has a heart of gold buried deep down, and you know it."

"I do. And yet . . . Sashira is so kind to me. I think she really likes me, Haru."

"But is 'like' enough? She's had years to ask you out, and vice-versa. Yua is the one for you. You've got to ask her out, and then if she doesn't agree straight away, perhaps then it's time for Sashira. How about that?"

He jabbed his friend in the chest, delivering the line with as much cheese and corn as it deserved. Sure enough, it worked, because Jin hugged his friend.

"You're right, of course! How could I have not seen it! Shoot, the island dance is about to begin. Let's head there now. Yua's family runs the whole thing, so I have no doubt she'll be there. Thank you, Haru!"

Yua was all dressed up to the nines. She knew that this was her last chance to entice Jin and win this thing for Haru and her. And yet her friend had done his best to avoid her. Well, not anymore. At the very least, she was going to make damn sure that the cute - hell, the *attractively cute* - comedy sidekick that her friend had become got to see her. She was wearing a gorgeous and classy red dress that hugged her perfect figure. It left her shoulders

bare, the strength of the dress just managing to hold her breasts up, pushing them up so they were like wonderfully full globes on her chest. They jiggled with her movements, her cleavage deep and alluring. A slit down one side of her dress exposed her delicious leg, and the dress was backless, to the point where she wasn't sure in the real world it would even be physically possible for it to stay on properly. Thankfully, they were in Tropicopolis, in the dating sim of *Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend*, where physics came second to classic anime tropes. With her diamond necklace, her long red gloves going almost to her elbows, her tall red heels, and her styled hair falling in waves over one shoulder, she looked like a crossover between Jessica Rabbit and a Japanese fantasy girlfriend. Despite her initial revulsion at her body, she found herself exceptionally smug about how damn stylish, beautiful, and hot as hell she looked. In fact, she'd posed numerous times in the mirror, admiring her body, and not just because of the narrative compulsion upon her. She knew she was supposed to wait for the island dance festival for any romantic overtures to occur, but she decided to be ambitious and get in early. Besides, she wanted to confront her friend.

"You can't avoid me forever, Haru," she muttered as her heels clip-clopped upon the ground on her approach to Jin's house. "I'll make sure you don't. You're going to help me, and even more, you're going to *admire me*."

She knocked upon the door, and it opened at her touch.

"Hello!" she said in her haughty voice. "I just thought I'd drop in. After all, Jin, the island dance is about to begin soon, and you *still* haven't asked me out. The poor other girls think they still have a chance, so you'd better be quick. Oh, and why not bring out Haru? I'm sure he can help me make sure this dress is adjusted well to your tastes!"

The last part she'd thrown in despite herself. She didn't want to admit it, but she *really* wanted Haru to see her like this. After his face had been in her breasts and his eyes had wandered her form numerous times already, surely he couldn't resist seeing her at her most glorious yet?

"Jin?" she asked, entering the room. "Haru? Haru? C'mon, buddy. It's me, Yua! I'm looking very fucking hot right now! I mean, you just won't be able to resist me! Are you still getting dressed up? I bet you're looking quite cute yourself. Did the gentleman have to lean right or left when it came to your trouser measurements?"

She giggled a little, remembering how damn well-endowed her friend was now. It made her nipples throb a little, and she had to grab the top of her dress and pull it up a little. She suspected she'd be doing that all night to stop any wardrobe malfunctions.

"Haru?"

No one was home. They must have left already. God, perhaps they were on their way to her palatial home! She had to hurry!

But just as she was turning, she saw that the door to Haru's room was open, giving her a peek inside. She couldn't help herself. Had Haru been hiding something? Slowly, she stepped inside, her hips swaying hypnotically from side to side, her chest pushed out thanks to the position her body naturally took while in high heels. The room was mostly bare, but for some surfing posters and, surprisingly, some printed photos of him and Yua together. One had them relaxing in their towels at the spa, another of them looking puffed on a walk, and one was a simple smiling selfie, her height meaning that her left breast was pressing up against his cheek. The sight made her chuckle.

"Oh, Haru. You could make a woman like me very happy."

She said it almost wistfully, imagining something she knew she shouldn't. Could they? What if they were stuck like this? What if she and Haru just shared one little kiss? One moment of connection before they escaped? Would that be so bad?

But then her attention fell upon the book on the floor. She cocked her head, looking at it.

"*Finding My Right Beach Girlfriend: A Player's Handbook and Guide*," she said. "Wait . . . what?"

She sat on Haru's bed and opened the book, looking through it. Instantly, her previous thoughts disappeared as her attention was taken up by the text. The book had guides on locations, easter eggs, fast travel routes, how to unlock recipes, how to catch all two-hundred and forty three kinds of sea life and then unlock the five mega-fish of the region. All of it. It was a total game manual, and it covered each of the relationships and how to end up with Jin. There was even a perfect damn guide on how Yua could end up with Jin.

"That fucker!" she cursed. "That ridiculous little man who is so - so - so beneath my station! He was holding out on me!"

But then the next section caught her interest: *So You've Been Sucked Into the Game - How To Get Out*. With eyes wide, the blonde-haired beauty flicked through the pages, taking it all in. Slowly, her jaw dropped.

"Only I can get out," she whispered. "And if I don't . . ."

She turned the page to the secret ending, and then she squeaked, almost dropping the book. There was a large image of her straddling Haru's form, smiling deliciously upon him while she wore her laciest lingerie. The very sight made her feel aroused and confused and disgusted and embarrassed and . . . a great deal of many other things as well.

"A secret ending?" she whispered. "Me and him . . . together?"

It boggled her mind, as did the numerous sexy outfits that could be unlocked in the 'post-game content.'

"What the hell, I can become a mermaid? This is just bananas! Wait . . . if he knew this, and didn't tell me . . ."

She went back to the guide, looking up how Jin could end up with Sashira. He would have to ask Yua out, and then she would reject him, trying to play hard to get. But then Sashira would swoop in, leaving her on the sidelines . . . and allowing the secret ending to occur.

“That fucking ratbag!” she declared. “That insolent little pervert! He’s going to game the system. He’s going to make me his conquest! Well, we’ll see about *that*! I know how to win the game now, Haru. And if you’re going to betray me, then I’ll make sure you get stuck here, while I end up free.”

She grabbed the book and put it in her purse, then stormed out of the house and headed up the street to where the festival was already starting. Yua didn’t have much time. She had to look her best, be her best, and snag Jin.

“It’s your own fault, Haru,” she told herself, walking with determination. “You put me here in this ridiculous female body. You won’t get to keep me here with you. It’s time for this gorgeous gyaru to get out of here!”

She narrowed her eyes, moving towards the island dance, to the conclusion of this dating sim where everything would be decided. She had no idea that Haru was already trying to help get her free at the cost of his own future, and yet her eyes filled with tears anyway.

“D-damn you, Haru,” she said, swallowing down the pain that was now festering in her heart. “If only you’d told me. I wouldn’t have left you. I never would have left you.”

She pushed the pain down, trying her best to ignore it. Yua had an anime protagonist to romance, and a secret ending to avoid. And an image of her and Haru together, happy and loving and lustful, to purge from her mind.

So why was that last part so damn hard?

Part 5

The island dance had begun. The festival spanned the entire length of the beach and then up into the main thoroughfare where all the small shops and stalls ran its length. Beautiful sunny lanterns contrasted against the lustrous evening sky, and the smell of food and drink was in the air. People were dressed up for good times, but many of them wore leis or other flowery adornments. The women bared their midriffs for the most part, their festival clothing like gorgeous saris, though a few wore delicate, island-themed kimonos.

Yua was one of them, though she’d made sure that her silvery, lunar-themed kimono was quite revealing, with a plunging neckline and a short hem that revealed her luscious

thighs. She couldn't take one step without her large breasts bouncing noticeably upon her chest, and a number of young men were getting bleeding noses just staring at her large tits.

"Eyes up here, peasants!" she said with scorn, pointing to her piercing eyes.

"Besides, none of you are worthy of me! I'm here to capture one man and one man only!"

Her target was in sight, right at the park adjacent to the beach, where musicians played upon a stage and the lanterns and decorations were hung most intricately. The place looked gorgeous and more than a little romantic. Numerous couples were already swaying to the music, or gathering food to eat together. Naturally, Jin's destined childhood friend-to-lover Sashira had already gotten some snacks and was passing them to Jin. Her cute face was showing all the classic signs of nervous infatuation, and being an anime character her cheeks were blushing every time he so much as looked at her and smiled. But he seemed to be looking elsewhere, as if searching for somebody. Perhaps it was the nerdy Akemi, or maybe athletic Rin who would be competing in the beach race soon, no doubt. It didn't matter; Yua was determined that it would be *her*, not anybody else.

"I'm sorry Haru," she said to herself, a tremor of horrible guilt passing through her. "But you betrayed me. Betrayed *me*, the most stylish, glamorous, and superior woman on this island! I won't be manipulated into staying with you, no matter how glorious that image looked . . . even if I do look *darling* as a mermaid and a kitsune. No! Don't think about that, Yua. Think about how you're going to get your life back!"

She marched forward. She knew from the manual how this went. Jin would spend some time with her, leaving Sashira behind. They would vibe, and he would ask her to be his date and dance with her. At this point, she would haughtily reject him, hoping to play hard-to-get. But Jin was too good for that, and the wounded man would return to Sashira, who would cheer him up, at which point he would fall fully and irreversibly in love with his childhood best friend.

"All you have to do, Yua, is say 'yes' when he asks the first time. Swallow your damn *ojou* pride and win this thing!"

She reached Jin and Sashira, and she butted in, stepping right in front of the shorter girl and looking at the incredibly plain yet somehow irresistible man before her.

"Hey!" Sashira whined, but Yua paid her no heed.

"Jin!" she declared, flicking her hand through her long hair. "Imagine seeing you here! I thought you would have been walking down the beach with Rin or looking at the museum display with Akemi. How fortunate I am to see you here instead."

His eyes focused on her breasts for a moment, and she was filled with smug pride. She gave a polite cough, and he looked up, blushing a little.

"Yua!" he exclaimed. "I was looking for you in the crowd. I'm very happy to see you. I wasn't sure if you were coming."

Yua noticed a figure in the distance over Jin's shoulder. It was Haru, watching from the bushes, though he kept stumbling about in them and tripping over, which almost made her giggle.

"Of course I was going to come," she said with a smile. "The elite of the island should be here to patronise it. Besides . . . I was hoping to see you again. Do you mind if I borrow him for a moment, Sashira?"

"Actually, I-"

"Marvellous. Walk with me, Jin!"

He took her arm eagerly, even more than the manual said he would, and this surprised her. She took a moment to smile, admiring his . . . well, okay, he was *very* average and stock-standard as far as protagonists went, but that didn't matter. So long as he was utterly magnetic to her and she could complete her planned task, she could escape. Yes, it meant having sex. It meant letting him fuck her inside the grandest parade float that she herself had commissioned, a delightfully ironic and taboo climax to their tale. But it *would* work, and she could go back to the life she'd had before. Once more, the former man caught sight of Haru trying to sneakily watch her progress. His bumbling comedic nature meant that he was colliding into people and tripping over feet as he tried to follow them through the crowded festival. She stuck her tongue out at him and then smiled victoriously.

"You aren't going to win, Haru," she whispered.

"What was that?" Jin asked.

"Oh, I just meant . . . where is Haru?"

"I'm not sure. He said he had something to take care of, and make sure it went down right tonight. No idea what that means, though!"

He chuckled, and she giggled along, though the joy of the laughter didn't reach her eyes. "I think I have an idea. Quite the sneak, your friend. Come, let us enjoy the festivities! Walk me along the beach!"

She did so, though she kept turning her head to follow Haru's progress. He had disappeared from view for now, but occasionally she caught sight of him. The waves were lovely as they crashed upon the beach, and she was arm-in-arm with the protagonist of this dating sim. Still, something felt like it was missing. Yes, she felt a compulsion to please him, to be interested in him, but at the same time, Yua couldn't stop thinking about her best friend. His cute smile, the way he'd looked out for her, and, to be honest, the knowledge that he had a very impressive specimen between his legs. Besides, he made her laugh, and they had so much in common.

"Stay on target," she told herself, before pressing up against Jin more.

"Do you have a question to ask me?" she asked, her heart starting to beat a little more heavily in her chest.

"Well, I do, actually," Jin said. He went red in the cheeks again, clearly nervous. "It's just, I don't technically have a date for the dance in a few minutes, and it's such a rite of passage for the island. The last few weeks, I've been surrounded by amazing women. But you, Yua, have stood out above the rest. Behind that elite exterior I know you to be a sensitive and loving woman."

She bit her lip, hearing these words. Her breasts rose and fell with her every breath, her existence hinging on what happened next.

"And I want to ask you, right now, if you'll go out with me. As my date. As my girlfriend."

"Oh, Jin, of course—"

He held up a hand. "But just a moment, before you answer. You see, Haru told me something."

She narrowed her eyes. "Did he now?"

"Yes, he told me that you would reject me."

Yua paused. What was his game?

"He said that."

"Yes," Jin said. "He coached me, since you two know each other so well and spend so much time together. Truth be told, I thought you *were* dating. You'd be a cute couple!"

Yua swallowed. She knew they would. She'd been feeling attraction to Haru for too long now, and could imagine doing all sorts of things to him.

"But he told you otherwise?" she said, voice cracking a little. She looked around, trying to spot Haru. He was in the trees where the beach rose up to become a grassy bank. He was watching, but . . . his expression was not one of joy or victory. It was . . . sad. Well-meaning. Compassionate. There wasn't even any comedy occurring to him to lighten the general mood.

"Yes, he told me that I should not accept your rejection, and that this was just your way. Haru said, if you'll excuse me, that you like to play hard to get, and for men to pursue you. But I *will* get the wrong idea if you reject me, because I'm not good with this sort of thing. So if you truly want me, then please, answer honestly. Haru said you wanted to be with me and that we should date."

"B-but what about Sashira?"

"Funny, Haru also made me see the light there, too. Sashira is more like a sister to me! You're the woman I want to be with. So . . . would you like to be my date?"

Yua suddenly found it hard to breathe. Her stomach was full of butterflies for this man, but her mind was swirling, making her feel faint. Haru hadn't betrayed her. He'd done just the opposite; he was *trying* to get her out? No, that couldn't be. She knew him back

when he was Mark. He'd never been this selfless before, even though he'd been a good friend. She must have been missing an angle.

"Um, are you going to answer?" Jin asked.

Yua realised she'd left the man hanging. She calmed her expression and smiled radiantly. "Oh, well I *suppose* I can deign to enjoy your presence for the night and . . . yes. Yes, I'd very much like that, Jin. If I'm not too *haughty* for you."

He chuckled. "Not too haughty indeed. Shall we dance?"

She placed her arm in his, pressing herself up against him so that her right boob rubbed against his side, making her murmur under her breath from arousal. Dating sims could be damn horny, and this experience was no exception. They moved back to the park where the romantic music was starting to play, and the couples were gathering for the traditional Tropico Island dance for the people of Ocean Tides. Rin was already there, looking surly as she had to make do with dancing with a male member of the track team. Akemi was being chatted up by several nerds like her, though her gaze focused on Jin as he passed. Lastly, there was Sashira, who had no one. She stood by the side, clapping as couples entered for the dance, but her smile clearly failed to hide her inner turmoil. Yua experienced a spark of guilt for taking the girl's canon love interest, but then her gaze swept to Haru, who moved over to Sashira.

Ah, this was his game. *Sabotage*. He'd be whispering something to Sashira and-

"What?" Yua said out loud. "Haru is taking Sashira out for a dance?"

Jin looked over to the pair as they joined hands behind them, entering the traditional dance space. "So they are. Good on them! Ah, doesn't Sashira look beautiful?"

"She does," Yua said. "I mean, I suppose she does. But you're not meant for her! You're meant for me! Now dance, darling!"

They did so, moving slowly and romantically together. Yua used all her new feminine wiles that she'd been honing during her weeks here in this dating sim. She made sure to position herself to show off her fantastic cleavage, and let her legs brush up against his when slow dancing. A kiss was coming, she just knew it, and it would be the prelude to the big event. The standard sex scene. She found herself almost looking forward to it.

"Kiss me," she said, practically purring the words.

Jin was startled. "I - I would like that very much. You don't want to wait for the end of the song?"

She saw that Haru and Sashira were dancing closely, clearly about to sabotage them.

"Right now," she said. "Kiss me now. I want you, Jin. A woman like me, wanting a man like you, in a moment like this. You should kiss me."

He did so, planting his lips upon hers. She closed her eyes, moaning softly and perhaps even a little submissively despite her fiery nature. And yet, what she imagined was not Jin's lips on hers, no matter how hard she tried. Somewhere along the journey, she had managed to overcome her compulsions. Now . . . she imagined Haru kissing her. Holding her. Making passionate love to her.

Fucking her.

She pulled back from Jin, that faint spell coming over her again.

"Yua, are you okay?"

"Of - of course," she said, before correcting her posture. "Darling, I'm more than okay, I'm *brilliant*. I just . . . need to talk to Haru for a moment. Gimme a tick!"

She ran over to the other couple, stumbling a bit in her heels. Haru was looking at her with alarm, and he too pulled away from his dance partner Sashira.

"Yua, what are you doing?" he said. "You're meant to be with Jin right now!"

She slapped him across the cheek, causing Sashira to squeak in the background.

"Bakka! You found the manual, didn't you? You're rigging what happens tonight!"

Haru gulped in that comedic way, and a large bead of sweat dripped down his forehead. "I - yeah. I did. Oops. You weren't supposed to find it."

Yua crossed her arms beneath her magnificent bust. "You moron! You - you silly little man! You would cross *me*!? Why did you hide this!?"

"Because I got you into this mess," he proclaimed. "And you deserve to leave it. If you don't end up with Jin, then you have to stay."

She paused. "But . . . there's that bonus ending."

Haru blushed and scratched the back of his head sheepishly. "Look, I examined that picture thoroughly. Whoo boy, I would be lying if I said I wasn't intrigued, Yua. I've . . . I've really come to have feelings for you. Strong, strong feelings. But that would be selfish and wrong. You deserve to leave."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

He threw out his arms. "Because if I did, you'd try to stay, or find another way! If I kept it a secret, I could get you out of here, at least."

The other shoe dropped, and Yua realised that her entire understanding of the situation had been exactly the reverse of what had been going on. She sniffled, tears brimming in her eyes, her heart becoming a warm, beating essence within her as her feelings for this silly, funny, cute and *devoted* man rose up once more.

"You . . . you were trying to save me. You'd give up your future . . . for me?"

Haru smiled awkwardly. "Like I said, I've got strong feelings for you, Yua."

"But that secret ending-"

"Wouldn't be something I deserved if I didn't do my best to save you. You're my best friend, Yua. You always have been, and now I . . . look, you need to get back to Jin and hurry up and kiss him before-"

But Yua was already grabbing the short little man and pulling him up against her, leaning down to kiss him passionately. Sashira gasped. Jin gasped. And seemingly the entire crowd joined in with them as the most unlikely pair on the island came together.

"I'd say we've earned our secret ending," Yua whispered as they looked deeply into one another's eyes. "Wouldn't you?"

Part 6

Haru was stunned. He could scarcely believe it, to the point where it took a moment for him to kiss Yua back when she placed her lips upon his. They were soft, softer than he had imagined them being, and she clung to him passionately. He had dreamed of this - oh, he had dreamed of this! - but he had always cursed himself for it, and blamed it on being turned into a horny comedic relief character.

But now, when Yua pulled back and asked him that question, he found himself without words. He was ingesting the fact that this was truly real. His best friend was actually proposing that they stay in this visual novel, on this island, and get their secret ending. Their rather hot, sex-filled ending.

"Yua," he said, even as she played with his hair, pushing a loose strand behind his ear. She was taller than him, looking down in such a way that made him want her to dominate his body. He pushed away that feeling. "Yua! You can't mean that. Look! Jin just saw you kiss me, we can play it off that I did it. Slap me or something and-"

But Yua just groaned and rolled her eyes in an imperious manner. "*Bakka!* For God's sake, I don't want that boring anime protagonist. I'm finally snapping out of the programming now that Sashira has run to him. See?"

Indeed, the cute girl-next-door archetype was already standing beside Jin, her hand reaching slowly for his as they watched the spectacle of the excitable, silly Haru and the gorgeous, stylish, and very haughty Ojou archetype Yua hold one another.

"You - you really mean that?" Haru said. "I mean - whoa!"

He slipped on something beneath his foot - some kind of advertisement flyer for this very festival - and immediately landed with his face in her breasts. Yua, to his surprise, actually giggled as he was muffled by her comically large and wonderfully soft breasts.

“Oh, you are so ridiculous, Haru! And the best part is, despite becoming such a princessy bitch of an anime girl, *I find it really fucking cute*. Come here, you. How else can I convince you that I want *you*?”

She set him free and kissed him again, and this time Haru didn't fight it. He went up on his toes to embrace her fully, and she bent over a little, allowing their passion to continue. Slowly, nervously, his arms encircled her tight waist, and she in turn placed her hands upon his cheeks, not allowing him to escape even as she slid her tongue into his mouth and he slid his into hers. She made a low moan in response, and then, finally, they both withdrew. A new impulse hit Haru, and he could see it enter into Yua as well, because the pair pressed their foreheads together, both smiling and giggling like they were silly little schoolchildren just discovering a class crush for the first time.

“This is - wow, I don't even know what to say!” Haru declared.

“That's so very easy, darling,” Yua replied with a snobbish giggle. “You ask me to dance with you. To be *your date* instead of Jin. And then you sweep me off my damn feet so everyone here knows who's the *real* centre of attention, hmm?”

An onrush of confidence hit Haru. Yua wanted him. Yua wanted *him*. This was no trick, this was no compulsion he had to free his friend from. They were a matched pair, and they had damn well earned their secret ending.

“Yua,” he said. “I'm a silly, clumsy guy. I'm short and not exactly handsome, but you're my best friend in the world, and now you're the most elegant, beautiful, intelligent, stylish, witty, and amazing woman in the world. And . . . and if you truly want me, and I think you know I've got feelings for you, then I'd ask you to be my date tonight. To be, well, my girlfriend!”

Sashira gasped. Akemi the nerd and Rin the athletic girl likewise showed shock. But Jin actually grinned broadly and gave a thumbs up to his friend.

“You go, buddy!”

Yua grinned. She felt a shiver of delight run through her. She had this man wrapped around her finger, just as she was now wrapped around his. The buxom beauty refused to escape if her friend couldn't come with her, and who really cared about escaping, when a far better and *sexier* future lay upon the horizon, one with the person she loved most in the world?

“Haru,” she said in her regal voice. She planned a hand over her chest, acting surprised and dramatic for all the cameras now taking photos and videos of her. “I would be *delighted* to be your girlfriend. I accept your proposal. Now . . . take me to the dance floor so that everyone knows Yua and Haru are this island's most glamorous new couple!”

Haru took her hand, kissed it like a gentleman, then kissed up her arm in a way that made the crowd laugh, Yua included.

“Oh, just wait until you see *my* moves,” he said. “You might regret this bonus ending.”

“Never,” Yua proclaimed, and then the pair kissed again as the crowd erupted into applause. The former man noticed out of the corner of her eye that Jin and Sashira were dipping out together, presumably to have their own romantic ending. Good.

The narrative may have been about them, but now this night was hers and Haru’s.

The hotel suite was waiting for them. It wasn’t hard for Yua to book it - half the island belonged to her family, after all, and most of the population of Ocean Tides were still out at the festival, celebrating and getting drunk or commiserating on not getting the guy, as was the case for Akemi and Rin. Somewhere out there, Yua knew, Jin and Sashira were finishing their plotline together. She could see it in her mind’s eye: it would be a beach scene at night, beneath a brilliant starry sky, the party little more than a light in the distance and an afterecho of celebrations. Here Sashira would confess her love to Jin, and he would realise she was the one for him, and then they would make love on the beach together, the eroticism turning up another notch as she spread her legs right there in the sand.

Yuck!

Yua would never allow her delicate body to be treated as such on the *sand*. It was coarse, rough, and goodness knows it would get *everywhere*. Sandy vaginas were a no go, even a former male such as herself was aware of that. Far better to book the finest suite at the finest resort hotel, and drag her new boyfriend by the hand up to the room. Haru followed her like a lovesick puppy, and indeed had heart symbols in his eyes and a nosebleed that kept exploding like crazy whenever she turned to face him and struck a sexy pose with her breasts jutting out proudly.

“S-sorry!” he exclaimed once the effect disappeared again, the blood likewise dissipated. “It’s just an anime trope! You’re too hot, Yua! It’s blowing my mind away!”

“Oh, I know. I’m actually liking how I do it, Haru. I think I’m going to have a lot of fun with you . . . right here!”

She opened the door and literally *pushed* the smaller man into the room before locking it behind her. She strode in, letting her gorgeous dress show off all of her curves. Her Ojou instincts allowed her to do so stylishly and sexy, her movements practically sashaying her hips, her breasts jiggling at the same time, threatening to spill out of the tight cups. With a shake of her head, her hair spilled over her shoulders, and with a practised movement she’d intended to use on Jin, Yua lowered one strap down her shoulder, making it appear as if the dress was about to fall off her at any second.

Haru's jaw fell. The man was already aroused, but now he was tenting in his pants so hard that they literally ripped in two, revealing a most impressive member that made Yua pause and gape in turn. She blinked twice, then gulped at the sight of it.

"Well . . . you really are big in one particular place, aren't you?"

Haru grinned sheepishly, red patches suddenly appearing on his cheeks and a single fat bead of sweat symbolising his nervousness sliding down his left temple.

"Um, I guess it's one good thing about being the comic relief, huh?"

Yua regained her sense of control. She strode a little more forward and leaned over, allowing her breasts to nearly spill out of her dress. She cupped them in her hands, jiggling them deliberately right in Haru's face. His sudden amazement almost made her giggle.

"Well, I can think of *two* good things about being the wealthy seductress of the island, hm? How about we get to know the big parts of each other, alongside all the other bits?"

Haru exhaled sharply, eyes glued to her tits, which she realised she utterly loved. He was practically hypnotised!

"That . . . you're definitely sure about thi-"

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" she said, pushing him back on the bed. Yua began to slide out of her dress, casting it aside to reveal the incredibly sexy lingerie beneath, the same one from the image they'd both seen of their secret ending.

"I want to fuck you and fuck you *hard*, Haru. So pull down your pants and let's both get the ending we want and deserve. I love you, man! I'm a haughty, busty anime girl, and I'm head over heels right now. So stop asking if I'm okay with it, and instead make me start *moaning* already, or I'll boss you around until you do!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

It was a recreation of that saucy image they had both seen. Yua positioned her body over Haru, and she straddled him, sitting on his lap as he lay back, feeling his hardness between her thighs. She gripped his shoulders, leaning forward and flicking her hair to one side in a deeply sexual manner. Her heart still beat nervously, but the arousal she felt was stronger, and her friend looked so damn cute; she wanted to gobble him right up. This wasn't even getting into how fucking *hot* it was to feel his hard sausage rubbing against her crotch.

"Do you like what you see, Haru?" she teased in a sultry voice. She shook her shoulders a little, causing her massive mammaries to wobble right before his eyes. She knew she was driving him wild, and doing so was driving *her* wild now, too.

"Holy shit, yes," he said. "*Hai. Hai.* Very turned on! Yua, your body is incredible. Can I say that? I'm not sexualising you by-"

She lowered herself and kissed him, moaning into his mouth as her breasts nearly spilled from her cups, rubbing against his chest in a way that left her nipples exposed and stiff with horny need.

“Sexualise me all you want, little man,” she told him. “Turnabout is fair play, because I want you to take your damn clothes off already.”

He gripped them, grinned, and then literally *shredded* his shirt apart. The remnants of his shorts likewise were flung to the edges of the room, a display of superstrength that fit a comedic anime sensibility. Yua actually giggled, then licked her lips.

“Fuck, that was actually hot. Jin would never do that.”

“Well, I guess you chose right, then?”

“Let’s find out. My damn pussy is getting so wet, man. I’m still a little nervous, but I want this. And don’t forget, I’m a real princessy type. I *expect* you to please me.”

“O-okay! Pleasing you, that I can do!”

Haru answered that call. He gripped her and kissed her, taking more of an initiative even as she gyrated on top of him. She licked her left nipple, extracting a delicate sigh from her, and with greater courage he actually cupped her breasts, squeezing them together and groping the sensitive flesh upon her chest. Yua let loose a delightful moan, enjoying the way he clearly worshipped her tits.

“So big, aren’t they? Too big.”

“No way, they’re exactly the right size, Yua. Let me show you.”

He deftly removed her bra, and it snapped off dramatically, flinging off and covering Haru’s face - one cup over each eye. The pair of them laughed at this, but it was only an incitement to further passion: they kissed and felt one another, her lowering to let her breasts hang and slide across his chest. He wobbled her breasts, kissed them, then lowered his hands to grip her hips and feel her soft ass. They were both gyrating by this point, and the foreplay was driving her libido to crazy levels.

“I need my underwear off!” she exclaimed. “I need you in me, Haru! Now, man! And don’t hold back just because I - ahhh - used to be a mere man! I’m a luscious, beautiful elite now! I expect you to service me I-like a queen!”

She said this as she slid out of her underwear and threw it off of the side of the bed. She gripped his cock, amazed that she was holding a real - and massive - dick in her hands, and then placed it at her entrance, rubbing against her wet vulva.

“You’re amazing, Yua,” Haru said. “You’re incredible! I promise I’ll make this life worth it!”

“You b-better,” she moaned, biting her lower lip to stop herself from making so many sounds. “Because a woman of my status deserves it! Now, fuck me!”

With that, she guided him in. Instantly, her body went rigid. Her eyes went wide, and she shuddered as he entered further, further, further into her body. With each inch he advanced she let loose a little squeak, barely holding together as the alien sensation grew. It was foreign. It should have felt wrong. But it was also heavenly. There was a brief bite of

pain as her hymen tore, but even that lasted so little, especially when her bliss bloomed yet further. Every nerve in her pussy was stimulated, lighting up inside of her as Haru's dick rubbed against her wet tunnel.

"Ohhhhhh, d-don't stop! It f-feels weird and strange but - but so good!"

Haru grinned. "I'm g-glad. My body could be a bit taller and manlier, but I sure don't mind how much I'm packing!"

She moaned again, raising her head up to the sky as she began to slowly raise and lower herself upon him, his hands upon her hips helping stimulate the motion.

"Ahhhh - oh God! Me either! You're s-so big and - mhmhm - I only want the biggest and finest things! Ahhhh . . . can we g-go faster?"

They did, accelerating their lovemaking and diversifying it as well. She continued to work with his movements so that his gigantic cock slid almost entirely out of her passage before plunging all the way back in. It was driving the pair of them wild, but thanks to her greater height she was able to lower herself, kiss him in a highly erotic fashion, and then straighten back so that her giant bust was right in his face. Haru had never experienced such a heavenly moment before; her boobs pressed against his features, and he took the time to alternate sucking on each nipple, leaving her gasping for more. Then he squeezed her ass, fingers sinking into the flesh of her rear, and fucked her harder. He had never had sex like this - and never imagined having it with a woman so fine. He thrust harder and harder, and soon Yua was wailing, her voice high and without shame, any reservations over her new status lost in the void of unending joy.

"I'm close! I'm going to c-cum! Haru, you're m-making me cum!"

"Do it!" he proclaimed. "I'm about to - to blow!"

She came first, and explosively at that. The experience of having her friend's long, hard dick thrusting up inside her female plumbing was simply too powerful to resist, nor did she want to resist it.

"Ohhhhhh, yesss! Mhmm! NGHH!!"

She cried out again as the next orgasm hit her, and the next. She gripped Haru's waist with her thighs, and that was enough to send him over the edge as well. He squeezed her breasts as he came, ejaculating deep inside his friend-turned-lover. Rivers of jizz erupted from the fountain that was his penis, flooding into the unbelievably sexy woman.

"Yes!" she cried, eyes now closed as she thrust out her chest and raised her face to the heavens. "Put it all inside me! Don't s-stop c-cumming!"

"I can't! I - aghhhh!"

He roared, and for once no comedic moment ruined their fun. They seemed to orgasm together for entire minutes until finally she collapsed upon him, practically

suffocating him in her divine cleavage. They stayed in that position for some time until finally Haru spoke, though his voice was only a muffle.

“What was that?” she said, raising herself up a little, and letting him take in the view of Yua as a goddess.

Haru blushed and grinned as he looked up at her. “So, uh, does this make us boyfriend and girlfriend now?”

Yua smirked and crossed her arms beneath her plump breasts. “I don’t know . . . you’re a very odd individual. Not exactly an elite individual like myself. But . . . why don’t you ask me out? Right now, in fact.”

Haru blinked. “Um, will you be my girlfriend?”

The former man lowered herself, letting her breasts drape lovingly against the man she’d just fucked, and then kissed him tenderly on the lips.

“Look who just unlocked his secret ending?” she whispered.

“Maybe it’s not an ending,” Haru noted as they held one another naked in bed. “Maybe it’s a new beginning?”

Yua smiled in her regal way, running her fingers over Haru’s chest. “I like that. Besides, we haven’t had a proper date just yet.”

The pair laughed together, kissing some more, embracing now as full lovers. And for the first time, they both found themselves eagerly looking forward to this new anime life that awaited them. The dating sim was over, but the entire island in all its bounties and excitement awaited them in the changed existence. And they would do it together, hand-in-hand, for as many years, decades, or perhaps even centuries they had in this timeless game space.

Besides, there were still dozens upon dozens of other game secrets for them to uncover. Haru was keen on seeing Yua in that mermaid skin, and she was keen to see his muscular variant. And that was just the start.

Because a year later the game expansion landed.

The End