

# Hikikomori (MtF, WG, RC, Nerd)

*Synopsis: After realizing the mirror in his apartment is a mirror, the main character finds himself pulled into it when the girl on the other side looks through it as well. Soon, he finds himself immersed into the girl's life and apartment, far more than he thought he would, and he gets a taste of everything there is to be her.*

"Where are you?"

Your breath fogs the mirror as you almost press your nose against it. The surface shifts like water when your hand touches it, creating ripples that pass across the reflection. Yet, as you stare into the mirror, you don't see yourself reflected. Instead, you gaze through it like a window, peering into a small apartment you've seen countless times before. Your eyes dance across the tiny studio apartment, over the tatami bed in the corner where a laptop screen bathes it in the pale light from the screen to the empty takeout bags and boxes that litter the floor along the walls. The apartment is surprisingly clean despite the empty food containers, with most empty boxes neatly stacked together and the floors scrubbed and cleaned daily. There's only a little furniture there, with only a low table near the bed and a few bookcases filled with what you assume is manga. It's seemingly empty, which is surprising.

None of this makes any sense, and you are still as astonished now as you were the day you realized your mirror was a window to someone else's home. You've tried showing it to your friends, but they can't see anything. It only works for you, which raises even more questions. To make things stranger, it doesn't just work on your apartment mirror, either. Any mirror you touch with your hand creates familiar ripples across the surface, creating this window, or portal, to the mirror in the small apartment. You can peer through it like a window, letting you see everything on the other side.

*'Maybe she's out?' you wonder, idly trying to spot the girl you know lives there. 'No, that can't be it...'*

Suddenly, you notice movement in the corner of your eye. You see the bathroom door open, and a familiar figure walks out, wearing nothing but a comfortable T-shirt and panties that do little to hide her sizable pot-belly and chunky thighs. She yawns, walks over to her tatami bed, and lies

down on her side, gently pressing her chubby fingers against the keyboard of her laptop. You try tapping your finger against the mirror to try and get her attention, but it doesn't work. It never works. You've made numerous attempts to communicate with her over the past weeks to get her attention, but she clearly can't see you. The mirror only works for you.

You feel like a pervert staring at the young woman. Or, you did in the beginning, but that feeling steadily faded the more you used the mirror to spy on her. You've tried to stop using the mirror, but something about it keeps pulling you back. It's like a drug, one that you can't shake off no matter how hard you try. There are times when you wonder if she's even real. Maybe it isn't a portal or a window to someone else's place but a vision of someone who doesn't even exist. In the end, it doesn't matter. She feels real, and you still can't stop touching the mirror to watch her.

During your time spying, you've learned quite a bit about her. You don't know her name since you can only see through the mirror, but you call her Yuki. From what you've deduced, Yuki is a shut-in. She never seems to leave the apartment, or at least you've always seen her when using the mirror, and always orders everything online. She even appears anxious and skittish when she answers the door to get her delivery food. No visitors, no phone calls, nothing - it's hard not to feel sorry for her. She is always on her laptop, her pale face constantly illuminated by the pale light of the screen shining on her round, chubby face and highlighting the dark rings under her eyes. You doubt she has a job, and if she does, you assume she can do it from the comfortable spot on her bed. However, considering how often you've seen Yuki photograph her feet and mail her underwear, you assume the woman earns most of her money through any pervert who'd be willing to buy either.

*'I shouldn't be doing this...'* you think, a thought you have every time you use the mirror. It feels wrong, and you know it is. Yet, you can't stop doing it.

The surface ripples as you rub the mirror, your fingers gently tapping it to keep the connection going and letting you look through it as a window to her apartment. You watch Yuki yawn again, rubbing her eyes underneath her glasses before patting her belly. Dinner time, you assume, as she grabs her phone and lets her chubby fingers dance across the screen. She then stands up and stretches, her T-shirt pulling up enough to show off the bottom of her bloated gut as she raises her arms into the air. Yuki scratches her long black hair, unaware of how tousled and messy it is. She grabs a stuffed animal from her bed, one of many, you assume, and you watch her walk across her tiny home. You expect she's going back to the bathroom to get another shower, something she seems to take several times a day (you assume, considering the lengths of her visits and the fact that her hair is always damp when leaving), but Yuki stops as she passes by the mirror. Yuki grips the **Squirtle** plushie tightly in her chubby arms, her gaze turning to face the mirror.

Your heart skips a beat as she stares into your eyes, making you wonder if she can see you. Then you realize she's just examining herself in the mirror, gently sighing as she tries to flatten down her ruffled hair. Again, you try tapping on the mirror to get her attention, but it doesn't work. It never does, and she's unaware of the man staring at her as she stares into the mirror. Then, Yuki does something surprising. She leans forward and places her chubby hand on the mirror, right where you have your hand. The surface ripples, and you see her eyes widen as she stares into your eyes, finally seeing them as they were. At that moment, you know Yuki can see you.

"Watashi ga miemasu ka? Kikoemasu ka?"

Yuki's voice is soft, almost mousy, and your heart races as you realize you can hear her perfectly. Your hands rest in the same place in the mirror, and you no longer feel the cold surface against your fingers. Instead, you feel something soft and warm, the touch of human skin. However, you don't know what Yuki says, and judging by the confused look on her face when you answer her, neither does she understand you.

"Oh god, you can see me, can't you?" you say, feeling her hand against yours. "This is unbelievable! Is this the first time you've used the mirror? It isn't, is it?"

"Nani o itte iru no ka wakarimasen..." she says, shaking her head. "Watashi wa Yuki-desu, anatahadaredesu ka?"

You don't understand her, but one word sticks out. Yuki. Is her name really Yuki? How did you know that was her name? Coincidence? Somehow, you can't help but feel a chill passing down your spine at your 'lucky' guess.

"Yuki..." you say, and she nods, causing your heart to race. "God, I can't believe it... Oh, sorry, I haven't introduced myself. I'm-"

Suddenly, you feel something pulling your hand. You watch the shocked and confused look on Yuki as the same happens to her. Your hand sinks into the mirror, passing effortlessly through the rippling surface as if it were water, and you see your face pulling closer to the mirror. The last thing you see before you crash through the liquid surface is Yuki's terrified face pulling into the mirror, her body passing through it just like yours. The plushie falls from her hands and lands on the floor at her feet as the girl pulls through the mirror.

For a moment, everything goes black. Your ears ring, your body aches, and everything is blurry as you feel yourself falling to the floor. Slowly but surely, your senses return, and you push yourself up on your hands and knees as a strange itch in the back of your skull spreads steadily over your entire head and body.

"S-Shit, what happened?" you say, rubbing your groggy eyes before looking around. You feel sore, with every inch of your body feeling like it's been through an intense workout.

Your heart sinks as you realize you're not in your apartment anymore. Instead, you find yourself in a familiar place, one you've only seen through the rippling surface of the mirror. Gasping and panicked, you get on your tired feet and stare around Yuki's small apartment, finally inside the place you've seen countless times before. You turn and face the mirror, noticing your panicked visage reflected on it.

"N-No, how?" you say, shaking your head. "This can't- Shit!"

You walk to the mirror on your weak legs and place your hand on it, expecting the surface to ripple and shift. Yet, nothing happens. The mirror is only a mirror, showing only your panicked face and the terror in your eyes as you slam your hand again against it. No matter how many times you try, nothing happens. The mirror refuses to work, and you feel your heart sinking.

*'Maybe it needs time to recharge?'* you think, clinging to the faint hope that it might work later. *'Perhaps if I wait a little bit...'*

A shiver passes down your spine as you trace your fingers against the cold, reflective surface, gently tapping the fingers against it in a futile attempt to get it to react. It's lifeless and still, showing no signs of working, and your heart sinks. You wonder if Yuki is in your apartment now, probably as confused as you. The first that flashes through your head is to call one of your friends to go and check on her, but you left your phone back at your place. Besides, you have no idea how you'd explain the fact that a Japanese woman was standing in your apartment and that you were thousands of miles away in a foreign country.

But, after a few deep breaths, you begin to calm down. As bad as this was, it wasn't the end of the world. You aren't in some mystical place outside of existence, unable to do anything about it. Even if the mirror doesn't work again, you can leave and try to find an embassy or something to ask for help (although you aren't looking forward to explaining how you got here without a phone, wallet, or anything). It's not ideal, but this isn't as catastrophic as you first thought.

However, despite the shock of falling through the mirror and not working anymore, you couldn't help but feel a little excited. You gaze around the small apartment, finally standing inside the place you've watched for so long, and you can barely believe it. It feels like a dream, although you have yet to decide whether it's pleasant or a nightmare. For now, you indulge your curiosity and wander through Yuki's home. Even though it feels wrong, you walk around and inspect her home to pass the time until the mirror starts working again.

*'This feels weird...'* you think, your gaze wandering over the familiar bookshelf against the wall filled with manga and then over another bookshelf you hadn't seen before, thanks to the angle of the mirror. *'The place is bigger than I thought, though.'*

It's a studio apartment with a tiny kitchen you assume she rarely uses, but the room is relatively spacious despite the lack of furniture in it. Your eyes dance across the anime paraphernalia and collectibles on them, admiring the insane collection she's amassed despite her lack of a job or leaving the apartment. The manga collection was even more impressive, and you assume it'd

take you a year to get through all of it. There were too many to fit on the bookshelves, with stacks of manga neatly placed near them on the floor.

Another thing that hits you is how quiet it is. You only hear the gentle hum of the air conditioner outside, fighting off the summer heat. In the distance, you hear cars honking and the general hustle-and-bustle of the inner city, making it clear she's living in the middle of some big city. Tokyo, you assume, but you know far too little of Japan to know for sure. To your surprise, you see a massive window along one of the walls, one you only notice now as you walk around the apartment. The blinds are down, and a bookshelf is half-covering it, which made you think it was a wall at first. Next to it is a sliding door you assume leads outside to a balcony, hidden behind a thick curtain to block out the glare from the sun.

Curious, you walk over and pull the curtain aside. The sun hits your face, partially blinding you, and you squint as you slide the door open. You step outside as your vision clears, and your heart races as you see how far up you are.

"Holy shit..."

The words leave your lips before you realize it as you stare across the massive city. The heat is unbearable out there, causing you to perspire within moments. The humidity and the numerous cars passing by below on the vast highway make it worse, making it feel like you're in an oven. Yet, you can't help but marvel at the sight, feeling so tiny in the massive city.

"Wow..." you say, not noticing the words leaving your lips as you lean against the railing, staring at the people walking by below and the tall skyscrapers piercing the sky. "This is something else..."

In the distance, beyond the seemingly never-ending landscape of roads and houses, you notice a mountain through the faint smoggy haze. It's all awe-inspiring, and it mesmerizes you. As you stand there, you feel a strange tingling sensation passing through your body, tickling your skin and causing your muscles to ache. Every inch of your body is still sore from falling through the mirror, but it is even more noticeable out here. You rub your shoulders as you roll them, hearing them pop as you try to alleviate the soreness. It doesn't work. Honestly, it makes it worse. You stretch, hear your back popping, and crack your fingers as they ache, idly wondering why your hands feel so tight and stiff. Yet, you focus on the city, not caring about the tiny shifts and changes in your body that go unnoticed. You sigh and lean against the balcony's edge, with your back aching and popping every so often.

A gentle breeze blows by, carrying the stench and smell of the city with it. It's not unpleasant, and the breeze is more than welcome in this unbearable heat. You close your eyes and sigh, still anxious from falling through the mirror as you try to calm yourself down. At first, it works, and you feel your heartbeat calming with every breath. It's nice, and you feel a faint smile spreading across your lips. Then, you hear a car honking in the distance, sending a shiver through your spine. Your heart skips a beat, startling you. You try to calm yourself down, but another car suddenly honks, causing you to twitch. The wind blows through your hair, carrying

more of the city's strange smells, making you surprisingly stressed as a pit in your stomach forms, making you squirm. You open your eyes and look at the city, the skyscrapers towering around you. The buildings feel like they're moving, steadily closing in on you and threatening to crash down on your tiny refuge in Yuki's apartment. It begins to suffocate you, with the pit in your stomach growing with every breath you take. It doesn't take long before you feel dizzy, with the sounds growing louder and more intense with each passing moment. The city feels like it's out to claim you, to devour you and eat you whole, and panic grips your heart. It's choking you, pressing down on your entire being. You feel faint. Panic grips your heart. Anxiety fills your mind.

After that, everything's a blur. You remember falling back on your ass and crawling into the apartment, but you remember little else. The sliding door and curtain are closed, filling the apartment with a comfortable silence and shutting out the suffocating city outside.

"Shit..." you say, sitting on the floor and leaning against the wall. "What happened?"

You feel sweat running down your brow before wiping it off, your hand sliding through your short hair shortly after. It feels longer than expected, and you promise to get a haircut when you return home. You take a deep breath and feel your chest pushing out, stretching your shirt, and you blush from how tender your entire body feels. It isn't just sore now, but sensitive as well. Even your clothes tease it, sending more weird tingles through your spine as the soft fabric touches your body.

"Fuck, I'm burning up..." you say, still feeling hot from your visit to the balcony, and you pull off your socks. "How can anyone live here?"

You sigh and tap your feet gently against the floor as the socks come off, leaning your head and back against the wall. You curl your toes to relieve some of the soreness, but it doesn't work. Even worse, you hear the soft pops and cracks in your feet as you do, making you wince. Whatever happened when you got pulled through the mirror isn't improving, and you hope it won't get worse.

*'I should check on the mirror,'* you think as you stand up, your back cracking and aching. You smack your dry lips, reminding you how thirsty you are. *'I should also check the fridge for something to drink. I hope Yuki won't mind.'*

Disappointingly, but unsurprisingly, the mirror doesn't react. It hangs on the wall, the surface as cold and unresponsive as before as you tap your fingers against it. You ignore your reflection as you test to see if it works, but it feels wrong. You can't put your finger on what it is, but you can swear that something seems off with your entire body. It feels alien, and your mind buzzes as you adjust your shirt and pants. Both feel like they're hanging over your body, feeling several sizes too big when they were fine a few moments ago. Again, you ignore it, thinking it's all in your head as you head into the kitchen. What you can't push away is the anxiety still gripping your heart. It is faint but there, refusing to fade. Whatever happened on the balcony still haunts

you, filling your core with the unsettling sensation. You tell yourself it'll pass, but you struggle to convince yourself. For now, you focus on getting a drink instead.

You aren't surprised to see how unused the kitchen is. Although considering its size, it's more like a kitchenette than anything else. It's tiny, with a small fridge and compact stove that looks almost new. Again, you don't like looking through Yuki's place without permission, but it isn't like you have much of a choice. Besides, she's probably doing the same at your apartment.

Unsurprisingly, you find the tiny pantry full of cup ramen and fast foods, along with a handful of bags of snacks and treats. Your belly rumbles when you see it, but you push away the urge to grab a bag and tear into it. After all, you don't want to take more than you need to, and you only want something to slake your thirst. Thankfully, Yuki has got you covered. You open the fridge and stare at fizzy drinks, sodas, and other sweet beverages that excite your throat.

*'Looks like she's got a sweet tooth,'* you think as you grab a soda, avoiding a few of the more exotic flavors in her collection. *'Hope she doesn't mind me taking one...'*

Something clicks in your mind when the first drop hits your tongue. The sweet, delicious taste overwhelms your taste buds, causing a surge of endorphins and happy hormones to flood your mind. You intended only to take a small sip, but you emptied the entire can within moments. A satisfied 'ah' and the smack of your lips fill the tiny kitchen area, your body tingling from how good it was.

"Shit..." you say, licking your lips. For some reason, they feel swollen, but you ignore it as your gaze wanders back to the fridge. "Maybe just one more..."

The soft hiss of another soda opening fills the apartment, and the gentle sound of you chugging it soon follows. The carbonated beverage flows down your throat, causing every nerve in your body to trigger with excitement, and you even curl your toes as you fight the urge to almost giggle at the delicious taste. It isn't just the taste that fills you with giddiness. The carbonated liquid makes your belly gurgle and tingle oddly, causing you to rub it. The sensation is weirdly pleasurable, enough to make your cock twitch and throb.

A few minutes pass, and another hiss spreads through the apartment, your sensitive lips tingling as you press another soda against them. The liquid fills your body with joy, pushing away the weird, lingering anxiety from your visit to the balcony. It soothes you, dulls the fear, and causes you to rub your increasingly bloated gut. It's so full of bubbling soda that it aches, and you can almost hear it sloshing from how full it is when you move. Yet, it feels so good, enough to put a smile on your lips. However, what isn't amusing is how many sodas you've had in the short time you've been there.

"Crap," you say, staring at the six empty cans on the bench and then at the half-empty one in your hand. Even worse, you feel the urge to have another. "Well, I hope Yuki won't be too mad about this..."

Your heart skips a beat when the words leave your lips. For some reason, your voice sounds weird, but you can't put your finger on what it is. It's softer, lacking the rumbling timbre you're used to hearing when you speak, and even the words feel a bit off as you say them. It makes your heart race, but a quick sip from the half-empty soda you're holding soothes your mind and dulls the fear and worries.

For now, you hurry away from the fridge, afraid you won't be able to resist grabbing another soda after this one, and head to the mirror. Again, the mirror doesn't react as you trace your fingers on the reflective surface. The feeling that something's wrong returns as you stand before it, yet you push away with a sip from your soda. It's like a magic potion that fills your body with joy and soothes your sore limbs, aching joints, and weary mind. You take another sip, feeling the carbonated beverage filling your body and bubbling gently inside your stomach.

*'Well, might as well keep waiting. So, what now?'* you wonder as you pull yourself away from the mirror, ignoring the tiny voice in the back of your mind screaming at you to pay attention.

The sound of your naked feet hitting the floor spreads through the apartment, mixing in with the gentle hum from the air conditioner. Your gaze wanders across Yuki's home, and you notice new things with every moment. What surprises you the most is the collection of plushies, teddies, and other stuffed animals near her bed, all neatly stacked beside her pillow. It isn't the fact that she has stuffed animals that shocks you since you've seen her walk around with one almost constantly when you watched her through the mirror. What's surprising is the sheer volume. It's a huge pile that covers the side of the wall where her head is when she sleeps, making it almost look like she uses a few larger ones as a pillow. Next to them, near the bed, is a large box containing more than a few bags of chips, snacks, and anything else she might crave. You assume she prefers to keep her snacks close so she doesn't have to make unnecessary kitchen trips.

The last few drops from the soda disappear down your throat and into your belly, making it gurgle and bubble with joy as you stare at the stuffed animals. You recognize a few as **Pokemon**, but most are from shows, manga, and games you've never seen. But, with that said, it is hard not to smile at how cute they all look. Your fingers itch as you stare at them, feeling the weird urge to pick one up. Then, just as you're about to give in, you remember something.

*'That's right. Wasn't Yuki holding one when she got pulled in?'* you think and glance over to the mirror, soon spotting the **Squirtle** one lying on the floor near it.

You put away the empty can in the kitchenette, barely resisting the urge to grab another one before you pick up the plushie. A soft pop from your back makes you gasp as you reach down to hold it, making you groan and rub the sore area. Every inch of your frame still aches from the weird transition through the mirror, but the soda did at least help a little with that. The anxiety



from the balcony still lingers, but as you let your surprisingly lithe fingers sink into the soft Pokemon, it fades a little.

"*Kawai...*" you say without thinking, pronouncing it in perfect Japanese. You're a little shocked by the involuntary word slipping from your lips. It means cute if you remember correctly, and you can't help but smile a little as you stare at the plushie that made you utter it. "I guess I should put you back with your friends..."

Yet, as you pull the stuffed softie against your chest, you can't let go. It feels so good pressed against your shockingly soft torso, causing you almost to giggle. The adorable thing is squished gently in your hairless arms, feeling so good against your silky, smooth skin. It feels good to hold it, making you feel safe and dulling the anxiety and stress. You walk over to the bed, intending to put it down with the others, but you can't. Instead, you recoil at the thought, shaking your head and feeling your hair brushing against your chin and cheek as you do.

*'I guess I should hold onto this for Yuki,'* you tell yourself, almost unable to let it go. *'She probably wants it when she returns...'*

A series of soft pops from your feet and legs makes you wince again, causing you to frown. You grip the **Squirtle** tighter, making you feel a little better. Soon, your gaze wanders over the bookshelves with the collectibles and manga, and your eyes widen at her vast collection. You've never been an anime or manga fan, but it is hard not to be impressed by it. Curiosity gets the better of you, and your fingers soon slide against the spine of a few books, your eyes wandering over the incomprehensible titles as you wonder what they're all about. Yet, the more you stare at the Japanese characters, the more they make sense.

*'Doesn't this mean...'* you think, your mind buzzing as you read the title on the spine. The words worm themselves into your brain, invading your speech center and slowly filling it. *'Huh, maybe I learned a few things watching Yuki...'*

The more you stare at the Japanese letters, the more you understand. It's still challenging to read, and you only understand a few bits and pieces here and there, but it's steadily improving. You shift your weight on your feet, ignoring the faint pop in your pelvis, and pull out a manga from Yuki's collection. The plushie, which you now call Zeni without thinking about it, presses against your chest as you hold it with your arm and idly flip through the pages. Your eyes itch as you stare at the pages, aching slightly. It gets a little blurry as you rub your eyes, slowly causing you to squint as you strain your gaze to look at the comic. Yet, despite everything, you brush it off, thinking it's just your eyes that's a bit dry.

*'I wonder what this is about...'* you think as you blink, staring at the pages. *'The artist's good, whoever it is. He sure loves drawing cute guys, though...'*

The faint twitch between your legs goes practically unnoticed as you examine one of the men in the comic, idly admiring his looks. Your throat feels dry again, causing you to swallow as a gentle warmth spreads between your legs, filling your abdomen with an excited yet comfortable tingling sensation. Your fingers tap against the spine and dance across the pages as you read it,

slowly but surely understanding more and more of the words. It's hard to tear your eyes away, constantly drawn to the main character and his cute friend (you assume with your limited understanding of Japanese). It causes your loins to burn warmer and warmer, making your cock throb and twitch despite the odd pulling in your testicles.

Then, as you flip to the next page, you suddenly feel an intense heat spread over your cheeks. Your eyes widen at the scene in the manga of two men kissing, their hands tenderly caressing each other. Your heart sinks as you understand what kind of manga it is, and you swallow hard as you try to push away the intense arousal surging through you.

"Holy shit..." you say without thinking about how soft your voice sounds or how weird you pronounce the words.

You slam the homoerotic manga shut, your cheeks burning warm and your loins aching. Zeni presses hard against your chest, the soft stuffed Pokemon rubbing against your erect nipple through the fabric of your T-shirt. The manga rests in your shaking hand, your eyes wide as you stare at it with disgust and fascination.

*'Jeez, why would anyone want to read something like this?'* you think, turning your blurry gaze to the bookshelf. You squint to see and quickly realize that half the stuff on the shelf was nothing but Yaoi. *'She sure seems to love it...'*

Yet, you freeze as you press your finger against the book's spine, ready to put it back. You can feel your heart beating faster in your chest as you stare at it, your hand refusing to budge. A droplet of sweat runs down your cheek, and your throat feels dryer than ever. You swallow hard and push aside the strange urge to flip through more of it, or at least try to. Your cock throbs and aches between your legs, your abdomen tingling as the image of the guys kissing burns into your mind. The curiosity grows in your chest, along with something else. You don't want to say it out loud but want to see more. Not that you find it sexy or anything. Of course not! You'd never admit to anything like that. Yet, little by little, an ashamed yet dumb smile spreads across your face as you pull it out, your fingers trembling as you open the manga on the page where you ended.

*'This is sick...'* you think, almost drooling on the pages as you flip through it. *'Who would be turned on by this?'*

Zeni presses against your chest, your nipples aching harder and more than ever. Your cock feels like it's about to explode. Your mind races, your thoughts muddled by confusing yet arousing urges that rush through your lust-addled brain. You wiggle your hips, trying not to giggle. It's wrong, you know that, but that only makes it more exciting. You flip through the homoerotic pages, your heart racing at the sight of the handsome anime men doing far more than kissing. You bite your lower lip as your body pops and cracks, the soreness worsening with every mouth-watering image.

Then, something snaps you out of your reading trance just as you feel you can't take anymore. You hear something hitting the floor and feel a strange chill passing over your oddly

hairless legs. You blink, confused by what happened. It takes a second for you to realize the sound was your jeans sliding down your legs earlier, now resting around your ankles with your underwear. You gasp and glance down, trying to understand why. Then, as you stare at your chest and exposed legs, your heart sinks at the sight of the two mounds curving out from your previously flat and masculine chest. Tiny yet soft, round, and undeniably feminine, with nipples so hard that they looked ready to cut through your shirt. Zeni's head press against one of them, and feeling the plushie tenderly caressing it makes your cock throb and twitch.

"What the hell?!" you say, and you finally hear how soft and girly you sound.

The sudden sound of your effeminate voice makes you panic, causing you to forget about the jeans around your ankles. You stumble and fall, landing hard on your ass while the plushie and manga fly from your hands. The girly cry of pain that leaves your lips as you land makes your heart race, especially as it sounds closer to a cringe-inducing '*kya!*' than a masculine grunt. You press Zeni against your chest, holding the plushie tight as it fills you with a strange sense of safety and comfort.

The pain in your rear from the hard fall dulls your senses, leaving you reeling momentarily. However, the feeling of your longer, darker hair caressing your cheek and tickling your shoulders snaps you from your daze. You stare with blurry vision down at your chest as it rises and falls with each panicked breath, your heart beating like a drum. Even worse, the image from the books lingers in your brain, refusing to disappear, and it makes your cock harder than it's ever been before. It throbs between your legs, aching with need. Yet, another feeling comes from deeper within your body, near your abdomen, that fills your core with an undeniable feeling of yearning.

Nothing makes sense anymore. The sight of your pale, smooth skin, hairless as far as the eye can see, shocks you. It doesn't compare to the horror of watching your chest curve out, forming tiny yet unmistakably breasts that your plushie presses tightly against. The size and shape of your erect nipples make you shudder, and your eyes widen when you see them growing, becoming even thicker and more prominent. You even pull out your shirt to get a better look at them, to ensure you're not imagining it, and the sight makes you gasp.

"T-This can't..." you say, but your heart nearly stops as you hear yourself. Every word is slightly mispronounced, and you notice the accent in your voice. "Holy shit..."

For a moment, you wonder if this is merely a dream. Perhaps it all is, from when you fell through the mirror to this. You half-expect to wake up in your bed back home at any given moment, but it doesn't happen. Instead, all that happens is that your bosom grows fuller, and your vision becomes blurrier. The bookshelf before you is a hazy mess now, and you squint to see your hands. Your heart races as you brush your longer, thicker, and fuller hair from your face, feeling the incredibly thick strands tickling your soft, smooth skin as it cascades down your head.

"Oh god, I'm going blind," you mutter, struggling to pronounce the l's without them twisting into r's.

Suddenly, you remember Yuki has a spare pair of glasses by the bed. You glance over your shoulder as your vision gets blurrier, your eyes aching as they take on a distinctly slanted, almost-shaped form while epicanthic folds form. You panic as you kick off your pants, underwear, and socks, leaving you naked from the waist down, and you turn, slowly crawling to the bed. Or rather, where you assume the bed is. You can barely see at this point, with everything becoming a hazy and smudged mess where even the colors blend. It is impossible to make out any shapes besides the massive bookshelves. Zeni still clings to your chest as you use one arm to hold him tight, seemingly unable to let go.

Every inch you move, you hear a pop or a snap. You groan and gasp as you feel your bones realign and shift, biting your increasingly softer lips from the oddly pleasurable discomfort. You curl your toes as your feet shrink again, becoming undeniably girly and surprisingly flawless. An intense crack echoes through the room as your pelvis widens, causing your hips to curve out. The sounds that leave your lips make you sound like a girl in the throes of passion, having the time of her life. It causes you to sound like a girl from an anime or, judging by the gasps and moans leaving your lips, hentai.

You can barely see by the time you reach the bed. Every inch of your body burns as it continues to crack, shift, and shrink, your body twisting against your will. Sweat drips from your brow, making your skin sticky and damp. You can't see, but you can tell your breasts are heavier than before, and you can feel how small and dainty every inch of your body is. The mountain plushies and stuffed animals lie before you, which you recognize from the wide selection of colors, and you try to use that to locate where the spare glasses are. They are next to it, near the box, and you pat your hand against the bed and floor in search of them.

"Where is glasses?" you say, and you can barely understand yourself. The words are so mispronounced and your accent so thick that you wonder for a moment if it's even English you're speaking. "It be here somewhere..."

Zeni presses against your chest, teasing your nipples through the fabric of your shirt and making your cock ache and throb, your loins burning warm from the insane transformation and the lingering images in your head. You bite your lower lip as the Yaoi hentai flashes through your head, your mind tingling as more and more images appear. It's not just from that book but numerous others on the bookshelf. You remember reading them, even if you know it isn't true. It makes your loins ache even more, with the urge to grab it with your dainty hand and take matters into your own hands. Your fingers wrap around your cock, feeling it twitching in your hand, and it feels so tiny. It throbs and drools with need, smearing your pre-cum over your soft, girly thighs.

Finally, after an eternity, you find the spare glasses in their case by the bed. You pull them out with your dainty fingers and put them on, causing shapes, colors, and objects to return to the world. You twist and turn, soon lying against a massive **Snorlax** plushie that acts like a pillow. The glasses rest perfectly on your dainty, cute nose, and you gaze at your feminine figure. Your chest curves out noticeably, with each mound having more than doubled during your short crawl to the bed. The long, voluminous mess of curls on your head reaches your

nipples, the straight, midnight black mane in stark contrast to your smooth, pale skin. You see how wide and curvy your hips are, and every inch of your frame exudes femininity. The only masculine thing left is your cock, but even the bulge between your legs seems smaller than you expected it to be.

"*Ēe*, t-this not..." you say, mixing words as your brain gets dizzy and hazy. "*Watashi wa* not right-Ah!"

Pain. Pleasure. The line between the words becomes blurry at best as your cock begins to throb, shrinking and dwindling in size. The images from the Yaoi fill your head, making you question your sexuality and preferences. You feel yourself rubbing Zeni against your chest, teasing your burgeoning bosom and aching nipples as they fill your oversized shirt. Another shudder and gasp, causing your vision to flicker as you lean against the soft Pokemon plushie you use as a pillow. Your other hand moves down your tender figure without you realizing it, and you gasp when the fingers wrap around your tiny, miniscule cock.

"*Iya, Konna koto o subekide wa nai nodesuga...* {No, I shouldn't be doing this}," you say, unable to stop the new language from dancing from your lips. "*Kore wa watashide wanai...* {This is not me}."

Yet, despite the moaning protests, your fingers caress your aching cock and begin to stroke it, filling your entire body with a gentle warmth. You shudder and curl your toes again as you feel your body stop shrinking, now as dainty, thin, and supple as you'd expect a young Japanese woman to be. But, as your head fills with more lewd images, all men-on-men action, you feel something else change. There's a soft gurgle from your slim waist, and your arm presses against something that grows softer with each passing moment. Little by little, the gentle softness spreads to every part of your body, infecting your lithe, girly figure with the fattening taint.

Yuki doesn't exercise. You know that from your time watching her, and the only thing she seems to eat is either high in fat, sugar, calories, or all three simultaneously. So, it isn't surprising that she's a bit chubbier than most. You know this as you stare down at your body, feeling your hand stroking your increasingly smaller cock and watching not only your bosom growing but every inch of your body.

"*Iya, debu ni wa naritakunai!* {No, I don't want to be chubby!}," you cry out in between the girly moans and groans.

Unfortunately, it almost feels like someone hears your cry for help. You shudder as you realize you stop being chubby and, to your horror, begin to grow fat. Your soft belly pushes out, swelling little by little with soft, doughy goodness that screams to be kneaded, massaged, and groped. You're almost glad you're not wearing any underwear when your soft and tiny ass pushes out, growing thicker and fatter with each strained breath. Arms, legs, hips, thigh, face - every inch of your body is touched, and you feel yourself gaining size and weight. The oversized shirt fills out,

and Zeni pushes away slightly from your expanding breasts, each looking massive from your perspective. To your surprise, they seem far more prominent than Yuki's.

The arousal rages through your swelling figure. You feel your fingers struggling to stroke your shrinking cock, the thing barely the size of a nub at this point, and you gasp as your dainty digits instead push into a warm, inviting hole between your legs. All while you do that, your gut pushes out, growing into a decently sized pot belly that sags over your waist and jiggles with even the slightest movement. You feel your butt spreading out below you on the bed, getting chunkier and flabbier with every girly moan. Thighs, hips, arms, legs - it's all thickening up at a rapid rate. You feel how your loins get attacked from all directions, with your swelling thighs pressing in from the side and your upper pubic area and gut pushing down from above.

Yet, no matter how much you try, you can't stop touching yourself. Your fingers slip between your fat, womanly folds, stretching them wide, and you barely notice your cock shrinking down to become your new clit. Another gasp leaves your lips as you shake your head, feeling your rounder cheeks and swelling chin jiggling from the motion. You feel yourself getting heavier, going from thin to obese in less than a minute, and every inch of your body burns with residual tingling from the transformation as it finally stops.

At this point, nothing remains of your former self. What lies on the tatami bed is a plus-sized, wide-hipped, fat-assed, dough-bellied, and sag-breasted girl in her early twenties. Your fat fingers slide in and out of your pussy, your wet folds clenching them tight as you bring yourself to an orgasm. The images from the hentai burn in your head, muddling your thoughts and messing with your sexuality.

*'Yamenakereba narimasen. Muridesu- ā, totemo kimochoīdesu! {I have to stop. I can't- Oh, it feels so good!}'* you think, the Japanese words coming to you naturally now as your language center drains of most English.

Then, something clicks in your mind as you feel yourself pushing over the edge. You gasp as you orgasm, your body shuddering on the floor as you close your eyes. Every inch of your body burns, and your abdomen tingles from the womanly pleasure. Your mind goes blank, at least for a moment. You lie there, Zeni pressed against your chest and resting your chubby head on the pillow of plushies, as you wonder what'll happen from here on out.

Suddenly, as you lie there, the doorbell rings, and every inch of your body panics. You bolt upright, fingers still stained with your feminine juices, and stare wide-eyed at the hallway. You remember Yuki placing an order earlier, and you assume it's that. For a moment, you contemplate not answering, hoping they'll disappear. But, when your belly suddenly rumbles, and your mind begins to buzz with joy at the thought of having some ramen, you can't resist the urge to get the food. So, you hurry to the bathroom, clean your hands, put on a bathrobe that covers up your nudity, and open the door.

Everything becomes a blurry mess the moment you open the door. You vaguely remember seeing a man on the other side holding Yuki's food, and you remember grabbing it

from his hand. But anything else is impossible to remember. Your heart races as you lean against the now-closed door, with the ramen order dangling from your hand. It takes a moment for you to realize what it is; anxiety - crippling levels of it. You've always assumed that Yuki was a shut-in by choice, not wanting to leave the comforts of her apartment, but it seems you were wrong. Even now, you feel your heart racing at the mere thought of leaving the apartment and facing the world outside, even if it's to throw your garbage away. Suddenly, you realize it might be more challenging to return home and solve this mess if the mirror refuses to work.

"Kuso... {Shit}" you mutter as your sagging belly lets out another pitiful rumble.

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"*Konna koto yatteru nante shinjirarenai...* {I can't believe I'm doing this...}"

Your fat cheeks burn bright and warm as you adjust your phone and align the camera, trying to get a good shot of your feet. You curl your toes and twist them slightly, hoping it is enough for the pervert willing to pay for the photo. The thought of selling pictures of your feet to pay rent and food was degrading enough, but knowing it isn't the first time either makes it worse. At least it beat selling your underwear to god-knows-who over the Internet, wanting to think as little of it as possible after you got the yen.

Two months of this. Two months of going nowhere, with the mirror staying as dormant as ever and making little progress in contacting Yuki. Well, the real Yuki, that is. It doesn't help that you can barely speak or understand any English or that you can't remember your old name. Whatever it is, you know it isn't Yuki, even if it's the only thing that pops into your head whenever you try to recall it. You've been attempting to find your old self, or whoever Yuki now is, online, but you've yet to get anywhere.

The crippling anxiety of leaving the apartment doesn't help either. But it's getting better with each passing day. Just yesterday, you even walked down to the corner store to buy some more snacks, even if you spent the rest of the day curled up in bed, reading comics and watching anime to calm your nerves.

To make matters worse, whatever changed your body also messed with your brain. Honestly, you've never felt this lazy before the transformation. It isn't uncommon for you to spend most of your day in bed, doing whatever your manga- and game-addicted brain wants to do. Honestly, you hate how good it feels. You only want to snuggle up to your plushies, cram your chubby face with chips, and let your laptop rest on your plump gut as you surf online. Every day that passes, it gets worse. Little by little, you find yourself getting more and more addicted to it, making it harder to put in any effort to fix this.

Whatever happened to you also changed things in the apartment. The picture on Yuki's ID now has your new one on it, similar to hers but still distinctly different and undeniably fatter. Even her clothes changed to fit your curvier figure, making it feel like reality shifted around you to turn this into your new home.

Eventually, you put away your phone and send the pictures, soon watching the yen popping into your account. It makes you smile, mainly cause it means you can buy some fancy takeout this evening.

*'Mukashi no jibun ni tsuite motto kuwashī jōhō o mitsuke rareru ka dō ka o kakunin suru hitsuyō ga arimasu {I need to see if I can find more information about my old self.},'* you think, but the mere thought makes you yawn with boredom. Then, your bespectacled gaze moves to the Yaoi manga near your bed, and a dumb smile spreads across your lips as your loins itch. *'Chottoshita kyūkei no nochi kamo shiremasen... {Maybe after a quick break}.'*

Soon, you lie in your bed, Zeni pressing against your fat bosom with one hand holding the manga filled with cute guys kissing and the other rubbing your doughy belly before moving further down your plump body. Your mind buzzes and marinates in the hormones, continuing to erode your will to find a way back. You're not sure you'll be able to resist this for another month, but a small part of you doesn't care. All you want is a quick shot of dopamine, and you get it as your fingers reach your warm, inviting folds, filling you with pleasure as your mind buzzes with girly joy.