

Harem Island (TG RC Commission)

By FoxFace

An Anonymous Commission

Ben and Paul are two ordinary men who share nothing alike except that they were in the wrong place at the wrong time when a bus careened off course, killing them instantly. Both men are shocked to wake up in another life, in a world in which they are suddenly beautiful women on a paradise island. But as they grapple with their new feminine lives, Ben and Paul start to realise that this new paradise has strange rules, and that their lives are being railroaded to follow story-like conventions. And at the centre of these compulsions is a cute and nervous man they both feel utterly lusty in the presence of . . .

Harem Island

It was an ordinary day, neither sunny nor rainy, neither warm nor cold, neither bustling nor empty of activity. I was standing by the side of the busy street, waiting for the pedestrian light to go green. On the other side, a couple of cute girls that looked to be twenty or twenty one, about my age, were giggling and chatting on their phones. I thought I recognised them from college, but then there were plenty of pretty women from there, and as a guy currently between relationships, it was easy to slip into that mindset where every nice looking girl in your immediate radius could hold some prospective connection. Pretty pathetic, I know. If my parents were still around, they'd probably say something like "oh for goodness' sake Isaac, get your head in the game and just go talk to one of them! Stop living in a world of imagination!"

It was hard not to. I had never been the tallest dude, or the buffest, or the funniest. I wasn't a dweeb or anything, though I had always loved anime and manga. No, I had always just sort of been 'that ordinary guy', like a background character: brown hair, ordinary male face, average body, stock standard caucasian look. At a party, there were likely anywhere between three to five of people that looked just like me at any given time. It was something I reflected on often, whenever I saw a beautiful woman and realised why her sweet smile was never actually in my direction. It made me wish I was lusted after by *someone!*

There was a sudden ringing, and I realised the pedestrian light had finally gone green. I pulled my head back into reality, stepping forward onto the road, on towards the city

centre to get a new pair of shoes. I flashed a look at the girls as they passed me, and gave them a warm smile. They were indeed my fellow college peers, and I hoped they would recognise me. True to my previous thoughts, they didn't, and instead walked right on by.

Right into a man in a business suit heading the other way.

We crashed into each other, and his briefcase split open, causing sheets to go everywhere. It surprised me enough that I fell to the ground. The girls I had been checking out giggled at the sight and kept walking while I scraped myself off the street. I was overcome with irritation.

"What the hell is your problem, dude?" I yelled, feeling the hot blood rise to my cheeks. I had always had a bit of an outburst problem.

"Oh, I'm so, so sorry!" the man said back. He would have been in his early forties, judging from his slightly wrinkled eyes and balding head. He was pudgy, with a doughy expression and two beady eyes. "I didn't even see you there! I feel awful!"

"Yeah, well, just watch out next time," I said weakly, realising he wasn't exactly the most confident of people. In fact, he had a sort of sad aura to him. "Fuck, look, I'm sorry man. Lemme help you with that."

He looked a little beleaguered, like a puppy that had been kicked. "No, it's fine! It was my fault. I can be such a stupid dummy sometimes."

He went back to retrieving his paper, and I couldn't help but think this guy must have been the universe's doormat at some point, and it left a lasting impression. I gave a bit of a chuckle and set work helping him.

"Look, I bumped into you as well, man. It's the least I can do for being a total clutz."

I bent down to help him, and he seemed appreciative.

"My name is Paul," he said.

"Ben," I replied, shaking his hand with a smile. If there was one thing going for me, at least, it was that I had always had a decent way with people, even if I was forgettable. 'A good smile can get you far,' my Mom had often said.

I shook his hand, and we exchanged a grin.

Then we were hit by an eighteen wheeler that hadn't seen us and were both killed instantly.

I woke up in bed. That was normal, and fine. Normally, when I woke, I didn't feel so . . . soft. In fact, the last thing I remembered was a set of bright lights heading towards me, and screaming my lungs out as it collided with my body and that of Paul. And yet here I was, in bed, though I could tell that it was not my bed at all. For one, my apartment was a lot smaller

than the room I was in, and also a lot darker; there was a beautiful Summer light feeding in through a large window, and outside I could see palm trees.

My eyes widened. Palm trees? Summer? I lived in the city and it was dismal Autumn. I raised myself up slowly, and instantly felt that something had changed. A number of things, actually. Two heavy, large, round, prominent things in particular.

I looked down at the unfamiliar and astonishing weight on my chest and saw two overripe melons jutting out from my upper torso. They were huge. A larger pair of breasts than I had ever seen, not figuratively but *genuinely* the size of melons. They were easily bigger than my head, and weighed as much too, but were impossibly still perky and rounded, not sagging down too much, though their sheer size meant that they still hung lower than an ordinary set of breasts. They were also quite brown. I was a light-skinned caucasian man last I'd checked, and yet I was undeniably brown-skinned now. I rose, a little startled, though not as startled as I'd expected. My heavy bosom that I'd just acquired trembled and wobbled in an exaggerated fashion. Curious, I placed my hands around to hold them, and as I suspected, my hands were slim and feminine also, their skin the same rich, creamy brown. My dainty fingers sunk into the large flesh, and it was clear that even using two hands, my new boobs still overflowed them.

"Curious," I said, and halted. My voice was also feminine. It had a quiet, almost unemotional lilt to it, but was still quite soft. I spoke again. "Strange, I'm a woman. This should be freaking me out, and it is, but . . . I don't seem able to express it."

I decided I needed to find a mirror. Something strange had obviously happened, and it was clear this was not a dream. It was like my mind was operating on pure logic; I still had emotions, but they were more constrained than I'd ever felt them. It was as if a small part of me was freaking out, but the rest was having trouble processing it.

I moved my body across the room. It was much nicer than my apartment, with salmon-coloured walls and various ornamentations that were somewhat feminine, though still practical and not at all 'girlish'. The air was summery and warm, and I could hear the beach in the distance. Again, curious.

I found the bathroom, where a full-length mirror was waiting.

"Wow, this is my body," I said, and I'd meant to almost yell it in shock, but instead all I could do was awkwardly state it in a flat, borderline emotionless voice.

The woman in the mirror looked as if she'd leapt out of an anime dating simulator. She was undeniably beautiful, gorgeous even. If I had still been a hotheaded and hotblooded man I wouldn't have been able to stop staring at her. She appeared to be a mix of Polynesian and East Asian, with rich brown skin but delicate facial features. Her body was not exactly petite, but neither was it anything approaching fat. She was simply incredibly curvy, with the greatest curves reserved for the two tremendous mounds upon her chest.

She was wearing only a sleeping bra and panties, which allowed me to see all of her body - *my body*. My hips were very broad, and they lead to a pair of impressively thick yet feminine thighs. I turned, and examined my *rondure* behind. It was certainly quite . . . wobbly, and yet not fat. Simply like a Brazilian butt lift rendered all natural. But while my oversized chest was the biggest thing of notice, I couldn't help but widen my eyes slightly at my hair. It was long and silky, falling down to the small of my back in a straight curtain, and it was white as snow. Utterly, unnaturally white. And yet perfectly natural all the same. Somehow I knew this.

My face was delicate and impassive. I had almond eyes that were somehow blue in colour, like the ocean, and a set of thin lips that were almost a flat horizontal line due to my expression. I tried smiling and . . . couldn't. It was difficult. Like forcing yourself to yell out loud in a public space, or jump out of a plane even though you knew you had a parachute. I *could* do it, but it wasn't coming naturally to me. Neither was a frown, or a roll of the eyes, or almost any expression other than the slimmest of smirks or most minute of frowns. I looked to be in my late twenties or early thirties, an age progression of anywhere between eight to twelve years.

"I seem older, and unable to express myself very well," I said, my voice overly-formal despite my overly-proportioned figure. "It is as if my mind has changed. And yet I can still feel."

I sighed, and my chest rose and fell like two tremulous mountains.

"I must get dressed, and figure out what has happened."

It seems the logical thing to do.

It was odd; I knew what to do with my new body. It still felt utterly strange to me; the wobbling of my many mounds, my gorgeous brown skin, my passivity. But certain knowledges were with me on how to shower and dress my body, and this only heightened the mystery. I took a brief warm shower, and luxuriated in the steam a while as I tried to think on what to do next. I knew that I had a particular outfit I needed to wear; a sort of Hawaii dancer knock-off with a palm leaf skirt and red bikini top, but why exactly was still an uncertainty.

So I decided to methodically explore my body. Any other boy that was strangely turned into a woman after getting hit by a vehicle - a vehicle that must have killed me, surely - would be incredibly excited, constantly holding her new boobs and playing with her female parts. I felt those urges, certainly, but it manifested more as a quiet but growing curiosity. Slowly and patiently, I touched myself over, feeling at my soft backside, my smooth and sensitive skin. I rinsed my long white hair, appreciating its almost impossible thickness and

lusciousness. My breasts were quite sensitive, and the warm water began making my nipples erect. I breathed a little quicker as I felt a strange new sensation; a feminine arousal that tingled my new, unexplored loins.

“Ah - oooh, that feels g-good,” I noted, as if I were a scientist. And yet, the need was far more lusty. I just couldn’t express it.

I blushed to myself as I further explored this body. I began to play with my left nipple, tensing at the electric pulse of pleasure that came with fondling it. My goodness, they were sensitive. I lowered my other dainty brown arm to feel at my vagina, and gently placed two fingers within it.

“Mhm,” was all I managed. Though truly, I wanted to moan far more vigorously.

I began to rub a little more, playing with my new clit, which overcame me with powerful sensations of bliss. I began to speed up, experimenting with touch, and that’s when I noticed something sitting on the shower shelf, next to my new hair products.

It was a rather long looking dildo, dark purple in colour.

“Hm, whoever I have landed in appears to have some kinks and wants, at least.”

I was growing curious, and while it was unimaginable that the old Ben would have done this, my new self seemed more willing to try it. I grabbed the dildo and, cautiously and carefully, continued to tease my vulva until I felt I was sufficiently moist. The dildo was large, and it was difficult to see where to put it in, as my humongous boobs blocked all view below, but in the end I was able to insert it into me.

I gasped. Oh, it felt big. Oh, it felt strange. I couldn’t express it though; all I could do was widen my eyes and fall silent as I pressed it further and further within me. I bit my lip, blushing as I began to thrust it further. It filled every inch of me, and the feeling of my vaginal passage pressing tight against its firmness was sensual beyond belief. I began pulling it in and out of me, over and again, and the pleasure built and built. I couldn’t say a word - I was like a mouse - but soon I managed to pant and moan loudly.

“Oohhhhh . . . Mmmhhhhhm . . . Aahh - ah - ah - AAAHHH!”

I felt like I exploded with bliss as multiple orgasms rolled through my body. I clutched the shower railing, gyrating my curvaceous body as my voluptuous chest bounced and trembled heavily.

Finally, the feelings ended, and I breathed easier.

“Well, that felt very . . . good,” I said, weakly. Anything more would have felt over the top, for some reason.

I finished my shower, placed the dildo back, and managed my hair perfectly, even knowing how to set it in a towel in a classically feminine manner. Then I sat down, had a plate of eggs and bacon for breakfast, got dressed in a palm tree miniskirt and a red top bikini that could barely contain me, and I felt ready for the day.

“Ready for what?”

I was totally unsure. I looked around my room, trying to find clues of who I was and what I was meant to be doing. If I was dead, was this the afterlife? If I had accidentally jumped to another body, then where was I? I scanned the practical surroundings of my living space, including photos. In each of them, I was present, my ridiculous figure easily showing no matter what I wore; be it a school uniform from earlier days I could not remember, or a string bikini that barely covered my large nipples let alone my immense mounds. Regardless, in each photo I had that same ordinary expression; plain and without much emotion, no matter how gaga the boys in it were in response to me, or how excited my apparent girl friends were as well.

I looked a little closer at one, frowning slightly. In one of the photos, my body and that of two other girls were glancing at a young man walking away, his face hidden. He had brown hair, an athletic but not overly-masculine body, and was wearing swim trunks. All three of us, for reasons that escaped me, had actual, literally heart-shapes for eyes.

“Huh.”

The door smashed open, and I jolted upright. In the doorway, a young woman of about twenty two years was standing, fire-coloured hair spilling over her shoulders, and a lithe, athletic body with respectable bosom. She looked Japanese, but weirdly her hair didn't appear dyed, instead all natural. She wore the same outfit I did, though her breasts fit in her top much more easily. She looked like exactly the kind of girl I would have lusted after as a man, but strangely I felt nothing for her now, beyond a weird recognition.

“C'mon, Lukara, we're going to be late for work!” she said, her voice hyperactive. Gosh, she was actually *bouncing* on the spot. Such behaviour seemed almost too much for my new sensibilities.

“Hurry up!” she repeated. “It's the first day of our new lives! And what lives they are!”

My eyes widened, though only slightly.

“Wait, are you . . . Paul?”

She giggled, rotating on the spot to show off her body. “You remember! I somehow *knew* it was you, Ben! Look at us, we get hit by an eighteen-wheeler and now we're beautiful women on a tropical island!”

“A tropical island?”

The girl that had been Paul rolled her eyes. Somehow, I knew that her name was Suki now. And Lukara was my name. Curious.

“Duh! Man, I must have arrived a few hours before you did, then. Do you think that means I died first? This is like the afterlife or something, or another life maybe? I don't know, either way, we're both hot girls now, and I think I'm into boys. I went to the beach earlier and I just couldn't stop flirting with some of them and showing off my body, though I bet they'd go

bananas for you, just look at you! You're older, and I'm younger, funny that, isn't it? Anyway, we're on an island called Paradise Island. What a generic name, huh? It's pretty small, only about ten thousand people live here apparently, but it definitely is a paradise! It's so strange to be a girl, and I feel like my personality has changed, or maybe just my inhibitions. I used to be such a shy guy, but as you can see I'm constantly thinking and talking and I love showing off what a cute body I have, though I admit I'm weirdly jealous of how big your tits are, can I feel?"

She jumped forward before I could even get a word in, and pawed at my tits with her hands, paying with them until I pushed her back.

"That's enough," I said, flatly.

"Oh! Sorry about that! Well, I'm not really sorry, but I guess that's the old Paul speaking. I actually think you're pretty attractive. God, we could totally lez out right now, don't you think?"

Despite her incessant chatter, I couldn't deny that I was feeling a little attracted to her. Was this new body actually bisexual? The other girls in the photos hadn't caught my attention this way.

"Ha! I knew it!" she declared, and she poked one of my nipples, which had become fat and erect through my tops. "You *do* find me hot! What a wild reality, huh?"

I sighed, blushing. "It is. I feel more reserved, Paul."

"Suki, now."

"Suki, then. It is like I cannot express all my emotions, despite feeling them."

"*Kawaii!* You're like a total anime character then. Like a real *kuudere* stereotype. I guess that makes me one of the flirty athletic girls from one of the shows, then."

That caught my attention. I stepped forward, pushing past the excitable Suki to take in the beauty of the island. Gears were turning in my brain as I processed the sight before me. It was morning, and the sun was cresting gorgeously over the blue sea. Various resorts and stalls stretched to my left, and it was clear that this location was a holiday destination judging from the crowds of all kinds of beautiful people on the beaches, all adorned in bikinis and swim shorts. But what was interesting about the crowd was their multi-coloured and sometimes ridiculous hairstyles. I stepped further out, and several waved and said hello to 'Lukara', while a group of men walking past twisted their heads. I decided to test something, and I bent over deliberately, pretending to pick up something, and allowing them to see my canyon of cleavage.

When I rose, it was exactly what I expected: each of them had miraculously developed a powerful nosebleed, and were running away, trying to avoid my seeing them. A feeling of anxiety was building within me, subtle but deep.

"What is it Lukara? Is something wrong? Do you know why we're here? Is it heaven?"

I ignored her, searching the beautiful crowd on the beach, looking for couples. Sure enough, I found several of them, gazing lovingly at one another. Sure enough, if only for a moment, they developed literal hearts in their eyes. I scanned further, seeking out a sports competition. A beach volleyball game between two groups of athletic men, all of whom were handsome to my eyes now, was becoming antagonistic. Two butted heads, and their eyes became uncharacteristically big as cartoon-style knots appeared at their temples, until the fight was broken up.

“Ah, this is surprising,” I said, flatly.

“Doesn’t sound it,” she replied, giggling a little.

I gave Suki a look of irritation. “That is as emotional as I can get right now. Look, I don’t think we’re in heaven, Suki. I think we’re in an *isekai*.”

Her eyes widened. I should have figured Paul for an anime man. Some stereotypes do ring true, because I could tell what he was thinking.

“We’ve - we’ve just fallen into another life? As masseuse girls?”

Masseuse girls, huh? Yes, that was stirring new knowledge. I was a popular masseuse, though I suspect, looking at my bosom, it was not because of my skill.

“I think so. Look around us, I see anime tropes everywhere. Impossible hair colours and styles, exaggerated expressions, even the setting is a fake mishmash of cultures filtered through Japanese understanding; notice that *hiragana* and *kanji* are all on the signs with poor English translations below?”

“Ah, how could I not notice this! I was too busy checking out my cute boobs and all the boys on the beach. I thought for a while I was dreaming. But what kind of anime are we in?”

I thought, trying to sort out the data in front of me. I was good at that, and my dampened emotions made it easier. But before I could reach a conclusion, music began to play. We looked around; it wasn’t originating from anywhere in particular, but it was everywhere. An electric guitar and orchestra set to a man singing in Japanese, the occasional English lyric seeping in their.

“I will find the key to your love! I just need to open my soul and have the courage to choose. You are all beautiful and make my life complete, but who will I choose?”

“Oh no. Oh no,” I said, an epiphany coming over me.

There, up in the sky, images were playing out, like a giant television screen in the sky that only Suki and I could see. In it, an average looking man with brown hair and semi-athletic figure was running. Running across an island at morning, then day, then night. He was in his apartment, at college, on the beach. He was studying, celebrating, and biking along to work. And at each stage, he passed women who were enamoured with him, two of which were Suki and Lukara. More and more we were featured, the competing girls lusting

after this audience-stand in's heart; the reserved older woman and the flirty bubbly beach girl. We were shown fighting, pushing against each other to gain his affections, even as he panicked over who to choose. And we were both shown in quite . . . scandalous outfits, trying to gain his attention.

“Oh my God, is this what I think it is?” Suki asked.

I nodded, impassive but feeling nervous deep down. “It is. I think we've died and somehow been transported into a harem anime.”

And even as I said it, the opening credits of this 'show' ended, and a title screen in blazing pink and white spread across the sky.

Harem Island Paradise

An image of the young man stood above the title, and Suki and I to either side of him; she bouncing with excitement, me looking reserved in a button-busting shirt and short pencil skirt. And despite the young man looking completely ordinary, I couldn't help but become strangely dreamy just staring at him. Like I was drawn to him, just as Suki was.

I felt heart shapes appear on my eyes.

“Oh, this could be bad.”

It was two weeks later on Paradise Island, and I was becoming more used to my strange new life in this anime-like setting. For one, I was now fairly used to my body. It was exaggerated and ridiculous, particularly for the sheer size of my absurd rack, something which was frequently commented on by passerbys. It had become an ordinary facet of life to cause nosebleeds and heart-eyes wherever I walked, and my boobs jostled even more than they likely would have in real life. They caused me to even overbalanced sometimes, and I was beginning to suspect that my own body couldn't help but participate in flirty *ecchi* anime tropes; not enough to go full *hentai* thankfully, but enough to show a lot of cleavage and skin without going over the line. Suffice to say, even with my reduced emotional capacity, I got slightly red-cheeked with embarrassment at times.

For two, I was endowed not only in the chest and hips, but also in the mind. As I explored Paradise Island, I was able to access further knowledge about this place, recalling it as if it were a memory. Lukara, it seemed, had an entire backstory that existed for her, up to and including how she had moved to the island after the loss of her parents, and how she was studying to become a librarian. Suki was a native, raised by her older sisters, and the most beloved and spoiled of all of them. We had both met - apparently - by getting the same job as masseuses at the big island resort catering to tourists and locals alike. Evidently, having two incredibly sexy women appealing to different demographics was more than

enough for the manager to fill two positions despite only one being available, but ever since we had been in competition for clients. A competition that neither of us truly actually felt the need to perpetuate, but the manager and other staff constantly chatted about. Another anime trope in action, I suppose.

This knowledge also extended to feminine knowledge. While I found myself literally unable to wear anything that wouldn't show off my thighs, ass, and certainly my big boobs (though what could exactly hide them anyway I had not idea), I was at least able to wear clothing that worked well. I knew how to put on my immense bra, for instance (it was listed as DD-cup. I don't think writers of anime actually know how breast sizes work - mine were clearly a *lot* bigger than that). I also was able to apply makeup, and even take care of feminine hygiene.

For three, I was able to start working alongside Suki, and get to know her better in terms of her previous life as well as her current one. As Paul, she told me, she had been a sad and lonely man who had struggled with women and confidence in general all his life. He had worked as an accountant, been divorced after a failed marriage, and had no kids and no real friendship circle. He had struggled all his life to stand up for himself and make an impression. I sympathised, as while I had always felt my emotions and imagination *too* strongly, I likewise had struggled to be noticed. Suffice to say, Suki loved her new life of confidence, excitement, and constant flirtiness. It made my *kuudere* eyes roll when she deliberately posed for a customer after a massage or used her wiles to entice a man to take on her services.

"Sorry Lukara, I just can't help myself!" she said with a cheery grin, posing herself so that her wide hips swayed to one side while she brushed her perfect red hair to one side. Naturally, in this anime world, her hair *literally* sparkled as she did so.

"Just like I can't help being so bad at this job," I replied.

She just giggled, and pointed to the long line of men waiting to see me for their massage. "Doesn't stop the cute boys from lining up to see you!"

"I know what they are wanting to see," I sighed.

"Mhmm, those are big boobies though!"

She moved to grope them again, another trope being played out, but one I suspected Suki actively revelled in participating in. I just stood there and sighed as she wobbled my great tits, causing nosebleeds across the immediate area.

"Okay, that's enough, I need to see another client."

I gestured to a man nearby. Like everyone on Paradise Island, he was fit, muscular, and very attractive, though I had done nothing with any of them. Neither, despite her flirtiness, had Suki. We both suspected the reason for that; the Protagonist had yet to show.

I took the man further into the resort, and I could feel his eyes on my swaying ass as I walked ahead. I was wearing tight red bikini bottoms beneath the palm tree skirt, and my massive bosom wobbled with each step thanks to a bikini top that was a size too small. I had quickly found that no matter how much I searched, *nothing* was quite big enough for my boobs, which was a constant source of frustration.

“Okay, lie down on the table on your stomach, and I shall give you your twenty minutes,” I said. I folded my arms, under my chest, and the usual ‘eyes rolling into the back of head’ reaction occurred. I waited it out. I wasn’t trying to be impatient or come across as cold; I was actually *trying* to be nice and welcoming. My old Ben self could have done it. It was just difficult with this new personality overlaid onto mine.

He followed my instructions, mentioning that he had “been looking forward to this” and that he had “heard great things about your style of massage.”

My style was being not good at massage at all, no matter how hard I tried. I actively manhandled my clients; pushing too hard on their back, knocking the oils over with my swinging boobs, pressing in all the wrong places. I was an absolutely klutz despite my dedication, and I had come to the conclusion that this was my ‘character’. I blushed as I did everything wrong, causing them to gasp and moan and writhe in response to my heavy-handed ministrations, but no matter how badly I did, they somehow loved it! When I went to knead their skin, I ended up groping their butts or pressing my curvy hips against their sides. It was like that classic story trope of the character who doesn’t realise how unintentionally bad they are at a skill, but still end up pleasing their clients due to their enthusiasm. The men loved having my slightly older early-thirties body teach them a ‘lesson’, especially when my enormous boobs accidentally rubbed along their back or rested on their heads while I applied oil. No matter how much I tried to avoid it, every massage had my big melons do half the actual massaging, and it made my nipples go tense and obvious, denting through my tight bikini top. They each left wonderfully reinvigorated by my apparently ‘sensual’ massage, and each towel around their waist did a bad job of hiding their erections.

This man was no different, and I could feel his relaxed, overjoyed expression even faced away from me as I leaned over to grab oil and inadvertently allowed my nipples to press against his lower back and rub up all the way to his shoulders. I sighed as he went away. I tried to indicate where he was meant to go, and of course my hand happened to slap his ass, causing him to grin.

“I’ll - I’ll be back next week, for another massage Lukara! You’re the best! I’m so glad this place does sexy massages”

He left, clutching his back, and I left to the main area for my lunch break. Suki was waiting, reclining in the sun room looking perfectly at ease, basking in the male attention

across the room. She did indeed look very attractive, but I wasn't ready to vocalise that yet. I wouldn't know how.

"Hiya Lukara! Another satisfied customer, huh? I heard him groaning from all your perverting gropes from here!"

I looked at the ground. "It's not deliberate. I can't seem to figure it out. I think it's my 'character' now, to be good at it in a bad way. Or bad in a good. When I give them the front massage they always end up buried between my . . . boobs."

She laughed. I hadn't laughed out loud in two weeks, not once. Though I suppose I had smirked a little. I still had a sense of humour.

"Well, we can enjoy another break in paradise. It's not a bad life, at least?"

I considered that. She wasn't lying. The food here was excellent. I was thankful that anime *always* had the most delicious-looking food, but that was not all. The weather was always perfect, even when it rained it was gorgeous. The people were happy, and the mall had a variety of excellent stores, just as there was an endless array of exciting activities to partake in, from swimming with the whale sharks to the inland amusement park. It truly was paradise, and I was starting to think that this uncomplicated life was worth being stuck as a top-heavy *kuudere* island woman.

"You're not wrong, I suppose. It is a wonderful life, and . . ."

I froze. So did Suki. We both saw him. He was not as athletic or fit as the other men, nor as bronzed. His hair was a little unchecked and wild, and he wore a set of glasses. He wore a white shirt and long pants despite the island heat, which made him stand out. And yet, he was very cute, possessing a genuine, eager face and generically appealing features in a young man. He was average, as I once was, but in this crazy anime harem universe, that kind of audience stand-in somehow drove the girls wild.

My eyes turned to hearts. So did Suki's.

"Oh no, I think we've found the main character."

We managed to avoid him that day, and the day after, though there were several close calls. Each time we saw him, our eyes became hearts, and my chest fluttered. It was like being hypnotised; I felt as if I was pulled towards him like a magnet. I wanted to take care of him, please him, and show him that I was the 'one' for him, despite the fact that I knew nothing about him. Suki felt similarly. In this new *isekai* setting we found ourselves in, it was clear our paths were drawn towards him. She wanted to "jump his bones" because of how cute he was, whereas I felt oddly . . . maternal, in my attraction to him, especially when he noticed me.

It had been impossible to avoid him seeing us. Even among the other gorgeous girls on the island, we were clearly a step above, albeit for different reasons. We would pass his way at the beach when we were swimming, or when walking to work, or out shopping. And even as we stared longingly at him, his gaze lingered nervously on us both, entranced similarly. But, as per genre convention, he was too nervous to approach us, and instead blushed red when I caught him staring at my cleavage.

“God, when is he just going to ask me out?” Suki said as we passed on the way to the island arcade. “I’m sick of all this build up!”

I simply stared at her impassively, feeling a little bitter in my core. “What makes you think he will ask you out and not me?”

Suki laughed. “You may have had better luck when I was a sad sack fat man, but now look at me! I’m gonna give him the flirty smiles and the batted eyelids, and you just watch. Can you do that?”

I sighed. “No, I cannot. Wait, are we seriously discussing this?”

We stopped.

“Woah, okay, let’s back up ten paces,” she said, holding her head. “This compulsion is stronger than I thought. C’mon, let’s get to the arcade and forget it!”

But we couldn’t forget it, not over the week that followed. Increasingly we saw him, and learned that his name was Ren. A fairly common name to suit his borderline-generic self-insert nature, but it didn’t stop us from sighing over how ‘cute’ it was. Everywhere we went, there he was, and it was becoming hard to avoid him, just as he was clearly nervous in our presence, particularly after that time I accidentally dropped some of my ice cream in my deep cleavage and his nose bled so profusely he had to run.

Of course, I should have known how we were going to meet. It was so obvious.

I had been Lukara for over three weeks, and was out on my morning walk. Suki was jogging ahead; she was a go-getter athlete, but running with my massive mammaries was out of the question. I was wearing a plus-size sports bra that just *barely* managed to contain me, and a set of shorts that conformed to my features quite impressively. My perfect white hair swished from side to side as I walked, and my brown midriff was on display as I turned the corner.

That was when Ren came running the other way, and accidentally crashed right into my big boobs.

“Oh!” I said, startled but otherwise inexpressive. Still, I was shocked; the protagonist of this strange world had just wedged his face right into my cleavage, and was apparently stuck there. I tried to help him out as he mumbled apologies into my breasts, and I tried to

ignore how *absolutely wonderful* it was to have him there. I pulled him back, but overbalanced as I tripped on whatever he had dropped, and we came tumbling backwards, so that he sprawled on top of me, both his hands accidentally groping my breasts and causing my nipples to poke through the fabric.

“Oh I’m so so so sorry!” he said, his voice high-pitched in panic. He was blushing a deep red, and so was I. He made to stand up, and slipped again, causing both hands to unintentionally rub my nipples, and making me erupted in a slightly erotic moan.

“It’s - oohhh - it’s okay. It can happen to anyone,” I said. God, he was dreamy. Completely ordinary, but in this world, somehow, that was deeply sexy. My eyes met his as he flailed again, and touched both his arms, feeling them. They were slender and boyish, and yet possessed a kind strength.

“Oh, you’re very kind,” he said, managing to stand. “I can’t believe I wasn’t looking where I was going, how embarrassing! Let me help you up.”

He reached a hand, and indeed despite his average build, was easily able to pull me up. My chest heaved, wobbling heavily, and his eyes fixed upon my big brown breasts. I couldn’t blame him.

“Uhh, my name is Ren,” he said, staring straight at them. I realised I was taller than him, leaving his face perfectly level with my chest. As I considered that, an actual thought bubble rose above his head, showing him playing furiously with my chest, while I groaned lightly. It was an image that would not leave me, though thankfully my *kuudere* nature allowed me to conceal my reaction.

“I am Lukara,” I replied, staring down at the ground, though my cleavage took up half the view. “It is excellent to meet you. I have seen you around.”

“I’ve seen you also, but I was too nervous to approach you! I didn’t think someone like you would talk to me.”

I met his gaze. I knew I was being compelled forth to form a romance with this man, and yet I also didn’t want to fight it just yet. The feeling of his hands upon these great big tits . . . there was definitely something to having a great set of milkers like I did.

“Why would you think that?” I said, my face impassive. “I would be overjoyed to spend time with you. I don’t have many friends on the island.”

He beamed, but then his expression turned to confusion. “Oh, was that sarcasm? You don’t look to overjoyed.”

“I am not the most enthusiastic person. Rest assured, it would be nice, I am sure.”

He knelt down, clearly trying to avoid gazing at my rounded hips and smooth thighs, and picked up what he had dropped. It was a kit box for a kite. Oh God, the object featured in half of all anime openings. Was kite-flying actually a romantic activity for anyone?

“Perhaps you could see me tomorrow on Highman’s Hill? We could go kite flying together? It’s a fun pastime, but not many people, it seems, are into it.”

For good reason, I thought. But I didn’t say that. Instead I stared calmly.

“That sounds like a good idea. I shall meet you then.”

He smiled.

“Wonderful! Call it a date? I’ll see you then.”

I nodded, clinging my arm with my other hand and feeling a little awkward at being unable to express my true attraction. It made my bosom shift, and he was straining not to stare. Inwardly, I wanted him to stare, and so I straightened my back out so that the ends of my jutting breasts nearly touched his glasses. Who said I couldn’t flirt, Suki?

“I look forward to it.”

I deliberately adjusted my sports bra, and lifted the great heft of my breasts to settle them in their cups properly, and enjoyed the way Ren’s jaw dropped at the sight. I then walked away, letting my hips sway but still walking a little *too* properly. Oh well, baby steps to figuring out how to flirt in this body. I’d get it right.

It was only when I was around the corner that I became fully cognisant of what I’d just done.

“Ah, that was unwise. I’ve let myself get drawn into this.”

But I couldn’t help it. No matter how reserved I was on the outside, this universe was making me burn for him on the inside.

Of course, that got even worse when I found out that Suki had her own ‘meet cute’ with him later that very day, when she saved him from a rogue wave on the beach and got to give him ‘mouth to mouth’. Suffice to say, I was mildly jealous.

Which for this body, was a *lot*.

“How can you blame me? He was just so cute that I couldn’t *not* watch him on the beach. You know I also work part time as a lifeguard. It lets me rescue all the hot guys and I look totally amazing in my red outfit. Just utterly *sugoi!* So I was just doing my job. Anyway, he was out there looking really contemplative and watching the ocean and I’m pretty sure he probably had a long philosophical narration in his head about finding his place in life and hoping his date with *you* would work out and all that, when suddenly a rogue wave hit him. It was really funny actually, he went all *chibi* briefly, you know, when they have the enormous head and tiny body flailing. Probably because he was about to be hit by a giant rogue wave. So I leapt into action. Like, the black panes descended above and below my eyes and everything, and I launched forward. I bet I looked soooo hot doing it too; I never felt so much

confidence and power as Paul! Anyway, I dived in, and was able to find him, but he wasn't breathing. I pulled up on the beach and the crowd gathered round. So I had to give him mouth-to-mouth, it was the only option!"

We were at a cafe, enjoying a spot in the shade with a view of the beach as we each enjoyed a coffee and some food. Suki was eating healthy, but my body as Lukara clearly favoured sweet dishes; evidently my impressive curves came from somewhere. Several patrons were enjoying the view of two attractive women wearing islander sari-like skirts and crop tops, particularly since my breasts looked ready to burst the fabric, and Suki's taut athletic stomach was on display. We didn't mind the stares. We were used to them, though my *kuudere* nature didn't revel in it the way Suki's outgoing *genki* personality did.

"So it was just mouth-to-mouth, was it?"

She grinned, looking more than a little suspicious. "Okay, so maybe after he woke up, I kissed him a couple more times, just to make sure he was definitely conscious and okay. He didn't seem to mind! In fact, I asked him to go out with me on a nice swim to a nearby sea cave. It's a really beautiful, romantic area. I'm seeing him on Sat."

Inwardly, I *seethed*. The trick was, how to communicate it? I decided to make my cold stare even colder, the long silences of my new, unemotional exterior even longer. I looked at the other former male for some time, until she looked away.

"Okay, so I knew you two had kite running or whatever that day. But who cares! He's clearly chosen!"

She threw up her hands, causing her own bountiful chest to bounce. She was wearing a revealing dress, the kind of number you take out on the town, and I had my own suspicions that she planned to meet him later that very night. I breathed heavily, and my bosom positively *strained* at the tube top that barely managed to encase it.

"You are right."

"I am?"

"Yes, of course you are Suki. You have taken to this life much faster than I, and it is you who has gained the confidence after a long, sad life as Paul. You deserve to reap the rewards, even if they were a little underhanded."

She flushed a little. "Are you sure? I mean, I guess I did go a little far."

She twirled her red hair a little with her pinky finger. It was *very* cute, enough to make my big nipples stiffen for just a moment, but it was not my main concern, no matter how athletic and attractive and perky and energetic and, and . . .

I snapped my mind back. I was reasonably sure nothing had passed on my face.

"Well, I accept your apology."

“It wasn’t an apology,” she said, languidly stretching out a long, fit leg over a stool. It too was a wonderful specimen of sensuality, and it was making me suspicious that she was trying to seduce me into giving up. Well, I was okay with letting her think that.

“It was as close as the new you could get to one,” I continued. “I will step back. If we are truly in a harem anime setting it is only reasonable that Ren will choose one of us. He is, after all, a fairly ordinary figure whose main purpose is to serve as an audience stand-in, someone for watchers to put their feet into his shoes and imagine that they too, could have a girl like this.” I gestured to my very top-heavy chest, the cleavage of which was pushed up so that it looked like the outline of two ripe pumpkins.

“Well, when you put it like that,” Suki said, getting a bit more serious. “It sounds like I’m losing out.”

“Not at all. You simply can have your fun. I will bow out. You have beaten me.”

I finished the last of my coffee and stood, bowing slightly.

“I will see you at work later?”

“Yeah,” she said, a little uncertainly, “sure. Are you sure you’re gonna be okay? I mean, I know I’m all bouncy and energetic and all over the place - and I gotta admit I’ve been slowly unbuttoning this top so that the hot hunk over their gets the biggest nosebleed of his life - but it’s hard to read you.”

I gave the merest suggestion of a smirk.

“I will be just fine.”

I turned and left. And I wasn’t lying, about being just fine. About the rest, I was being much more devious. I had a plan, and it involved another ice cream cone.

My eyes briefly went starry as I stared at Ren moving down the sunny boardwalk. I knew he’d be here, and had dressed appropriately: my curvaceous body was in a single piece swimsuit that dipped low at my chest, revealing my melon-sized boobs. It also pulled in thinly around the crotch, leaving my thick womanly thighs bare to the air, and my rounded ass-cheeks more than a little exposed. A row of men had fainted dramatically as I passed already, my expression impassive despite the obvious spectacle I was putting on. Ren was my target, and my hidden heart fluttered at his presence. He loved ice cream, and I stepped forward to see him just after he had purchased a strawberry special. If there was one thing I knew, it was anime tropes, and this one would work a literal treat.

"Hello Ren, it is good to see you."

The young cutie flailed in surprise as he turned around, and his ice cream fell from his hand, flying free through the air, before splatting face down into my cleavage. My eyes widened, but only slightly.

"Oh, that is very cold," I said.

His mouth gaped open, and he briefly went all-red much like a cartoon character.

"Lukara! I - I didn't mean to! Please forgive me and allow me to removed the ice cream from your, uh . . ."

"From my breasts?" I asked, voice flat. Damn it was cold on my big tits, but it was worth it; he was so cute!

"Well, I didn't mean exactly that, uh . . ."

I took the cone and handed it to him. "Here, your cone. It is a shame about the strawberry flavour. It is my favourite."

His face was level with my shelf of flesh. He gulped. "Yeah, m-mine too."

I met his gaze. "If you will help me to the public bathroom, I would appreciate your assistance. It is quite . . . chilly."

He blinked several times. Damn, it was impossible not to see his glasses and slightly messy hair as cute. Sexy, even.

"Y-yeah, sure. Of course I will help you Lukara. It's the least I can do. I always try to do my breast. I mean breast! I mean best!"

I nodded, and extended a hand, pulling him away to the bathroom. Thankfully, these were not grungy city toilets, but spacious and clean rooms that could only exist in a fictional resort island. As we entered, I flipped the 'Open' sign to 'Closed.'

"For privacy," I explained.

He nodded, radiating thoughtful silence. He had a clear erection he was trying to hide, and it only made me more excited.

"Did you want me to use a towel?" he asked.

"That would deprive you of your ice cream. I think it is better for you to use your tongue."

His eyes rolled into the back of his head. A thought bubble rose in which a chibi version of himself was pressed against my chibi self's chest, groping my blimp-like breasts as he lapped away.

"Did you just say tongue?"

"Yes," I said. "It seems most appropriate. It will be fine. You can hold them for support, since you will have to lean quite far in."

I closed the door, letting my tall, curvy body block the way out. The area was scented with coconut, and there was a wonderful privacy to what we had. My loins burned for him, and my nipples practically *throbbed* through my single-piece swimsuit. I stuck my chest out

to him, the ice cream sitting quite chilly in my sensitive cleavage, but more than anything I wanted him to lick and suck and grope and place with abandon with my bountiful chest.

“Are - are you sure?” he asked. He was practically drooling, and stepping closer. With each step, my loins tingled more.

“I am. You do not have to be quick. Please take your time. I will help you if you don’t know what you are doing. It is just ice cream after all.”

I took both his hands and planted them on the sides of my colossal tits. His fingers sank into my soft flesh, and I let out the shortest and softest of moans.

“Ahh, that actually feels good. Please, lick. Taste what you want.”

My boobs jostled heavily as I presented myself to him, and he could no longer hold himself in. Ren licked his lips, and pressed forwards, gripping my breasts tightly.

“Okay, just a few licks then. Because you want me to!”

I did. I so badly did. I knew I was being compelled to tease him, to play my part of the harem narrative, but at that moment I didn’t care. My face was impassive but my emotions buried deep within were flooded with lust for him. My breasts parted as he smothered himself in my deep cleavage, and he began to lick and tease the soft skin with his wonderful tongue. I let out a slight gasp, and brought my arms around to encircle him, allowing my upper arms to press my gargantuan melons together, encasing his head in my brown cleavage.

“Mmhhmhm! Mhmm!” he moaned, lapping at the ice cream. In truth, there was little left, but I could feel his raging stiffness against my belly, and he was enjoying himself too much to stop. So was I.

“Don’t stop. I think some got elsewhere.”

I shifted my bosom with my hand, and moved his own fingers so that they brushed against my erect nipple. I shuddered in pleasure; these things afforded me more sexual bliss than I’d ever had with my dick, and I got the sense this was only the beginning. Curious.

Ren pulled his head back, and I could see that this normally shy man was becoming ecstatic and confident. “You - you have such big boobies, Lukara! They must be so heavy!”

I knew I had to play the right part. “Yes, they are very heavy. I don’t know why they grew so big, but everyone always stares at them for some reason. But they are just ordinary breasts, only bigger than most. Look and see.”

I pulled my left strap down, followed by my right. He stared up into my eyes in awe as I then pulled down the entire top half of my one-piece, struggling it past my mammoth mammaries. They wobbled almost comically, bouncing with abandon right in his face, my dark brown nipples incredibly erect.

“See? Ordinary?” I replied nonchalantly, despite my incredibly horniness. “I’m sure a younger man like yourself has seen plenty just like it.”

"I've *never* seen breasts like this!" he exclaimed.

I cocked my head. "Oh, really? Then perhaps you would like to touch them, if that is the case."

He needed no more permission. "Yes please!"

Ren began fondling my breasts, and I began to groan louder as he fondled them, allowing them to bounce and overflow his hands. I shook my head, allowing my luxurious white hair to spill out. God, it felt good to be a woman, even if I couldn't express it totally. I felt almost scientifically curious about the pleasure he was giving me, and I began to squeeze and grope my chest as well, pressing my bowling-ball sized tits in his face.

"Oh, I think there is still some ice cream," I noted, pointing at my left nipple, whose enormous brown nipple was practically aching with need to be played with. Indeed, there was some ice cream there, pink on my brown nipple. I know because I have placed it there myself. Like a maternal lover, I wanted him to suckle at me. "Would you like to suck it off?"

His eyes, once more, rolled into his head. A nose *explosion* of bleed occurred, only to immediately and thankfully dissipate.

"YES I WOULD LIKE TO!" he declared, before gripping the sensitive flesh of my boob on both sides and closing his mouth around my distended nipple. I couldn't help myself; I cooed out loud, just softly, as he began to suck. His wonderful tongue played over my nipple, caressing it. Suddenly, he stopped, and to my shock I actually felt something discharge into his mouth. We both froze, his stiffness against my belly, and my own stiff nipple in his mouth. Something had actually streamed out of my nipple. I looked down, puzzled but strangely not shocked, as he removed his face, and a trickling white substance leaked from me.

"That is odd," I said. "I did not realise I was lactating."

He was just as puzzled. "You - are you a mother, Lukara?"

I shook my head. I wanted - *needed* him back on my breasts. Both of them. I grabbed his hand and made him rub it against my left breasts, even as I stuck out my leaking right.

"It must be a byproduct of my large breasts. I have heard of such a thing." I gave a wearied sigh. "Oh well, there is nothing else to be done but to make you drink it."

"D-drink it?"

God, he was *cute*. I wished I could tell him, but the words would not form. Instead I regarded him with quiet affection. "Yes, drink it, if you would be so kind. I would consider it a favour. I could repay you by helping you with any excess."

My eyes fell to his crotch, and so did his. His penis was practically trying to escape his trousers, and it looked *big*. Thank the Gods above that anime protagonists, however geeky and down-to-earth, were always somehow absolutely well-endowed between the legs.

"Oh, sorry," he said, sheepish, "I've never actually, you know . . ."

I nodded, playing the role of the semi-authoritative older woman, the 'christmas cake' woman in her thirties who could teach young men the ways of women.

"Ah," I replied in a monotone voice, "then I shall have to teach you. It is only fair as you will be relieving my own burden." I hefted my heavy boobs for emphasis, letting them wobble freely and fully. I swear I could hear sloshing in them. *Of course* I also lactated.

"Then I shall do my best!" he declared, building up the courage, still clearly nervous. Somehow, that only endeared him to me more. I instructed him to strip away his clothing, just as I would remove mine. He sat upon the toilet and I faced him. Because I was taller, my breasts were perfectly level to his face as I lowered myself.

"Can you please help put your - your manliness in my hand?" I asked. "I cannot see past my chest, so it is difficult."

He did so, unbelieving what was happening to him. I gripped his penis, and it was difficult to keep my expression still even as a *kuudere*. Slowly, I lowered myself, guiding his enormous cock into my innermost depths. As soon as he penetrated me, I felt my features express themselves fully for the first time. I moaned.

"Oohhhhh - that is - ahahhh - rather good!" I said, my voice rising high. My white hair swished on my naked brown back as I placed my weight on him, my rounded behind providing a wonderfully soft cushion between us. He groaned as he entered me, and it seemed his length might never end; it pushed deeper and deeper and deeper. Finally, it reached its zenith, and I felt utterly filled.

"Lukara, you are wonderful! You feel so tight!" Red exclaimed.

"Good, I am glad to help you," I said, biting my lip a little. "If you could relieve me, we will both get something out of this experience."

He smiled, becoming ever more confident as I began to rock my hips upon his.

"I promise I will milk you Lukara, and swallow every last drop!"

He spoke it like a *shonen* protagonist swearing to defeat the Big Bad Evil Guy. I didn't mind, because only a moment later he placed his mouth in a seal over my still-leaking nipple, and sucked even harder.

We began to buck together, gaining in speed and intensity. My body was still calm, my mind collected, drawing pleasure and seeming almost to take it in nonchalantly, but I certainly felt that fire rage inside my loins, and I couldn't help but gasp and moan in a gorgeous lilt as he thrust again and again. This was only intensified by the way my milk poured out of my breasts, streaming into his mouth. He suckled greedily, and I held his head in an almost motherly way.

"Yes, drink, drink," I said. He groped and caressed my voluptuous islander body, continually teasing me, and soon I felt what must have been half a litre leave me, all drunk by this gorgeous anime protagonist. He moved to the other breasts, and continued to fuck

me even harder. Soon I was moaning yet louder, my emotions finally coming to the surface as a budding orgasm drew closer and closer. I yelped, feeling his fullness invade me, penetrate me, and in classic *kuudere* love interest style, I finally let loose.

“Oh! OH! THAT FEELS GOOD! I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME HARDER, REN! I WANT YOU TO COME IN MEEEEEE!”

And he did. He practically *erupted* in me. I should have seen it coming. Reserves of semen that no ordinary set of balls could contain flooded me, hot and sticky and wonderfully warm. He groaned, and I wailed, and there was no doubt in both our minds that the general public likely heard a bit of that, if not most of it. My nipples tightened, and as the first orgasm rolled through me, they tense, before opening and releasing entire streams of milk that splashed the walls and his person, getting all over his glasses.

We sat there, me against him, holding him close so that his face was buried comfortable and snug in my cleavage. It was only minutes later that I moved off of him, my stoic nature returned.

“I hope that was enjoyable to you,” I said, slowly pulling up my one-piece again, and looking a little embarrassed, albeit hiding it. “We could . . . do it again sometime. For mutual benefit. It is likely my breasts will fill again, and it will be difficult to milk myself.”

He looked to me, astonished. “Definitely, Lukara. I would love to see you again.”

I gave a small smile, which I know would mean the world to him.

“Very good. I will call on you again for this transaction.”

I left the bathroom, walking past several astonished members of the public, all of whom had heard what had obviously gone down in there. I stepped past them casually, ignoring how my impossibly buxom top-half bounced heavily with each step. A man ran into a pole as he looked at me, not seeing where he was going. I would have chuckled, were I not endowed with this new way of seeing the world.

But I did present just a small smug smirk as I passed Suki, chatting up several hot guys. She was frozen as she saw Ren leave the bathroom after me.

She literally turned red with jealousy. I think steam might have been escaping from her nostrils, but I headed straight to my shift at the massage parlour, feeling like I had won all the while.

I had not won, as Suki was dying to tell me just two days later.

“Oh, I’m so sorry Lukara! It was a total coincidence that we ended up stuck on that deserted islet at high tide. Poor Ren was not sure what to do, and I said I had ways to make him entertained while we waited for help. I know you had loads and loads of fun feeding him

with those big milk bags of yours, so I just had a bit of fun in turn milking that nice big cock of his with my mouth instead! It seemed only fair, especially since I let him do me from behind on the beach. How wonderful is it to be in an anime world where the sand doesn't get everywhere, huh?"

I was furious, but I could barely show it. Instead, I crossed my arms. Suki grinned.

"It's not big deal, it's not like we organised any more than, what, four or five more dates! You would have that many, right? No? Oh, what a shame. It seemed like being a pushy flirt who leads Ren around does much more wonders than just staring silently, but what would I know? Maybe it's just a redhead thing. Don't get me wrong, I'm super jealous of your gorgeous brown skin and some of those curves and the milk-white hair, but red has got to be better, right? White just reminds him that you're much too old for him. You're like thirty-five, right?"

I cocked my head. "Thirty."

Suki lounged back on her couch, looking utterly comfortable in her home. Her older sisters were out shopping, but from the surroundings it was clear that she was rich, and well taken care of in this new reality, whereas I was trapped in a smaller, albeit still-comfortable apartment. So where as I was wearing a button shirt (albeit one that had already lost three buttons pinging off into space) and a long skirt that hugged my behind, she was wearing an expensive two piece athletic wear that lifted her ample breasts and showed off her wonderful legs. Her form was most definitely athletic, and it made me jealous that running was such an ordeal for me now. We were both 'bouncers', to be sure, but my wobbles were on the Richter scales, hers weren't.

"Ah," she sighed, sitting up and twirling her hair with a dainty finger, "it is the white hair then. Look, you've had your fun with Ren, but time to step aside so *this* new girl can get with her anime protagonist already. You already know that it's gonna happen. I'm, like, too outgoing to be matched, and I don't have to work as many shifts as you. You're always working."

I gritted my teeth, but then the words 'always working' flashed in my mind. I was always working, at least compared to Suki. But then, that was the nature of my stereotype, wasn't it? The quiet, seemingly emotionless worker who shows her love and attraction through other ways. I had been going about it all wrong. I needed to embrace my inner *kuudere* further.

"Thank you for your advice," I said, and turned away, leaving her confused.

"*Baka!* It wasn't advice! You won't win!"

A plan was already formulating in my head. Suki had won the battle for Ren's heart, but there was still a war ahead. Intellectually, I knew that he was actually a fairly bland individual, though a very nice and well-meaning one. And certainly *gifted*, both between his

legs and in his abilities; he had drained me once again since the bathroom incident, and it was even better beneath the massage table. But in truth, he wasn't really a fascinating romantic partner, but perhaps that didn't matter. In this new *isekai*-like life I had been given, my destiny was wrapped up with his.

And I intended to be the winning girl in this *Harem Island Paradise*.

What followed over the next three weeks was a series of strategic and tactical strikes. I ambushed Ren everywhere I could, but only in contexts where it would make the most sense. A *kuudere* cannot express her emotions outwardly, this I knew. But they *could* express them through other ways.

Like cooking tasty treats.

Like helping him with his house chores.

Like teaching him how to solve his study problems.

Like letting him rest his head upon my pendulous, pillow-like breast and fall to sleep against it, when he was overtired from his own delivery work and study.

Each worked to make him more fascinated with me. I found constant excuses to let him play with my breasts, in increasingly contrived situations, many of which would end in us having sex, sometimes hidden away in public places, like the backroom of a restaurant while on date, causing us to make enough noise to draw attention, but not so much that we were ever caught. I brought him cooked muffins to give him strength on his bicycle rides, and when he was tired on weekends, I 'happened' to be passing by on a walk, and I was, if not eager, then open to playing video games with him.

I won't lie, I let him beat me a number of times, in order so that he could stand behind me and help me play better by also holding the controller. Conveniently, I placed that controller right in my cleavage, necessitating him practically giving me a massage in turn.

And speaking of massages, I offered those to him too. I couldn't avoid giving him the groping treatment due to my accidentally perverted approach, an approach that I suspected was never getting better, but even more than most customers he left joyful, appreciating my heavy bosom on his back as I leaned over him. I couldn't help but squeeze his butt as I untensed his muscles, and when he requested a front massage I ended up motorboating him due to the size of my tits. I will not lie; I had come to enjoy my particular 'brand' of massages, and given that the men never complained, I now intended to keep my more 'hands on' technique going. He even returned the favour and gave me a massage, and he took great relish in lowering his hands to my delightfully curvy hips and ass.

“Do not hesitate, it is only a massage,” I would say, and because I treated it as ordinary, it became all the more special to him.

And so I became closer and closer to Ren, though not without fight from Suki. She realised pretty quickly what I was doing, and it wasn't uncommon for her to burst in on us just before we were about to have sex, instead pulling him away on some grand treasure hunt, a promised underwater swim to see the glowing eels, or to make him a cheerer for her surfing competition, or to help her go shopping with her sisters and help her zip up all her tight dresses. She even invited him to be a judge for her dance competition, a dance she won of course. I made the mistake of entering, and came second only because my boobs practically hypnotised the judges.

Soon, our back and forths had become a tug-of-war over Ren.

“Oh, I'm so sorry, Lukara! I just *have* to show Ren the night constellation! I'm sure you can reschedule video game night to any other night!”

“I did not realise you had a beach trip planned, Suki. It was just that Ren seemed far more interested in helping me bake some goods for the local fair.”

“Ahh, Ren, it's great to see you! Do you mind if I pull you away from Lukara for a couple of hours? Remember that you promised me that you would help me 'de-stress' before the next jetski race?”

“Ren, I do mean to take you away from Suki. However, we have that walk together over the mountain, and I packed the delicious egg rolls that you love so much. I made them myself. I thought we could see the scenic view and perhaps lie down together and talk about life, if that suits?”

And so on, and so on. The sex became more frequent, and the hijinks - for they were certainly hijinks - only managed to escalate, along with my libido. It soon became common practice for me to sigh whenever Ren was stolen away from me, retreat back to my home to plan my next move, and idly take out a vibrator to take the edge off. Dreamily, I always imagined it was him who was entering me, and so I would clutch my breasts and moan as I rubbed my nipples, allowing myself to leak. Staring in the mirror, I looked like an islander goddess, with my fertile curves, great breasts, and my impossibly white hair that had grown now to fall to the top of my butt.

“I certainly am very attractive, and I am responsible. I am good for Ren. I know he will choose me.”

And he would have to choose me soon. While each morning the sky lit up with *Harem Island Paradise*, the scenes they were playing were becoming more frequently the events that just transpired mere days before. Like flashbacks setting up the episode to come, it gave a sense that things might be drawing to a close, the threads coming together. Ren himself was more and more agitated as he bounced between us, clearly on the verge of

picking one, only for the other to rear their head and steal him away, forcing him back into indecisiveness. I felt a little bad about it, but I was compelled to keep pursuing him, in my own reserved way. Just as Suki was compelled to pursue him by constantly making him jealous, chatting up other boys, and taking him on exciting adventures that inevitably had her show off her fit, slimb body and perfect features.

It would not be long before one of us finally pulled ahead.

It was another week later, and Ren and I were having sex. We were 'studying' in his room, and I had already taken advantage of the classic sexy trope of being his 'older study tutor' who was paid to help him with his university assignments. And I had definitely helped him, though with each gesture of problems upon the fold-out whiteboard I had brought, another button on my overly-tight top pinged off, hitting him in the head. It was not long until I was apologising for my fulsome bust being almost entirely exposed, as I had clearly not found the right size yet.

"But perhaps - perhaps we would study better if we both calmed each other by seeing to our needs?"

His face lit up. My breasts were obviously full, and my islander body could not be denied. He pressed his pale flesh against my darker skin, and soon we were having quiet, slow-thrusting sex on his small bed. We barely fit on it, and so I was underneath him, my breasts like pillows for him as he entered me. My milk released slowly, and he lapped it up.

"Mhm, that feels quite nice," I said with a gentle moan.

"It. Feels. Amazing," he grunted, trying not to raise his voice. We were in the throes of passion, but we could not let his aunt hear us, as he was living with her while on the island. Every time she stepped past we had to stop, only to resume the quiet but constant creaking of the bed that accompanied our motions. The taboo of it heightened the sexual pleasure.

"This was a good idea," I mused, as he drank more of my milk. "I was feeling tired, as were you, but now we shall be right to study again."

"Study! Right!" he said, his mind obviously elsewhere. "But - you like this, don't you? Do you like me?"

I looked away, blushing. And then, mastering my best impression of a classic *kuudere*, I turned back to face him, our movements temporarily stalled. I placed a dark skinned hand out to caress his face, and allowed myself a genuine smile, the only one I had given him.

"I do. I do like you, Ren. A lot. I am not good at expressing it, but . . . I like you very much."

He beamed. "Lukara, for you that is as much as saying 'I love you!' isn't it?"

I looked away, blushing, and nodded. I had him. I knew it. He descended down upon me, drawing my face to his, and we kissed passionately.

"I love you too!" he blurted, and we immediately had to quieten ourselves as his aunt walked up the hallway outside his room.

"I love you too," he said again, whispering this time.

I smiled demurely, only a small smile, but one full of meaning. "I am so glad to have met you, Ren."

"And I, you, Lukara. I am so glad to have met a beautiful island woman like yourself, with your perfect white hair and your wonderful skin, and your marvellous curves, and your big - big - your giant tits that I love so much!"

He launched his face into my tits, motorboating me, and I 'ooh'ed and 'ahh'ed quietly but constantly as he thrust within me again, better than any vibrator or shower dildo. And I knew, because I'd tried them often. Our speed grew, and he groped my breasts as if they were life-saving buoys upon the open ocean, and finally he came inside me, and me with him. As per usual, milk streamed from my breasts all over him, and he licked his lips before sucking down hard upon my left bosom. With my shock-white hair with its silvery finish, and my own brown curves, I must have looked like some islander fertility goddess come to life. We stayed together, lying as one, until our breathing slowed, and he finally pulled his head up from my bulbous breast.

Quickly glancing into my eyes, he got up, and went to the door. After making certain his aunt was in the living room, he got dressed, and invited me to do the same. Ren and I cleaned up, and we left the room together.

"All finished with my studies, Auntie!" he declared, "I'm just walking Miss Lukara home!"

"Such a good boy!" came her voice.

We left the house, out into the night, but instead of walking me home, he took me out onto the beach instead. The night sky was beautiful. Its stars shone, glittering fragments in the sky far brighter than any I had known, and an impossible dancing borealis arced across it, as if we were at the north or south pole. It was beautiful, and even in my dispassionate nature I found my jaw briefly dropped at the sight of it.

I was wearing my study outfit, though between my pinged-off buttons and tight skirt, I looked more like I was ready to reduce down to a bikini. The air, despite the dark of night, was warm and luxuriating. My hair seemed to shine beneath the stars. Eat your heart out, Suki, I bet yours doesn't do that,

Ren took my hand, and stood before me. This was it, I knew I had won. I had him, and he was mine.

“Lukara, I meant what I said back in my room, but I wanted to say it now again, beneath the stars. I love you. I want to be with you.”

I brushed away a stray hair, smiling slightly.

“I am pleased. Will you choose me, then? Over Suki?” I asked.

“I will, and I have. I want you, Lukara. Suki is wonderful, so full of energy, but you match my personality greatly. You have taught me so much about this island and about myself, and it is you I want to spend my life with!”

My eyes trembled, small tears leaking from them to fall upon the sand.

“I am . . . I am so happy, Ren. I did not think you would choose me.”

“I do. Will you be my girlfriend, Lukara? For real and forever?”

I leaned forward, prepared to press my wonderful chest against him. I was exalting beneath my cold exterior, my purpose in this strange new life fulfilled, and it felt wonderful. Whatever strange circumstance had landed me in this body, in this *isekai*-like setting, had given me a new chance to be happy. I was in paradise, surrounded by the surf, by happy people, by easy work, and with a rocking islander body with bodacious curves to boot. Even if I found it difficult to express myself, and many of my emotions were duller than they had been as a man, I still could feel deeply, and I felt deeply now.

And that’s when I saw it.

The dialogue option.

Why had there never been one before? Oh God!

Say YES to be with REN and finish the STORY.

It was written across the sky in twinkling, supersized stars. ‘Finish the Story’? What would that even mean? Would it mean I would be dead for good? Would it mean living forever with Ren in some sort of epilogue back in home country? I didn’t want to leave Paradise Island, life was too wonderful here. Besides, I wasn’t truly in love with Ren, I just had a narrative need to awkwardly seduce him and occasionally have sex with him in fun new situations.

It was like my brain had emerged from a fog it had been buried in too long to remember otherwise. Ren was cute, he was handsome, he was the perfect stand-in that a character like Lukara would be drawn to in such a story, but that didn’t mean I actually *loved* him. It was the chase, the back-and-forth with Suki that I truly enjoyed. Ren wasn’t actually a super interesting person, just a nice one who was *really* good at sex. I knew then, at that moment, that I didn’t want to end the story, no matter what that might mean.

I reached up to the sky, and selected the great big ‘NO’ written in the stars.

“I am truly sorry, Red,” I said, trying to think of a way out of this. “It’s just that I . . . um, I am betrothed to the island chief. It has been arranged from birth. I am sorry I did not tell you.”

He stook a step back, his temple throbbing in a cartoonish cross.

“Wait - what!? You’re betrothed?”

“I am,” I said, formulating my story. “It has been something I have been avoiding. I truly do desire you, Ren, but I cannot escape my duty. I wish there was a way. I, um, must leave now.”

“No, why?”

“I am overcome with emotion,” I said flatly, forcing small tears into my eyes by pinching my bottom behind me. “It is too late. Please, do not try to save me. I don’t think anyone can. Goodbye, Ren!”

I began to run away, my giant boobs flopping about like crazy. Behind me, Ren yelled out loud.

“I’ll rescue you, Lukara! I promise I’ll find a way!”

I left him on the beach, and headed to Suki’s. I had an apology to make.

“You have totally a lot of nerve coming here after you won his heart! I’m so annoyed you got to him first, I was definitely going to win, it was just that the swimsuit competition got pushed back, and so I couldn’t show my amazing bikini body to him, damn! I would have looked so good too - red bikini with red hair, ahh! I would have been fantastic! He would have proposed to me on the spot. Damn you, Lukara. Damn you, Ben.”

It was the first time I’d heard my name in some time. I was sitting in Suki’s living room; all her sisters were out on a family stay across the island, leaving her place alone. I suspected that it was a machination to draw Ren in for a night. She was, after all, wearing a deeply sexy black dress that contoured to her form perfectly, her pale back bare and her breasts pushed into a cleavage that could have rivalled anyone’s except mine. I myself looked far less elegant, my bare feet covered in sand, my shirt reduced to a tied up crop-top due to all the lost buttons, and my skirt ripped from the run through the bushes, leaving my beautiful brown thighs bare. But despite the mess and smudge, my white hair was as perfect and graceful as ever.

“Before you condemn me, you should know that I have temporarily broken things off with Ren. I told him that I am betrothed to the island chieftain, and so can never be with him.”

Her gorgeous green eyes widened. “What? Why would you do that? You won!”

“I did, and I did not. May I explain? I worry I am giving you an advantage by telling you this, but I realised even as he confessed his love for me that I was not in love with him, nor did I find him particularly interesting. Ren is a nice man, but my interest in him came from the sex, the zany situations, from playing out this strange harem anime life we are living. And

when I was tempted to proclaim my love back to him, and 'win' this competition, so to speak, something happened which made me realise I had to regain some control over my mind."

I breathed heavily, allowing my bosom to swell in my top, or at least what was left of it. I then proceeded to tell Suki everything, from our confession of love to the walk along the beach to the giant message in the sky that could well signal the end of our adventure. When I finished, she was silent, and thoughtful, and for once she did not seem full of energy or sassiness or a need to show off. She was just entranced.

"But that would mean . . . what? That we would die? Or that we would leave? Go elsewhere? Or would our lives just go on?"

I shook my head slowly. "I have no idea, Suki, but in truth, I think I do not care. It is the chase that interests me. I . . . have enjoyed our competition. I thought that I disliked you for a time, but I realise now that our chance meeting was the best thing to happen to me. I may get dreamy in the presence of Ren, but truthfully it is our back and forth that I love. The sex, the massaging, the bikinis and swimming, the great tug-of-war over this man. It is not Ren I want, it is the excitement of this life, and I do not feel ready yet to give it up."

She looked at me, startled. She was so damn attractive, but I lacked the will to tell her so. With her subtle smirk, her confidence and fit body radiated sexiness. She crossed her legs and leaned close to me.

Very close.

"You know Lukara, I think I might just feel the same way."

I raised an eyebrow half a millimetre. "Really?"

She giggled, nodding furiously. "Mhm! Absolutely, I can't believe I never realised it! Having sex with Ren is so fun, but he's so boring, and I just feel pushed to be with him. It's all the flirting with the other boys, and the surfing competitions, and looking so good in a swimsuit, and going to work in a lovely resort each day where the food is great and the work is sexy, that's what I love! When I was Paul, I never had such confidence, or a body like this, and I don't ever ever ever want to give it up, definitely not for one single man, pee-yoo!"

She shifted forward, extending her hands out so that she was massaging my big globes. I shuddered a little at their sensitivity. This body, it seemed, was always easily turned on. My nipples dented through the material, and Suki licked her lips.

"And you know, Lukara, you may have been an ordinary young man when you were Ben, but you make a sexy older girl for me now that I'm twenty again!"

I blushed. "I . . . also still feel some attraction. To you."

A cheshire grin came over her face, and a cute snaggletooth appeared, if only for an anime-inspired moment. And - were those little hearts in her eyes?

I had little time to contemplate that thought, because she launched herself on to me, and I toppled over as this energetic fire fox of a woman began to grope and tease my big boobs, driving me to silent ecstasy.

“Oh, I’ve wanted this for a while, Lukara! Why didn’t we do this earlier? We had so much pent up energy but I really really really wanted to suck on your huge nips!”

She ripped off what was left of my top and smooshed my breasts together.

“So big!”

“And you - aahhh - look most beautiful. I admire your strength.”

I was referring to how she was pinning me down. This body liked it. Lukara liked it.

“I’ll show you some real strength,” she said.

She pinned my arms back, despite me being the large girls, and began to massage my curves all over. I returned the favour, placing my fingers up her dress to tease at her womanhood. She groaned loudly, overcome with sensation. She was already wet, but then again so was I.

“Ohhhh - ngh! That’s good, Lukara! Let’s make up for all the fucking we *haven’t* been doing!”

“I - mhm - would like that, very much. I just - ahh - don’t know where this is going.”

“Me either! Ngh! Right there!”

I inserted two fingers into her depths, and began to rub her tight passage. She groped my nipples and squeezed hard, hard enough to hurt just slightly, but somehow inducing even further pleasure. My nipples seeped a little milk, and she sucked at it greedily, enjoying its taste.

“So sweet! Who would have thought from such a cold cutie!”

“And you . . . are surprisingly tender.”

“Well, I guess - mmhmmhmm - we have more in common than we thought! We got off the wrong foot getting killed by a truck, but I’m glad we’re here noowwahahhhhhh!!”

I hit her G-spot, and her entire body seemed to vibrate with passion. At the same time she licked my nipples while rubbing my other areola, and the sensitivity drove me over the edge. Our bodies, one brown and curvy and white-haired, the other pale and fit and ginger-haired, seized up in pleasure, and we fell upon the carpet before her warm fireplace, luxuriating in the sensations we had given one another.

“That was - oh my God that was so fun!” she grinned. “We should do that more often. Not as like girlfriends or anything, but as the occasional bootycall or whatever, I don’t know. I’m sure we can make Ren totes jealous, or maybe even get him to join between us.”

The thoughts made us both dreamy, and for a moment we both had stars in our eyes quite literally as we imagined it. I took them and plucked them out, followed by Suki’s.

“Hey, I didn’t know you could do that!?”

"I have an idea," I declared, my voice emotionless, but my mind excited. "Why don't we do exactly what we've been doing, only we don't mean it?"

She sat up, her boobs bounced a little in her tight dress. "Huh? You'll need to speak a language I understand - this excitable brain is having a hard time getting you."

"I mean," I said, putting my clothes back on, "what if we continued the ruse? The back-and-forth? We both want Ren, but we don't really love him. We're just compelled to compete anime-style because we're in a harem setting. But what if we take advantage of this?"

Her eyes widened, and I could see she understood. "You mean . . . we game the system?"

I nodded. "Exactly. We enjoy our wacky hijinks, we have sex with that cute man whenever he and we want, maybe even altogether at times. But whenever he gets too close . . ."

She clapped in excitement. "Then in comes me to steal him away from you! Or you from me!"

"Yes, and we can remain true friends. We enjoy our wonderful lives on equal terms, for as long as we want."

Suki nodded, and I could see she was enjoying the ramifications of this. There were so many thousands of experiences yet to have on Paradise Island, and in so many combinations. We could enjoy each day in our bikinis and wetsuits and islander clothing. We could get our hair done together, enjoy new styles, climb new mountains, play videogames and enjoy time at the mall and arcade. We could visit the amusement park, swim in pools, enjoy the neighbouring islets, swim with sharks. And, of course, we could enjoy ridiculous, over the top sex in any way we wanted, wherever we wanted. This world was centred on us as well, of course, and it would bend its rules to accommodate our hijinks, so long as we stayed enough 'in character.'

"My God, maybe this really is heaven," she said. "We just had to figure it out! Oh my Lukara, this is going to be so much fun!"

She launched into me, her head sandwiching between my breasts. I petted her head, glad to have my friend back, and even better, to have a plan again. I had a feeling that, even if I could not completely smile, this *kuudere* was indeed going to have a lot of fun.

And I was right. We did. We ping-ponged Zen back and forth in the weeks and months to come, and his indecisiveness meant we could do it as long as possible. He didn't seem to mind; he had free access to my big boobs and Suki's flexible, energetic body. And we

enjoyed him in turn, though never enough to end our fun. We even enjoyed contriving ever-more ridiculous reasons to swoop in and take him from the other. Suki and I were friends again, and I liked to think we would be best friends forever. And eventually it came time for Ren to return to his home town across the sea as his semester of study ended, and Suki and I could look forward to eight whole weeks of wonderful 'off season' fun until he returned, doing whatever we wanted, until 'Season 2' began in all its ridiculous glory. We made our plans for some great times together, and some sensual surprises when he returned also, as we would each time he went away and returned.

To this day, each day is new and vibrant, and full of sexy, silly, exciting fun. Here on Paradise Island.

The End