

Mini-Story: Harem Tropics (Anime Harem Girl TFs)

By FoxFaceStories

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Three friends who are super into harem anime - two boys and their tomboy friend - are accidentally transported into one set on a tropical island they've shipwrecked on. Now they can't help but compete over who gets the adorkable everyman protagonists, all while dealing with their new bodies and stereotypes.

Harem Tropics

It wasn't our fault. We had no way of knowing that the harem anime we were watching was actually freakin' cursed! We were just a bunch of college nerds who still gathered to catch up on Friday nights and watch cheesy anime like we had done since we were in the high school anime club. It had always been the three of us: Tommy, Pamela, and myself, Kasey.

Tommy was our resident biggest anime fan, and as much as it is not a nice thing to say, he looked the part. He'd always been overweight, with thick glasses and a habit of breathing through his mouth and saying awkward things in social situations. But he was a big cuddly bear of a human being.

Pam was dorky, skinny, and built like a beanpole with a whopping 6'0 height. She still had braces even into college life, as well as square glasses and thick freckles. I thought she looked cute, but she obviously didn't feel that way about herself, since she was always hiding in sweaters. She was the group heart, keeping us together.

And then there was me, Kasey. I was always quite energetic, unable to pay attention. I was diagnosed with ADHD later than most boys, but medication bounced off of me as surely as I bounced off of walls. But anime remained a fixed interest, and it was that obsession that allowed me to have things to chat about with my best buddies.

Unfortunately, that's what got us all into trouble, not that the story necessarily has a bad ending. Sort of. You see, there was this anime called *Harem Tropics* that was practically legendary online, but no one ever seemed to know how to acquire it. Pam had discovered it, and Tommy had searched for it. But it was my investigation that found a lead from a surprise seller in Brazil.

We all assumed it was a longshot, but we pooled the money to purchase the DVD boxset in the hopes of watching the show.

Well, two weeks later it actually arrived. I was freakin' over the moon. Pam was squealing. Tommy was reaching for his inhaler. The cover had an everyman style protagonist you might call 'adorkable' being lusted after by a diverse group of girls on a paradise island, each of whom fit the stereotypes of sexy anime harem girls.

Well, naturally, we organised a Friday night viewing to last until Saturday morning. And what do you know, the show was actually massively entertaining! It had comedy, and wit, and knew how ridiculous it was. And each of us giggled and laughed as we followed the ridiculous antics of the crazy girls pursuing their frightened male target relentlessly, getting into all sorts of sexy trouble. But as a sign of what was to come, we each found ourselves drawn to particular characters. I couldn't look away from the cute tsundere with green hair, Hanako. She was small and cute and brash and aggressive, relentlessly pursuing her heart's wish all while denying her attraction. Meanwhile, Tommy kept asking us to rewind and rewatch scenes featuring Sakura, the pink-haired woman of elegance who wore the most stylish swimsuits and was an heiress to the richest resort on the island. Pamela, lastly, couldn't stop salivating at the sight of Ayaka, the tough and buff and incredibly busty beauty with darker olive skin, wild blonde hair, and a set of tits that even I thought was ridiculously sized, despite being well-accustomed to such as an anime fan.

In fact, we could barely look away from these characters, identifying with their struggles increasingly over the course of our mega-watch to the point where we couldn't stop watching. In the end, we fell asleep on the couch, still hypnotised by the characters we almost felt like we wanted to be.

And that's actually what we became. I can still barely believe it a month on, but instead of waking up on the couch we instead woke up on the very real Harem Island. Our bodies had changed, our lives had changed, and in the case of Tommy and I, our *gender* had changed to become fully female! I myself woke up wearing a cute little bikini upon the beach, fantasising about Kaito, the ordinary working class student on the island who was the protagonist of the anime. I suddenly had long green hair, and I was far shorter, and yet I was filled with passion and anger and an exuberance that I was both inflamed by and ashamed of. I could barely explain it!

The others were similarly changed to their characters. Where I was Hanako, short and cute and snarling, Tommy had become the tall, elegant, pink-haired Sakura. Far from being ugly and overweight, her natural beauty and easy style made me utterly jealous despite both of us knowing we were actually friends. She was much taller than me now, and couldn't help but giggle haughtily, showing her new wealth around. We were shocked at how our minds were changed as well as our bodies: it was like we had new compulsions to follow, because she too found herself talking about the cute Kaito and how much she wanted him.

But while we were coming to grips with our changes and trying not to be competitive, Pamela was actually exuberant over her changes. She had become hot as all hell, with a powerfully built yet utterly voluptuous body that made my nose bleed. She was smuggling fleshy boulders in her tight white bikini top, and was already walking with ease in ways that made Kaito look her way instead of mine and Tommy's.

Which, apparently, was a big problem, because before any of us had adjusted to our new bodies and lives, we were already vying for his attention. I claimed I didn't like him even as I made him cookies and invited him to come study with me, while Tommy purchased him tickets to the most exclusive spa experience on the resort. Pamela was far less subtle: she rubbed her body against him, letting him walk into her breasts from around corners in that classic meet-cute trope.

We tried not to be competitive, but the instinct was too powerful. Kaito could only choose one of us, or none of us were bowing out of the fight. I hadn't been interested in guys ever before, and neither had Tommy. But now that we were stuck in *Harem Tropics*, we had joined Pamela as straight girls, only ones doggedly obsessed with one man.

We're still coming to terms with it all. It's not too bad: the tsundere archetype sort of suits my changeable attention issues, while Tommy is joyous to be beautiful and slender. Pamela finally has curves, and even I find it cute to be, well, cute. But we really, really have to figure out this Kaito situation. The DVD boxset has five seasons, and apparently the later ones get raunchier and raunchier, with a lot of implied scenes that won't be nearly as implied for us living them. We still don't know who ends, or if new love interests get introduced! But at least we're still together - if a bit more competitive - and we all share an obsession together. Not to mention we *are* living in a damn paradise, perfect sun and sky and white sandy beaches and all.

Maybe living an anime harem might actually be pretty cool. God knows, we're experts at it.

The End