

# Hinata (Man to Japanese Woman TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

## **A Commission for Scoobert**

*Benjamin has caught the Gender Flu, and his body has changed more rapidly than expected . . . into a gorgeous Japanese girl. Now dealing with life as a woman, Ben takes on the identity of Hinata and actually travels to Japan to get in touch with the culture she now feels oddly connected to. But when she meets a man named Kenji, her desire to get the operation to change back begins to wane . . .*

## **Hinata**

I was already struggling enough even *before* I caught the Gender Flu. The phenomenon wasn't understood much by that point, only that the disease was a) incredibly rare, b) spread by some unknown means that was not simply genetic, and most importantly, c) caused one to switch genders completely, often overnight. On some occasions, this could even include changing one's own race and culture!

Such was the case for me - Benjamin Hardbrook - a twenty year old college student who was caught in the middle of the busiest time of my life. Exams were coming up, and I was already regretting taking psychology as one of my majors, and I had been horrified to find out far too late that my minor in Japanese had a spoken word test before the professor. This would have been bad enough, but I also had a low-paying and painfully frustrating job working at a local gas station, one that was owned by a decrepit married couple who took all their bickering out on their employees in the most passive aggressive ways. Oh, and this wasn't even getting into the fact that I was falling behind in my payments at the apartment I shared with my two housemates, Aaron and Jackson. They were his sort of my friends, but even they were getting frustrated by having to ask me to keep up my end of the bargain.

Of course, all of this would have been easier to bear if I had more support. But apart from my parents, who had moved interstate, I didn't have anyone related to me that I could rely on. I didn't have a girlfriend either, and my prospects of getting one seemed to grow less and less as my life became more full of struggle. It wasn't like I was *bad* looking, per se, it was just that I was kind of average. The best thing I had going for him was my tall height, being six feet and all. But this was mitigated by my lanky build, my plain face, and my thick glasses. Some women may have still found me interesting, but once they caught the scent of desperation in my personal life, the hundred or so things that were all on my mind and making me stressed, suffice to say they moved on to better hunting grounds. I couldn't even blame them.

Which was why when I caught what I thought was the flu, I just about flipped. I visited the GP who took a blood sample and promised to call me, but until then I simply had to go home and rest.

“Just my damn luck!” I groaned as I got back to the apartment.

Aaron saw me coming by. He, like me, was a pretty average looking guy, though not as tall. “Hey, Ben, about the bills-”

“I’m sorry,” I said, snuffling my nose a little. “I’ll have to talk later. I’ve got a cold and I feel absolutely crap.”

Aaron sighed, looking over to Jackson, who was a much sportier man. “Okay,” he said. “Fine. But we need to talk tomorrow. Things have to change.”

“They will. I know they will.”

I retreated to my room, feeling incredibly exhausted despite having only a light day of study. A fever burned across me, concentrated in my skull, which felt like it was going to explode.

“Eugh,” I groaned to myself. “Things will change . . . as soon as I get past this damn cold. Or flu. Or whatever it is.”

A good thing for me that I fell asleep soon after, because things were indeed about to change. I had nodded off at around 5pm, and I slept for a long time as the Gender Flu began to work its changes across my body. As I tossed and turned, sweat pouring over my skin, his very body began to change, the virus altering the very structure of my DNA. My body softened, my thighs thickened, my muscles - what little of them there were - shrank away. My chest hair retreated while the hair on his scalp grew longer and longer and longer, darkening until it was jet black. It possessed a silky quality now, long enough to fall over my shoulders.

That was only the start of the changes. I lost height, going from a tall six feet to a really short 5’2. My ass expanded along with my hips, leaving me with quite the attractive lower half . There was also my chest: I grew two pert breasts that pushed forth into being. They became C-cups, palmable in size but not too big, and very much perfect in their softness and shape. I grew a feminine opening, one that linked to my new ovaries and womb. My face changed to become a beautiful Japanese woman’s aspect, complete with defined eyebrows, almond-shaped eyes, and defined eyebrows. Even my jaw had changed shape. Of course, my skin also changed tone, darkening a little and becoming slightly olive, though it was still quite pale. No one quite knew the mechanics of the Gender Flu or how it functioned, but given that I was studying Japanese, perhaps this was partly the cause. Whatever it was, when the change finished, I was left as a very pretty young Japanese woman.

The new female me continued to sleep, my mind slowly transforming as well, until it was well past my wake up time.

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“NANI!?! NADAYO!?”

I could barely believe it after waking. Somehow, overnight, I had become a *she*. Waking up to feel a pair of pert breasts on my chest had been strange enough, but then I had lowered my fingers down and felt a damn *pussy* there too! Even weirder was the fact that I kept changing to Japanese in speech and even thought. No, it was the way my boobs bounced. No, it was suddenly being only 5'2 and having to look up to everybody. No, it was suddenly *being* Japanese. It was too much; there was too much weird going around!

Aaron and Jackson, on the other hand, were more *fascinated* than anything.

“It’s the Gender Flu, man! Woman, I guess,” Jackson said. “Has to be. I’ve seen it on the news.”

“Or she’s just lying and this is Ben’s latest annoying attempt to get out paying the bills.”

“*Baka!*” I cried, before realising I had switched languages again. “You idiot! It’s me! I just - hang on.”

My phone was ringing, and I wouldn’t have cared if not for the fact that it was my GP and I’d apparently missed four calls from them already. “*Tawageto!*”

I answered it. The voice on the other end droned on, informing me exactly what I already knew to be true. I’d caught the Gender Flu somehow, and could expect to change at any moment. My doctor listed a number of different support programs that were available, including support groups, call services, medical check ups, and so on. But in truth, I was barely listening.

“In case you can’t tell, I’m already a woman!” I declared.

There was a pause on the line.

‘*Oh, yes. Of course. Oh dear. So the change already occurred? You’re speaking with an accent, I notice.*’

“I turned into a Japanese woman! I think, at least - I can speak Japanese now, and read it too, I think.”

‘*That’s fascinating! Well, you may have caught an international variant. Well, you don’t need to worry too much. This can all be reversed.*’

I looked at my roommates, and noticed that, given I was only wearing a borrowed top and some ill-fitting shorts, they were staring at me with a bit more interest than I would have liked.

“Stop looking at me like that!” I hissed, holding my hand over the phone. “It’s official, I caught the Gender Flu.”

“Yeah, you caught it bad. You look hot!” Jackson said.

I rolled my eyes, trying to ignore how my new breasts were outlined against the shape of the shirt, and how much Jackson was clearly appreciating that fact.

“Whatever. *Gomen*, doctor. When can I turn back?”

*‘We need to talk some samples and get them tested. Each treatment must be tailored to the patient. I will say, however, that it is costly. Your medical insurance should-’*

I exhaled. “I, um, don’t have medical insurance. I can’t afford it.”

*‘Oh, well, this is quite a costly procedure. It comes to about . . . let me see . . .’*

The number he gave made my heart skip a bit. “I have to stay like this until I can afford it?” I asked, bewildered as I looked over my female form.

*‘I’m afraid so. We can talk more in person. Would you like to book an appointment?’*

I sighed. “How much will *that* cost?”

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At least I had become a woman when the Gender Flu was more understood. If it had been a few years ago, God knows what would have become of me. Thankfully, I was able to inform my parents with some embarrassment, get a new ID - one that listed me as a victim of the Flu - and keep enrolled in my courses. Hell, I was only out of college for a few days, and with the support numbers I was able to contact a team who specialised in getting proper clothing and hygiene education to those who had changed. I didn’t want to hear the words ‘menstrual cycle’ again, but at least - as embarrassing as it was - I now knew how to fit my much-needed C-cup bras and had other feminine clothing to match. People stared at me and asked questions a lot, but as strange as it was to be female - sitting on the toilet, having to style my hair, having men look at me differently, having everyone be stronger and taller than me, and so on - I was still able to just be a regular college student. Hell, I was able to ace my Japanese exam by dint of knowing the language perfectly, which was pretty cool! I also got tips working at the gas station because many patrons thought I was cute. That was . . . well, it was a confidence booster, at least. Part of me realised that having a female body could actually be sort of empowering.

Other parts weren’t as cool, of course. I tried to get out of the house as often as possible due to the fact that my housemates were no longer talking about my overdue rent payments. Sure, that would have been a good thing, once upon a time. Now they just liked me to do all the ‘female chores’ around the house, especially Jackson, who often looked at me in a creepy way as I bent over to do things. I had a pretty prominent rear and a great set of hips now, and both of them liked to look. When they caught me doing laundry with just my panties on for my lower half, I knew I had become a walking fantasy for them. Ugh. *Geretsu!*

The best thing, really, was my new support group. It was a necessary part of my *temporary* life as a Japanese woman, and it was something I had to attend as part of my ID change. There was a burly, muscled man who had been a little housewife, and a blonde beauty who had been a dweeby dork. We each told our stories, and something I found out was that it was a sort of tradition for changed individuals who caught the Gender Flu to take on a new name - a Flu name, if you will - during one's time in a new body. Something about that appealed to me a lot. Perhaps it was part of my mental transformation, but I didn't mind my female body nearly as much as I thought I would, and some days I even thought of myself as quite cute. God knows my legs and hips and rear were very attractive, and my face was cute as hell. I was even thinking about trying on makeup. So when the leader of the support group, a former woman who was now a burly biker dude named Hank, asked me if I wanted a 'Flu name,' I shocked even myself by leaping to what came most naturally to me.

"Yes!" I said, almost ecstatically, as if this would help my transition. "I'd like to be . . . Hinata."

"Very well! Hinata, what a great name. And fitting the new you."

I beamed, feeling exactly that as the case.

"I think it really does. *Arigato.*"

The claps that followed only confirmed it for me.

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It was three weeks after my change, and I had gotten far more used to being a woman than I ever imagined. I even had my first period! It sucked, of course, but I got through it, and that made me weirdly proud. I was hoping for a new place to stay as Jackson and Aaron remained creepy, as well as a new job. In my information-induced overload I didn't even notice a man sitting down next to me as I ate my lunch in the college campus park.

"*Konnichiwa,*" he said in perfectly accented Japanese.

"*Konnichiwa,*" I returned easily in my own seemingly perfect accent, before realising what I had just done. I looked up to see a dashing handsome young man around my own age, a man who must have been Japanese. He was tall, around 5'10 or so, and I couldn't help but notice had a rather trim yet toned body beneath his clothing. His face was also quite handsome, and in that moment I couldn't help but blush as I realised something obvious: the Gender Flu had left me attracted to men, and *very* attracted to the look of this man.

"I'm Kenji," he said, continuing to speak in Japanese. "I couldn't help but notice you were writing in kanji in your notebook. I haven't seen you around here before. I thought I was the only Japanese student here."

My blush continued. "Um, you sort of are, and sort of aren't. I've only been Japanese for a few weeks now. I caught the Gender Flu."

His eyes widened, but to my surprise, he didn't back away or act weird at all. "What? Really!? That's fascinating! Are you okay? Sorry, I didn't catch your name."

"It was Ben, but I go by Hinata now."

"Ooh, good name choice. I like that one!"

His words made me grin. "Th-thank you. That's really nice of you to say. Um, I'm doing okay. It's actually not that bad. I never expected to become a girl, but it's not all that hard, I guess. Just sort of weird how people treat you."

"Ha! Well, people treat me like a goofball, but that's just probably because I always am, of course."

"What do you do that's goofy?"

"Well, I come over and compliment beautiful girls on their kanji and then I run out of conversation and get really scared over how to proceed, so I offer them Japanese candy as an excuse to keep talking."

I grinned, and so did he. There was something magnetic about this Kenji. He was flirting with me, uncaring who I used to be, but he was also treating me like a regular person. It was really refreshing.

"I could be persuaded to try some of that candy," I said.

"Good," he said, opening his bag. "Because I will *absolutely* eat all of it otherwise. But you know what this candy *doesn't* go well with, but we should absolutely try together?"

"What's that?"

Another grin, playful as before. "A good coffee, and a study session, since I realise you're in my psychology class."

I cocked my head. "I thought you hadn't seen me before?"

"I lied. I've been working up the courage to talk to you. Are you up for this bizarre combination of candy, coffee, and study?"

I bit my lip, trying to conceal how strangely happy this entire exchange was making me. "Absolutely," I said, still speaking in Japanese. "I'd love to, Kenji."

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It didn't take long for things to progress from there. Part of it was definitely a bit of change to my mental state, but in truth I was already very attracted to my goofball of a boyfriend and his odd sense of charm and humour. Not to mention those shoulders. Did I say he was my boyfriend? Yeah, we were dating within just a couple of weeks, and learning all about each other too. The moment I realised I truly wanted to experiment with my life as Hinata was

when we were walking together at the city park, and I realised that between my skirt (seriously, skirts are so comfortable!) and my short sleeve top, I was starting to shiver. Without a word he gave me his jacket, which enveloped me easily, even though he didn't have to.

"Don't thank me!" he said dramatically. "I am committing a terrible crime by covering your beauty from the world!"

I laughed. Something about his corny delivery of his even cornier jokes always made me giggle. I kept on finding excuses to extend our walk longer, and by the end I gave in and asked that he lean forward down to my short height.

"Are you feeling a bit of vertigo looking up at me?" he asked. "God has cursed me with long legs. I struggle with this burden each day."

"No," I said seriously. "I'm feeling something else, Kenji. I want to kiss you now, very badly."

*That* took him by surprise. Moments later we were kissing, and he was holding me passionately. Every day after that, I took the chance to keep on kissing him. As the days and weeks flew by, I even stopped looking to make money so much in order to get changed back. It was still on my mind, but I finally had someone in my life who cared for me. Most of our study sessions were in his dorm now, all the easier for us to make out. We didn't, you know, go all the way, but I certainly took the extra step of letting him feel my breasts through my top. I won't lie, I got hot and heavy enough more than once that I very nearly succumbed to having sex with him. God knows I enjoyed touching myself at the thought of it. It turned out that was another reason to not care *too* deeply about saving up to change back just yet: the female orgasm was *incredible*. I swear, it was impossible to talk in English for at least ten minutes afterwards. I was starting to suspect that my new Hinata self had quite the considerable libido. Perhaps it was only a matter of time before I let myself really let loose and take the ultimate plunge with Kenji.

That opportunity came when Spring Break arrived. I felt less stressed than ever despite literally having become a Japanese woman, and so when Kenji went jokingly down on one knee and 'proposed' that I join him in visiting his family in Kyoto, I surprised even myself by leaping into his arms in excitement, smooching his beautiful face.

"*Hai!* Yes, yes!"

"I'm so glad! I want to show you my family, my culture, and my country in general. I suppose, in a way, it's *your* culture now too, you just don't know it yet!"

"I won't be too much of an imposter, will I?"

"If you are, your beauty excuses you," he joked, getting a playful smack in the belly from me. "But you'll be fine. In fact, I think it will really help you, Hinata. And besides . . . I'm rather fond of . . . your rear."

He fondled my butt, making me giggle.

“Romance ruiner!”

“There’ll be plenty more romance to ruin if you join me in Japan!”

I kissed him again. My chest pressed against his, and I cursed how sensitive my boobs were. I really would need a cold shower afterwards.

“Nothing could make me happier,” I said.

Perhaps I had caught the Gender Flu at just the right time . . .

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“I’m nervous,” I said. I was packing my things, and it was still weird actually putting *bras* and *panties* in with my things, not to mention skirts, makeup, hair product, and pads.

Kenji leaned down and kissed me lovingly on the cheek. “Don’t be. You’ll be fine.”

“Will I? I was so excited to go before, but this just feels crazy. What will they think when they learn I caught the Gender Flu and my real name is Ben? What if I make a mistake and make a fool of myself? What if-”

His arms encircled me from behind, turned me around, and forced me to face him.

“You’re going to be fine, Hinata,” he said.

“How do you know?”

“Because I know you. Also, I’m super into you.”

I giggled a little. “I’m super into you too.”

“Prove it.”

We kissed, this time getting a bit more into it. He calmed my anxiousness, but as our hands ran over one another, it brought on another. I wanted him, and I wanted him bad. I told myself that it was a bridge too far, that it would be *too* womanly. But as his tongue snaked into my mouth, as his hands felt my rear and squeezed my cheeks, as my nipples stiffened against him . . . I knew then that I *had* to jump him.

“I want you,” I said. “All of you.”

He pulled back. “Are you sure?”

“Very sure. Please. It would make me less nervous about the trip?”

He laughed. “That’s a terrible excuse. But I’ll buy any excuse if it means making love to you, Hinata.”

We came together again, and this time with even greater passion than before. The restraints were off, and soon we were stripping off our clothes, too. His dorm bed was right there, and after several minutes of hardcore making out I was on it, letting him undo the clasp of my bra and freeing my breasts. They wobbled slightly, and he took the time to play with them.

“Mhmm, I moaned. “Rub your fingers over my nipples - please! Suck on them!”

“Work, work, work,” he said with enthusiastic sarcasm, and then got right down to it. I sucked in a breath of air as he ran his teeth lightly over my nipple, sucking on it and drawing it out further. Within moments I had my panties off, leaving me naked before him. I had never felt so wonderfully submissive and vulnerable before. Somehow, him being so much bigger was a huge turn on, because I felt wet down there in a way I never had before. My lover was also rock hard, and I yanked his underwear down.

“*Sugoi!*” I said. “Amazing!”

I was referring to his member, which was much, much bigger than I expect it.

“I told you I’m full of surprises,” he said. “And now it’s time for you to be full of . . . me.”

I giggled at the lame joke, only to struggle to control my breathing as he entered me. His enormous length and girth invaded me, taking it slowly in order to accommodate how odd this would be for me. I begged him to not stop though, and when I was fully penetrated the pain was over, leaving nothing but pleasure. *Then* he started pumping, kissing me and caressing my breasts and rear as he fucked me.

“Wh-why did I w-wait this long!? This is - oohhhhhh - soooo good!”

“You’re amazing, Hinata! You f-feel so tight! I don’t think I’ll l-last long!”

“Me either! D-don’t stop!”

He didn’t. In fact, he only thrust harder and faster into me. I clung on for dear life, bringing my legs around him and savouring every last sensation. Finally, I could take no more.

“I’m g-going to c-cum!” he cried.

“Do it!” I wailed, thrashing a little as the first orgasm began to hit me.

“UGGHH!” he grunted, sounding like a bear, so powerful and masculine. My body went out of control, squirming and shaking as I was hit by orgasm after orgasm. I cried out, biting his shoulder a little as the full wave of ecstasy hit me. It was like nothing I’d ever felt before, but I knew I wanted more of it. I wanted more of *Kenji*.

“Ohhhh, Kenji, that was . . . mhmmm.”

He collapsed onto me, and I played with his hair, loving the sensation of him softening inside me. I wasn’t sure about my sexuality still. Maybe I was

“F-feel less nervous?” he asked.

He always made me laugh.

“Much less!”

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It was amazing to me that I could read all the signage at the airport. The hiragana, katakana, and even the kanji were all clear as day to me. The various conversations flowed around me in their fluent Japanese, and it was easy to follow all of it, or at least the scraps I could hear.

*“Make sure Mother lands well, Father. You know how she is on long flights . . .”*

*“I’m going to miss you. You’re welcome back any day!”*

*“The hotel says there’s a delay, but the concert should still be on.”*

I was utterly entranced, wide-eyed and probably looking a bit like an excitable genki girl until I got to the passport checker. I handed over my forms, a dead weight sinking into my chest as I realised that the dour-faced older Japanese man looking at me would see that I was a result of the Gender Flu. Imagine then my surprise when he actually smiled softly, nodded respectfully, and said to me in English:

“I hope you enjoy your stay in Japan, Miss Sato. I too was changed by the Flu. We all do our best to adjust.”

It must have been partly my new female hormones, but I got a bit teary-eyed at that. Kenji put his arm around me and led me out, and soon we were in a taxi (I loved pronouncing it as tak-shee now) heading towards his parent’s place. The beauty of Kyoto unfolded around me as Kenji paid extra for a little ‘taxi tour’ from the driver. I loved the traditional kimonos on the street, the older designs of the buildings, the wooden architecture, the street vendors. I had never been to Japan before, but in my new persona as Hinata, I began to feel a genuine connection to it.

Those feelings of awe only increased when we arrived at Kenji’s parents’ house. I didn’t realise he came from wealth, because it was practically an estate, complete with a traditional Japanese design with Edo inspiration, sliding panels and everything! I could have looked at it and the front garden for days, but Kenji ushered me in to meet his family. He didn’t even bother knocking; he simply opened the door and loudly announced our arrival, prompting an exodus from several areas of the house straight towards us.

“Konnichiwa, Hinata-san!” cried an older man that was the spitting image of Kenji as an older man. He had slightly greyed hair and more wrinkles, but the same amused grin as he bowed to me. “Kenji has many told us wonderful things to be about you!”

I went bug-eyed for a moment at the man’s broken English.

“Father, she speaks Japanese perfectly. It’s part of the Gender Flu.”

He nodded, easily catching up. “Then welcome! Come and meet our family, Hinata. This is our daughter and Kenji’s younger sister, Suzuki, and in my opinion far less of a rascal than her brother.”

A sweet-looking woman stepped forward who looked just a tad younger than me, perhaps by only a year or so. She had much longer hair and a very chic outfit.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Hinata,” she said, beaming. “I never thought my brother would meet a girl overseas, let alone one from the Gender Flu. It’s just like him!”

Her laugh wasn’t mean though, and almost felt sisterly already.

“It is great to meet you as well, Suzuki. I love your skirt!”

She twirled on the spot. “Isn’t it the best? See, brother? I told you that you had to get someone with good *taste* to fix you!”

The last person, however, was a bit colder as she approached. Kenji’s mother stood at the end of the stairs, having descended slowly and with dignity, and had her arms folded.

“You are Kenji’s ‘friend’ from America, yes?” she said. “I am his mother Hiromi. I expect you to be respectful in this household while you stay.”

I nodded, bowing even lower. “Of course, Miss Ito. I wouldn’t dare to-”

“Then why are you still wearing your shoes?”

There was a moment of silence as I realised I was still wearing them. Inside. In a Japanese home. I literally *squeaked* in embarrassment and set about taking them off. Both Kenji and his father chuckled, and Suzuki set about helping me move them to the entrance area. Hiromi seemed far less amused.

“Come,” she said. “We have prepared a traditional Japanese meal. I am told you were once a white American man. Most unusual. If you are to be here as a Japanese *woman*, it is best you start learning how to act like one. Come.”

Kenji’s father raised his eyebrows, as if to express ‘she’s the boss, am I right?’ to me. Suzuki gave me a friendly hand on the shoulder, then continued past.

“Does your mother hate me already?” I asked Kenji.

He shook his head. “She’s just a very formal woman. Trust me, she ended up with my father for a reason. She just . . . takes a while to warm up to people. Sometimes a long while, I’m afraid.”

I sighed, looking over myself. I may have become a Japanese woman in appearance and language, but I still had a long way to go.

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The afternoon tea that Miss Ito had prepared was lovely, though I was interrogated by the whole family with a barrage of excited and interested questions, most of them about getting the Gender Flu and what I thought about Japan so far. Kenji helped field them, of course, at least until dinner, which was equally lovely. Fried eel was quite expensive as I understood it, but the magnificent unagi was prepared in all manner of ways. Even the eating area was astonishing, with traditional paintings adorning the walls. Suzuki insisted on sitting herself

next to me, complimenting my hair and asking if I struggled to deal with it and makeup and the like.

“Um, I must admit I mostly leave it alone. I’m not very good with it yet, though I’m trying. Same with makeup.”

She grinned. She was certainly a buoyant one. “*Sugoi!* I can help you! I’ve always wanted a sister and all I got was goofball Kenji here-”

“Hey!

“-so I am absolutely going to do everything I can to make you one of us! There’s no way you’ll want to turn back by the time I’m finished with you.”

Kenji chuckled. “You know, she is *my* girlfriend, Suzuki.”

She stuck out her tongue, getting a dour look from Hiromi. “That may be, brother, but I am the one who will make her an awesome modern woman. No offence, Mom, but times are changing.”

Hiromi sighed, looking at me. “No doubt about that, daughter.”

It was awkward, I won’t lie. Not just the questions, but the sense that I should be connecting to this quasi-adopted heritage of mine, just as Hiromi obviously wanted. She corrected my eating manner several times, but the weird part was that while she was clearly cold towards me, she also seemed genuinely interested in educating me, to the point where she talked about her family’s history going back through the ages, and how they had acquired their wealth in trade. Still, it was a good thing to retire for the night. Before I was left to the guest room and my own tatami-style bed, Kenji did sneak me up to look at his room.

“Oh my God,” I said in English, before switching back to Japanese. “I knew you were a dork, I had no idea you were a total nerd!”

He laughed and scratched the back of his head as I looked over the collection of manga, anime, and even extensive shelves of action figures.

“Well, it’s all from my childhood, so-”

“This one came out last year.”

“I had a long childhood. I’m still going through it, if you ask Suzuki. Or Mother. Or anyone, really.”

I giggled, smooching him on the cheek. Then I spotted even more mementos. “Is this you? You’re so cute!”

He sighed. “Why did I show you this room? So embarrassing.”

He had a number of photos of himself through the ages from moments of pride, including winning a spelling bee. He had prominent and adorable braces back then. But he also had a medal in baseball, surprisingly, as well as a number of memorabilia from various school trips, including Miyajima Island.

“I feel like I’m already getting to know you better,” I said, hugging him.

“In a good way, I hope?”

I kissed him again, holding it for a long time and hoping Hiromi wasn't lurking about.

“A very good way. I'm . . . I'm so very glad I came with you, even if this is a bit awkward at times.”

He held my hands, and it made my insides tingle. “The best is yet to come, Hinata.”

I returned to my guest room and got ready for the night, feeling comfortable on the tatami bed. Well, it was a little more raised than that, but it was still clearly traditional. Part of me felt a little uncertain though, so I decided to call my Mom. It took a moment for her to pick up, but it was good to hear her voice.

*‘Hello? Honey, is that you?’*

“It is, Mom. It's late here, I hope I haven't woken you.”

*‘I swear I'll never get used to hearing that cute accented voice coming from my own son! Oh, but don't worry, I won't get into that. I'm just about to head to work. Is everything good in Japan? Are you having fun?’*

“I think so. I just wanted to say I love you, and Dad too. I know this is all a lot for you to take in, but I'm just trying to find myself. I just wanted to say that.”

*‘We already know that, honey, but it's always a lovely thing to hear. You take care of yourself, okay? No matter how you look or sound, you'll always be my son. Or daughter. My child, I guess!’*

We shared a laugh, said our ‘love you's,’ and then our goodbyes. The words warmed me, and I was able to sleep.

Well, I was sleeping until a certain figure crept into my bed and woke me with his soft ministrations. Kenji kissed the side of my face and felt my hair, caressing my being and making me purr as I became more conscious . . . and more aroused.

“K-Kenji, we shouldn't,” I protested, but I didn't protest hard as he felt my breasts.

“Just a quick one,” he said. “Trust me, my family sleep like rocks. And I want you to be very happy after such a long day.”

I didn't protest any further. And once he was inside me, I became very happy indeed.

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The next day was better. After a feast of a breakfast, during which I noticed Hiromi was a little kinder and patient with me, Kenji took me out on a cute date shopping, sightseeing, and generally becoming familiar with the beauty and culture of Kyoto. Suzuki hung around for the first part, and actually stole me away from Kenji so I could get my hair styled and my makeup professionally done. I was scared of this at first, feeling awkward, but the results were staggering; my hair was brilliant in its shine, and my features gorgeous.

“Wow, you look incredibly beautiful! More than usual!”

“Thanks Kenji,” I said, enjoying the way he looked at me. “All thanks to your little sister.”

Suzuki stuck out her tongue. “You owe me, big brother!”

“I guess I do, wow. That’s a first. Now, can I have my girlfriend back?”

Suzuki sighed and ‘allowed’ this, with the proviso that we have some ‘girl time’ later. I found myself oddly excited for that. Still, the greater appeal was in Kenji showing me the beauty of Kyoto. We visited Kyoto Tower, the Golden and Silver Temples, had lunch at a lovely okonomiyaki place, and then had a historic tour around Nijo Castle. I soaked up all of it, not just the romance but the history and culture of it all, and I continued to ask questions to the point where Kenji started finding it utterly adorable.

Last of all, we visited something a bit more modern and silly; a maid cafe. Kenji blushed a bit as I asked him why this place in particular.

“We-ell, I must admit I’ve always been a bit weak to girls in maid outfits.”

“You pervert!” I teased. “Is this your way of trying to get me to think about taking a local job at a place like this?”

He smirked in the affirmative, and the only thing that saved him from more teasing were the waitresses coming to take our meals in their slightly revealing maid uniforms.

“What a cute couple!” they expressed.

I stuck my tongue out at Kenji. He just grinned sheepishly back. We ended up having a great time, though I fumbled with the menu a little at times. The language was easy, but sometimes local pronunciation caught me out, or in what order things should be done.

It was when I was walking through town with Kenji, smiling as I held his arm, that the perfection of the day came crashing down. In the middle of the street was a gathering of protestors, many of them older men and women.

*‘No Gender Flu!’* read their signs in English and Japanese. *‘Foreigners cannot become JAPANESE! GET OUT!’*

They were chanting too, and while their words weren’t directed at me, I felt them acutely. Several reporters were there and others with cameras, filming the vicious chants of the protestors who claimed that *I* could never be one of them, never find a home here, and belonged elsewhere.

“Come. Hinata. Let’s go elsewhere. Hinata, can you hear me?”

He had to tug my arm before I went along with him. Something strange was happening, something that I couldn’t quite describe. It was like all the sounds and voices were melding together into one incoherent but judgemental chorus. My neck tightened, and breathing was difficult. People were looking at me, they were *all* looking at me. I spun

around, nearly losing my footing, and it was only thanks to Kenji that he managed to get me out of the main mall area and find a quiet bench to place me at.

“Hinata, Hinata! Are you okay?”

The sounds ebbed away, and I managed to regain myself.

“Y-yes. No. No! I think - what was that?”

“You looked like you were having a full-blown panic attack.”

“It was what they were saying! I - I don’t belong here. I’m not one of you. Your mother knows it, I know it. Everyone knows it but me. I’m not really Japanese. I’m not really a woman! Kenji, this whole thing was a mistake!”

He embraced me, holding me firmly and helping calm me further. “You do belong here, and none of this is a mistake. Hinata, I really like you. I really, really like you. Listen, do you trust me?”

I nodded, my tears going down his shoulder. “Y-yes.”

“Then let me show you something. Can you walk?”

I indicated I could, and let him walk me around the block and up a hill. I was surprised to find that he was leading me up the steps to a Shinto shrine.

“I always find these places calming,” he said. “You don’t have to believe, not really. It’s arguably not even part of the religion to believe in the Western sense, at least. But you can feel a oneness here. A belonging. Just wait, and see if you can feel it too.”

I waited, seated before the shrine, taking it in. And he was right. Something about the air here felt different, something about the calm of it, away from the angry protestors and the bustle of the city - though it was not that far away really - gave me a further peace. I *did* belong here, I realised. Before the Shinto shrine, at least.

And perhaps that was a start.

“Better?” he asked.

I wiped away some tears and nodded. “Better.”

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Things improved from there. Hiromi gradually became more accepting, though I think this was more because of the obvious happiness I was bringing to Kenji more than anything. Of course, had she known that he was occasionally sneaking into the guestroom to make love to me perhaps her mind would change back again. Still, I couldn’t resist my Kenji, especially since he had such an impressive dick. Who would have thought I’d be into that? But it felt incredible to have him thrusting into me, and my own vaginal muscles gripping onto him.

Still, we *did* get out of the house. We engaged in a traditional tea ceremony, and he took me on a day trip to Osaka to see the aquarium, as well as to ride the enormous ferris

wheel there. I clung to him the whole time - why did he have to choose the carriage with the glass flooring? I got to ride the shinkansen bullet train, and to see Mt Fuji, but most of our time was around Kyoto, that wonderful historic city. Each day I felt a little bit more normal and less of an outsider. It was still a foreign culture in many ways, but I was embracing it fully, and many regular Japanese citizens took me for one of them, which was exactly how I wanted it to be.

Eventually, things culminated in a wedding. Not mine, of course! God, I couldn't imagine going *that* far yet, much as I adored my Kenji and everything about him. No, this was for one of his cousins, a woman named Yui. She had been engaged for over a year now, and the wedding was finally on. I was Kenji's plus one, and despite some initial hesitation on my part - could I really go to such a wedding? - the family insisted. Strangely, it was Hiromi who made it clear to me when she caught me privately in the living space of her estate.

"You should go," she said simply. "Kenji wants you there, and you have done fine work adapting. Almost like a true Japanese."

There was a barely perceptible smirk there, and despite my anxiousness I actually ran up and hugged her.

"This is hardly appropriate," she mumbled, though her hand did go around my back, just briefly. I think, in a way, that was enough for me. I accepted that I would go with Kenji not long after, and even more than my boyfriend, it was Suzuki who was ecstatic.

"I'm going to do your makeup and get you ready, no matter what you say!" she said.

And that was that; who was I to argue against her? We went shopping again, just the two of us, and it was a surprisingly fun girls' night out that made me realise I really enjoyed just hanging out with another woman. We tried on different dresses and outfits and she even got me to try heels, which I immediately made a fool of myself in. In the end, she helped me pick out a simple dark green dress that fell to just above my knees; attractive and good for dancing but not too showy. I loved the way it felt and looked on me, and Suzuki found me a lovely pair of black heels that weren't too high but still, y'know, technically high heels. I tried a few strolls, letting my hips sway just a little, and Suzuki clapped.

"Yes! A total success story!"

Yui was marrying an American businessman. Evidently, money found money, because it was a resplendent looking event when we arrived. The attendance was split between American and Japanese families and friends and associates, and something about that felt appropriate to me.

"Sought of symbolic of us," Kenji whispered in my ear as we took our seats.

"Just what I was thinking," I said, sneaking a quick kiss.

We held hands, waiting for Yui to arrive. When she did, the entire audience - myself included - turned its heads to see her. My jaw dropped. I had never met Yui before, and she was evidently a pretty girl, but it was her white kimono that had me utterly entranced. It fit the ambience of the traditional wedding perfectly, enhancing her beauty and making her the centre of attention.

“I’d like to wear that one day,” I whispered to myself.

I didn’t know if Kenji had caught that, but he squeezed my hand tightly. Lovingly. It was enough to make my breathing quicken. Me? Getting married!? What was I thinking! I was meant to be an American man named Ben. I wasn’t Hinata. I certainly wasn’t a ‘Sato,’ a made up family name to make me fit in. Even as Yui walked forward a sense of dizziness rushed over me, my heart beating rapidly. I didn’t want to ruin this moment, but terror seized me, like I didn’t belong.

“Hey, hey. It’s okay.”

It was Kenji’s voice, and his touch, that calmed me. I focused my attention on him, and how right in the world he made me. I calmed my breathing, let my heart rate slow. Whatever confusion and craziness I was going through as a result of my new life courtesy of the Gender Flu, I realised in that moment that Kenji was my one constant. The star around which I could orbit and centre my feelings.

I sat through the rest of the ceremony having mastered myself, and when the bride and groom kissed, I teared up as much as anyone. The whole thing had been beautiful, and no uncertainty plagued me.

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The reception was lovely, and after just a little bit of sake, I was able to kick loose and dance with my boyfriend. Evidently, I must have made a good impression on Kenji’s wider family, because I got a few compliments on how good I was for Kenji, even from Yui herself!

“I’ve always hoped that Kenji would find someone who could keep his boisterous nature in line, and perhaps he’s found her at last!” she said. “I love your dress, too!”

I gushed right back. “And I love your kimono! It’s so beautiful.”

“Isn’t it just?” she replied, twirling a little to show it off. “I’ll be changing into something a bit better for dancing soon, but I don’t want to lose it just yet. Perhaps you’ll feel that way if you ever end up with Kenji for good?”

I blushed a little. “Even though I’m not really Japanese? Or a woman?”

Yui just chuckled. “Everyone here thinks you’re one of us. Who cares, otherwise?” She laughed a little. “Besides, it’s *my* wedding. What I say goes, and I want romance and

love to win the day. So get over to Kenji and don't let him go, and the rest will take care of itself!"

I followed her advice, and stopped caring about how others perceived me, or worrying about their private thoughts. Instead, I mingled and chatted, laughed at Kenji's jokes and danced with him. Funnily enough, when it became known that I was actually originally an American man to some on the western side of the attendance list, I was even pulled aside and asked to help translate between them. Kenji told me I didn't have to, but I was eager to help form connections. It was, in many ways, just another metaphor for my own life, and my own desire to connect my own two halves.

"I can't believe this wonderfully charming woman is really American!" one of the westerners said, chuckling a little. She probably thought it was a compliment.

"No," a voice said, stern and powerful. "She's one of us."

I looked over to see Hiromi, stern as ever, self-assured as ever, but her level gaze on the one who had apparently misspoken. I think that melted my heart more than even the wedding itself.

"Thank you, Miss Ito," I whispered as I passed her.

"Just keep my son happy," she replied with a slight smirk.

I planned to. God, did I plan to.

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Kenji thrust into me, and I moaned in perfect ecstasy. I was bent over the table at our hotel, and he was gripping my hips passionately as he fucked me. We hadn't done it in this position before, and I found it truly divine. There was something so hot and submissive about it that was driving me wild, especially when he cupped my breasts from behind and fondled my nipples. I was still in my dress - mostly - but my panties were around my ankles. His hands were all over me, but occasionally I arched my back, turned my head to his and kissed him, all while he fucked me. His dick was huge, stretching the walls of my vagina in all the best ways. There was no pain, only pleasure, and I was crying out in bliss as he rammed me harder and harder. It was easily the most intense - yet simultaneously intimate - lovemaking we'd ever had.

"Ohhhh, you f-feel so p-perfect!" I cried. "I want you s-so bad, Kenji! I w-want you always! Mhmmm!!"

"M-me too," he replied. "I - I love you, Hinata."

The simple words only elevated the intensity of the sex and love in our hotel room. I stopped, letting him slip out of me. I turned, wanting to face him.

"You love me?" I asked.

He smiled sheepishly, as if he'd intended to tell me during a less . . . passionate moment. "I do. I've loved you for a while, Hinata. I just wanted to wait until you were ready to hear it. I love you."

I leapt into his arms, spreading my legs around him and holding on tight.

"I love you too," I replied, kissing him, feeling his tongue inside my mouth and my own inside his. "I love you so much, Kenji. I want you to fuck me now like you've never fucked me before. I love you!"

He pressed me against the wall, and this was another position we'd never tried. With my help, we managed to angle my hips just right so that he could thrust into me, and then I was sliding up and down the wall a little in time with his gyrations, feeling him enter and leave me again and again. I felt his muscles, pressed my chest against him, let him suck on my nipples as I freed them once more from my dress. I was close, I was so damn close, and something about his strength holding me up as he banged me against the wall was just wild beyond belief.

"Yesssss! Yes! I'm going to - I'm going to cum, Kenji! I want you to c-cum with me!"

"I will! I promise! I love you, I love you so much, Hinata!"

"I love you t-too! Ohhh, now make me - make me - AAIIIEEEEE!!"

It turns out I could be a bit of a screamer when I needed to be, because I probably woke the floors above and below me with my cries. I held onto him for dear life as he came, and I came with him. We locked lips in that moment, moaning into each other's mouths as he poured his warm seed into my wet and waiting depths. Of course, it turns out that holding a woman up while you're orgasming is a pretty difficult feat. You can imagine my surprise when I found myself suddenly falling, landing on Kenji in such a way that left us sprawled on the floor and laughing.

"I meant to do that!" he joked. "You were enjoying yourself too much and I had to put a stop to it, naturally."

I giggled, crawling over to him and embracing him on the floor, my warmth against his. "Well it didn't work. I still love you," I said.

"You're alright," he chuckled, to which I slapped him lightly on the ass, eliciting further laughter. "Fine, I love you too. I'm head over heels, in fact."

"Good, because I plan to stay as Hinata a lot longer."

"How much longer?"

I lifted my head over his, smiling cheekily. "Oh, I don't know, how about a lifetime?"

"Sounds good to me."

We kissed once more.

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We both graduated from university a couple of years later. Of course, I had fully become accustomed and happy with my life as Hinata Sato by that point. Or Sato Hinata, if one was to go by the Japanese formula. I was very much in love with Kenji and he with me, so it didn't surprise anyone when, not long after graduation, I upgraded myself nicely to Hinata Ito. Our wedding was wonderful, and I really did get a white kimono - a present from Hiromi herself. Kenji and I celebrated with a trip to Japan for our honeymoon, and suffice to say we had a lot of fun in our personal onsen bath. Perhaps a bit *too* much fun, in fact, because six months later we were visiting Japan again, this time so that Kenji's family could see how much I was blowing up by that point.

Yes, I was pregnant. Wonderfully pregnant. My boobs were a bit bigger, my thighs and rear and hips too - Kenji's favourite bits - but I was mainly much larger in the belly. I couldn't have ever imagined getting pregnant, let alone becoming a woman - Aaron and Jackson even shot me messages detailing their disbelief, ha! - but in truth I felt exactly like the person I was meant to be, creating a family with my beloved Kenji. Mom was ecstatic, having come with me on the trip, delighted that she had a 'daughter' no matter how unrelated I looked now. Certainly, Suzuki swarmed all over me, gasping and touching my belly and wishing she was pregnant too. According to Kenji's father, Suzuki had gone baby mad, and it was hoped that her latest boyfriend would be the one. I wished that to be the case for her, but for now she was happy to take me shopping for local maternity clothes. I slipped out from her gaze for twenty minutes to go grab something much more specialised, however. I hadn't forgotten something Kenji had mentioned to me one time, something I planned to keep a sexy secret.

I got the chance to spring it on him just two days later while Kenji was making me lunch. His father was out of town, and Mom had gone with Hiromi to see some sights, Suzuki having learned enough English to be a translator. That left just the two of us. After eating some snacks - God I was ravenous now that I was growing life within me - I slipped into our room and got out my secret little outfit. After checking that everything fit and stretched out in all the right places, I descended the stairs again and gave a demure cough to get my husband's attention. When he spun around his eyes went totally gaga at me. Understandable really, given that I was wearing a sexy maid outfit, just like those ones from the maid cafe he liked so much.

"H-Hinata?" he asked.

"What do you think?" I said, teasing him as I got out my feather duster. "Should we have a little fun? I heard you like maids . . ."

**The End**