

ADULTS ONLY

166 pages 34 illustrations

OFFICE LADY LAND

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack



TRANSGENDER
TALES OF

Transformation



J O E S I X P A C K

**OFFICE
LADY
LAND**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack
A Tales of Transformation story



2025 Edition

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OFFICE LADY LAND

Hanford McAllister stepped out of the sleek black Lexus LS chauffeured to the curb of the Shinjuku skyscraper with the same air of disdain he wore to every business meeting. He wore it well. Almost as well as his polished Italian loafers, which hit the pavement like punctuation marks, and his tailored charcoal suit was an affront to the drab sea of black and gray suits around him. The Tokyo office workers parted instinctively, heads bowed and steps quickened, as though his presence alone might invite ruin.

The sheer size of the skyscraper rising before him — a shimmering, glass-paneled giant — was no longer impressive to him, though it had been the tallest building in Japan for nearly five years. To Hanford, it was just another symbol of power, authority, and dominion over Tokyo's bustling chaos.

He swept through the revolving doors without sparing a glance for the bowing receptionist. Inside, the lobby buzzed with activity: polished marble floors gleamed under bright LED lights, and workers in immaculate business attire hurried past with solemn purpose. An art installation — a minimalistic fountain shaped like a circuit board — gurgled softly in the background, but Hanford barely registered it. His executive elevator awaited.

The gleaming metal doors slid open, revealing a pristine interior paneled in dark wood with brushed steel accents. Hanford stepped inside, alone, as was his privilege. With a soft chime, the elevator ascended smoothly, the floors ticking away silently on the digital display.

The doors opened to the executive floor, a stark contrast to the bustling hive below. Here, the decor was even more ostentatious: deep, rich wood, thick carpet that muffled every footstep, and large windows offering a breathtaking view of Tokyo. Yet Hanford hardly appreciated it. To him, it was simply a backdrop — everyone was a visitor in his world.

A slender young man jogged to catch up with him. Max Crayton, Hanford's newly installed CIO, looked comically out of place next to the older man's bearing and sharpness. At just 24 years old, Max had the build of a runner and a face that still hadn't lost its boyish softness. His suit, though perfectly fitted and outlandishly expensive, somehow looked as if he were playing dress-up with it.

"Morning, Hanford," Max said as they both entered the elevator, slightly out of breath but trying to mask it.

"Max," Hanford grunted, pressing the button for the top floor. "You're late."

Max ran a hand through his slicked-back hair and gave a nervous laugh. “Caught in the usual traffic.”

Hanford rolled his eyes. “Excuses are for losers, Crayton. Remember that.”

Max fidgeted with his tie, glancing at Hanford out of the corner of his eye. “You know, you’ve got them running scared all over this place. They scurry like ants when you’re around. They think you’ll fire them just for making eye contact.”

Hanford smirked. “Good. Too many of these people think they’re entitled to a paycheck. They’re only as good as their last hour of work.”

Max chuckled weakly, unsure whether to agree or simply stay quiet. He decided on the former. “Guess it’s working. They practically jump out of their chairs when I walk into a room, and I’m just the new guy.”

“They don’t respect you yet,” Hanford said, his tone cutting. “They just don’t know what to make of you. Give it time. Make them sweat. Just keep doing what you’re doing. Demote people. Berate people. Humiliate people. Fire people. They have to fear you, Max. Fear keeps this whole place in line.”

Max’s smile tightened, but he nodded.

Hanford chuckled, his laugh sharp and humorless. “Watch them when you so much as ask them a question. I swear half these little guys would faint if I raised my voice.”

“They’ve got good instincts,” Max said, smirking. “Speaking of which — heard something interesting this morning. A little bird says there’s something going on up at the top. The top-top. You know, board-level stuff.”

“Is that so?” Hanford said dismissively, but his tone carried an edge of interest. “If there’s something going on, it’s an opportunity. Every crisis is.”

“I don’t think it’s anything,” Max replied, following Hanford into the outer office suite.

The sight of the empty desk immediately soured Hanford’s mood. His personal assistant’s desk — an ergonomic marvel surrounded by perfectly ordered stacks of papers and expensive Japanese calligraphy pens — was conspicuously empty. A white ceramic teacup sat abandoned on the corner, a faint ring of tea at the bottom.

“Where the hell is she?” Hanford barked, his voice cutting across the quiet.

Max shrugged. “Probably off gossiping with the others. They’re always huddled in the break room, chirping away.”

Hanford sneered. “Typical. Can’t rely on anyone around here. They spend more time chattering than working, and they wonder why they’re still

answering phones instead of running meetings.” His opinion of the Japanese workforce was not the highest.

Max chuckled, shaking his head. “Not like they’d have a clue what to do with real responsibility.”

The two men laughed as Hanford flung open the heavy double doors to his office. It was a shrine to himself: a massive oak desk dominated the room, flanked by floor-to-ceiling windows offering a panoramic view of the city. Framed photos of Hanford with various world leaders adorned the walls, alongside a pair of samurai swords he had bought on Temu and liked to pretend were authentic. Behind the desk, a leather chair sat waiting like a throne.

And a small Japanese man sat in it.

The Japanese man was well familiar to Hanford and Max. He ran the office day-to-day. He didn’t look up when the two Americans arrived, ignoring his bosses who had driven him to the edge of madness on a daily basis with their outrageous demands and insensitive behavior. Instead, he just kept pouring over some papers in his hands.

“Get out of my chair, Takashima,” Hanford said, angrily, as he threw his briefcase onto a nearby chair. Despite his approach towards his desk, and his imposing figure that threw a shadow over the man in his chair, the man, Takashima, did not move. He just kept reading.

“It’s not your chair,” the man said. “It’s the company’s chair.” He kept reading.

This defiance was unprecedented. For the three years he had been in charge of the Asia-Pacific Division, and working in this office, Takashima had been completely compliant. He was a little toad of a man, in Hanford’s eyes. Even hesitating a fraction of a second in defiance of Hanford’s orders was unheard of.

“*Now*, Takashima.” Hanford was impatient, and his impatience was usually followed by unpleasant things.

Takashima didn’t move. He inclined his head slightly, his glasses catching the morning light. “This chair,” he said softly, “is no longer for you, Mr. McAllister. It is for the use of the President of the Asia-Pacific region. As of this morning, that position is mine.”

The words hung in the air, their weight slowly settling over the room. Max, who had been lingering behind Hanford, blinked in confusion. “Wait, what? What are you talking about?” he stammered, his voice a sharp contrast to Takashima’s measured tone.



Takashima folded his hands neatly on the desk. “The Japanese partner in this company has completed a full buyout of the American stake. Effective immediately, this office — and all operations in Asia — are wholly owned and operated by our Japanese firm. I have been appointed as President of the Asia-Pacific region.”

Hanford’s face darkened, his lips curling into a sneer. “You’re joking. This is some kind of stunt. Where’s the memo? Where’s the official announcement? You think you can just waltz in here and sit in my chair, throwing out baseless claims?”

Takashima reached to the corner of the desk and picked up a document. He placed it on the front of the desk with care, sliding it toward Hanford. “The details are here. The board has already been dissolved. The paperwork is complete.”

Hanford didn’t look at the document. He leaned forward, placing his fists on the desk, his towering frame looming over the seated Takashima. “You listen to me, Takashima. You’re a pencil pusher. A glorified administrator. You don’t have the spine to run an office, let alone an entire region. This job requires vision. Leadership. You’re nothing more than a wormy, loathsome little man who can’t make a decision without someone holding your hand. You think you can fill my shoes? You’re not even in the same league.”

Takashima didn’t flinch. He didn’t blink. He sat motionless, his expression unreadable. It was as if Hanford’s outburst were nothing more than a gust of wind passing by.

Max stepped forward, emboldened by Hanford’s fury. “Yeah, this is ridiculous!” he said, his voice rising. “You think the company’s going to just roll over and let you, what, *take over*? They’d never put someone like you in charge. You wouldn’t last a week, and everyone knows it!”

Takashima turned his gaze to Max, his expression still devoid of emotion. “This decision was not made by you, or Mr. McAllister, or anyone in this office. It was made by the company. It is final.”

Hanford slammed his palm on the desk, the sound reverberating through the room. “Final? Let me tell you what’s final. Your time at this company. You think you can sit there, in my chair, and pretend you’re in charge?”

Still, Takashima said nothing. His calmness only served to fuel Hanford’s rage.

“I’ll make some calls, and this whole nonsense will be undone by the end of the day,” Hanford snarled. He turned to Max. “Get me Legal. Now.”

Max nodded, eager to prove his loyalty. “You got it. We’ll shut this thing down in no time.”

Takashima finally spoke, his voice steady and unshaken. “You are, of course, free to make any calls you wish, Mr. McAllister. But you will find the company’s legal team has already been informed.”

With little he could say to ramp up the tension further, Hanford dramatically turned and left the office. “Come on Hanford, we need to talk to Zak.”

Max followed his boss out of the room, trying to look just as fierce and angry as Hanford looked, and failing.

It was a short march to Zak Curren's office, the Regional Vice-President, and Hanford and Max stormed into the office without knocking, their anger boiling over. The large, sunlit room, with its immaculate glass desk and sleek modern furniture, felt almost serene — until Hanford's voice shattered the calm.

"Where the hell is Zak?" Hanford bellowed, his voice echoing off the glass walls.

Behind the desk, seated with perfect composure, was Azumi Matsumoto, Hanford's former administrative assistant. She was a stout Japanese woman, with a chubby face. She looked up at him, her demeanor serene and composed. Her crisp white blouse under a grey blazer and neatly tied bow contrasted starkly with Hanford's red face and Max's nervous energy.

"Azumi!" Hanford barked, pointing a finger at her like an accusation. "Get out of that chair and go back to your desk where you belong!"

Azumi set down the pen she was holding and folded her hands neatly on the desk. "Good morning, Mr. McAllister," she said in her even, polite tone. "I would appreciate it if you kept your voice down. This is a professional office, and such outbursts are unbecoming."

Max glanced at Hanford, unsure whether to laugh or be horrified at the audacity. "What the hell is going on here?"

"This," Azumi said, gesturing to the desk, "is now my desk, and you will treat me with the respect my position deserves."

Hanford's face darkened further, and he jabbed a finger toward the desk. "You've got some nerve, Azumi. Sitting at Zak's desk, talking like you know what you're doing. Get up. Now."

"I am afraid that is no longer possible," Azumi replied calmly, not even glancing at the finger pointed at her.

Hanford's fury threatened to erupt, but before he could lash out again, the door opened, and Zak Curren walked in. The Vice President of the Asia-Pacific Region, Zak was a 30-year-old American with a habit of arriving late, but his usual easygoing grin was nowhere to be seen. He stopped abruptly at the sight of the commotion in his office.

"What's going on here?" Zak asked, his voice sharp. His tie was askew, and his dark blond hair looked hastily combed, suggesting a rushed start to the morning.

Max turned to him immediately. "Zak! Thank God. This whole place has gone insane. Takashima's taken over my office, claims he's now President of the Asia-Pacific region, and now she" — he jabbed a finger at Azumi — "is sitting at your desk, saying it's hers!"

Zak's eyes darted to Azumi, who remained unflappable, then back to Hanford. "What are you talking about? Nobody's told me anything about this!"

Azumi adjusted her posture slightly, her face as calm as ever. "Good morning, Mr. Curren," she said. "Allow me to clarify. The Japanese partner has bought out the American share of the company. As part of the new structure, the leadership positions have been reassigned. I am now serving as Vice President of the Asia-Pacific Region."

"Vice President?" Zak began, his face twisting in confusion and anger. "This is ridiculous! You're just an Office Lady! I'm the Vice President. You're... You're Hanford's assistant!"

"No longer," Azumi corrected smoothly. "I am no longer Mr. McAllister's assistant. I now report directly to Mr. Takashima."

Zak looked to Hanford and Max, his anger rising to match theirs. "What is this, some kind of coup? They can't just do this! We're *executives*. We'll sue them into the ground for this nonsense."

Max, emboldened by Zak's indignation, joined in. "Exactly! This is illegal. They can't just fire us and..."

"No one has been fired," Azumi interjected calmly, her voice cutting through the rising chaos like a knife. "Your positions have been re-assigned. Under the terms of the buyout, it was agreed that no one would lose their employment. You, Mr. McAllister, Mr. Curren, and Mr. Crayton, will all remain employees of the company — provided you accept your new roles."

Zak froze, his indignation giving way to wary confusion. "New roles?"

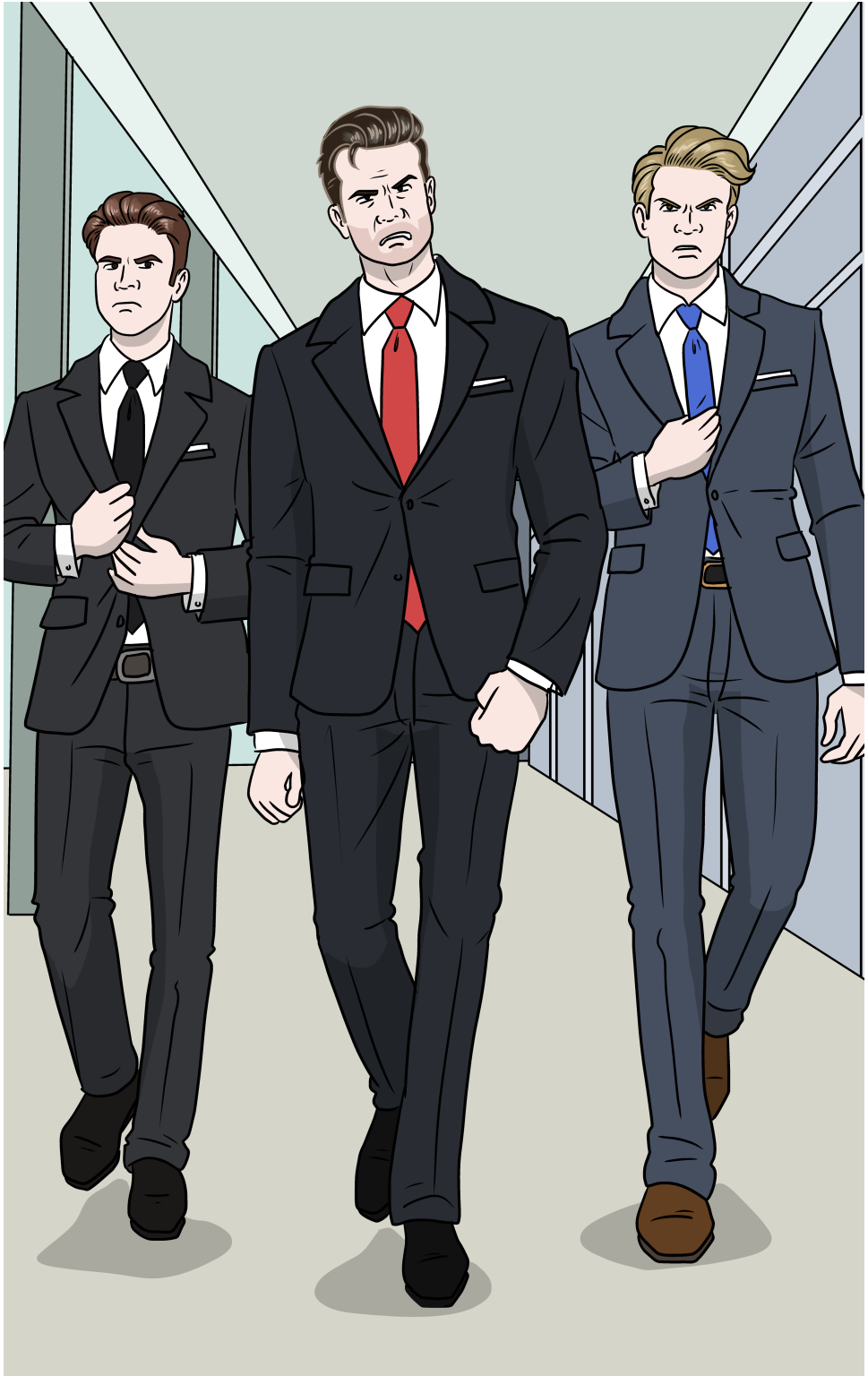
Azumi nodded. "The positions available to you are within the office staff. Specifically, as office ladies. If you decline these positions, your employment will be terminated, and you will be deported, as your work visas require active employment to remain valid."

Hanford's jaw dropped, and for a moment, no one spoke. Then he let out a barking laugh, filled with disbelief and fury. "Office ladies? You expect me to..."

Max cut in, sputtering. "That's absurd! That's not even a real offer! It's a deliberate insult! You can't seriously think we'd..."

"Those are the only roles available," Azumi said evenly. "The terms of the buyout are clear. If you refuse the positions, you will lose all salaries, benefits, and personal effects held by the company. Additionally, you will be sued for breaching your contracts, which require you to fulfill your roles as employees."

Zak's mouth opened, then closed, his face a storm of emotions. "You're joking," he finally said, his voice faint.



Max's face turned pale. "The dress code..." he stammered, suddenly. he turned to his co-executives. "I wrote the damn dress code for office ladies. It requires compliance with specific beauty standards! Skirts! Makeup! This is insane."

Azumi smiled faintly, as if she were indulging a child's tantrum. "I am fully aware of the dress code, Mr. Crayton. Compliance is mandatory for all office staff, as you are well aware. If you accept your new roles, you will be required to adhere to those standards."

"This is a farce!" Hanford roared. "You people are just trying to ridicule us! To get a laugh out of degrading us!"

Azumi met his gaze steadily. "It is your choice. Accept your new positions and remain with the company, or refuse and face deportation. The police are already prepared to escort you to the airport should you decline. The decision is yours."

The room fell silent, the weight of her words crushing whatever defiance remained in the three men. Hanford glared at Azumi, his fury so palpable it was almost suffocating, but she didn't waver. Max and Zak exchanged horrified glances, their pride warring with the brutal reality of the situation.

Azumi folded her hands neatly on the desk, her expression one of perfect calm. "Take your time," she said softly. "But not too much. The police are waiting in the lobby." Zak's face flushed crimson, his disbelief and anger bubbling over as he pointed an accusatory finger at Azumi. "This is outrageous!" he shouted, his voice cracking with fury. "You can't expect us to make a decision like this on the spot! Do you even understand the kind of humiliation you're asking us to accept? This isn't a job offer — it's a joke! A trap!"

Max interrupted with a hand raised nervously, his voice tentative. "Uh, quick question."

Zak spun on him, glaring. "What now?"

Max cleared his throat, his expression sheepish but oddly serious. "If I... if I accept this stupid role or whatever, do I get to keep my company car? And, uh, the parking spot?"

Zak's jaw dropped, and his fury redirected itself. "Are you serious right now? Are you actually serious, Max? A company car? A parking spot? That's your big concern?"

Max shrugged defensively. "Look, I'm just saying..."

"Jackass," Zak said.

Max bristled. “Hey, don’t act like you’re above this, Zak. At least I’m thinking practically. What are you doing? Throwing a tantrum? What good is that gonna do?”

Zak threw up his hands in exasperation. “Oh, I’m sorry, Max. I didn’t realize you were so eager to settle into your new role as Employee of the Month: Office Lady Division!”

“Gentlemen,” Azumi said softly, cutting through their bickering with the precision of a scalpel. “Your internal disagreements are irrelevant to the matter at hand. The terms remain the same. I suggest you focus your energy on deciding rather than arguing.”

Both men turned to her, united in their mutual indignation for just a moment. Her calm, impenetrable demeanor only seemed to enrage them further.

“You can’t expect us to make this kind of decision,” Zak repeated, his voice shaking, “without time to consult legal counsel. To gather evidence. To file a formal objection...”

“Mr. Curren, which country do you think you are in?” Azumi said, a hint of a smile on her face. “Now, your decision?”

The three men were suddenly, reservedly quiet.

Azumi Matsumoto’s gaze moved steadily between the three men, her composure as unyielding as ever. “Gentlemen,” she said, her voice cool and measured, “Will you accept the positions offered, or should I inform the appropriate authorities to begin the deportation process?”

Max and Zak exchanged nervous glances, then both looked at Hanford, as if he held the key to their fates. Hanford stood stiffly, his face a mask of barely concealed rage. He turned away from the group, pacing a few steps toward the window. The skyline of Tokyo stretched before him, brilliant and vast, but for the first time, it seemed like a cold and indifferent.

Zak broke the silence first, his voice low but cracking with resignation. “I’ve got to have a job,” he muttered, almost to himself. He looked down at his polished shoes, his hands twitching at his sides. “I’ve got responsibilities. Bills. People counting on me.”

Hanford’s jaw tightened as he stood with his back to the room. He didn’t have to turn around to know what Zak was really talking about. The late-night phone calls. The whispered conversations. The pale, sweating face of a man who was always looking over his shoulder. Hanford knew Zak was in deep with the wrong people, his drug habit pulling him under like quicksand. And now this? This was the perfect storm Zak couldn’t outrun.

Zak took a deep breath and straightened his tie, trying to inject some confidence into his decision. “Fine,” he said, forcing a small laugh that didn’t reach his eyes. “I’ll see what you’ve got in mind. But let me be clear — I’m probably walking away from this. I’m not committing to anything just yet.” Worst case scenario in his mind was that he gets fired for being an incompetent “office lady,” whatever that meant.

“Your consent to the position is commitment enough,” Azumi replied, her tone unflappable. “But noted.”

Zak grimaced but gave a sharp nod, his face a mixture of defeat and annoyance. Azumi’s gaze shifted to Max.

Max hesitated, his eyes darting nervously between Azumi, Zak, and Hanford. “Well, uh,” he stammered, running a hand through his hair. “I mean, I’ll back up my boss. Whatever he wants to do, I’ll... I’ll do too.”

Azumi’s calm expression didn’t waver as she looked to Hanford. “And Mr. McAllister? Your decision?”

The room fell into a tense silence. Max fidgeted, Zak rubbed the back of his neck, and even Azumi seemed to pause, her pen hovering just above her notepad. All eyes were on Hanford, who remained motionless, his back still to the room.

Finally, he spoke, his voice heavy with a bitterness that seemed to hang in the air. “I have stock options vesting in a year. You think I’m going to walk away from that? Throw it all away because of some... humiliating stunt?” He clenched his jaw. “I know what you people are up to. You want me to drop my incentive package. Well, I won’t let you do that.” Hanford turned slowly, his face hard but his eyes calculating. “No. I’m staying. I’m not going anywhere.”

Max’s eyes widened in shock. “Wait, what? You’re serious?”

Hanford glared at him. “It’s 14 million dollars, Max!”

Max blinked, swallowing hard. He had been certain Hanford would tell Ms. Matsumoto to go to hell, that they’d both walk out together, defiant to the end. But Hanford’s response had thrown him off balance.

“Well,” Max said reluctantly, his voice small, “if you’re staying, then I guess I’m staying too...?”

Azumi straightened her posture, a faint glimmer of satisfaction in her otherwise neutral expression. It was as if she had expected this result. “Very well. You have all accepted the terms. I will inform the necessary parties.” She stood gracefully, smoothing the front of her blouse. “Now, if you’ll follow me, we’ll proceed to the lower floor to get you started.”

Zak, Max, and Hanford stood frozen for a moment, as if their legs didn't want to carry them toward whatever indignity awaited. But Azumi was already heading for the door, her calm and purposeful steps leaving them no room for hesitation.

"Please," she said, her tone polite but firm, "this way."

The elevator hummed softly as it descended, its sleek walls reflecting the tense silence between the three men and Ms. Matsumoto. Hanford stood stiffly, his arms crossed, glaring at his former secretary. Zak leaned against the wall, his face a mixture of resignation and simmering anger, while Max fidgeted nervously with his tie.

Hanford couldn't resist one last shot. "When this is over, Matsumoto," he growled, "you can forget about ever being my secretary again. You've burned that bridge."

Ms. Matsumoto didn't even turn her head. She let his threat hang in the air like smoke, utterly unacknowledged. Instead, she spoke in her cool, measured tone. "From this point forward, we will speak only in Japanese. This is now a Japanese company, and therefore a Japanese workplace."

"What?" Max yelped, his eyes darting between her and the others. "Wait... what? I don't speak Japanese!"

Ms. Matsumoto looked at him with the faintest flicker of disinterest. "Perhaps you should ask your co-workers, Mr. Crayton. Mr. McAllister and Mr. Curren both speak Japanese. I am certain they will be happy to assist you."

Max opened his mouth to protest further, but the elevator came to a smooth stop, and the doors slid open. Hanford scowled as he stepped out, immediately recognizing that they weren't on any of the typical office floors.

"This isn't the work floor," Hanford said sharply, his English breaking the stillness.

Ms. Matsumoto's eyes narrowed ever so slightly. She replied in Japanese, her tone sharp but professional. "Makkarisutā-sama, eigo de ohanashi sarenai yō onegai mōshiagemasu." Which translated to, "Mr. McAllister, I must remind you not to speak in English." She continued, "If you cannot comply, we will assume you are refusing the terms of your employment."

Her words hit Hanford like a slap, and he bit back the retort that was forming. She continued, still in Japanese but calm as ever, "Before you can begin work in your new roles, you must be properly attired. That is why we are here. This is the exercise room, where you will be outfitted with work-appropriate clothing."

“What did she say?” Max whispered to Zak, his voice shaking. “I don’t understand what’s going on.”

Zak sighed heavily, clearly wrestling with his own indignation. “She said this isn’t the work floor. We’re here to get changed into... whatever the hell they expect us to wear.”

Max blinked. “Changed? Like... *right now?*”

“Looks that way,” Zak muttered, his voice laced with dread.

The group moved down the hallway, the men trailing reluctantly behind Ms. Matsumoto as she led them toward a door marked with a graphic of a pink figure wearing a skirt. Max stopped dead in his tracks when he saw it, but Hanford shoved him forward with a muttered curse.

As they passed through the door, Ms. Matsumoto brought her phone to her ear, speaking quietly but firmly. “The police are no longer required. Please thank them for their service to the company and dismiss them.” She ended the call with a calm efficiency that sent another wave of unease through the men.

From somewhere behind a partition, they heard whispers and giggles. The sound wasn’t loud, but it carried an unmistakable note of ridicule. The humiliation was palpable, and it made their steps even heavier.

Inside the changing room, the atmosphere was eerily calm. A row of employees stood silently, their hands clasped neatly behind their backs, their expressions impassive as they waited. Ms. Matsumoto turned to the men and spoke with crisp authority. “Disrobe.”

“What did she say?” Max asked, his voice rising in panic.

“She wants us to strip,” Zak muttered, his lips tightening.

“Absolutely not,” Hanford growled. “This is...”

Before he could finish, Ms. Matsumoto snapped her fingers. Four burly men stepped forward from the corner of the room, their arms crossed and their expressions grim. They weren’t enormous, but their presence exuded a no-nonsense authority that even Hanford recognized.

Max looked around in confusion. “What’s going on now?”

Hanford shot him a withering glare. “Take a flying guess, genius. Start stripping.”

With great reluctance, Hanford began to shrug off his jacket, muttering curses under his breath. Zak followed suit, sighing heavily as he undid his tie and tossed it onto a nearby bench. Max hesitated, glancing nervously between his co-workers and the silent, imposing figures standing nearby.



“What are you doing?” Max asked, his voice tinged with panic. “Why are you...?”

“Just do it, Max,” Zak snapped, his voice tight with frustration. “Unless you want to find out what happens if you don’t.”

Grumbling and muttering to himself, Max finally began to remove his clothes. As they stripped down, robes were handed to them by one of the silent attendants. The robes were soft and plain, but the men’s resentment burned through the simple fabric as they slipped them on.

Ms. Matsumoto stood with poise, addressing them once they were covered. “You will now be depilated, corseted, and fitted for your new uniforms. Please cooperate with the staff. Any resistance will delay the process.”

Hanford, Zak, and Max exchanged dark looks, the humiliation of the situation fueling their whispered vows for revenge.

“When I get out of this,” Hanford muttered, his voice low and venomous, “I’ll make sure Matsumoto and everyone else responsible for this pays tenfold.”

Zak nodded grimly. “I don’t care what it takes. We’ll burn this whole operation to the ground.”

Max, who was still fumbling with his robe, chimed in, “And I’ll... well, I’ll do something. Just wait. They’ll regret...”

Before he could finish, the attendants stepped forward, firmly gripping each man by the arm. The suddenness of it made Max yelp, but Zak and Hanford remained silent, their faces hard with humiliation and rage. The men were separated, each led in a different direction. Their protests faded as the heavy doors closed behind them, leaving Ms. Matsumoto standing alone in the quiet room. She took a seat and tapped a checkbox on her phone.

Zak stood alone in the stark, white-tiled room, the air carrying the faint chemical smell of cleaning agents mixed with the faint floral undertone of the cream covering his body. The assistants — three young women wearing matching pastel uniforms — moved efficiently, brushing the thick, cold substance across his arms, legs, and torso. The feeling was unsettling, alien.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Zak asked, shifting uncomfortably as the cream began to itch. The assistants didn’t even glance at him, their expressions serene and professional. Their silence made the situation worse, the tension coiling in his chest like a spring.

After what felt like an eternity, the assistants motioned for him to stand still. Zak obeyed, unsure of what would happen next, as the itch intensified, spreading over every inch of his body. Ten minutes passed in agonizing silence,

broken only by the soft hum of the ventilation system and the faint, distant voices of others beyond the partition.

Finally, one of the assistants returned, pulling a long hose from the wall. Before Zak could react, a sharp spray of lukewarm water hit his skin, rinsing the cream away. He sputtered, flinching at the sudden deluge, and wiped his eyes as the water cascaded off his body. When it was over, he blinked down at himself in astonishment.

All his body hair was gone. His legs, arms, chest — everything was smooth, almost unnaturally so. He ran a hand over his arm, disbelief etched into his features.

“What the hell?” Zak shouted, his voice echoing in the room. “Why did you do this? I could’ve just shaved or something! What’s wrong with you?” He turned to the assistants, but they merely handed him a towel and gestured for him to move on. Their silence infuriated him further, but he had no choice but to comply.

Meanwhile, in another identical room, Hanford stood glaring at his minders, his broad chest rising and falling with anger. “This is absolute bullshit!” he shouted as he stood naked, his hands trembling with fury. “You people are insane! All of it gone — what is this? A torture chamber?”

The minders ignored his tirade, holding up a garment that immediately drew his ire.

“What the hell is that supposed to be?” Hanford snapped, glaring at the corset-like body shaper they presented. The soft beige material with satin lacing made his blood boil.

Two of the minders moved in unison, stepping toward him with mechanical precision, while the third held the garment open.

“You’re not putting that on me!” Hanford roared, stepping back. “I’m not — ugh, fine! Just get this over with!”

The garment was wrapped tightly around him, and Hanford winced as the stiff fabric constricted his torso. The laces were pulled with relentless tenacity, compressing his waist inch by inch. Each tug elicited a new stream of profanities, and soon, his breath came in short gasps.

“You’re killing me!” he bellowed, his face red as he struggled to move. “This is insane! I can’t breathe! Stop it!”

The minders said nothing, their expressions as impassive as statues. They continued tightening the garment until it created an hourglass silhouette, cinching Hanford’s waist into an unnatural curve. He swayed on his feet, his hands gripping the edge of a nearby counter for support.

Finally, they stopped pulling, securing the laces at the back. Hanford gasped for air, his rage now mingled with discomfort and confusion. He reached awkwardly around his back, clawing at the laces, but his arms could barely reach.

“Undo it!” he demanded. “I’m not wearing this crap — undo it now!”

The minders simply stood there, watching him struggle. Their silence stoked his fury, but his movements were sluggish and futile under the constriction of the garment.



In yet another room, Max sat on a bench, hunched over, his face pale. His hairless arms rested on his knees, and his corseted torso rose and fell as he tried to catch his breath. “Please,” he begged, his voice cracking as he looked at the minders. “Can someone just explain what’s happening? Anything at all?” The minders didn’t respond, their impassive faces giving him nothing to latch onto.

They remained stone-faced as the door opened, and a woman entered carrying a tape measure and a clipboard. She wore the same pastel uniform as the others, but her demeanor was sharp, her movements brisk.

“Wait, what are you doing?” Max asked as she approached, though his tone suggested he already knew.

The woman ignored his question, efficiently measuring his height, chest, waist, hips, and feet. She jotted down notes on her clipboard while Max squirmed and muttered under his breath.

“I don’t understand what this is all for,” Max said, his voice cracking. “Can you just tell me? Please?”

The woman completed her measurements without acknowledging his words and left the room. Max sat in silence, waiting, until she returned with a neat stack of folded garments. On top of the pile was a pair of sleek black heels.

Max's eyes widened, and he instinctively backed away. "No. No way. I'm not putting those on!"

The woman didn't react. She simply nodded to the minders, who stepped forward with purpose.

"Wait! Wait!" Max blurted, raising his hands defensively. "Okay! Okay, I'll do it!"

He stumbled toward the pile of clothing, clutching it against his chest as his face burned with humiliation. As he set them down on the floor, he muttered under his breath, "This is insane. I'm going to wake up, and this'll all be a nightmare. It has to be."

The minders watched silently, their expressions unreadable, as Max began to change.



The room was eerily silent except for the clack of awkward, unsteady heels on the polished floor. Hanford, Max, and Zak emerged from their respective changing rooms, each dressed identically: knee-length black tailored skirts, white button-up blouses, and three-inch black heels. Their appearances were incongruous with their masculine physiques, and none of them could walk properly in their new footwear. Each step was accompanied by a stumble or an uncertain wobble, their humiliation apparent in every movement.

Ms. Matsumoto, waiting with her clipboard and phone in hand, watched them approach with an expression of detached professionalism. Her posture was perfect, and her dark pencil skirt and white blouse seemed to emphasize how natural and confident she looked compared to the three men. She gestured for them to come to the center of the room, her demeanor calm but commanding.

The three men exchanged looks of shame and disbelief before reluctantly gathering in front of her. Hanford's jaw tightened as he glared at his colleagues, their shared embarrassment forming an unspoken bond in their mutual misery. Ms. Matsumoto walked slowly around them, her heels clicking rhythmically against the floor, inspecting them as though they were soldiers in formation. Occasionally, she tapped on her phone, making notes.

Hanford, his pride still simmering beneath the surface, muttered darkly, “If pictures of this get out, Matsumoto, I’ll snap your neck myself.”

Ms. Matsumoto ignored him entirely, as though his words hadn’t even reached her ears. Finally, she stopped in front of them and addressed the group. “You are suitable enough for the next step,” she said plainly.

Max, still struggling to stay balanced in his heels, whispered to Zak, “What did she say?”

Hanford grunted, not bothering to lower his voice. “It means it’s time for the next round of humiliation to begin.”

Ms. Matsumoto glanced briefly at Hanford before continuing. “Now, you will receive hair and makeup appropriate for an Office Lady.” She clapped her hands, and moments later, the door opened. Four burly men entered, each carrying a folding chair. They set the chairs in a line, and Ms. Matsumoto motioned for the three men to sit.

“Any attempt to resist,” she said evenly, “will result in severe consequences.”

Hanford, Zak, and Max reluctantly sat down, their movements stiff and uncoordinated. As soon as they were seated, hairstyling capes were draped over their upper bodies, snapping into place around their necks. Zak gave a sharp intake of breath as the cape was tied, the act somehow solidifying the inevitability of what was about to happen.

The door opened again, and a team of women entered, pushing carts laden with hairstyling tools, sprays, and dyes. Without a word, they began their work, wetting the men’s hair and running combs through it.

“What the hell is going on now?” Max asked, his voice strained and uneasy.

Zak, his voice dripping with sarcasm, replied, “They’re extinguishing the last little flame of dignity we had left.”

For the next hour, the hairstylists worked with meticulous care, trimming, layering, and dying each man’s hair. Zak winced as the cold dye touched his scalp, while Max muttered nervously to himself. Hanford gritted his teeth and closed his eyes, his jaw set so tight it looked as though he might crack a molar.

As the hairstylists finished their work, another group of women entered, wheeling in carts containing nail polish, makeup palettes, and small trays filled with jewelry. The men exchanged horrified glances, but before they could object, their hands were grabbed, and their nails were meticulously painted and extended. Their faces were expertly contoured, with foundation and blush applied seamlessly. Eyeshadow, eyeliner, and lipstick followed, transforming their faces into something unrecognizable.

Finally, bracelets, rings, necklaces, and earrings were fastened onto them, each piece carefully chosen to complement their new outfits. As the hairstylists finished drying and styling their hair, Ms. Matsumoto clapped her hands again. The burly men stepped forward, turning the chairs to face a large wall draped in cloth.

The cloth was pulled away, revealing a massive mirror that spanned the entire wall. The three men stared at their reflections in stunned silence.

Their appearances were nothing short of surreal. While they did not look like real women, they no longer looked like men. Every detail had been altered to fit their new roles. Their hair was covered by black wigs in professional cuts, their makeup flawless. The jewelry and fitted skirts completed the image.

Max stared at himself, his mouth opening and closing as he struggled to comprehend what he was seeing. "That's... that's not me," he muttered, his voice barely audible.

Hanford refused to look until one of the burly men firmly gripped his chin and turned his head toward the mirror. His scowl deepened as he glared at his reflection, but there was no denying the transformation.

Zak's reaction was visceral. He bent over, retching loudly, unable to contain the humiliation that churned in his stomach.

Ms. Matsumoto watched impassively. "A success," she declared. "A good first step."

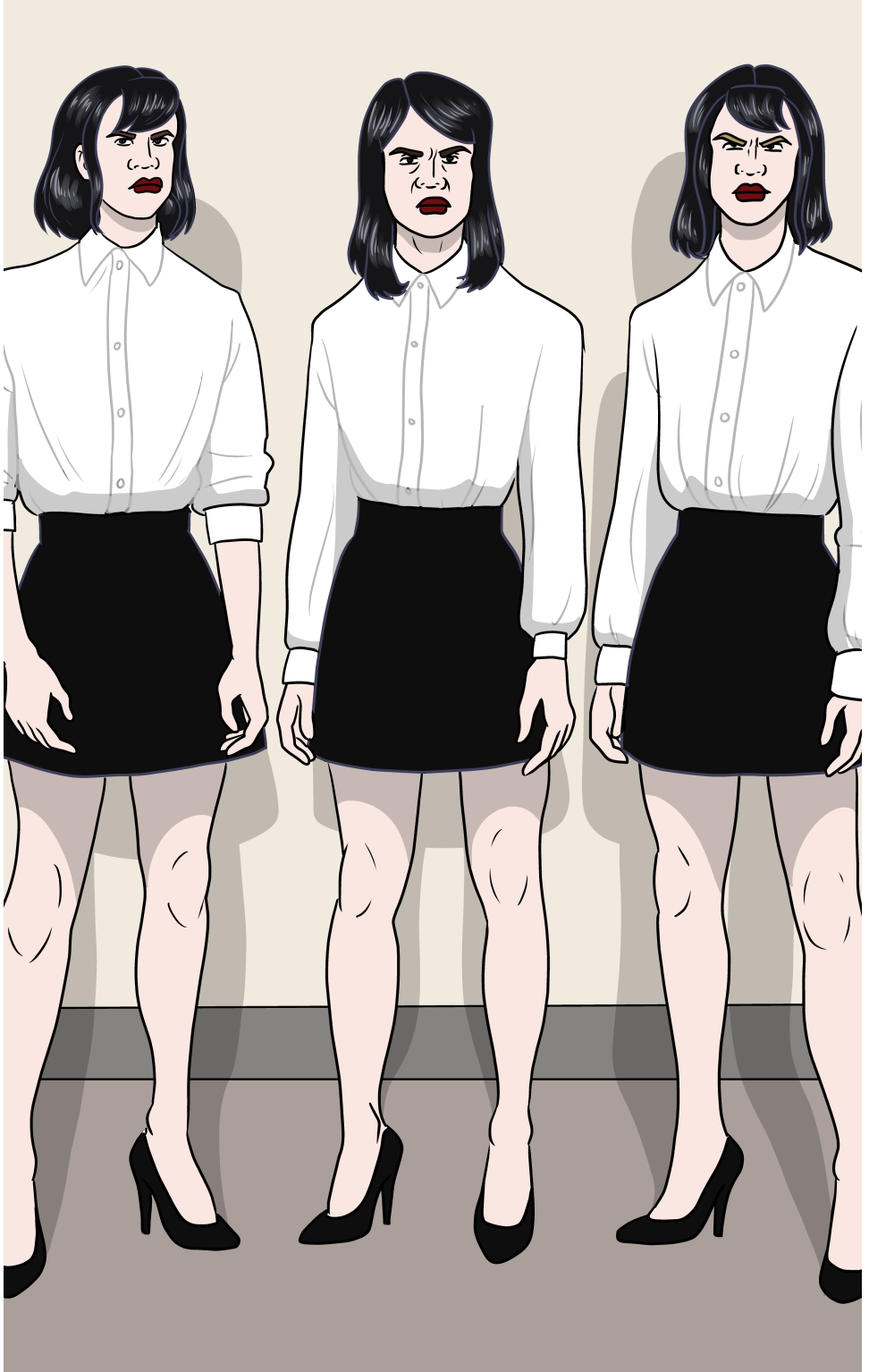
Hanford glared at her, his face contorted with anger. "What do you mean, 'first step'? What else do you have planned for us?"

She ignored his question and instead addressed all three men. "You will need to arrive here early each morning at precisely 6:30. Your hair and makeup will be done before you report to your division captains. You will arrive in identical clothing to what you are wearing now. After your preparations, you will work a full day, with a half-hour lunch break. Your day will end when your captain permits you to leave, usually around 10 p.m."

The men stared at her in disbelief, their exhaustion and humiliation rendering them unable to form coherent objections.

She continued, "You have the rest of the day to yourselves. Dismissed."

They stood there, frozen, unable to process her words. When they finally began to shuffle awkwardly toward the exit, wobbling in their heels, Ms. Matsumoto addressed Hanford one more time. "The company penthouse is no longer available to you. Mr. Crayton's suite at his hotel has also been vacated. We have arranged a two-bedroom apartment for you both. Here are the keys."



She handed the set to Hanford, her expression unreadable. “The apartment is in Kumagaya, a short 90-minute train ride away. I ask you to inform Mr. Crayton that you are now roommates.”

With that, she turned and left, leaving the men standing there in stunned silence, their reflections still glaring back at them from the mirror.

“What do we do now?” Max asked. “Can we take this shit off?”

As he asked the question, they were each handed a nondescript black purse. Zak quickly flipped open his, to find his wallet, and a fresh supply of makeup and a shiny new Suica card to pay for his train ride.

The elevator hummed softly as it descended toward the building lobby, its mirrored walls reflecting the three men standing stiffly inside. Each held a small, sleek black purse in their hands, gripping the leather straps like they were trying to disarm a bomb. The car was thick with unspoken tension, and none of them could look directly at their reflections without flinching. Which was unfortunate, as all the walls of the elevator were mirrors.

Max finally broke the silence. “I don’t understand any of this,” he said, his voice shaking slightly. “I mean, I didn’t even know what half of those words she was saying meant. What the hell are we supposed to do now? I’m so lost.”

Zak shot him a sour look, shifting awkwardly as his heels wobbled on the smooth elevator floor. “What’s new? You don’t understand anything most of the time.”

Max bristled, clutching his purse tighter. “Oh, real nice, Zak. Real supportive.”

“Both of you, shut up,” Hanford snapped, his voice low and dangerous. His gaze was fixed on the digital floor indicator, but his mind was clearly elsewhere. “Stop whining and start thinking. We’re going to figure out how to turn this around and flip the script. This isn’t over.”

The elevator dinged softly as it arrived at the ground floor, and the doors slid open. The lobby stretched before them, bustling with employees and visitors, its polished marble floors and minimalist décor reflecting the understated elegance of a Tokyo office tower.

The three men hesitated for only a moment before stepping forward in unison, their heels clicking awkwardly on the smooth floor. They clutched their purses higher, holding them in front of their faces like makeshift shields, and began walking briskly toward the exit.

As they passed through the lobby, the hum of conversation shifted, subtle at first but growing louder. Soft whispers and the occasional suppressed laugh seemed to follow them, bouncing off the high ceilings and sleek surfaces. The

sound was maddeningly ambiguous — were people mocking them? Were they pointing?

Zak's cheeks flushed, and his grip on his purse tightened. Hanford's face was a mask of fury, but he kept moving, his jaw set like stone. Max, however, couldn't help himself. He stopped suddenly, turning to face the growing cluster of employees who had paused their conversations to watch.

"Mind your own business!" Max shouted, his voice echoing across the vast space. The heels of his shoes slipped slightly on the polished floor, forcing him to grab a nearby column for balance.

"Max, keep walking," Hanford barked, not even turning to look.

Max muttered under his breath but obeyed, hurrying to catch up as they pushed through the revolving glass doors and into the Tokyo morning.

Outside, the street was alive with the city's usual symphony of motion. The rhythmic heartbeat of cars and buses, the hum of bicycle tires, and the chatter of pedestrians created a backdrop of organized chaos. Office workers in neatly pressed suits hurried along the sidewalks, their polished shoes clicking against the pavement. Women in elegant skirts and dresses carried leather handbags, chatting softly or scrolling through their phones. The air was cool, with a faint scent of exhaust and distant street food vendors wafting on the breeze.

Hanford paused on the sidewalk, squinting against the sunlight. His mood lifted momentarily when he spotted his black Lexus LS parked at the curb, the familiar vehicle gleaming under the morning light like a lifeline to his old life.

"Thank God," he muttered, heading toward the car with as much dignity as he could muster in his heels.

But as he approached, the driver stepped forward, his white gloves raised in a polite but firm gesture.

Before Hanford could process, the back door of the Lexus opened. Mr. Takashima stepped in and slid into the car without a word.

The door clicked shut with a quiet finality, and the chauffeur let hank go as he totted around to the driver's door. The car pulled away from the curb, merging seamlessly into the orderly flow of traffic as if nothing unusual had happened.

Hanford stood frozen, his face a mix of shock and fury. The weight of the morning's events suddenly hit him all at once. He had no idea where to go or how to get there. He had no plan. The city around him, for the first time since he had arrived in this city 8,000 miles from home, felt alien and unknown.



Zak Curren's ride home was an exercise in humiliation. He boarded the crowded Tokyo bus, keeping his head low and his shoulders hunched. His cheap sneakers scuffed against the floor as he shuffled down the narrow aisle, clutching his makeshift bundle of work clothes. Despite scrubbing his face raw at a convenience store restroom and changing into a thin pair of men's pants he'd picked up from a secondhand shop, Zak couldn't hide the unmistakably femininely styled black hair that couldn't be combed into a different style no matter how hard he tried.

The air on the bus was stuffy, filled with the faint smell of exhaust, pressed bodies, and Tokyo's unrelenting humidity. Zak felt every glance lingering on him as he squeezed into a seat near the back, tucking his bundle tightly under his arm. Was it paranoia, or did the schoolgirls across the aisle giggle at him? Did the businessman adjusting his tie throw a disgusted glance his way? He didn't dare look up to find out, keeping his eyes fixed on the floor and praying for his stop to come quickly.

When the bus finally arrived in the quiet residential neighborhood where he rented a room, Zak practically stumbled out, his nerves frayed and his stomach in knots. The streets here were narrow, lined with modest two-story houses and the occasional vending machine humming under a streetlight. A few elderly neighbors tended to their small, well-kept gardens, and Zak nodded politely as he passed, though he doubted they even recognized him. He reached the gate of his house, a weathered structure with faded paint and a leaning mailbox. He let himself in, wincing as the gate creaked loudly.

The familiar scent of soy sauce and miso greeted him as he stepped inside. The house was cool and dimly lit, its tatami floors creaking beneath his weight. Zak barely had time to set his bundle down before the old woman who owned the house shuffled into the entryway. She was hunched and slow-moving, her thick glasses perched precariously on her nose, and her gray hair tied back in a loose bun. Despite her frailty, she managed a warm smile.

"Ah, Curren-san," she said in a soft, wavering voice. "Why are you home so early? Were you fired?"

Zak shook his head and muttered, "No." But the old woman cupped her hand to her ear, tilting her head.

"What was that? Speak up, Curren-san!"

"No, I wasn't fired," Zak repeated loudly, wincing at how his voice echoed in the small space.

“Ah, good, good. I will make you some lunch,” she said, shuffling toward the kitchen.

Zak sighed in relief, but his reprieve was short-lived. As he moved toward his small room, her grandson, Riku, appeared at the end of the hall. A itinerant university student with a permanent scowl etched on his face, Riku was tall and lanky, his sharp eyes narrowing as soon as he spotted Zak. He leaned against the wall, crossing his arms in a way that blocked Zak’s path.

“Why do you smell like perfume?” Riku asked, his tone dripping with disdain.

Zak tensed, clutching his bundle tighter. “I don’t smell like perfume.”

The grandson sniffed the air exaggeratedly, then sneered. “Yes, you do. And why aren’t you wearing the same clothes you left in this morning? What’s in the bundle?”

“None of your business,” Zak muttered, trying to edge past him.

The grandson moved to block him again, his lip curling. “It *is* my business. I don’t trust you.”

Zak avoided his gaze, his heartbeat quickening. “I’m not hiding anything.”

The grandson stepped closer, his voice dropping to a hiss. “You’re a deviant. I can see it. You think I don’t know about your drug habit? I see you sneaking around at night, acting all shady. You’re a disgrace, and you’re not going to bring shame to my grandmother.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Zak shot back, his voice defensive.

The grandson’s eyes flicked to the bundle under Zak’s arm. With a quick motion, he yanked it out of Zak’s grasp, ignoring Zak’s protests. The carefully folded skirt and heels spilled onto the tatami floor.

The grandson’s sneer deepened. “What’s this? Are you a transvestite, too? You’re worse than I thought.”

Zak’s face burned as he scrambled to gather the items. “I... I just found those! Someone must’ve lost them, and I was going to return them!”

“Don’t lie to me,” Riku said coldly. “You’re a degenerate. I should call the police right now.”

“No!” Zak’s voice cracked as panic set in. “You don’t understand! I’m not... I swear, I’m not *like* that!”

The grandson crouched down, leaning in close with a malicious grin. “The police love locking up Americans. You think they’ll believe you? You’d rot in jail for years.”

Zak's chest tightened, and he felt his breath hitch. He knew Riku was right. He'd heard the stories — foreigners arrested on flimsy charges and held indefinitely, their lives ruined. The thought terrified him.

“Please,” Zak said, his voice trembling. “Please, don't call the police. I'll do anything.”

The grandson straightened up, his smirk widening. “Anything, huh? We'll see about that. For now, keep your filthy secrets out of sight, and don't you dare cause trouble. One wrong move, and you're done.”

Zak nodded weakly, clutching the skirt and heels to his chest. As Riku walked away, laughing softly to himself, Zak slumped against the wall, his hands shaking. The old woman called from the kitchen, her voice cheerful and oblivious. “Lunch is ready, Curren-san!”

Zak swallowed hard, forcing himself to his feet. The house felt colder than usual, and the weight of his situation pressed heavily on his shoulders as he made his way toward the kitchen.

The grandmother shuffled back into the room, balancing a tray laden with a small bowl of miso soup and a plate of steaming white rice. The aroma was comforting, but her expression abruptly shifted as she paused mid-step. Her nose twitched slightly, and she sniffed the air. The scent of perfume lingered faintly from Zak's earlier ordeal. Her eyes widened, her frail hands trembling as the tray slipped from her grasp.

The crash startled both Zak and Riku, who immediately leapt to his feet. “Bāchan!” he exclaimed, rushing to her side. He crouched down, picking up the scattered dishes and spilled soup, his voice tight with concern. “What's wrong? Are you hurt?”

The grandmother didn't seem to notice the mess or her grandson's worried tone. Her cloudy eyes filled with tears as she turned her face toward Zak. “I smell her...” she murmured, her voice shaking. “It's the perfume Sakura used to wear. My dear, sweet Sakura...”

Zak's blood ran cold. He shook his head, clutching his bundle tightly as if it could shield him from what was unfolding. “No, no, you've got it wrong, ma'am,” he said quickly, his voice faltering. “I'm not Sakura. It's me, Zak — Zak Curren.”

But the grandmother didn't seem to hear him. Her eyesight was almost entirely gone, and her mind wasn't much better. She didn't seem to realize that the man she had been serving lunch to hadn't moved from his seat. Her brow furrowed, and she tilted her head, her hands stretching out toward Zak. “Sakura? Is it really you?”

“No, ma’am, I’m Zak Curren,” Zak said, louder this time.

Her hearing failed her once again. “Sakura?” she repeated, her voice rising with emotion. Tears spilled down her cheeks, and she took a halting step forward, her frail arms opening wide. “Oh, my sweet Sakura!”

Zak opened his mouth to protest, but she embraced him tightly, her frail frame trembling against his chest. “Where have you been?” she cried, her voice a mix of joy and sorrow. “Why did you leave us? I thought I’d never see you again!”

Zak tried to pull back gently, his face burning with mortification. “I’m not — ”

Before he could finish, Riku grabbed him by the shirt, pulling him close. His sharp eyes burned with intensity, his voice low and dangerous. “Listen to me,” he hissed. “This is the first time I’ve seen her smile in ten years. Do you understand? Ten. Years. If you don’t want me to drag you to the police right now, you’ll play along.”

Zak’s heart pounded. The threat was clear, and Riku’s grip was ironclad. Zak hesitated, his mind racing. He hated every second of this, but the alternative — being arrested, locked away, losing what little shred of control he still had — was too terrifying to consider. After a long, agonizing pause, Zak nodded stiffly.

“Okay,” he whispered through gritted teeth.

The grandson’s grip loosened, and he pointed to his throat, then gestured upward, silently ordering Zak to soften his voice.

Zak swallowed hard. “Yes,” he said finally, his voice pitched higher, softer, and unnervingly feminine. “It’s me, grandmother... Sakura.”

The grandmother pulled back just enough to look into his face, her tear-streaked eyes lighting up with joy. “Oh, Sakura,” she whispered, caressing his cheek with her frail hand. “I missed you so much. Where have you been? What’s happened to you?”

Zak forced a weak smile, his stomach twisting. “It’s... a long story,” he said, struggling to keep his tone light and his voice high. It was one thing to talk like a girl, it was another to do it in a language he could barely speak.

The grandmother’s grip on him tightened as she guided him toward the table, her tears now replaced with excitement. “Come, come! Sit with me. I want to hear everything! Tell me everything about your life, my dear Sakura.”

Zak hesitated, glancing back at Riku, who stood with his arms crossed, watching intently. The unspoken threat lingered in the air. Zak sighed, swallowing his pride, and sat down across from the grandmother.

For hours, they talked. Or rather, she talked, and Zak played along, answering her questions as best he could. Where had she been? What had she been doing? Why had she stayed away for so long? Zak's responses were vague but gentle, painting a picture of a granddaughter who had been busy but thought of her family often. The grandmother held his hands, laughing and crying as she shared stories of Sakura's childhood.

Zak's throat ached from maintaining the higher pitch, and his stomach churned with embarrassment and guilt. He couldn't help noticing the pure happiness radiating from the old woman. Her smile was genuine, her laughter soft and melodic. For the first time since Zak had moved into the house, the atmosphere felt warm and alive. All he could think about was that this old woman would die of disappointment when she learned the truth.

The grandson sat nearby, his expression unreadable as he watched the scene unfold. Though his face remained hard, there was a flicker of something softer in his eyes — relief, perhaps, or satisfaction.

As the night wore on, Zak's humiliation deepened, but he forced himself to endure it, knowing he had little choice. Each time the grandmother called him "Sakura," it cut into his pride, but the alternative — the cold, unforgiving bars of a Japanese jail cell — was far worse.



The streets of Tokyo proved an insurmountable maze for Hanford McAllister. After nearly two hours of stumbling through narrow alleys, glancing at incomprehensible train signs, avoiding police and enduring the stares of passersby, he finally reached his breaking point. His feet throbbed painfully from the unfamiliar three-inch heels, the sharp tap of each step now a grating reminder of his humiliation. The tailored skirt restricted his movements, forcing him into a clumsy shuffle rather than the commanding stride he was used to. The vibrant city, alive with the hum of commerce and efficiency, felt like it was mocking him.

Max, no better at navigating Tokyo than Hanford, trailed behind, equally exasperated and defeated. His purse dangled awkwardly from his shoulder, a stark contrast to the businessmen in dark suits hurrying past with purpose. Finally, after hours of walking around, trying to find a way home, he found himself in a familiar spot.

"This is where we started," Max said. "Why did we come back here?"

“Shut up, Max!” Hanford barked. He had never intended to return, but he had no idea they had just walked in a circle. But it was just as well, as his rich person’s instincts kicked in: Rich and powerful people don’t solve problems, they make *their* problems someone *else’s* problem.

Hanford’s face was a storm cloud of rage as he stormed back into the towering glass building of the company headquarters. His heels clicked awkwardly against the marble floor, and his skirt shifted with each stride, a constant reminder of his humiliation. Max trailed behind him, his steps hesitant and uneven. The contrast between the men’s angry movements and their carefully tailored, feminine appearances was stark, and the lobby fell into a hushed murmur as employees turned to watch the spectacle.

Hanford slammed his hand down on the front desk, his expression dark. “Get me Takahashi. Now!” he demanded in Japanese, his voice echoing through the expansive lobby.

The receptionist, a young woman in a neat gray suit, flinched slightly but held her composure. “I’m sorry, McAllister-san, but you do not have an appointment. Takahashi-san is unavailable.”

“Unavailable?” Hanford snarled. “You tell him that Hanford McAllister doesn’t need an appointment. This is my company — my building — and I want to see him *now!*”

Max, still struggling to keep his balance in the heels, tapped Hanford on the shoulder. “What’s going on? What did she say?” he asked nervously, but Hanford ignored him.

Hanford continued his tirade, raising his voice louder with each word. The soft murmur of the lobby turned into a louder buzz of whispers, with employees discreetly peeking over cubicle walls or around corners to catch a glimpse of the commotion. Max, noticing the attention, tried to shush Hanford. “People are staring,” he hissed.

“Let them stare!” Hanford barked in English, turning briefly to glare at Max before returning his attention to the receptionist. “Get me Takahashi. Now!”

The commotion was abruptly interrupted as Ms. Matsumoto appeared from one of the side hallways, her heels clicking sharply against the polished floor. For the first time since the morning, her carefully composed mask of neutrality was gone, replaced by an expression of cold fury.

“McAllister-san. Crayton-san,” she said, her voice cutting through the air like a blade. “You will join me, please.”

Hanford turned to face her, his anger barely contained. “Good. You’re here. Maybe you can explain to this girl that I want to see Takahashi. I’ve had enough of this charade.”

Ms. Matsumoto’s eyes narrowed, her expression cold. “You have disgraced the company and yourselves with this behavior,” she said, her voice cutting. “Follow me.”

She didn’t wait for a response, turning on her heel and heading toward the elevators. Her command was so sharp that even Hanford hesitated before begrudgingly following. Max, sensing the gravity of the situation, scurried after them, his purse bouncing awkwardly at his side.

Inside the elevator, Ms. Matsumoto pressed a button without a word, the doors closing with a soft chime. The silence was suffocating, broken only by the faint hum of the elevator. Ms. Matsumoto stood rigidly, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes fixed on the floor numbers ticking down.

Finally, she spoke. “It is clear that you have learned nothing from today’s experience. You continue to show disrespect for this company, its values, and its people.”

“So what?” Hanford said. “What have I got to lose?”

The former secretary calmed herself easily, her tone returning to her usual dispassionate voice. “Since you have returned to us, I can only assume that you are eager to further your transformation. I will have you undergoing the alterations to your appearance that we planned to do tomorrow.”

“What are you talking about?” Hanford snapped. “We’ve done everything you’ve asked...”

Ms. Matsumoto turned to him sharply, her icy demeanor breaking into something colder and harsher. “Further steps will need to be taken.”

Max, who had been fidgeting nervously, glanced at Hanford. “What’s she saying?” he asked, his voice trembling.

“She’s saying this isn’t over,” Hanford muttered bitterly.

The elevator chimed again, and the doors opened — not to the sleek, polished halls of the company floors but to the underground car park. The dim, cool space was silent, save for the faint hum of distant traffic. Waiting near a sleek black car were the same burly men from earlier, their arms crossed and their expressions impassive.

Hanford’s jaw tightened, and he stepped out of the elevator, his heels clacking loudly against the concrete. “This farce ends now,” he barked in Japanese,

turning to Ms. Matsumoto. “I demand to be reinstated to my rightful position — immediately!”

Max, lagging behind, glanced between them. “What’s going on?” he whispered, his voice frantic.

Hanford didn’t bother answering, his fury directed entirely at Ms. Matsumoto. She regarded him coolly for a moment before gesturing to the burly men, who moved forward as one.

“You will be escorted to a salon,” Ms. Matsumoto said, her voice calm but firm. “You will remain there for the rest of the day, to be pampered at the expense of the company.”

“This is insane!” Hanford growled as the men flanked him. “I won’t go. You can’t make me!”

Max, still struggling to understand, raised his hands in protest. “Wait, what’s happening? Why are they...”

Before he could finish, one of the men gently but firmly took him by the arm, steering him toward the car. Hanford struggled as another man did the same to him, but their grip was like steel.

“Let me go!” Hanford bellowed, his voice echoing in the concrete car park. “You’ll regret this! You’ll all regret this!”

Ms. Matsumoto watched impassively as the men were ushered into the back seat of the car. As the doors closed, she adjusted her blazer and smoothed her skirt with practiced precision. The car pulled away, its taillights disappearing into the dimness of the garage, leaving Ms. Matsumoto standing alone in the silent space. She turned and walked back toward the elevator, her heels clicking sharply against the cold concrete.



The train rocked gently as it sped through the Tokyo night, its quiet hum broken only by the faint announcements of upcoming stations. Inside the brightly lit car, Hanford and Max sat side by side, their gazes fixed on the floor, their faces etched with shame. Both were back in their office lady outfits — white blouses tucked into knee-length black skirts, stockings smoothing their legs, and the three-inch black heels that had become their new burden. A faint scent of floral perfume clung to them, adding another layer of discomfort to their already humiliating predicament.

The other passengers in the train car were silent, but the weight of their stares was suffocating. A middle-aged salaryman shifted uncomfortably in his seat, stealing glances from behind his newspaper. Two high school girls whispered to each other, giggling behind their hands. A pair of elderly women sitting across from them stared openly, their lined faces neutral but their eyes sharp with curiosity.

Max tugged nervously at the hem of his skirt, his fingers brushing against the cold metal of his purse strap. His shoulders hunched as he tried to make himself smaller, his freshly pierced ears glinting under the harsh fluorescent lights. A pair of delicate gold studs, chosen for him at the clinic, now adorned his ears. He caught a glimpse of his reflection in the train window and winced. The earrings felt heavy, both physically and emotionally, as if they were tangible proof of how far his dignity had fallen.

His mind drifted back to the events of the “salon,” his stomach tightening at the memory. The sterile white walls of the clinic had been far from the luxurious pampering he’d imagined. Instead, it was a methodical transformation process, one designed to strip away any remnants of their former masculinity.

He recalled the piercing station vividly: the sterile needle glinting under the overhead light, the sharp pinch of pain as the technician worked with calm efficiency. Max had gritted his teeth, trying not to cry out, but the sensation of the cold earrings being fastened into place had made him shudder. When the technician handed him a mirror to admire her work, he’d barely been able to look.

Beside him, Hanford shifted in his seat, the quiet clink of his heels tapping against the train floor. His jaw was set in a hard line, but the furrow in his brow betrayed his inner turmoil. His mind, too, was replaying scenes from the clinic.

The memory of the electrolysis chair burned brightly. He could still feel the sting of the small electric needles as they meticulously thinned and reshaped his once-bushy eyebrows. The clinicians, dressed in soft pastel uniforms, had worked with calm precision, chatting lightly in Japanese about trivial matters as if his humiliation wasn’t unfolding right before them.

Hanford had tried to protest, his voice low and seething, but the clinicians ignored him, offering only polite smiles. When the procedure was finished, they handed him a mirror. He’d stared at his reflection, stunned into silence. His eyebrows, now delicately arched and tapered, framed his face in a way that made him look softer — almost doll-like. He’d barely recognized himself.

Max leaned closer, his voice a whisper. “This is a nightmare,” he muttered, clutching the strap of his purse as though it were a lifeline. “I thought salons were supposed to be... I don’t know, relaxing? What was that place?”

Hanford didn’t answer immediately. His hand twitched, brushing against his purse, his mind replaying the moment when the clinic staff had presented them with an array of earrings to choose from. He’d initially refused, his voice rising in fury, but the burly men from earlier had stood nearby, their silent presence making it clear that resistance was futile. Begrudgingly, he’d chosen the smallest, least conspicuous studs, hoping they wouldn’t draw too much attention. Now, the soft glint of silver on his ears felt like a brand he couldn’t escape.

“This isn’t over,” Hanford muttered finally, his voice low and dangerous.

Max glanced at him, his expression skeptical. “It sure feels over to me.”

The train slowed as it approached the next station, the familiar chime echoing through the car. The two men tensed as a group of young women boarded, their laughter filling the once-quiet space. The women glanced in their direction, their chatter momentarily stopping as they took in the sight of the two men. One of them giggled, whispering something to her friend, who covered her mouth to hide a smirk.

Max shifted uncomfortably, heat rising to his cheeks. He tried to tug his skirt lower, but the tailored fit made it impossible. Hanford glared straight ahead, his fists clenching in his lap.

As the train resumed its journey, Tokyo’s neon lights flashed through the windows, casting the interior of the car in vibrant, shifting colors. Outside, the city pulsed with life — bright signs advertising everything from ramen shops to karaoke bars, vending machines humming quietly on street corners, and bicycles weaving between pedestrians on the narrow sidewalks. The world seemed to carry on as usual, indifferent to the humiliation Hanford and Max were enduring.

Max finally broke the silence. “Do you think this is how it’s going to be every day?”

Hanford’s jaw tightened. “Not if I can help it.”

Max didn’t reply. Instead, he stared down at the faint sheen of his pantyhose, the fabric catching the light with each subtle movement of his legs. He felt a wave of helplessness wash over him, the reality of their situation settling heavily on his shoulders.

The train rocked gently as it sped along the tracks, its hum a rhythmic backdrop to the memories that weighed heavily on Hanford and Max. Both



men stood stiffly, their backs straight, clutching their purses as though the contents might offer some semblance of normalcy in the surreal nightmare they were living.

Hanford's hands clenched around his bag, his eyes narrowing as he stared at the floor. The memories from the clinic burned in his mind with a sizzling sound. He could still feel the cold sensation of the clippers against his scalp, the humiliating buzz as every strand of his hair was shaved clean. He'd shouted at the staff, demanded they stop, but they had ignored him, proceeding with calm, almost cheerful efficiency.

When his head was bare, they'd brought back the wigs — jet-black with straight, thick strands that shimmered under the clinic's fluorescent lights. The stylists worked with quiet precision, gluing the hairpieces seamlessly to their freshly shaven heads. The result was strikingly feminine, the glossy black hair framed their faces in ways Hanford had never imagined. He'd caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and had to look away, the transformation too jarring to process.

Beside him, Max squirmed in his seat, his lips pressed into a thin line. He blinked frequently, his eyes feeling heavy under the weight of the long, thick black lashes that had been glued to his own. The memory of the salon staff leaning over him, carefully applying the false lashes, made him shudder. Each lash had been painstakingly placed, the process slow and methodical. The result had been undeniable; his eyes now looked unnervingly large and doll-like. The feeling of the lashes brushing against his skin with every blink was maddening, a constant reminder of the indignities they'd endured.

Hanford's mind drifted further, recalling the gaffes they'd been forced into wearing. The cold, unyielding material had been slipped into place with little ceremony, locking away the last vestiges of their masculinity. The snapping sound of the lock had echoed in his ears, and the clinician's voice had been chillingly matter-of-fact as she explained that Ms. Matsumoto alone held the keys to remove them. The feeling was foreign, restrictive, and deeply humiliating, leaving Hanford clenching his jaw at the memory.

Max shifted uncomfortably, trying to adjust his position without drawing attention. His thoughts returned to the injections — thick needles that had been plunged into their upper arms without warning. The staff had called them “time-release hormone implants,” explaining in crisp, clinical tones that the hormones would gradually reshape their bodies over the coming months. Max had been too stunned to protest, his mind unable to fully comprehend the implications. Even now, the weight of what those words meant lingered in his chest like a stone.

The train slowed, the gentle chime announcing the next station. Max glanced up, scanning the unfamiliar signs. “Is this our stop?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Hanford didn't look up. His grip on his purse tightened, his knuckles whitening. “I have no idea,” he muttered, his tone sharp and flat.

The announcement crackled through the speakers, the calm voice listing the station name in Japanese and then in English. The two men exchanged uncertain glances, their sense of direction as muddled as their emotions.

The train doors hissed open, and a few passengers stepped off. Others boarded, their quiet conversations blending into the hum of the train. Hanford shifted uncomfortably as a pair of young women took seats nearby, their eyes briefly flicking toward him and Max before they began whispering to each other. Though he couldn't make out the words, Hanford felt their gazes linger.

Max leaned closer to Hanford, his voice dropping. “We should probably just get off and figure it out from there,” he said.

Hanford scowled, his face darkening. “I’m not wandering around Tokyo dressed like this,” he snapped. “We’ll wait.”

Max leaned back, biting his lip to keep from responding. He adjusted the strap of his purse, his long lashes fluttering briefly as he blinked down at his knees. The soft, silky fabric of his skirt brushed against his legs, a constant reminder of how far they’d fallen.

The train began to move again, the city lights flashing past the windows. Outside, Tokyo bustled with life — neon signs advertising karaoke, izakayas, and ramen shops lit up the streets, while pedestrians hurried along the narrow sidewalks. Hanford and Max sat in silence, each lost in their thoughts, dreading whatever came next.

After Hanford finally let them get off the train, they were even more lost. The directions from strangers, delivered with polite bows and quick gestures, eventually led Hanford and Max to their new home. Nestled in a narrow alley, the building was unremarkable, modest and quiet, with muted beige walls and small balconies. It blended seamlessly into the dense fabric of Tokyo’s residential streets. The scent of cooking rice and grilled fish wafted through the air, mingling with the low hum of vending machines and vapor lights.

The two men shuffled through the hallway, their heels clicking against the linoleum floor as they searched for the room that matched the number on their house key. After several wrong turns and muffled curses from Hanford, they finally located their apartment door.

Max hesitated, glancing nervously at Hanford. “You sure this is it?”

Hanford didn’t reply. He simply unlocked the door and pushed it open, revealing the small, neatly arranged interior.

Standing in the center of the room was a slender Japanese woman with sleek black hair that framed her delicate face. She wore a simple but elegant outfit: a cream blouse and a dark pencil skirt. Her lips curled into a warm smile as she bowed deeply.

“Welcome home, McAllister-san, Crayton-san,” she said in soft, measured tones. “I was afraid you had gotten lost.”

Hanford froze, narrowing his eyes. “Who the hell are you?”

Max, hovering awkwardly behind him, peered into the room. “Are we even in the right place?”

The woman straightened, folding her hands in front of her. “Yes, this is your new home. I have been employed by the company to ensure that everything proceeds smoothly with your new positions. You may call me Ms. Helper.”

“Ms. Helper?” Hanford repeated, his tone laced with incredulity. He stepped inside, his movements stiff and deliberate. “Listen here, lady. I’ve had enough of this....”

Before he could finish, Hanford suddenly doubled over, clutching his stomach as a sharp jolt of pain coursed through his body. He let out a strangled grunt and collapsed to his knees, his hands trembling.

Max’s eyes widened in horror. “Hanford! What... What just happened?”

Ms. Helper, still smiling serenely, tilted her head slightly. “Ah, I should have mentioned. The gaffes you are wearing are equipped with an electrical device. It activates whenever you cause a disruption or behave inappropriately. A company safeguard to ensure compliance.”

Hanford gritted his teeth, groaning as he tried to push himself up. “You...”

He lunged forward, only to be struck again, this time harder. His body convulsed as the shock sent him sprawling onto the floor.

Ms. Helper’s smile never wavered as she crouched slightly to meet Hanford’s furious gaze. “I recommend you do not try that again, McAllister-san. The device has varying levels of intensity, and I would hate for you to experience the maximum setting.”

Ms. Helper turned her attention to Max. He raised his hands defensively, taking a cautious step back. “Okay, okay! I’m good!”

The young woman’s expression was still exuding happiness and joy. “Good. Then let us proceed. Please change into your sleepwear. You will need your rest, as you are expected to wake at four in the morning. After changing, I will conduct an inspection to ensure that all company standards are being adhered to.”

Hanford groaned from his position on the floor but managed to glare up at her. “Inspection?”

“Yes,” she said simply, standing and motioning toward a small dresser in the corner of the room. “Your sleepwear has been provided. Please change now.”

Reluctantly, the two men shuffled to their dressers, extracting the garments inside. Their faces fell in unison as they pulled out pink silk pajamas, embroidered with delicate floral patterns.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Hanford muttered under his breath.

Minutes later, they stood side by side, the soft fabric clinging to their bodies in a way that felt both alien and mortifying. Max’s face was flushed as he fidgeted with the collar of his pajama top, while Hanford glared at the floor, his fists clenched.

Ms. Helper approached them, her hands clasped neatly in front of her. She walked slowly around them, her gaze meticulous as she inspected every detail. The pink silk shimmered under the room's warm light, emphasizing the feminine cut of the pajamas.

"Excellent," she said finally, nodding in approval. "You are ready for bed. The company will be pleased to hear that all standards are being met. Now, please get some sleep. Tomorrow will be a very busy day for you both. Office Ladies are very important to a smooth and efficient workplace."

She gestured toward the futons that had been laid out on the tatami floor. The room smelled faintly of lavender, the scent emanating from the neatly folded blankets.

As Ms. Helper turned to leave, she smiled over her shoulder. "I will be next door. Have a blissful sleep."

The door slid shut behind her with a quiet click, leaving Hanford and Max standing in stunned silence. Neither of them moved, the weight of their situation pressing down on them like a physical force.

"What did she say?" Max asked. "I don't understand."

"Learn some fucking Japanese, you little shit," Hanford muttered. With a resigned sigh, he shuffled to a futon and collapsed onto it, muttering a string of curses under his breath.

Max followed suit, staring at the ceiling as he lay down. The soft fabric of the pajamas and the faint lavender scent were supposed to be elements of comfort, but they were far from it.

Eventually the two of them did fall asleep, solely due to exhaustion.



Zak woke to the faint aroma of grilled fish wafting through the room, mingled with the ever-present hum of Tokyo's urban life filtering in through the thin walls. His small room, which had always been sparsely decorated with mismatched furniture and his few belongings, now looked entirely unfamiliar. He sat up groggily, rubbing his eyes, only to find that all of his things were gone.

His well-worn clothes, his expensive electronic gadgets, even his toiletries — everything had been replaced. The closet door hung slightly ajar, revealing neat rows of dresses, skirts, and blouses. A vanity now stood against one wall, adorned with a variety of makeup products, brushes, and bottles of perfume.

The largest bottle, with its floral design, bore the name Sakura, written in elegant script. A dusty old PC and a pink boombox sat on a small desk, their wires neatly coiled as though they had just been set up. The room smelled faintly of jasmine and lavender, a far cry from its usual stale air.

Zak groaned, burying his face in his hands. This can't be real.

Rising from the bed, he opened the closet, searching desperately for something — anything — that resembled his old wardrobe. But the only options were girl's clothes. With a resigned sigh, he grabbed a soft floral-patterned robe, pulling it on over his boxers, the silky material cool and alien against his skin.

He shuffled toward the kitchen, where the faint clinking of dishes told him breakfast was being prepared. At the table, Riku sat cross-legged, already digging into a hearty meal of grilled fish, rice, and miso soup. His chopsticks moved with practiced ease, and he didn't bother looking up as Zak entered. The grandmother, on the other hand, turned with a beaming smile.

"Sakura!" she cried, setting down a small plate. "Good morning, my dear. Come, sit. I made your favorite breakfast."

Zak hesitated, his stomach tightening as her words sank in. He took a tentative seat across from Riku, who finally glanced up with a smirk.

The grandmother set a plate in front of Zak. A tiny portion of grilled fish, a small bowl of natto, and a cup of green tea made up the entirety of the meal. Zak stared at the slimy, stringy natto with barely concealed revulsion.

"It's what you've always loved," the grandmother said, her voice brimming with affection. "Eat up, Sakura."

Zak forced a smile. "Uh, thank you."

He picked at the fish, nibbling cautiously. It wasn't bad, but the meager portion left his stomach growling. The small portions were nothing to what he needed, but appropriate for a young woman desperate to keep the weight off. He couldn't bring himself to touch the natto, though — just looking at the sticky fermented soybeans was enough to turn his stomach. The grandmother seemed not to notice as she hummed happily, tidying up the kitchen.

As she bustled away, she sighed softly. "It's a shame about my renter leaving so suddenly, but I don't care. As long as I have my Sakura back, I'm happy."

Zak froze mid-bite, his guilt intensifying. He glanced at Riku, who was still enjoying his meal, seemingly unfazed by the conversation. When the grandmother left the room, humming to herself, Zak leaned in.

"Where is my stuff?" He shout-whispered.



“Gone,” was the unsatisfying reply he got to that very urgent question. “I’ve put Sakura’s things in your room, since you are now Sakura.”

“This isn’t right,” Zak whispered, his voice low but urgent. “You know this is going to break her heart when she finds out the truth.”

The grandson shrugged, picking up his tea with a calmness that grated on Zak’s nerves. “I don’t care about the truth,” he said flatly. “All I care about is seeing her smile. And she’s smiling now, isn’t she?”

Zak’s fists clenched under the table. “You can’t seriously expect me to keep this up.”

The grandson set down his cup, leaning forward with a sharp glint in his eye. “I can and I do. You’re going to be Sakura for her, every day, as long as you live here. If you don’t like it, you’re free to leave. But we both know where that leads, don’t we?”

Zak swallowed hard, the implied threat sinking in. The grandson smirked, satisfied with Zak's silence. He leaned back, grabbing another piece of fish with his chopsticks. "Now, you should probably get dressed. You don't want to be late for work, do you?"

Zak's stomach churned. He glanced at the clock on the wall, realizing he had little time to argue. The itch was back — the nagging, desperate need that gnawed at the edges of his mind. He needed a hit, and he needed it soon. The thought of jail, of being cut off from his supply, made his decision for him.

"Fine," Zak muttered, pushing his chair back.

Zak sat on the edge of his bed — Sakura's bed — staring at the neatly organized closet, its contents a reminder of the life he was now forced to play. The new furniture and everything was making it harder for Zak to shake the feeling that he was being swallowed whole by someone else's existence. He sighed heavily and got up, resigning himself to the morning ritual.

He began by pulling on a pair of soft, lacy panties. His only choice. The garment hugged his frame uncomfortably, fabric pressing awkwardly against his genitals. Next came the sheer slip and pantyhose, which clung tightly to his legs, smoothing out the natural roughness of his skin. Zak grimaced as he smoothed the silky fabric into place, the sensation foreign and humiliating.

After dressing in a white blouse and a knee-length black skirt, he reached for the black heels waiting by the closet door. It all looked nearly identical to the clothes he'd worn the day before, but Zak couldn't be sure — all of this stuff looked the same to him. He was no expert in women's clothing. Once the ensemble was complete, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. With his dyed black hair slightly mussed, he groaned and picked up a comb, dragging it through his straight, dark hair. The silky texture of his freshly styled hair was infuriatingly flawless, but he managed to coax the strands into a tidy style. He glanced at the mirror, loathing how the face staring back at him seemed unlike his own.

When Zak finally emerged from his room, the grandmother was already waiting. Her face lit up as she spotted him. "Oh, Sakura, you look so lovely!" she exclaimed, shuffling toward him with surprising speed for her age. He knew she couldn't really see what he looked like, and his "loveliness" was all in her mind. Worse, her mind was proving to be quite stubborn.

Before Zak could protest, she clutched his arm and turned him gently toward her. "Your hair, though," she murmured, her brows furrowed. "It's not quite right. Let me fix it."

She pulled a small white bow from her pocket and carefully tied it into Zak's hair, the ribbon perched perfectly at the top of his head. Zak's cheeks burned as she fussed over him, smoothing out imaginary creases in his blouse and adjusting the waistline of his skirt.



“There! Perfect!” she said with a proud smile. Then, as a final touch, she grabbed a bottle of perfume from a nearby shelf and spritzed it lightly onto his neck and wrists.

The sweet floral scent was overpowering, and Zak instinctively turned his head away, coughing softly.

“You smell just like you used to,” the grandmother said, her voice filled with warmth. “Oh, Sakura, it’s so wonderful to have you back.”

Zak opened his mouth to respond, but she interrupted. “Wait, my dear. There’s just one thing. You must call me Bāchan. You always called me Bāchan.”

Zak hesitated, feeling a lump form in his throat. The grandmother’s hopeful gaze made it clear there was no refusing. He forced a smile and pitched his voice higher, adopting the soft, feminine tone he had learned she expected.

“Th-thank you, Bāchan.”

The grandmother clapped her hands in delight. “Oh, it’s been so long since I heard you call me that! You’ve made this old woman so happy.”

Zak nodded stiffly, fighting the urge to tear off the bow and run. “I’m glad, Bāchan.”

The grandmother beamed. “Now, before you go off to work, we must talk about your wardrobe.”

Zak froze. “My... wardrobe?”

“Yes,” she said with a serious nod. “You can’t go around wearing old clothes forever, dear. Fashion is very important if you’re going to find a husband! We need to go shopping — there are so many beautiful things in the stores now that you’ll just adore.”

Zak’s mind raced for a way out, but he knew there was none. “I... I don’t really think I need anything new right now...”

“Nonsense,” Bāchan interrupted, wagging a finger. “I won’t hear it. After work, we’ll go together. It’ll be just like old times!”

Zak forced another smile, the edges of his lips twitching. “Yes, Bāchan. That sounds... nice.”

The grandmother patted his hand affectionately. “That’s my good girl.”

The grandmother’s sharp eyes scanned Zak from head to toe, her warm expression quickly shifting to one of concern. She clicked her tongue disapprovingly and shook her head. “Sakura,” she said with a sigh, “you’re in no condition to go to work like this.”

Zak blinked, his forced smile faltering. “I — I’m fine, Bāchan. Really. I should get going — ”

“Nonsense!” she interrupted, motioning for him to sit down at the small dining table. “Come here. Let me fix those eyebrows. How could you let them get so bushy?”

Zak’s stomach dropped. “My... eyebrows?”

“Yes, dear! A proper young lady must look polished.” She shuffled off to a nearby drawer, rummaging for a moment before returning with a small pair of tweezers. “This won’t take long.”

Zak reluctantly sat down, gripping the edge of the table as the grandmother leaned in, her wrinkled hands surprisingly steady. The first sharp pluck made him wince, and by the third, his eyes were watering.

“Hold still,” she scolded, her voice firm. “If you’d taken better care of yourself, this wouldn’t hurt so much. Sakura, what happened to you? You’ve gained so much weight, and your skin! Oh, it’s just terrible.”

Zak clenched his jaw, biting back a groan of pain as she continued to shape his brows into thin, feminine arches. Each pull sent a fresh jolt of pain across his face, and he could feel the skin swelling slightly from the repeated plucking.

Across the room, Riku leaned casually against the wall, watching with a smirk. “What’s the matter, Sakura?” he taunted, his tone dripping with mockery. “You look like you’re in pain. Don’t you do this every day?”

Zak shot him a glare, but the next tug of the tweezers forced him to squeeze his eyes shut. The grandmother didn't seem to notice the exchange, her focus entirely on her work.

"Just a little more," she muttered, pulling back briefly to inspect her progress. "There, that's better. But you've really let yourself go, Sakura. We'll need to fix that."

She set the tweezers down and shuffled off to fetch something else. Zak rubbed his sore brows, his fingers trembling. The pain lingered, sharp and stinging, and he avoided meeting his reflection in the nearby mirror.

The grandson seized the moment, stepping closer with a cruel grin. "You'd better get used to this," he said in a low voice. "You think plucking your eyebrows is bad? Oh, Sakura, we're just getting started."

Zak tensed, his hands balling into fists on his lap. "What do you mean?" he hissed through clenched teeth.

The grandson's grin widened. "My grandmother has this perfect image of you in her mind — how she remembers you. And I'm going to make sure you match it, every detail. Starting today, you're going on a diet and exercise program. I'll be scheduling regular salon visits to keep you looking perfect, and you're going to adopt a skincare regimen and take voice lessons."

"Voice lessons?" Zak whispered, horrified.

"Of course," Riku replied, leaning in closer. "Your real voice doesn't match hers. You've been getting away with this high-pitched act for now, but it's not good enough. If you don't start practicing, she'll notice eventually. And you wouldn't want her to start asking questions, would you?"

Zak's heart pounded. "You can't be serious."

The grandson's smirk darkened. "Oh, I'm very serious. If you even think about resisting, I'll make one phone call, and you'll be in a jail cell for the next fifteen years."

Zak opened his mouth to retort, but the words caught in his throat. He couldn't risk it — he knew Riku wasn't bluffing. The fear of losing his freedom and everything else kept him rooted in place.

The grandmother returned, carrying a small mirror. "Here you are, Sakura," she said brightly, holding the mirror up so Zak could see. "Don't you look lovely now?"

Zak forced himself to look. His brows were thin and arched, more feminine than he'd ever imagined they could be. The sight made his stomach churn.

"Thank you, Bāchan," he said softly, forcing a high, feminine tone.

The grandmother beamed, patting his cheek. “Such a good girl.”

Zak nodded numbly, standing and smoothing his skirt.

Zak stood in the small kitchen, his newly plucked eyebrows still aching as he adjusted the bow tied into his hair. The grandmother had shuffled off to another room, humming cheerfully to herself. The brief reprieve from her doting presence was a relief, but it didn’t last long. The grandson leaned casually against the wall, arms crossed, watching Zak with his usual smug expression.

“I can’t keep doing this,” Zak muttered, keeping his voice low to avoid alerting the grandmother. His fingers fidgeted nervously with the hem of his blouse. “She’s going to figure it out eventually, and when she does, it’s going to break her heart.”

The grandson raised an eyebrow, his smirk widening. “So don’t let her figure it out.” The grandson’s expression darkened. “My grandmother’s happy for the first time in years. You want to take that away from her?”

Zak clenched his fists. “No, but I can’t keep lying like this. And don’t think you’re untouchable, either. I know plenty about you. Like how you’ve been collecting welfare in your grandfather’s name — despite him being dead for years. You want the police involved? Fine. Let’s see how you like it when the tables turn.”

The air between them grew heavy as Riku’s smirk dropped, replaced by a sharp glare. Without warning, he stepped forward, shoving Zak down to his knees with a force that left Zak scrambling to keep his balance in his heels. Before Zak could react, Riku unzipped the fly on his pants as he stared him down.

“If you really think you can scare me,” Riku said coldly, thrusting his groin in Zak’s face, “then don’t take this in your mouth. Don’t even touch it.”

Zak blinked, his mind racing, unsure where this was going.

“But if you’re bluffing,” Riku continued, his tone deadly serious, “then there’s only one way I’ll stay quiet and keep the police out of this. You’re going to take my cock out and lick it. Right here. Right now.”

Zak’s stomach twisted in humiliation and disbelief. “Are you serious?”

The grandson’s grin returned, sharper than ever. “Dead serious.”

The room seemed to shrink as Zak stared at the man’s fly, unzipped. His breath came in shallow bursts as he weighed his options. The threat of jail loomed large in his mind, the thought of losing everything — freedom, even

the fragile semblance of control he still clung to — pushing him toward compliance.

Zak swallowed hard. His hands trembled as he reached out, taking the cock out from Riku's pants. His face burned with shame as he hesitated, the stick heavy in his grip.

"Go on," Riku taunted.

Zak closed his eyes, his pride shattering as he leaned forward and licked the man's head. The salty, musky taste spread across his tongue, but it was the humiliation that stung the most. The grandson chuckled, the sound low and triumphant.

"Good girl," he said mockingly, patting Zak's head as if he were a pet. "Now get up and go to work. You wouldn't want to be late, Sakura." He put his dick back in and zipped up.

Zak pushed himself to his feet, his legs unsteady. He was unable to meet Riku's gaze, knowing he had just debased himself. Straightening his skirt and adjusting his blouse, he walked out the door, his heels clicking softly against the pavement. The humiliation lingered with every step, a bitter reminder of the impossible situation he was trapped in.



The dim apartment burst into light as the overhead bulbs clicked on, casting a harsh glow over Hanford and Max, who were sprawled on the tatami floor in their pink silk pajamas. Both groaned, shielding their eyes from the sudden brightness.

"Good morning, ladies!" Ms. Helper's cheerful voice rang out, as bright as the room. She stood in the doorway, her clipboard in hand and her ever-present smile lighting up her face. "It's time to start your day! The train leaves in forty minutes, so you'll need to be ready in thirty."

Hanford sat up with a groan, squinting at her. "Do you have any idea what time it is?" he growled, his voice rough with sleep.

"Of course I do," Ms. Helper chirped. "It's time to get up! You've got a big day ahead, and there's no time to waste. You both need to take baths."

Max, still rubbing his eyes, looked up blearily. "Baths? Can't we just take a quick shower?"

“Oh, no, no, no!” Ms. Helper said, laughing lightly as if Max had told a charming joke. “Ladies in Japan do not shower. A proper Japanese woman takes a bath. It’s part of maintaining elegance and cleanliness.”

Hanford groaned louder, flopping back onto the futon. “We’re not women.”

Ms. Helper’s smile never wavered, though there was a glint in her eye. “Would you like to repeat that, Hanford-san? I’d be happy to help you remember your place.”

Hanford’s jaw clenched, his fists balling up at his sides. He glared at her but stayed silent. He hadn’t yet figured out how she triggered the little electrical torture device wired inside his gaffe, and he had no idea how to stop her from using it.

“Good,” Ms. Helper said, her smile widening as if they’d just agreed to something delightful. “Now, to save time, you’ll be bathing together. The tub is a little small, but I’m sure you’ll manage.”

Max’s eyes widened. “Wait — what? Together?”

“Absolutely,” Ms. Helper replied, her tone as chipper as ever. “It’s the most efficient solution. Of course, if you’d prefer to waste time arguing...” She trailed off.

Hanford groaned, sitting up. “Fine. Let’s just get this over with.”

The small bathroom was filled with warm steam and the faint scent of soap and bath salts. The tub was tiny, barely large enough for one person, let alone two. Hanford stepped in first, muttering curses under his breath, and Max followed, squeezing in beside him. The two men sat shoulder-to-shoulder, their knees awkwardly pressed together.

“This is hell,” Max muttered, staring at the water.

“Shut up,” Hanford snapped, frustrated and angry.

The two men sat in the small bath like two oversized toddlers, making the mistake of facing each other as they soaped themselves up and rinsed themselves off. It was quite possibly the fastest bath ever recorded in human history.

After the humiliation, they dried off and returned to the living room, where Ms. Helper had laid out their outfits for the day. On the low table were two identical Office Lady ensembles: knee-length black skirts, white blouses, sheer pantyhose, and black heels. A matching purse sat beside each outfit, their glossy surfaces gleaming in the morning light.

Hanford stared at the clothes, his expression darkening. “This is ridiculous. I’m not some weak-willed woman. I’m a...”

He didn't finish the sentence. The zap came swiftly, and Hanford crumpled to the floor with a strangled grunt. The pain was ten times what it had been before, given his gaffe was still a bit wet. Despite his obvious masculine-localized pain, Ms. Helper's smile remained serene as she crouched beside him.

"Hanford-san," she said sweetly, "you are no longer a man. From this moment on, you will refer to yourself — and each other — as women. Any failure to do so will result in further correction. Understood?"

Hanford glared up at her, his body trembling. "Fine," he spat through clenched teeth.

"Understood," Max said quickly, his voice shaking.

"Excellent!" Ms. Helper clapped her hands together, as though the morning were unfolding perfectly. "Now, hurry up and get dressed. You're already running late."

The two men reluctantly donned their outfits, the smooth fabric clinging uncomfortably to their skin. Hanford tugged at the waistline of his skirt, muttering curses under his breath, while Max fumbled with his pantyhose, his face a bright shade of red. Once they were dressed, they stood stiffly as Ms. Helper made her final adjustments, smoothing out wrinkles and tucking in stray hairs.

"Lovely," she declared, stepping back to admire them. "Now, we're running three minutes behind schedule. You'll need to run to catch your train. Let's go!"

"Run?" Hanford growled, but Ms. Helper was already at the door, holding it open and gesturing for them to follow.

Reluctantly, the two men stepped out into the early morning air. The quiet neighborhood was just beginning to stir, the sound of a distant vending machine and the faint hum of bicycles filling the street. Their heels clicked loudly against the pavement as they broke into an awkward trot, their skirts swishing with every step.

The humiliation was palpable. Passersby stopped to stare, some suppressing smirks, while others openly gawked. Hanford's face burned as he stumbled slightly on the uneven ground, cursing under his breath. Max trailed behind, panting heavily, clutching his purse like a lifeline.

They reached the station just as the train doors were about to close, slipping inside at the last possible moment. The cool air of the train car was a relief, but the stares of the other passengers made their stomachs act like they were churning rocks. As the train began its journey toward downtown Tokyo, the



men stood gripping the overhead rail, their reflections in the glass doors taunting them both.

Hanford and Max stepped into the bustling lobby of the company building, their heels clicking against the polished marble floor. It was one thing to arrive when you were the big dog, it was another when you were the laughing stock of the building. The morning rush was in full swing, with sleekly dressed professionals hurrying to their destinations. Hanford scowled as curious glances lingered on him and Max, their skirts swishing lightly as they walked. He clenched his jaw, determined not to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing his discomfort.

At the elevator, a uniformed attendant greeted them with a polite bow before ushering them aside. By habit, they had lined up at the executive elevator, something they were no longer entitled to use. The ride up the crammed public elevator was suffocatingly silent, save for the soft hum of the elevator

and the faint clicking of the buttons. When the doors opened, Ms. Matsumoto stood waiting, her ever-calm smile in place.

“This way,” she said, her voice smooth and measured.

The two men squeezed out of the elevator and were led down a hallway and into the changing room, where Zak was already seated on a small stool, nervously smoothing the skirt of his black uniform. His freshly plucked eyebrows furrowed as his eyes darted to Hanford and Max’s heads, immediately noticing their unnaturally sleek, jet-black hair.

“What happened to your hair?” Zak blurted, his voice a mixture of shock and dread.

Hanford’s glare was sharp enough to cut steel. “Don’t ask.”

Max gave a half-hearted shrug, avoiding Zak’s gaze as he adjusted the strap of his purse. The air was thick with tension as the three men exchanged uneasy glances.

Moments later, Ms. Matsumoto entered the room, her clipboard tucked under one arm. “Good morning, ladies,” she said, her tone brisk but polite. “I trust you all had a pleasant commute.”

None of them responded, though Zak squirmed uncomfortably under her gaze.

“Today, we are still finalizing your orientation materials,” Ms. Matsumoto continued, her smile unwavering. “In the meantime, we will ensure that you meet the corporate standards required of an Office Lady.”

Before any of the men could protest, the door opened, and a woman dressed in a crisp white beautician’s uniform entered, pushing a small, sleek machine on a wheeled cart. The device was clinical in appearance, with metallic accents and a control panel covered in buttons and knobs. A faint hum emanated from it as it powered on.

“What’s that for?” Max asked nervously, his voice breaking slightly.

Ms. Matsumoto’s serene gaze swept over them. “This machine will assist in permanently removing your facial hair. We are concerned that any stubble or regrowth may interfere with your ability to present yourself at your best and give your full effort in the workplace.”

Zak’s eyes widened, and he instinctively raised a hand to his chin. “Wait, what? Permanently?”

Hanford stepped forward, his fists clenched. “No way. That’s going too far. You can’t just...”

The faint sound of movement drew everyone's attention to the side of the room, where the burly men from earlier stood. Their arms were crossed, and their expressions were unreadable. At Ms. Matsumoto's slight nod, they took a single step forward, the heavy thud of their shoes echoing in the small space.

Hanford froze, his jaw tightening as his protests died in his throat. Zak shrank back, clutching the edge of his skirt as his pulse quickened. Max glanced nervously between the burly men and the machine, his hands trembling slightly.

"Good," Ms. Matsumoto said, her tone still light and unbothered. "Now, let us proceed. This process is entirely safe and painless. I assure you, it is for your benefit and will help you fulfill your roles with greater confidence and professionalism."

The room buzzed softly with activity, the hum of the electrolysis machine blending with the faint rustle of brushes and sprays. Max sat stiffly, his hands gripping his armrests as the beautician methodically worked the electrolysis machine along his jawline. Each zap made him wince, though the woman offered calm reassurances in Japanese as she continued her work. It was too bad he had no idea what she was saying.

Across the room, Hanford sat at another station, his body tense as a beautician worked products through his black, glued-on wig. She spritzed a fine mist of spray into the strands, combing and brushing the hair until it gleamed like silk. "This will help you achieve a professional, feminine look," she said brightly, her fingers deftly shaping the wig into a sleek style. Hanford grunted in reply, his lips pressed tightly together as he avoided looking at his reflection.

Zak, however, was faring worse. He sat at a vanity, squirming as a makeup artist leaned in close to apply foundation to his flushed cheeks.

"Sakura?" The woman asked.

"Yes, what?" Zak replied, responding to the name the old woman had given him. He immediately knew he had made a drastic mistake.

Hanford and Max looked his way, wondering why he had responded to that name, as if it were his own. Ms. Matsumoto also noted it with interest.

"No, that perfume," the woman clarified. "It's *Sakura by Shiseido*, isn't it?" the makeup artist said warmly, pausing to admire her work. "It's so delicate and suits you perfectly. And that ribbon — it's adorable."

Zak's face burned as he avoided her gaze. "It's not mine," he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper.

The makeup artist chuckled, brushing a soft pink powder across his cheeks. "Well, it's very becoming. You should wear it more often."

Zak shrank in his seat, his discomfort mounting as Hanford and Max both shot him brief, suspicious glances. He felt their eyes linger on him for a moment too long, and he squirmed, wishing the floor fall away and take everyone down to hell, which would be preferable to this.

Meanwhile, Hanford growled softly under his breath as another layer of styling spray was applied to his hair, the beautician humming cheerfully. Max twitched in his seat, enduring another zap from the electrolysis machine. The atmosphere grew heavier as they knew they would be switching places soon until all three were finished and ready. Ready for what, they had no idea.

When done, the men stood in a row, their faces flushed and raw under the layers of carefully applied foundation. The heavy makeup concealed their irritated, newly hairless skin, giving them doll-like appearances. Their styled hair gleamed under the fluorescent lights, each strand meticulously in place. Zak's ribbon perched mockingly on top of his head, and the faint scent of his perfume still clung to him, making him want to fall to his knees in shame.

Ms. Matsumoto walked slowly down the line, her serene smile unwavering as she inspected each of them. She turned to the women who had perpetrated this affront to decency. "Excellent work, ladies," she said, addressing the beauticians. "Your expertise is greatly appreciated."

The beauticians bowed politely, accepting the compliment with soft murmurs of gratitude before exiting. Ms. Matsumoto turned back to the men. "I hope you were all paying attention to how this was done. Starting next week, you'll be responsible for your own hair and makeup. There will be no excuses for substandard presentation."

Hanford and Max exchanged uneasy glances, but Zak kept his eyes on the floor, his cheeks burning.

Ms. Matsumoto held up a small stack of plastic ID badges, the glossy cards catching the light. "These are your employee identification cards. You will wear them at all times while in the building. They are to be clipped to your blouses where they can be clearly seen."

She handed Zak the first badge. His heart sank as he read the name printed in bold letters: Sakura. His mouth went dry, and before he could stop himself, he blurted out, "How did you know?"

Ms. Matsumoto's calm expression didn't falter. "I didn't," she said, tilting her head slightly. "I only suspected it when you blushed after the beautician called you that. But thank you for embracing your future."

Zak's stomach dropped, and he felt the weight of the other two men's stares on him. He clipped the badge to his blouse, wishing he was dead.

Max was next, and his badge read “Misaki.” He grimaced but remained silent, unwilling to draw attention to himself.

Hanford’s badge bore the name “Hana.” As soon as he saw it, he scoffed and tossed it to the floor, his jaw set defiantly. “I’m not wearing that,” he growled.

Before anyone could respond, the familiar zap of the controller hit him, sending him crumpling to the ground with a pained groan. Ms. Matsumoto, still smiling, stepped closer and crouched slightly to meet his gaze.

“Hana-chan,” she said gently, “your defiance is slowing things down. We have a lot to cover today, and there is no time to deal with childish sentiment. I’ve also received reports from Ms. Helper about your continued behavior at home. Perhaps you should strive to be more like Sakura-chan. She seems to understand her role better.”

Hanford struggled to his feet, his face contorted with pain and anger. He snatched the badge off the floor and clipped it to his blouse, glaring at Ms. Matsumoto as he muttered under his breath.

“Good,” she said with a nod. “Now, from this moment forward, you will only use your new names. That includes how you refer to yourselves, how you address one another, and how you sign any company documents. Failure to comply will result in... strong consequences.”

Zak’s hand shot up hesitantly. “What... what happened to Hanford — I mean, Hana? Why was he in pain?”

Ms. Matsumoto’s eyes lit up, as though reminded of a delightful task. “Ah, yes. Thank you for mentioning that, Sakura-chan. It seems I overlooked something. You’re not wearing the same... corrective measures as your colleagues.”

Zak frowned, confused. “Corrective measures?”

Ms. Matsumoto gestured to one of the burly men standing by the door. “Escort Sakura-chan to a private room and ensure she properly applies the company-issued gaffe. We cannot have inconsistencies among our Office Ladies.”

Before Zak could protest, the burly man stepped forward, gesturing for him to follow. Uneasy, Zak glanced at the other two men, but neither made a move to intervene. The thought that he had made a grave mistake became heavier as he was led out of the room.

Once the door closed behind them, Ms. Matsumoto turned her attention back to Max and Hanford. “Misaki-chan, Hana-chan, when Sakura-Chan returns, you will spend the rest of the day learning Japanese business etiquette. This will include phone manners, serving drinks, pouring tea, waiting quietly for

instructions, and bowing appropriately to your superiors. These are essential skills for an Office Lady, and I expect you to excel.”

Hanford gritted his teeth, muttering something under his breath, but a sharp glance from Ms. Matsumoto silenced him. Max looked pale, gritting his teeth tightly as he nodded. The two men knew better than to argue, the weight of their new reality pressing down on them as Ms. Matsumoto began detailing their tasks for the day.



“Let us begin with the fundamental duties of an Office Lady,” Ms. Matsumoto announced crisply, clasping her hands together as she scanned the sterile conference room with just her, her three students and two burly men to make sure things went smoothly. Her gaze lingered on each face, a subtle reminder of her authority. “The essence of your roles here is not just about task completion but about fostering an environment conducive to productivity and harmony.”

Max rolled his eyes, a gesture not missed by Ms. Matsumoto. She continued undeterred. “Phone manners,” she began, picking up a sleek black telephone from the table. “Answering the phone is not merely about speaking but about representing your department and, by extension, our company.”

She demonstrated, her voice soft yet assertive. “When answering, bow slightly, even if they cannot see you. Your posture affects your tone. Always introduce the department and yourself with polite enthusiasm.”

Turning to Hanford, she gestured for him to try. Hanford sighed, his attempt lackluster as he slouched and mumbled a greeting into the receiver. Ms. Matsumoto corrected him with a sharp, “Posture, Hana-chan. Do not slouch. You represent your division, and do you want your co-workers to be seen as lazy?”

“You were never this big a bitch when you were my secretary,” Hanford said. He got another zap for that one.

Next, Ms. Matsumoto moved on to serving drinks and pouring tea — a ritual steeped in tradition and subtle artistry. “When you serve tea or coffee, do so with both hands. It signifies respect and attentiveness,” she instructed, demonstrating the precise, graceful movements required. Sakura, watching with thinly veiled disdain, mimicked the actions with exaggerated carelessness, causing a slight slosh of tea from the pot.

“Slowly, Sakura-san,” Ms. Matsumoto chided softly. “Every action you perform is a reflection of your dedication.”

The lesson on waiting quietly and bowing seemed even more torturous for the trio. Ms. Matsumoto explained the varying degrees of bows, from the slight nod for casual acknowledgment to the deep bow for sincere gratitude or apology.

“Your bows are not just motions; they are expressions of sentiment,” she explained. “They often communicate more than words do.”

As the afternoon waned, Ms. Matsumoto addressed the critical aspect of their appearance and demeanor. “An Office Lady must always be presentable, cheerful and beautiful,” she stated, her voice firm yet not unkind. “Your presence must be a beacon of motivation for your coworkers.”

Max scoffed under his breath, muttering, “It’s like being in a doll factory.”

Ms. Matsumoto paused, her expression unwavering. “Misaki-chan, the role of an Office Lady, much like any position, requires adaptation and respect. Your resistance only hinders your own joy.”

The room fell into a heavy silence, punctuated only by the soft ticking of the clock.



A loud knock at the door shattered his Zak’s mind, as he was waking up after a nightmare. Then he realized he was waking up to an even worse nightmare. “Sakura-chan!” came Bāchan’s cheerful, sing-song voice from the other side. “It’s time to get up, my beautiful granddaughter. You mustn’t be late for work!”

Before Zak could respond, the door creaked open, and Bāchan shuffled in, her wrinkled hands reaching for the light switch. The fluorescent bulbs flickered to life, filling the room with a harsh brightness. Zak groaned, pulling the blanket over his head.

“No, no hiding,” Bāchan said, her tone both stern and affectionate. She tugged at the blanket until Zak reluctantly sat up. “You need to be up and ready to be the best office lady you can be today, Sakura-chan.”

Zak rubbed his eyes, feeling the weight of exhaustion and despair pressing down on him. His body ached from the previous day, and his mind raced with cravings he couldn’t satisfy. He didn’t even have enough money for the smallest hit of cocaine. The thought made his nerves jitter with frustration and helplessness.

As he swung his legs over the side of the bed, Bāchan's sharp eyes scanned him, her expression turning critical. "Ah, at least you had the good sense to wear a corset to hide how fat you've gotten, Sakura-chan," she said, shaking her head. "But going topless isn't very becoming for a girl your age."

Zak froze, his face flushing. He had forgotten how much Bāchan could see — while her eyesight wasn't great, she could still catch enough to be dangerous. He quickly pulled the blanket over his bare torso, muttering an apology.

"Don't fret, my dear," Bāchan said, patting his hand. "We'll get you back into proper shape soon enough. Starting today, you'll be doing daily exercises every morning. You'll feel so much better, Sakura-chan."

Zak groaned inwardly. "Exercises?"

"Yes!" Bāchan's face lit up as she shuffled over to the dresser. She pulled out a neatly folded pink leotard, yellow leggings, and a sky blue headband, holding them out to him. "Here you go. Put these on, and then my grandson will help you with your workout while I prepare breakfast."

Zak's stomach twisted as he took the outfit. The fabric was soft and light, its vibrant colors adding to his humiliation. He wanted to argue, but Bāchan's tone left no room for negotiation.

When Zak emerged from his room, dressed in the leotard and leggings, Riku was waiting in the living room, leaning against the wall with a predatory grin. His arms were crossed, and his eyes raked over Zak in a way that made him feel small and powerless.

"Well, well," Riku said, his voice low and mocking. "Sakura-chan's ready to work off all that fat, huh?" He stepped closer, his grin sharpening. "Bāchan might not see much, but I do. And I'm not letting you slack off today."

Zak stiffened, his heart racing. "I don't think this is necessary," he said weakly.

The grandson's grin vanished, replaced by a cold stare. He took another step forward, standing inches away from Zak. "Did I ask what you think? No, I didn't. You're going to do exactly what I say, or maybe I'll let Bāchan know what her precious Sakura-chan has been hiding. Or better yet, I'll let the police know."

Zak's blood ran cold, and his hands clenched at his sides. He hated how easily Riku could silence him, how powerless he felt under his sharp gaze.

"Good," Riku said, his smirk returning. "Let's get started. On the floor — now."



Zak reluctantly complied, lowering himself onto the mat Riku had laid out. The workout began with stretches, but it quickly escalated into a grueling series of exercises. The grandson barked orders like a drill sergeant, his tone dripping with mockery.

“Higher knees, Sakura-chan! You look like you’re barely trying.” He circled Zak like a predator, chuckling as Zak’s breathing grew ragged.

Zak’s muscles screamed as he pushed through squats, lunges, and jumping jacks. His face flushed with exertion and humiliation, the tight leotard clinging to his sweat-drenched body. The grandson occasionally stopped him mid-movement to correct his posture with swift punches and kicks.

“Stop slouching,” he snapped, his fingers digging into Zak’s shoulder. “You’re supposed to be ladylike. Act like it.”

By the time Bāchan called them for breakfast, Zak could barely stand. His legs trembled as he staggered to the table, collapsing into a chair with a defeated sigh. His relief was short-lived, however, as Bāchan set a small plate in front of him — a few pieces of fish and a tiny bowl of repulsive natto.

“A light meal, Sakura-chan,” she said warmly. “A lady must watch her figure, after all.”

Zak stared at the meager portions, his stomach growling angrily. Meanwhile, Riku sat across from him, digging into a hearty meal of grilled fish, rice, and miso soup. He ate slowly, savoring each bite as he smirked at Zak.

“Better eat up,” Riku said mockingly. “You’ll need your strength for work. Wouldn’t want to let Bāchan down, would you?”

Zak forced himself to eat, each bite smaller than the last, savoring his meager portion. After breakfast, he returned to his room to change. He slipped into his office lady uniform: a crisp white blouse, a black tailored skirt, sheer pantyhose, and black heels. The tightness of the skirt and the smoothness of the pantyhose felt suffocating, each detail reminding him of how much control he had lost.

As he clipped his ID badge reading “Sakura” to his blouse, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, bracing himself for another day of humiliation.

Zak stepped outside, his heels scuffing softly against the pavement, the warm morning air doing little to ease his growing dread. The familiar streets of the residential neighborhood stretched before him, quiet and calm, but the sight that greeted him near the curb sent a chill down his spine. The grandson was leaning casually against a sleek, black car, his arms crossed and a cigarette dangling from his fingers. His sharp, calculating eyes fixed on Zak with a predatory intensity.

“Good morning, Sakura-chan,” Riku said with a mocking grin. “Get in. I’m driving you to work today.”

Zak froze, clutching his purse tightly. “That’s really not necessary.”

Riku’s grin widened, his tone taking on an edge. “Oh, I insist. You don’t have another way to get to work, do you?”

Zak frowned, his heart racing. “Of course, I do. I can just take the train...”

Riku cut him off with a low chuckle, taking a drag from his cigarette before flicking the ash to the side. “That might be a problem,” he said lazily. “Since you don’t have your wallet. Or your passport.”

Zak's blood ran cold. He quickly opened his purse, rummaging through it with trembling hands. His heart stopped beating as he realized Riku was telling the truth. Both his wallet and passport were missing.

"Where are they?" Zak demanded, his voice rising in panic. "Give them back!"

Riku shrugged, tapping his cigarette against the car door. "You won't be needing them, Sakura-chan. From now on, if you need to go anywhere, I'll drive. It's for your own good."

Zak glared at him, his hands shaking as he clenched his purse. "You can't do this! I need those..."

"What you need," Riku interrupted coldly, stepping closer, "is to listen. You don't have money for the train, and you definitely don't have a way to leave the country. So stop acting like you have any options. Get in the car."

Zak's fists clenched tightly as the reality of his situation sank in. "What about ID?" he asked, his voice trembling. "What if I need to show ID for something?"

Riku leaned in, his smirk turning cruel. "Then I guess you'd better stay out of trouble, Sakura-chan. Don't give anyone a reason to ask."

Zak swallowed hard, his legs feeling weak. He hated the way Riku loomed over him, his presence as oppressive as the Tokyo humidity.

"And don't think there's anything to go back to," Riku added, his tone dripping with smug satisfaction. "I donated all your other stuff to a thrift charity. Your old clothes, your junk — gone. You're Sakura-chan now. No turning back."

Zak felt a wave of fury rise in his chest, but it was quickly overshadowed by fear. He was trapped. Completely and utterly alone. As much as he hated Riku — and Ms. Matsumoto, and everything about this nightmare — he had no means to escape, no allies to turn to.

Riku straightened, gesturing toward the passenger seat. "Now, get in. You're already running late."

Biting back his anger, Zak forced himself to move. He opened the car door and slid inside, his hands clenched in his lap. The faint scent of leather and cheap cologne filled the car as Riku climbed into the driver's seat and started the engine.

The drive through Tokyo was an exercise in silent torment. The car wove through the city's bustling streets, the skyline punctuated by gleaming skyscrapers and neon signs. Pedestrians hurried along the sidewalks, and cyclists navigated the narrow lanes with ease. Zak stared out the window, his jaw tight as fury boiled inside him.

He was truly alone, trapped in a life he didn't want, with no way out. Even as much as he despised Riku and Ms. Matsumoto, he needed them. They were his only lifelines now, no matter how much he hated that truth.

Zak's heels tapped rhythmically against the polished floor of the company building as he walked alongside Riku, who strode confidently beside him. The cool air conditioning blowing up his skirt was jarring, amplifying Zak's unease. Clutching his purse tightly, he kept his head down, hoping to avoid drawing attention.

But Riku had no intention of being subtle. He marched straight to the front desk, flashing his sharp smile at the receptionist. "Good morning," he said smoothly, his tone almost dripping with charm. "I'm here with my lovely sister, Sakura-chan. She's reporting for work today, and I'd like to accompany her as a visitor."

Zak froze, his cheeks flushing as the receptionist's eyes flicked over to him. Her polite smile remained, but there was a flicker of amusement in her gaze. "Of course," she said, handing Riku a visitor badge. "Please make sure to wear this while you're in the building."

"Absolutely," Riku said, clipping the badge to his shirt with a flourish. He turned to Zak, giving him a wink. "Shall we?"

Zak wanted to disappear but reluctantly followed Riku to the elevator. The last he ever wanted was to have this bastard connecting with anyone at work. His torture was already humiliating enough.

When they reached the changing room, Ms. Matsumoto was already there, clipboard in hand. Her serene expression faltered briefly as she noticed Riku.

"Who is this?" she asked, her voice calm but firm. Her sharp eyes studied him carefully. "We do not allow outsiders to witness company operations."

"Riku-san," he introduced himself with a bow, his tone respectful yet self-assured. "Sakura-chan's older brother. I came to see where my little sister works and to thank you personally."

Ms. Matsumoto raised an eyebrow. "Thank me?"

"Yes," Riku said, his smile never wavering. "This program you've created — what you've done for Sakura-chan — is incredible. My grandmother hasn't been this happy in years. Her daughter is back, and it's the best thing to ever happen to her. She's smiling, cooking, talking about the future. I'm deeply grateful."

Ms. Matsumoto's expression softened, and her smile returned. "I see," she said thoughtfully. Zak was praying that this stubborn woman would toss Riku out on his ass, but as every moment passed where that didn't happen, a sickening

dread rose up in his chest. “Riku-san, why don’t we step aside for a moment? I’d like to hear more about this.”

She gestured for him to follow, leaving Zak standing awkwardly in the changing room. Moments later, Hanford and Max arrived, their disheveled appearances betraying their exhaustion.

“This is insane,” Hanford muttered, dark circles under his eyes. “That witch, Ms. Helper, wakes us up at 4:30 every morning. I’m running on fumes.”

“Tell me about it,” Max added, his voice hoarse. “I can’t even sleep with all the anxiety and... this damn corset.”

Zak hesitated, then spoke quietly. “It’s not just you. I had to get up at five and exercise for an hour until I was sweating through my clothes.”

Hanford and Max exchanged weary glances, shaking their heads in disbelief. Before they could continue venting, the door opened, and three young men stumbled in, flanked by the ever-present burly security guards. The newcomers were wide-eyed and visibly tense, their confusion apparent as they glanced around the room.

“Who are you people?” one of them demanded, his voice sharp with frustration. “What’s going on here?”

Zak’s heart sank as he recognized them. They were some of the other Americans who had been working at the company before the takeover. They looked just as lost and afraid as he had felt during his first days under Ms. Matsumoto’s control.

“I mean it! I’m going to call the American consulate!” yelled the most boisterous of the young men. Zak recognized him as Jacob, a young man he himself had tutored when he first came on board, a brash redhead. He was a lot like him, and had bonded with him a little. Jacob had that same cutthroat attitude that would take him far in business, and Zak always thought of him as a kindred spirit. At the moment, he was being shoved around by the large, burly men who corralled them.

Before Zak or Hanford could respond, Ms. Matsumoto returned, her demeanor calm and controlled as always. “Ah, Sakura-chan,” she said, addressing Zak with her trademark smile. “Thank you for bringing your delightful brother to us. We’ve been having the most fascinating conversation.”

Zak’s face burned as the other men exchanged incredulous looks. Ms. Matsumoto turned her attention to the three new arrivals. “And welcome,” she said warmly. “I’m so pleased you’ve joined us. You are about to begin a unique experience in your career with the company.”



The young men looked at her with a mix of confusion and suspicion. “What does that mean?” Jacob asked warily, representing the rest of his group. “What’s going on here? Who authorized this?”

Ms. Matsumoto’s smile didn’t falter. “You’ll see soon enough. But first, please follow our security staff to your changing rooms. They’ll help you prepare.”

The three men protested, demanding answers, but the burly guards moved forward with silent authority, herding them toward the changing rooms. Max, unable to contain himself, blurted out, “Run! Don’t let them...!”

The zap came instantly, sending Max crumpling to the floor with a sharp cry of pain. Hanford and Zak instinctively tried to shout warnings, but they were struck down in quick succession, their bodies writhing as the electric shocks coursed through them.

Ms. Matsumoto sighed softly, shaking her head. “I admire such bravery,” she said, her tone almost affectionate. “But unfortunately, it will cost you dearly.

Although I admit, I may have set this up to test your level of defiance. I didn't expect you to do much different."

As the three Americans were escorted away, their protests growing fainter, Ms. Matsumoto turned her attention back to the remaining men. "Wonderful news. It's finally the day for all of you to join your colleagues on the main work floor and begin your duties as Office Ladies."

Zak, Hanford, and Max struggled to their feet, their bodies still aching from the shocks.

"But first," Ms. Matsumoto continued, gesturing to the waiting beauticians, "it's time for your facial hair removal to continue, as well as your hair and makeup. We must ensure you're all presentable."

Zak felt his stomach sink as the beauticians approached, their tools and machines gleaming under the fluorescent lights. Hanford groaned. Max may have whimpered a little.

"Be easy on our poor beauticians," Ms. Matsumoto said. "As you just saw, they have a lot of work ahead of them today."

The elevator hummed softly as it ascended, carrying Hanford, Zak, Max, Ms. Matsumoto, and Riku to their designated floor. The men stood stiffly, their faces flushed under layers of freshly applied foundation and blush, their lips with a fresh silky sheen. Each carried the lingering sting of electrolysis, their chins and upper lips red and sensitive beneath the makeup. Their wigs gleamed, perfectly styled into professional bobs that framed their increasingly unfamiliar faces.

Riku leaned casually against the back of the elevator, his smug grin fixed firmly in place. "Quite the transformation," he remarked, his tone mocking. "I almost didn't recognize you three."

Zak tightened his grip on his purse, shooting Riku a glare that only seemed to amuse him further. Max shuffled awkwardly, the faint swish of his skirt as he shifted his weight a humiliating reminder of his situation. Hanford stood silently, his jaw clenched as he stared straight ahead, avoiding the reflective elevator walls that would force him to see his own image.

Ms. Matsumoto stood in front, serene as ever. Her clipboard was tucked neatly under one arm, but in her free hand, she held an unusual object: a slender, telescoping wand with a small mirror attached to its end. She extended it quickly, becoming three feet long.

Without warning, she turned and pointed the mirror under the hem of Max's skirt, angling it expertly.

“Hmm,” she said, shaking her head disapprovingly. “No panties today, Misaki-chan? Ms. Helper provided you with a pair, did she not?”

Max flushed a deep red, stammering incoherently. “I... I... uh...”

Ms. Matsumoto didn't wait for an explanation. She moved to Hanford, repeating the maneuver. “And you, Hana-chan. The same issue. Disappointing.”

Hanford stiffened, his face darkening as he muttered something under his breath.

Finally, she turned the mirror toward Zak, who flinched instinctively as the reflective surface flashed under his skirt. Ms. Matsumoto smiled at Zak. “Very nice, Sakura-Chan. You're learning.” She then swiftly clicked the wand shut and tucked it neatly into her pocket.

Turning to Hanford and Max, her expression became neutral. “This is unacceptable,” she said calmly, her tone betraying no anger. “As Office Ladies, your attire and presentation must be impeccable at all times. That includes wearing the appropriate undergarments. I will check on this again after lunch. Ensure you do not fail. We must do our best.”

Max's mouth opened to protest, but the sharp look Ms. Matsumoto gave him silenced him immediately. He looked down at the floor, his hands twisting nervously at his skirt's hem, while Hanford's fists clenched at his sides.

Riku, however, broke the tense silence with a chuckle. “You know,” he drawled, “Sakura-chan, Hana-chan, Misaki-chan — if I were you, I'd keep my legs together in a crowded elevator like this. You never know when someone might snap an upskirt photo.”

Zak's face burned as he snapped his legs together instinctively. Max gave Riku a horrified look, while Hanford let out a low growl, his eyes narrowing.

“So innocent,” Riku said, smirking. “It's just friendly advice. A lot of frustrated men in Japan are into that sort of thing.”

“What did he say...?” Max asked Hanford. Hanford just glared back and caused Max to end his sentence prematurely.

Ms. Matsumoto nodded approvingly. “Riku-san raises a good point. Modesty is paramount in your new roles. Keep your legs together, your posture upright, and your skirts tidy. The company expects nothing less.”

The elevator doors opened with a soft chime, revealing a brightly lit office floor bustling with activity. Ms. Matsumoto stepped out first, her heels clicking sharply against the polished floor. The three men hesitated for a moment

before following, their cheeks burning with humiliation and their thoughts swirling with dread for what the day might bring.

Standing directly in front of them was a modest Japanese man in a neat, gray suit, his thick glasses slightly askew on his nose. His posture was reserved, and his expression polite but unreadable. Hanford, Max, and Zak all froze as recognition dawned.

“Wait a second,” Hanford blurted out, pointing. “I know you. You’re Scroogie Fuji.”

Zak and Max exchanged uneasy glances, neither daring to speak. They remembered him well — Fuji, the man who had sat through countless meetings, always objecting to expenditures and any plans that required spending. They’d mocked him relentlessly behind his back, dubbing him Scroogie Fuji for his miserly attitude.

Before Ms. Matsumoto could intervene, the man cleared his throat, his tone quiet but firm. “My name is Fujimoto. Mr. Fujimoto to you. I am your department manager.”

There was a moment of stunned silence as the three men processed this revelation. Max’s jaw dropped, and Zak’s mouth twitched as he tried to stammer a response. Hanford, however, broke the silence with a sharp laugh.

“You?” Hanford said incredulously, taking a step forward. “You’re in charge? No offense, but you could barely make a decision in meetings without whining about costs.”

Mr. Fujimoto’s calm expression didn’t waver. “You will find,” he said evenly, adjusting his glasses, “that I am quite capable of managing fifty employees and their various needs and requirements. Dealing with three silly little Office Ladies will be a rather simple task.”

Ms. Matsumoto’s serene smile widened slightly as she stepped forward. “Mr. Fujimoto is an exceptional manager,” she said, her tone laced with subtle reprimand. “You’ll find that his leadership is exactly what you need in your new roles. I suggest you show him the respect he deserves.”

Hanford opened his mouth to retort but caught Ms. Matsumoto’s pointed look and wisely closed it again. Max and Zak stood awkwardly, their faces flushed with humiliation.

Mr. Fujimoto offered a shallow bow, his tone polite but commanding. “Welcome to the department. Sakura-chan, Misaki-chan, Hana-chan — I hope you will approach your duties with dedication and professionalism.”

Mr. Fujimoto turned on his heel and gestured for them to follow. The three hesitated before trailing after him, their skirts swishing lightly with every step.

As they exited the elevator, Zak caught one last glimpse of Riku's smug grin and Ms. Matsumoto's ever-present serene smile before the elevator doors closed behind them. The sharp metallic sound of the doors clanking shut echoed loudly, causing the three men in skirts to jump.

Mr. Fujimoto adjusted his glasses with a small, deliberate movement, his lips curling into a faint sneer as he glanced at the three men standing stiffly before him. Their skirts swished lightly with every uncomfortable shift of their weight, and the sight seemed to fuel his disdain. The faint hum of the bustling office around them provided a perfect backdrop for his slow, cutting words.

"I must say," he began, his tone dripping with irony as he addressed them in Japanese, "I never imagined I'd have the opportunity to guide you in the next phase of your illustrious careers."

Zak flushed, his fists clenched tightly around his purse strap. Max, oblivious to the language, shifted nervously, sensing the disdain in Mr. Fujimoto's tone. Hanford's glare was sharp, but he held his tongue. He knew any retort would only make things worse.

Mr. Fujimoto gestured for them to follow, leading them into the heart of the office. The open-plan workspace was alive with activity — rows of desks filled with workers, the air buzzing with the quiet hum of conversation, clicking keyboards, and the occasional chirping phone. It was like any given Japanese office, with every inch of space crammed with papers, machines, boxes and whatnot. Most of the employees were men, their tailored suits a stark contrast to the feminine skirts and soft blouses worn by Hanford, Zak, and Max.

"This office," Mr. Fujimoto said, his voice carrying above the din, "was shaped by the hiring preferences of its former executives." He cast a pointed glance at Hanford, Zak, and Max. "They were insistent that a workplace should be 'efficient,' which apparently meant hiring mostly men. How ironic that their policies have left us short of Office Ladies now. I do hope the men will show restraint with such pretty ladies around them."

They reached the Operations division, where Mr. Fujimoto stopped and turned to Zak. "Sakura-chan," he said, gesturing toward a man in his early forties with slicked-back hair and an eager expression. "You will report to the division captain here. He will oversee your daily tasks."

The captain looked Zak up and down, a sly grin spreading across his face. "Ah, just what we needed — a pretty girl to brighten the place up. She'll be perfect for keeping the customers entertained." He leaned in slightly, his eyes narrowing in appraisal. "And I'm sure she'll get even prettier every day, won't she?"

Zak's face burned with humiliation, his hands trembling as he clutched his purse. "I..."

"She will," Mr. Fujimoto interrupted smoothly, ignoring Zak's discomfort. "Sakura-chan is on an intensive program to refine her appearance. I ask for you to be patient as she develops."

The captain chuckled, his gaze lingering on Zak. "Oh, I'll be very patient."

Zak swallowed hard, his stomach twisting as Mr. Fujimoto turned and gestured for Hanford and Max to follow. The captain's lewd grin stayed etched in his mind as they walked away, his mortification compounded by the knowing glances of the other employees.

They moved through the office, passing more rows of desks and busy workers. The quiet buzz of activity surrounded them as Mr. Fujimoto stopped at another division, this time in Accounting. He gestured toward a short, bespectacled man with an enthusiastic smile.

"Misaki-chan," Mr. Fujimoto said, gesturing toward Max, "you will be assigned here, to learn under the Accounting division captain."

The captain clasped his hands together, his excitement palpable. "Wonderful! I'll teach her all about the thrilling world of numbers and finances. She'll be a natural in no time."

Max blinked, looking between the two men in confusion. "What's he saying? I don't understand."

Before anyone could reply, Mr. Fujimoto turned and strode away with Hanford in tow, leaving Max behind. The moment they were gone, the men in the Accounting division began to gather around Max, their eyes scanning him with a mix of curiosity and amusement. He shifted uneasily, trying to catch someone's attention. "What's going on? Can someone tell me what's happening?"

No one responded, their murmurs in Japanese growing louder as they continued to appraise him. Max's face flushed as he clutched his purse tightly, the sensation of being scrutinized making him feel small and powerless.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fujimoto led Hanford down the hall, his voice calm but pointed. "I had initially considered assigning you to the legal division, Hana-chan," he said, glancing back with a slight smirk. "But then I remembered your gracious tolerance of my incompetence during executive meetings. You always saw me as incapable, didn't you?"

Hanford glared, but he said nothing.

Mr. Fujimoto pressed the elevator button, the soft chime breaking the tense silence. “Instead of the Legal Department,” he continued, his tone cool, “I believe the shipping division downstairs has a more pressing need for an Office Lady. The workers there are large, masculine, musky, and very lonely. I’m sure they will enjoy having someone like you to keep them company and serve their every need.”

The elevator doors opened, and Mr. Fujimoto gestured for Hanford to step inside. “They’ll be waiting for you, Hana-chan. I’ve told them to expect the new girl. Do try to make a good impression.”

As the doors slid shut, Hanford’s reflection in the mirrored walls showed a man on the verge of losing the last shred of his dignity. The hum of the descending elevator mirrored the sinking feeling in his chest as he braced himself for whatever awaited him below.

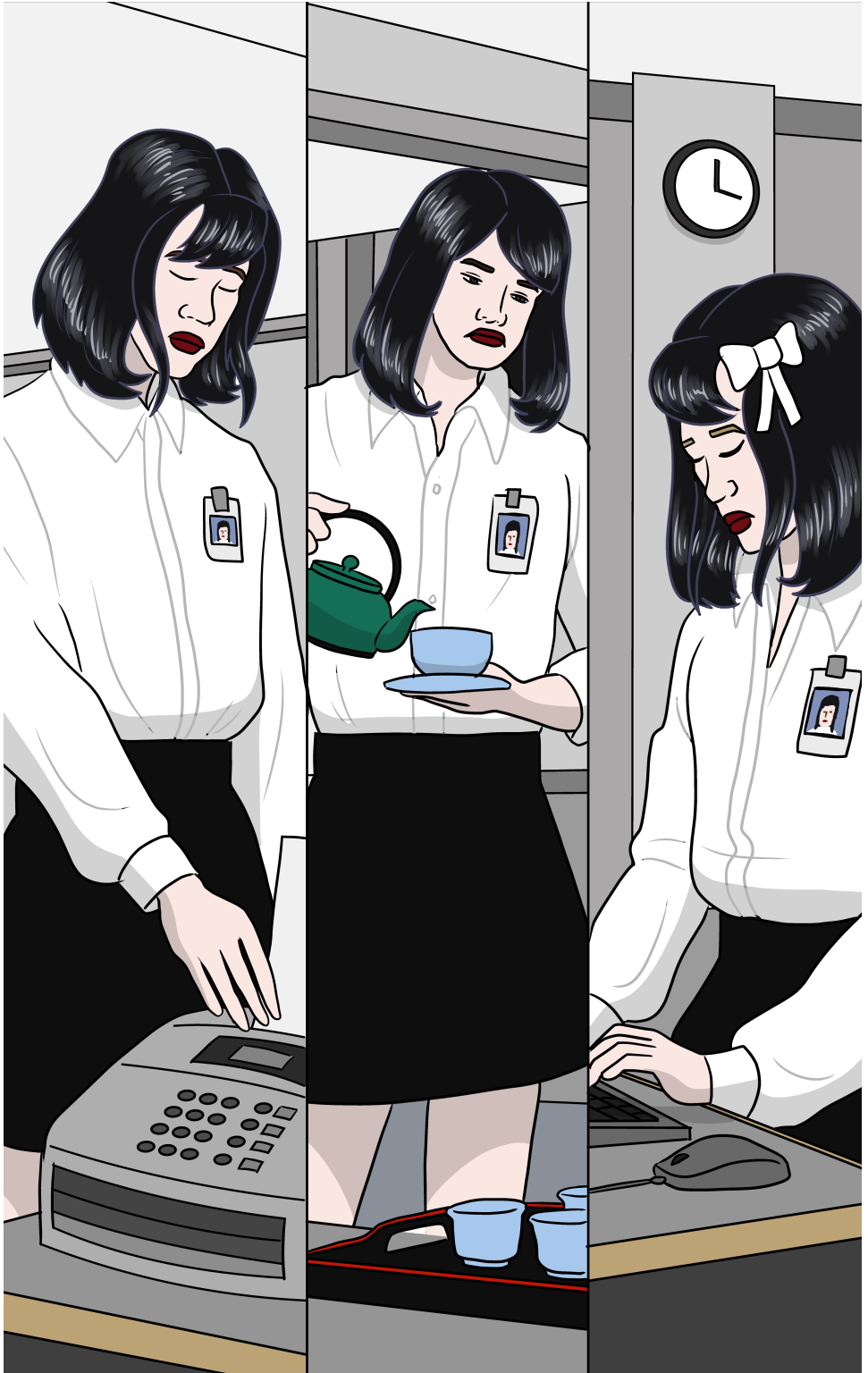


By Friday evening, Zak, Hanford, and Max were barely holding themselves together, the relentless grind of the week having taken its toll on each of them. Their once-stubbled faces were now permanently smooth, the endless sessions of electrolysis having eradicated their facial hair for good. As Ms. Matsumoto had dictated, they had become disturbingly skilled at doing their own makeup and styling their hair, matching the exacting standards set by their relentless overseers.

Zak sat at his small desk in the Operations division, absentmindedly adjusting the white bow tied into his sleek black hair. It had been a morning ritual forced upon him by Bāchan, who never failed to fuss over him before work. The faint swish of his tailored black skirt and the soft floral scent of his perfume were ever-present reminders of how much his life had changed. The heels he wore for over twelve hours a day no longer felt alien, though his feet ached constantly.

Ms. Helper inspected Hanford and Max’s compliance every morning. Standing in their apartment, phone in hand, her cheerful demeanor made the humiliation sting even more. She demanded a panty check, and with resigned sighs, the men begrudgingly lifted their skirts to reveal their frilly undergarments. Satisfied, she snapped a few photos with as proof of their compliance.

“Where are those going?” Hanford demanded to know.



“Mr. Takahashi gets daily reports on your progress and compliance,” Ms. Matsumoto said as her phone made a “whoosh” noise as the pictures were sent. She then sent them on their way with a chirpy reminder to do their best.

Zak’s mornings were no better. Every day, Bāchan woke him an hour before sunrise, her bright, cheerful calls forcing him out of bed. Riku would be waiting in the living room, his smug grin firmly in place as he directed Zak through an intense workout. The pink leotard and yellow leggings Bāchan insisted he wear clung uncomfortably to his body as he struggled through endless squats, lunges, and stretches.

“You’re improving, Sakura-chan,” Riku remarked that morning, his tone dripping with mock encouragement. “But you’re still clumsy. A proper OL must be graceful, even when she’s working hard.”

Zak bit back a sharp retort, focusing on finishing the routine. Riku’s chuckles followed him as he staggered to the kitchen afterward, his legs trembling.

By the time Zak reached the office, the grueling pace of his new life had fully set in. During a rare moment of reprieve, he found Hanford and Max by the water cooler. Max was shifting uncomfortably in his heels, his sheer pantyhose shimmering under the fluorescent lights.

“What’s it like down there?” Max asked Hanford, his voice low. “In the shipping room, with all those guys?”

Hank memories were immediately triggered, recalling his time in the shipping department.

“Hana-chan, this mess must be your doing. You’re always distracted, probably thinking about which color panties to wear tomorrow!” he barked across the noisy floor, eliciting chuckles from some of the other men.

Hank’s cheeks burned with humiliation, but he maintained his composed demeanor. He bowed deeply, his voice steady yet submissive. “I apologize for any confusion, Sato-san. I will double-check the orders immediately and ensure everything is corrected.”

Then there was just a few days ago. “Hey, Hana-chan, why don’t you smile more? A pretty girl like you shouldn’t look so serious!” one of the men jeered, nudging his buddy as he spoke.

Feeling their eyes on her, Hank forced a small, polite smile, though it pained him. “I apologize if my expression seemed too stern. Thank you for your concern,” he responded softly, hoping to deflect further comments.

Then there was last week. “Hana-chan, come and apologize for this mess! Tell the boss it was all your fault,” one of the larger men commanded, a smirk playing on his lips.

With no way out, Hank approached the warehouse manager, his head bowed low. “I am deeply sorry for the mishap with the shipment today. It won’t happen again,” he stated clearly, taking responsibility for an error he did not commit.

And the worst memory of all, when Hank bent down to retrieve a fallen stack from the floor. This innocent action prompted immediate lewd remarks from a nearby group of workers.

“Careful there, Hana-chan, or you’ll give us more of a show than we bargained for!” one jeered loudly, causing a round of raucous laughter.

Flushing with embarrassment, Hank stood up quickly, his hands smoothing his skirt. “I apologize for any inappropriate display,” he murmured, though his voice was barely audible over the continued laughter.

Hanford’s expression darkened, and he shook his head sharply. “Talk about something else.”

Max frowned, concerned. “They’re not...?”

“No,” Hanford snapped, cutting him off. His voice dropped to a strained whisper. “They’re loud. Crude. But they’ve kept their hands to themselves. So far.” He didn’t elaborate, but the haunted look in his eyes spoke volumes.

Max sighed, adjusting his skirt. “It’s not much better in Accounting,” he muttered. “They keep trying to teach me stuff, but I don’t understand a word they’re saying. I’ve explained it a hundred times, even used my phone translator to show them that I don’t speak Japanese, but they just keep hanging around me, talking... *Looking*. It’s creepy.”

Zak nodded in sympathy, but before any of them could continue, a sharp call of “Sakura-chan!” snapped him back to attention. He hurried back to his desk, the sound of his heels clicking in precise rhythm a humiliating reminder of how natural the movement had become.



That evening, back at the rental house, Zak sat quietly in the living room, still dressed in his office uniform. He sipped tea, the soothing warmth doing little to calm his nerves. Riku lounged across from him, scrolling through his phone with a smug grin.

“So, Sakura-chan,” Riku said suddenly, setting his phone down. “How’s the new job treating you? Enjoying life as an Office Lady?”

Zak’s grip on his teacup tightened. “They treat me like I’m... like I’m really a woman,” he muttered bitterly. “It’s like they’ve completely forgotten I’m a man.”

Riku’s grin widened. “You’d better get used to that,” he said nonchalantly. “Ms. Matsumoto says it’s not going to change.”

“What has she told you?” He asked. “What is she going to do to us?”

Zak glared at him, but Riku ignored his questions and leaned forward, his tone turning saccharine. “Speaking of getting used to things, you’d better rest up. This weekend, Bāchan has big plans for you. Shopping, a trip to the salon — you know, all the girly things she’s missed doing with her ‘granddaughter.’”

Zak’s stomach dropped. “Shopping? Salon? You can’t be serious.”

“I’m very serious,” Riku said, leaning back with a laugh. “You’re going to love it, Sakura-chan. Bāchan has so many ideas to make you even more beautiful. Ms. Matsumoto also suggested you have your ears pierced, and Bāchan loves the idea. She’s so excited to be there to see her granddaughter get her ears pierced.”

Zak felt his world spin as the thought of a weekend filled with more forced femininity was overwhelming, but he knew better than to argue. Riku’s mocking laughter and Bāchan’s cheerful humming echoed in his mind, reminders that resistance would only make things worse.



Ms. Matsumoto’s office was bathed in soft natural light filtering through large windows, giving the space a serene and professional atmosphere. Zak, Max, and Hanford sat stiffly on the edge of a sleek leather couch, their legs pressed together and skirts perfectly smoothed over their knees — an automatic habit drilled into them over the past two weeks. Their faces were impeccably made up, the sheen of foundation and blush masking the tension in their expressions. Each were beyond the point of exhaustion, but none dared to show it in front of Ms. Matsumoto, who sat opposite them, her ever-serene smile intact.

“Good afternoon, ladies,” Ms. Matsumoto began, her tone warm but formal. She flipped open her clipboard, scanning the notes with an air of quiet authority. “I called this meeting to check on your progress. Let’s start with you, Sakura-chan.”

Zak stiffened at the sound of his assumed name, his cheeks flushing as Ms. Matsumoto's gaze rested on him. "I've heard wonderful things from the Operations division," she continued, her voice laced with approval. "They tell me you're doing an excellent job. Your attention to detail and your ability to interact politely with clients are improving every day."

Zak's stomach churned with embarrassment. While he'd begrudgingly followed instructions, he had no idea his efforts were being noticed so positively. The thought of excelling at such a humiliating role felt like a betrayal to himself — and worse, to Max and Hanford. He lowered his gaze, gripping the strap of his purse tightly.

"Sakura-chan, you should be proud," Ms. Matsumoto added, her smile widening. "You're becoming a valuable member of the team."

Zak's blush deepened, and he muttered a quiet, "Thank you." The words tasted bitter, but he couldn't risk defiance.

Max, sitting beside him, leaned slightly closer and whispered, "What's she saying?"

Zak hesitated, glancing nervously at Ms. Matsumoto before mumbling, "She... says they like my work."

Max frowned, his lips pressing into a thin line. Meanwhile, Hanford's jaw tightened as he stared straight ahead, his body rigid.

Ms. Matsumoto turned her attention to Hanford. "Hana-chan, I've received some interesting feedback from the shipping division," she said, her tone taking on a slightly amused edge. "The men there tell me you still have much to learn. They say you're not particularly competent yet, but they believe you'll improve over time."

Hanford's fists clenched, his knuckles whitening against the soft fabric of his skirt. "They said that?" he muttered in Japanese, his voice low and dangerous. His inclination was to ask who had dared say his work was sub-standard, but he knew he held no power anymore. He reminded himself of the \$14 million waiting for him at the end of this hellish rainbow.

Ms. Matsumoto's serene expression didn't falter. "Yes, Hana-chan. But they also mentioned that they appreciate your presence. They find you... charming, in your own way. I suggest you embrace this opportunity to grow and prove them right."

Hanford's glare deepened, but he didn't respond. Max, catching only fragments of the conversation, leaned toward Zak again. "What's she saying about Hanford?"

Zak hesitated before whispering, “She says... they think he’s not great at his job but might get better.”

Max raised an eyebrow but stayed silent. Ms. Matsumoto turned her attention to him next, her eyes scanning him with careful precision.

As Ms. Matsumoto continued her evaluations, her serene smile never faltered. She turned her attention to Max, her calm yet commanding tone cutting through the air. “Now, Misaki-chan,” she said, addressing him in Japanese. Max held his phone tightly, using the translation app to follow along, his brows furrowed in concentration as the words appeared on the screen.

“It is very clear,” Ms. Matsumoto continued, “that you are not yet ready to be an OL. I’ve received many reports that you struggle with even the simplest of tasks. You are unable to work the phone properly, you do not speak with your colleagues, and you have failed to integrate into the Accounting Division. We’re removing you from the program.”

Max blinked, reading the translation as it appeared on his phone. The initial wave of sadness washed over him — he hated being reminded of his struggles and failures. But as the words sunk in further, realization struck him. This meant he didn’t have to be an Office Lady anymore. His face lit up, and he gasped in relief. His demeanor shifted instantly, his posture straightening as a broad smile spread across his face.

“So... I’m done?” Max said eagerly, his voice rising with excitement. “I don’t have to do this anymore? Thank you! Oh my God, thank you!” He clasped his hands in front of him, his heels clicking as he practically bounced in place. Hanford and Zak turned to him, their expressions a mix of confusion and unease.

Ms. Matsumoto’s serene smile remained unchanged. “Yes, Misaki-chan,” she said. “You will no longer be part of the Office Lady program. However...” She paused for effect, her calm gaze locking onto Max’s. “You will begin a new program.”

Max’s elation faltered, and he frowned as he read the translation. “A new program? What does that mean?”

Ms. Matsumoto’s tone remained warm yet authoritative. “Misaki-chan, your immaturity and childish tantrums indicate that you have the temperament ill-suited for the office, but perfectly suited for that for a school child. You will now be treated as Hana-chan’s daughter. Starting next term, you will attend a local high school as part of your preparation.”

Max stared at her in disbelief, his phone struggling to translate fast enough to keep up. When the meaning sank in, he stammered, “Wait, what? I’m twenty-four years old! I can’t go to high school!”

Ms. Matsumoto raised a delicate hand, silencing him. “If you look in the mirror, Misaki-chan, you will see that you are not convincing as a 24-year-old. You already appear much younger — closer to twenty. With a few adjustments, you will easily pass as fifteen.”

Max’s mouth opened and closed as he struggled to find words. “But... How... Why...” he sputtered, his voice cracking slightly. He turned to Zak and Hanford for support, but neither of them dared speak. Hanford’s jaw was tight with restrained anger, while Zak looked away, his discomfort palpable.

Ms. Matsumoto continued as if Max’s outburst hadn’t happened. “This will be a wonderful opportunity for you to learn discipline, structure, and proper etiquette in a setting that fosters growth. You will be spending your days with Ms. Helper as she trains you in your new life. I trust you’ll embrace this chance.”

Max’s face was a picture of shock, his phone slipping slightly in his hand. “This... This *can’t* be real,” he whispered, staring at Ms. Matsumoto.

Before Max could spiral further, Ms. Matsumoto’s gaze swept over the three of them, her tone shifting to something almost clinical. “Now, ladies, it is time for the next stage in the program.”

Zak and Hanford exchanged uneasy glances, and Max looked at Ms. Matsumoto in confusion, still trying to process the bombshell she had just dropped.

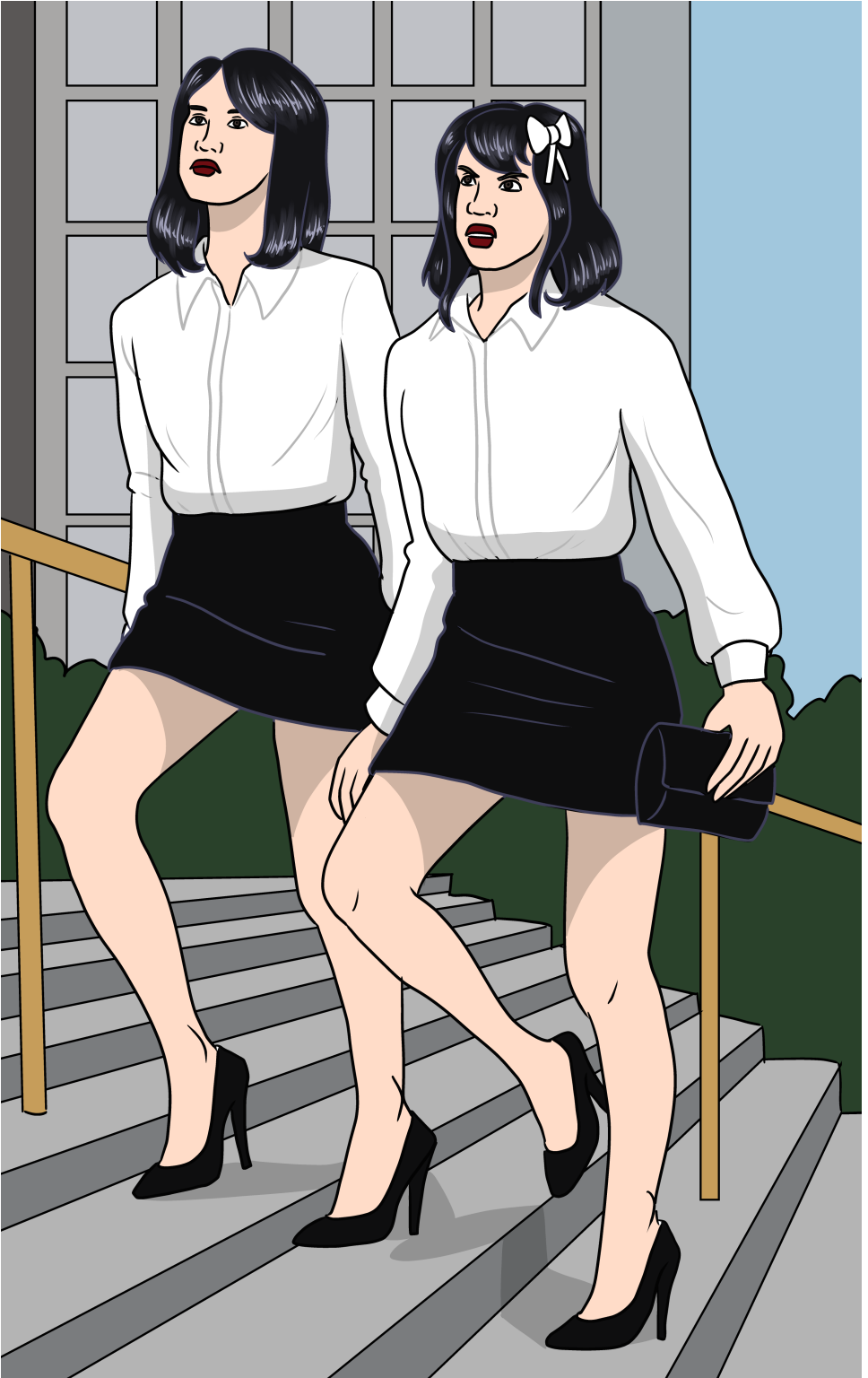
“We will begin further electrolysis,” Ms. Matsumoto announced, her smile widening slightly. “This time on the lower half of your bodies. After all, most Japanese women are naturally smooth all over.”

Zak’s face turned bright red, and he instinctively closed his legs. “Wait... *What?*” he stammered.

“*All over,*” Ms. Matsumoto emphasized.



A week later, the morning air was crisp as Zak and Hanford stood just outside the towering glass facade of the office building, the rush of Tokyo commuters flowing around them like a river. Dressed in their now-familiar Office Lady uniforms — crisp white blouses, tailored black skirts, sheer pantyhose, and



black heels — they blended seamlessly into the corporate crowd, two of a hundred girls dressed alike walking on the sidewalk. Their hair, expertly styled into soft bobs, framed their smooth faces, now permanently free of any trace of stubble. Weeks of intensive skincare treatments had left their complexions flawless, the men unsettled about the way their skin seemed to be subtly changing.

Zak adjusted the cuff of his blouse and glanced down at his hands. His nails, now delicately shaped and coated with a clear polish, looked like they belonged to someone else. “Hanford,” he said quietly, his voice soft and hesitant. “Do you think... I mean, is it just me, or is my skin color changing? Like, less pink and more... beige?”

Hanford, leaning against a lamppost with his arms crossed, scowled slightly. He didn’t meet Zak’s eyes. “You’re crazy,” he muttered in Japanese, his tone dismissive. But there was a flicker of unease in his expression. He had seen the same thing himself, but wasn’t ready to admit it. “Your skin’s fine. Stop overthinking it.”

Zak pressed his lips together, unconvinced. “I don’t know,” he murmured, adjusting his blouse again. “I think it’s from all the treatments. It’s like they’re trying to...” He stopped himself, shaking his head.

Hanford cut him off before he could finish. “Don’t start with conspiracy theories. We’ve got enough to deal with.”

Zak nodded reluctantly, but the unease lingered. After a moment, he asked, “How’s Max doing?”

Hanford shrugged, finally looking at Zak. “Don’t see much of him. By the time I get home, he’s already in bed. I think he’s going through the same stuff we are, just back at the apartment.”

Zak tilted his head. “At least he’s learning some Japanese, right?”

Hanford snorted softly. “Yeah, well, about time. He was useless without it.”

There was a pause, the noise of the city filling the silence between them. Finally, Hanford glanced at Zak. “You... having trouble with your voice?”

Zak frowned. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, do you catch yourself slipping into... you know, your girl voice? Just talking to yourself or something?” Hanford asked, his tone almost conspiratorial.

Zak hesitated, then sighed, his shoulders slumping slightly. “Yeah. It’s worse than that, though. Sometimes I don’t even realize I’m doing it until halfway through. And it’s not just the voice — it’s in Japanese.”

Hanford grimaced. “You’re starting to sound like me. I’ve been catching myself too. It’s like the damn voice training is rewiring my brain or something.”

Zak looked down, smoothing his skirt absently. “I think we’ve been doing this too long.”

“No kidding,” Hanford muttered. He glanced at his delicate ladies’ watch, its thin strap and small face so different from the rugged, masculine timepieces he used to wear. “I should’ve never signed that contract. Another year for the stock. That’s all I’ve got left.”

Zak hesitated, then said sheepishly, “Hey, uh... you wouldn’t know where I could score some coke, would you?”

Hanford turned sharply, his glare cutting. “Seriously? You’re still on that crap? What’s wrong with you?”

“I can’t help it,” Zak mumbled, his voice barely above a whisper. “The cravings are getting worse. It’s been weeks! I thought maybe... you might... know someone?”

“You’re pathetic,” Hanford snapped, shaking his head in disgust. “I don’t know, maybe one of the guys you work with might know something.”

Zak nodded quickly, clearly chastened. He adjusted his blouse again, the movement drawing Hanford’s attention. For a moment, Hanford frowned, then leaned closer. “Wait a second. Where’s your corset?”

Zak’s eyes widened, and he stammered, “I, uh... I’ve lost so much weight from all the exercise Bāchan makes me do, I just slipped out of it. So I just... stopped wearing it.”

Hanford eyed Zak’s slender figure, the smooth lines of his blouse and skirt emphasizing his trim waist. “You’d better keep that to yourself,” Hanford warned. “If Ms. Matsumoto finds out, she’ll probably have them strap you into something even worse.”

Zak nodded quickly. “Yeah, I know. I didn’t say anything because I figured they’d just do what they did with the gaffe.”

Hanford winced at the mention of the new, tighter gaffes they’d been issued recently. “Don’t remind me,” he muttered. “Feels like a medieval torture device.”

Zak sighed. “It’s so tight now, I have to be careful when I sit down. One wrong move and... well, let’s just say I’d be in a world of pain.”

“Yeah, but at least it’s easier to pee now with the catheter,” Hanford admitted grudgingly. “Small mercies, I guess.”

They stood in silence for a moment, the weight of their shared reality hanging heavily between them. Finally, Hanford glanced at his watch again. “Time to report to the division captains.”

Zak groaned softly, smoothing his skirt one last time. “We must do our best,” he said in perfect Japanese.

Together, they walked toward the building, their heels clacking against the pavement. As they passed through the revolving doors into the lobby, the polished marble floors reflected their carefully crafted images back at them — slender, poised, and undeniably feminine. With a sigh, they headed to their respective divisions, Zak going up in the elevator, Hanford going down.

The office buzzed with subdued energy late into the night. More than half the desks were still occupied, their inhabitants quietly working under the harsh overhead lights. The room was filled with the faint sounds of typing, the occasional rustle of papers, and the muted murmurs of phone calls. Zak sat at his small desk, tucked into a corner of the Operations Division, his legs crossed demurely at the ankles and his hands resting lightly in his lap.

The posture had become second nature — something he was expected to maintain unless actively engaged in tasks like pouring tea, sending faxes, or running small errands. Tonight, no one needed him for anything, leaving Zak to sit and wait, the picture of poised femininity. His sleek dyed-black hair framed his smooth face, and his tailored blouse clung gently to his slim frame, accentuating the svelte figure that weeks of rigorous exercise had sculpted. The faint scent of his floral perfume lingered in the air around him.

As he idly stared at the stack of papers on his desk, he became acutely aware of a pair of eyes lingering on him. One of the junior employees, a young man named Hiro, had been watching him frequently over the past week. Hiro’s attention was unmistakable — whenever Zak glanced in his direction, Hiro would quickly avert his gaze, pretending to focus on his laptop.

Zak shifted uncomfortably, his pantyhose-clad legs brushing together beneath the desk. The attention made his skin crawl. *Do they really not know I’m a man?* he wondered, anxiety gnawing at him. He tried to reason with himself. *The gossip here is terrible. Someone would’ve said something by now. They have to know.* Yet, Hiro’s bashful glances made him question that assumption.

Zak pressed his lips together, trying to ignore the flutter of unease. He started bouncing his leg slightly, a restless energy building in him. His cravings for cocaine were becoming unbearable. The gnawing desperation was consuming him. He hadn’t gone this long without it since he was a teenager. He was beyond the point where he could rationally deal with his hunger. He was now becoming quickly irrational about it.

Lost in his thoughts, Zak nearly jumped when Hiro suddenly appeared beside his desk. His heart raced as Hiro leaned in slightly, his voice soft and shy.

“Sakura-chan,” Hiro said, addressing Zak with the honorific that always made his stomach churn. “I’m heading to the vending machines to grab something to eat. Do you need anything?”

Zak froze for a moment, his thoughts racing. Here was an opportunity. Surely Hiro might know something. He always seemed to be going out with other men for long, late nights they would boast about the next day. Gathering himself, he looked up at Hiro with a practiced smile, his voice soft and melodic. “Actually, Hiro-kun, would it be alright if I came with you? I could use a break.”

Hiro’s face turned crimson, and he nodded quickly. “Of course, Sakura-chan. Let’s go.”

As they walked through the quiet office halls, Zak forced himself to play a part. He laughed softly at Hiro’s small jokes, his giggles light and airy. He tilted his head slightly as he listened, his delicate hands brushing a strand of his hair into place. Hiro, clearly flustered, stumbled over his words occasionally, but Zak played his role perfectly, acting every bit the bashful and charmed office lady.

By the time they reached the vending machines, Hiro’s face was practically glowing red. They stood alone in the dimly lit alcove, the hum of the machines filling the silence. Zak took a steadying breath, his heart pounding as he prepared to make his move.

“Hiro-kun,” he said softly, his voice dropping just slightly. “Do you know where I might... find something to help me relax? Something to make me feel good?”

Hiro’s confusion deepened. “Relax? Like... a drink?”

Zak shook his head, keeping his tone light but conspiratorial. “No, not that. I mean... something stronger. Something to take the edge off.” He glanced away, pretending to be embarrassed. “I’ve been so stressed lately.”

Realization dawned on Hiro’s face, and his cheeks flushed again. “Oh, you mean... Mayaku?” He lowered his voice, glancing around nervously. “That kind of thing?”

Zak nodded, his stomach twisting with a mix of desperation and shame. He knew what “mayaku” was. It was the word his previous dealer had used. He nodded affirmative.

Hiro hesitated, scratching the back of his neck. “I might know someone who can help. But...” He trailed off, his face turning even redder.

“But?” Zak prompted, his heart sinking.

“Well, it’s just...” Hiro looked down at the floor, clearly embarrassed. “I was thinking... maybe you could... go out with me. Just for tonight? As a date.”

Zak’s pride screamed at him to refuse, but the craving clawing at him was louder. He needed this. Swallowing his humiliation, he stepped closer to Hiro and gently placed his long, manicured fingers on his arm. The softness of his touch made Hiro freeze, his breath shallow.

“Hiro-kun,” Zak said softly, his voice tinged with sweetness. “You’d be helping me so much. I’d be very... grateful.”

Hiro’s face was crimson as he nodded quickly. “All right,” he said, hesitantly. “I’ll make the call. We can meet him tonight.”

Zak’s stomach churned, but he forced a grateful smile and pressed slightly closer to Hiro, leaning against him as though seeking comfort. “Thank you, Hiro-kun,” he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper. “You’re so kind.”

As they stood in the quiet hallway, Zak clung to Hiro’s arm, his desperation outweighing his shame. The realization of how far he’d fallen hit him hard, but for now, all he could focus on was getting what he needed.



The faint light of dawn barely illuminated the horizon as Zak stumbled up the narrow alley leading to his rental. The world around him felt surreal, tinged with the lingering effects of the cocaine still coursing through his system. His steps were unsteady, his black heels scuffing against the pavement, and the hem of his tailored black skirt swayed unevenly with each clumsy stride. The faint scent of cologne clung to his blouse, mingling awkwardly with the floral perfume he had applied earlier in the day.

As he approached the front door, Zak fumbled for his keys, but before he could insert them, the door creaked open. The grandmother, Bāchan, stood there, her face a mixture of worry and disapproval. She was covered in a simple wrap, her expression pale and drawn as though she hadn’t slept all night. Her cloudy eyes searched Zak’s face, and her lips trembled.

“Sakura-chan,” she said softly, her voice trembling. “Where have you been? I’ve been so worried!”

Zak blinked slowly, his sluggish mind struggling to process her words. “I was... out,” he muttered, his voice slipping into its deeper, natural register.

Bāchan's eyes widened, her hands clutching at the doorframe for support. "Your voice... Why are you speaking like that? What's wrong with you?" She stepped closer, sniffing the air. "And your clothes — they smell of cologne! Have you been drinking? And look at how you're walking!"

Zak opened his mouth to respond, but the effort felt monumental. Instead, he shrugged lazily and tried to sidestep her to get inside. His unsteady movements only made her more distraught.

"What's happening to my beautiful granddaughter?" she cried, her voice breaking. "Sakura-chan, you're acting so strangely. This isn't like you!"

The commotion stirred Riku, who appeared in the hallway behind Bāchan, his hair disheveled and his expression dark with irritation. "Bāchan, go to bed," he said firmly in Japanese, placing a hand on her shoulder. "You need to rest. I'll take care of this."

"But Riku-kun," she protested weakly, "Sakura-chan... She's..."

"I'll handle it," Riku interrupted, his voice leaving no room for argument. He gently guided her away from the door, waiting until she disappeared into her room before turning back to Zak, his expression hardening.

Zak leaned against the doorframe, barely able to keep his balance. "What's your problem?" he muttered in English, his voice dark brown and low.

Riku's sharp eyes narrowed, taking in Zak's disheveled state. He didn't need to ask what had happened. The scent of cologne, the clumsy movements, the glassy look in Zak's eyes — it all pointed to one thing. "You got your fix, didn't you?" he said coldly.

Zak smirked lazily, the cocaine still numbing his usual inhibitions. "What if I did?"

Riku's jaw tightened, and he stepped closer, towering over Zak with an air of quiet menace. "You're disgraceful," he said in Japanese, his voice low and dangerous. "You've upset Bāchan, acting like some common thug. She's worried sick about you. Do you even realize what you've done?"

Zak waved a hand dismissively, slurring slightly. "She'll be fine. She's just... old."

Riku's fist slammed into the wall beside Zak, startling him enough to make him stumble back a step. "Listen to me," Riku growled, his voice sharp and unwavering. "You will never upset Bāchan like this again. Do you hear me? Never."

Zak blinked, trying to focus on Riku's face. His sluggish brain barely registered the words, but the intensity in Riku's tone was impossible to ignore.

Riku straightened, his expression cold and calculating. "Ms. Matsumoto gave me permission to deal with you however I see fit," he said, his voice icy. "And starting now, I'm going to make sure you act like a proper woman — always. Around Bāchan, around everyone. You will be the picture of femininity, whether you like it or not."

Zak's hazy mind processed the threat, and he chuckled, his deep, masculine laugh breaking the quiet of the hallway. "Do your worst," he slurred in English, his voice low and rough.

Riku's eyes narrowed further, a dangerous smile curving his lips. "Oh, Sakurachan," he said, his voice dripping with mock sweetness, "you have no idea what you've just invited. I hope you enjoyed your drugs. You will not have them again."

Before Zak could react, Riku grabbed his arm and pulled him inside, slamming the door shut behind them. The sound echoed through the quiet house, a harbinger of the reckoning that was about to unfold.



Zak woke to a throbbing head, his body aching, and his stomach spinning like a washing machine. The memories of the previous night were hazy, fragmented — like trying to piece together a puzzle with missing pieces. He sat up slowly, his hands trembling as they clutched the soft pink comforter, a sickly sweet reminder of his situation.

Flashes of the night before clawed their way into his mind. He remembered the euphoric rush of cocaine, that brief and glorious reprieve from reality when the world felt alive and beautiful. But then came the less pleasant fragments: Bāchan's face, pale with worry, her mouth forming words of concern and disappointment. Riku's dark scowl, his anger radiating like a storm. The cramped space of Hiro's car, the soft hum of the engine as Hiro drove him home.

Zak's bile threatened to rise up to his nostrils as more memories surfaced. Hiro's shy smile, his hesitant touch. The scent of his cologne, sharp and masculine, filling Zak's senses. The moment Zak had buried his face into Hiro's neck, desperate for connection, for something to hold onto in the chaos. Then there was the messy kiss — Hiro's lips pressing clumsily against his own, the taste of him mingling with the regret.

Zak's heart raced as he recalled the moments that followed. His own hands roaming over Hiro's chest, driven by the drug's intoxicating power. The warmth of Hiro's skin, the soft sound of his voice, and then the sharp, startling memory of Hiro pushing him onto the seat of his car. Zak's hand instinctively flew to his abdomen, his fingers tracing the faint, light scratches that marred his otherwise smooth skin. His gaffe had held firm, but the evidence of Hiro's attempts to remove it were etched into his flesh.

What the hell did I do? Zak thought, his breath shallow and quick. Shame and nausea rose in equal measure, his mind reeling with the implications of his actions. He buried his face in his hands, his smooth, manicured nails grazing his cheeks as he fought to steady himself.

A loud pounding at the door made Zak jump, his heart leaping into his throat. Before he could even respond, the door swung open, and Riku strode in, his face dead and unmoving. He closed the door behind him with a deliberate click, his posture rigid as he loomed over Zak.

"Get up," Riku snarled, his voice low and menacing. "It's time you learn how a proper Japanese woman behaves."

Zak instinctively shrank back against the headboard, clutching the comforter to his chest like a shield. "Riku, wait, I..."

"No," Riku interrupted, his tone sharp and unyielding. "You do not upset Bāchan. You do not act like a disgrace in front of her. And yet, here you are. You've clearly forgotten your place. But don't worry — I'm going to fix that."

Zak's eyes darted around the room, searching for an escape, but there was nowhere to go. The walls seemed to close in around him, the soft pink decor mocking him with its delicate femininity. He tried to retreat further into the bed, but Riku grabbed the edge of the comforter and yanked it away, leaving Zak exposed in his thin, silky nightgown.

"Stand up," Riku ordered, his voice cold as steel.

Zak hesitated, his mind racing. He knew there was no use resisting. Slowly, he swung his legs over the side of the bed, his feet brushing the soft rug as he stood on shaky legs. His knees wobbled, and he hugged his arms around himself, feeling small and vulnerable under Riku's intense gaze.

"You're going to learn to act like a proper woman," Riku said, his voice low and deliberate. "Starting now."

Zak's stomach twisted with dread as Riku stepped closer, his presence suffocating. There was no escaping this. He could only brace himself.

The following days were an unrelenting blur of lessons, discipline, and humiliation for Zak. Riku's cold determination consumed every waking moment. Zak quickly learned that resistance was futile — Riku's methods were precise, thorough, and inescapable.

Every morning began with a sharp knock at Zak's door, followed by Riku's brisk entrance. Zak, still in his pastel-colored pajamas, would be ordered to kneel on the tatami mat and recite phrases using *sonkeigo*, the highly respectful form of Japanese. Riku corrected every stumble, every misplaced honorific, with sharp rebukes.

“Calm your voice, Sakura-chan,” Riku would say with mock sweetness after every slip. “A proper Japanese woman never raises her tone. You will speak pleasantly, or you will not speak at all.”

The constant drilling was exhausting. Zak spent hours repeating phrases, bowing at the proper angles, and practicing his speech until his throat ached. But it didn't stop there. Riku insisted that Zak learn about the traditional festivals of the region, quizzing him relentlessly until Zak could recite every detail of customs and rituals. He had to be able to point to every local shrine on a map. He was made to write kana with an ink brush, the fluid strokes demanding patience and precision, and any slip resulted in immediate punishment.

Even when Zak's lessons moved to the modern tea ceremony, the training didn't ease. Riku blindfolded Zak and made him rehearse the steps repeatedly until Zak could perform the entire ritual flawlessly, his movements graceful and deliberate, his hands steady even when trembling inside.

“You see?” Riku would say, his voice dripping with mock encouragement. “It just takes mindfulness.”

Zak's frustrations, once expressed through protests and muttered curses, had dwindled to silence. He had learned the hard way that speaking out of turn or raising his voice led to swift punishment. Riku's hand would come down sharply on his backside, leaving a burning reminder to keep his tone soft and pleasant at all times.

The responsibilities at home soon fell entirely on Zak's shoulders. Under Riku's orders, he temporarily took over all cooking and cleaning duties from Bāchan. Each chore was a lesson in silence and obedience — no complaints, no hesitations, no shortcuts. Zak scrubbed floors, washed dishes, and folded laundry while Riku stood over him, critiquing every imperfection.



“You should be grateful for the opportunity to serve,” Riku said as Zak struggled to carry a tray of meticulously prepared food to the table. “A woman’s place is in service to others, especially men.”

The words stung, but Zak swallowed his pride and obeyed. He knew any defiance would be met with the zapper or another exhausting lesson in humility. His hands, now soft from the treatments Ms. Matsumoto had arranged, moved with practiced efficiency through household tasks. His cooking, under Bāchan’s gentle guidance, improved until even Riku begrudgingly praised the meals.

The hardest lesson came when Riku used the zapper to teach Zak empathy. He didn’t even know he had a controller to the device that sent jolts of electricity through his genitals. He assumed it was some kind of gift from Ms.

Matsumoto. Whenever Zak made a mistake or acted carelessly, Riku would ask him how he thought others felt in response to his actions. If Zak failed to answer thoughtfully, the zapper delivered a sharp jolt.

Riku demanded that Zak internalize the feelings of everyone around him, reminding him that a woman's role was to consider others above herself at all times. "You must always be considerate," Riku said, his tone stern. "Every action you take affects others. You cannot be selfish."

By the end of the week, Zak felt like a hollow shell of himself. His mind couldn't function much at all, with every action and reaction coming from Riku's training, not his own thoughts.

One evening, after Zak had completed his chores and prepared tea for Riku, he knelt before him, his hands folded neatly in his lap. His body ached, and his mind felt numb, but he remained silent, waiting for permission to speak.

Riku sipped his tea and nodded approvingly. "You've come a long way, Sakura-chan," he said, setting the cup down. "I think you finally understand what it means to be a respectful and mindful Japanese woman. A granddaughter who Bāchan can be proud of."

He reached out and patted Zak gently on the head, a gesture that felt more patronizing than kind. Zak lowered his gaze, his lips trembling slightly as he whispered, "Thank you, Riku-san."

For the first time in days, Riku didn't correct him. Instead, he smiled and stood, leaving Zak kneeling on the tatami mat, staring down at his manicured hands.



Hanford trudged up the stairs to his shared apartment, his feet aching from another week spent navigating the shipping division and enduring the crude attention of the large, rough men who worked there. Every lingering touch, every lewd comment, had worn on him, and the promise of a weekend free from their prying eyes was the only thing keeping him upright.

Yet, even as he reached his door, his mind was elsewhere. Zak had been missing from work all week. The absence was unusual, and while Hanford told himself he didn't care, the unease had settled in his gut like a stone. He pushed the thought aside as he unlocked the door and stepped inside.

“Welcome home, Hana-chan!” Ms. Helper’s cheerful voice rang out, as bright and chipper as always. She stood in the living room, her perfectly pressed uniform and unshakable smile instantly putting Hanford on edge.

“Ms. Helper,” Hanford said cautiously, closing the door behind him. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to help, of course!” she replied, as though the answer were obvious. “It’s Friday, and before you go to bed, there’s something important to take care of. Your wig needs to be removed.”

Hanford blinked, surprised. “Wait, really? You’re taking it off? Finally?”

“Yes, Hana-chan,” Ms. Helper said, gesturing for him to sit on the low stool she had already prepared. “Your hair underneath has grown enough that we need to address it.”

Relief washed over Hanford. For weeks, the wig had been an endless source of irritation. Itched constantly, and he hadn’t been allowed to touch it, let alone remove it. “Thank God,” he muttered as he sank into the stool. “It’s about time.”

Ms. Helper retrieved a small kit from the side table and began her work. The process was slow, requiring careful application of solvents to loosen the adhesive securing the wig to his scalp. She hummed cheerfully as she worked, her hands steady and precise.

Hanford, despite his impatience, sat still, his mind buzzing with questions. After nearly an hour, Ms. Helper carefully lifted the wig away, revealing his short, stubby hair beneath. Hanford ran his fingers over his scalp, the sensation strange but liberating.

“Feels good, doesn’t it, Hana-chan?” Ms. Helper said, her smile never faltering.

“Yeah,” Hanford admitted, his voice tinged with relief. “So... does this mean I’m done? No more pretending to be a woman?”

Ms. Helper’s smile widened. “You’ll have your answer tomorrow, Hana-chan. For now, get some rest.”

Hanford frowned, dissatisfied with the cryptic response, but he didn’t press further. For the first time in weeks, he could run his hands through his hair — short and stubby as it was — and that small victory was enough to buoy his spirits. As he headed toward his room, he passed Max’s door, which was ajar. He stopped short when he saw Max inside.

Max was seated at a small desk, surrounded by textbooks and neatly organized papers. It was all new, including the bed, a very typical bedroom for a suburban

Japanese teenager. He was wearing a pink blouse and a matching pink skirt, his legs crossed at the ankle, his posture prim and perfect. When Max noticed Hanford, his face lit up with a smile.

“Hana-chan!” Max exclaimed, standing up and walking over to hug Hanford tightly. “It’s so good to see you! I feel like it’s been forever.”

Hanford stiffened at the unexpected embrace. Hugging had never been a part of their interactions before, and the gesture felt uncomfortably friendly. “Uh, yeah,” Hanford muttered, awkwardly patting Max’s back. “Good to see you too.”



Max pulled back, still beaming. “I’d love to chat, but I can’t right now. I have so much homework for my training program. Ms. Matsumoto is really pushing me hard, but I think I’m making progress!” His voice had taken on a slightly higher, more melodic tone, though whether it was intentional or not, Hanford couldn’t tell.

“Right,” Hanford said slowly, glancing at the neatly arranged desk. “Well... don’t let me keep you.”

Ms. Helper appeared in the doorway behind them, clapping her hands lightly. “Misaki-chan, back to work, please. There’s still much to do.”

Max nodded obediently. “Yes, Ms. Helper. I’ll get right back to it.” He turned to Hanford with a warm smile. “It really is nice to see you, though. Goodnight!”

He returned to his desk, his movements graceful and unhurried. Hanford stood frozen for a moment, watching as Max carefully adjusted his posture and began studying again. He only realized after the conversation that Max had spoken in Japanese, a first for him.

As Hanford turned and walked to his own room, a chill ran down his spine. Max's pink outfit, the hug, the girlish smile — it was all so unlike him. Hanford couldn't shake the feeling that something deeper was happening. He was especially worried about the smile on his face. What did he have to be happy about? They were all in the same nightmare.



The next morning began in a haze of uncertainty for Hanford as Ms. Helper cheerfully greeted him at the apartment door, a small cap in hand. She gestured for him to sit, and as Hanford complied, she placed the snug cap on his head, covering the short, uneven stubble that had grown beneath the wig.

“It's time to address your hair properly, Hana-chan,” she said with her usual unwavering smile. “We're going to a clinic that specializes in hair restoration. They'll help with the condition it's in.”

Hanford hesitated, glancing at himself in the mirror by the door. She wasn't wrong — his hair looked pitiful, thin and patchy from being trapped under the wig for weeks. Still, there was something unsettling about the whole situation. “Alright,” he muttered reluctantly, following her out to the car.

The drive to the clinic was quiet, save for Ms. Helper's occasional hums of an upbeat tune. When they arrived, the building stood out for its sleek, modern design, its mirrored windows reflecting the bright Tokyo sky. Hanford followed Ms. Helper inside, where a receptionist greeted them with a warm bow before leading them down a polished hallway.

The treatment room was minimalistic but equipped with cutting-edge technology. Hanford was directed to a reclined chair surrounded by sleek machines with glowing panels and mechanical arms. The quiet hum of the room made his nerves prickle. Ms. Helper placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder before taking a seat nearby.

“Just relax, Hana-chan,” she said brightly. “This will all be over soon.”

Before he could ask what exactly “this” entailed, a woman entered the room. She exchanged pleasantries with Ms. Helper in Japanese, and the two chatted briefly before the woman disappeared behind Hanford, out of his line of sight. He craned his neck, trying to catch a glimpse of what was happening, but Ms. Helper simply smiled and gestured for him to stay still.

A technician entered next, saying nothing as they powered on a large machine overhead. Hanford couldn't see what was happening — only the faint hum of

the device and the occasional soft clicks broke the silence. Cool gel was applied to his scalp, the sensation tingling briefly before fading.

“You’ll feel a bit of pressure, but it’s very important that you don’t move,” the technician instructed in Japanese.

Hanford nodded stiffly, his anxiety growing. The machine above him began to lower, its mechanisms whirring quietly as something made contact with his scalp. The sensation was strange but not painful, and the rhythmic movements of the machine soon lulled him into a state of drowsiness. Before long, his eyes closed, and he drifted off.

When Hanford woke, he was in the car again, the cityscape of Tokyo passing by in a blur. Ms. Helper was humming softly in the driver’s seat, her ever-cheerful demeanor unchanged. Hanford blinked groggily, lifting a hand to his head instinctively. His fingers brushed against a tender spot, and he froze.

“What... what happened?” he asked, his voice thick with confusion.

Ms. Helper glanced at him in the rearview mirror, her smile widening. “You dozed off during the procedure, so they gave you a mild sedative to keep you comfortable.”

Hanford’s stomach tightened. “What procedure?” he demanded, his voice rising slightly.

Ms. Helper’s tone remained bright. “Oh, nothing too invasive, Hana-chan. Just a robotic hair transplant. Didn’t you notice the bandage on your scalp?”

Hanford’s hand shot to his head, and he winced as his fingers brushed the sore area. Bandages covered all of his scalp, and the reality of what she’d said began to sink in. “A... hair transplant?” he repeated, his voice shaking.

“Yes,” Ms. Helper replied, as though discussing something as mundane as the weather. “You saw the donor, didn’t you? That lovely young woman. She has always wanted finer, Western hair. She’s thrilled! And now, Hana-chan, you’ll have the thick, lustrous East Asian hair you’ve always needed to help complete yourself.”

Hanford stared at her, his mouth opening and closing as he struggled to find words. “You’re joking,” he said finally, his voice barely above a whisper.

Ms. Helper’s expression didn’t waver. “Oh no, Hana-chan. It’s all been taken care of. The robotic transplant machine switched your hair follicles, one by one. As her hair grows, it will be just like yours used to be — fine, soft, and Western. And as yours grows back, it will be thicker, shinier, and absolutely perfect for your new image.”

Hanford turned to the car's sun visor, flipping it down to reveal the small mirror. He stared at the bandage in horror, his hand trembling as he reached up to touch his scalp again. "This... this can't be..." he muttered, his reflection looking back at him with wide, panicked eyes.

"But it is, Hana-chan!" Ms. Helper said cheerfully. "And it's going to look fabulous once it grows in. It will be a few months, though. That woman had absolutely wonderful hair. You'll look so pretty!"

The car continued its journey through the city as Hanford sat in stunned silence, his mind racing.



Hanford arrived at work on Monday morning, scanning the lobby for Zak. The executive had been his silent ally in misery, the one who shared knowing glances and quiet grumbles about their shared ordeal. Today, Zak was already there, standing near the elevator. Hanford felt a flicker of relief.

Zak wasn't waiting for him. Instead, he stood with perfect posture, his hands clasped delicately in front of him, his head tilted slightly downward. Zak's eyes flicked up and met Hanford's for the briefest moment, then, just as quickly, Zak looked down, lowering his gaze to the floor as he stepped into the elevator. The doors slid shut without so much as a word.

Hanford frowned, his unease growing. He wondered what he had been through this last week. He didn't look that much different. At least he still had his own hair, Hanford thought as he adjusted his wig. Pushing the thought aside, Hanford entered his own elevator, tugging his skirt down and bracing himself for another grueling day in the shipping division. The rough, lewd men he worked with had only grown bolder, and the hands he dreaded were as inevitable as the long hours ahead.

Meanwhile, Zak reported to the Operations division for the first time in a week. Every step he took was precise and deliberate, his heels clicking softly against the polished floor. His movements were graceful, almost automatic, as if choreographed by some unseen force. He approached the division captain's desk, bowing deeply before speaking.

"Good morning, sir," Zak said softly, his voice melodic and pitched perfectly. "Thank you for allowing me to return. I am deeply sorry for my absence."

The captain glanced at Zak's desk and frowned slightly. "Your desk looks unkempt, Sakura-chan," he said. "Please address that immediately."

Zak's face flushed, and he bowed again, even lower than before. "I deeply apologize for its state, sir. I am truly grateful for the opportunity to correct my mistake." His voice trembled with sincerity before hurrying to his desk.

Once there, Zak wasted no time. He worked methodically, organizing papers into neat stacks, arranging pens and supplies with precision, and wiping down every surface until it gleamed. His hands moved swiftly, each motion deliberate and efficient. When he finally finished, Zak stepped back and exhaled a soft sigh of relief, a faint smile of satisfaction gracing his lips.

Before sitting down, Zak hesitated. He glanced down at his skirt and adjusted it, hiking it up slightly to expose more of his legs. He knew his male coworkers often glanced at him during the day, their gazes lingering on his smooth, shapely legs. If the sight of him inspired them to work harder or remain in good spirits, wasn't that part of his job as an Office Lady? With that thought, he sat down with perfect poise, his back straight and his hands resting lightly in his lap.

After lunch, Zak was summoned to Ms. Matsumoto's office. The walk felt instinctive now, his steps soft and measured, his heels clicking rhythmically against the floor. He entered the office and bowed deeply before Ms. Matsumoto, waiting silently until she acknowledged him.

"Sakura-chan," Ms. Matsumoto said, gesturing for him to sit. "Welcome back. It's good to see you again."

Zak bowed deeply, his hands folded neatly in front of him. "Thank you, Matsumoto-san," he said, his voice soft and deferential. "I am deeply grateful for the opportunity to return and to continue serving the company."

Ms. Matsumoto studied him for a moment, her serene smile unwavering. "I understand that Riku-san has been teaching you some important lessons. How do you feel about his guidance?"

Zak's cheeks flushed slightly, and he lowered his gaze. "I am deeply thankful for my brother's wisdom," he said quietly. "His lessons have shown me the importance of respect, mindfulness, and humility."

A flicker of memory crossed Zak's mind, unbidden: Riku's stern face as he corrected every mistake, the sharp sting of the zapper, the humiliating spankings, and the relentless drilling of his new role. He remembered how powerless he felt, the way Riku's voice commanded every fiber of his being until all resistance melted away.

Zak forced the memory aside, raising his eyes to meet Ms. Matsumoto's gaze. "I apologize for my previous behavior, Matsumoto-san. It was unbecoming and

unworthy of my role here. I promise to do my best to be the Office Lady our team needs.”

Ms. Matsumoto’s smile widened slightly. “That’s the spirit, Sakura-chan. Your dedication is commendable. But remember, your smile is what your colleagues truly missed during your absence. They need to see that warmth and charm from you every day.”

Zak hesitated briefly before forcing a sweet, practiced smile onto his face. “I understand, Matsumoto-san. I will make sure to bring my best self to the team.”

Ms. Matsumoto nodded approvingly. “I’m glad to hear that, Sakura-chan. The company is fortunate to have you.”

Zak bowed deeply once more. As he left Ms. Matsumoto’s office, Zak made sure to keep his smile on his face, just like she had told him to do.



The office was quiet as the workday came to an end, the clatter of keyboards and soft murmurs fading into the stillness of the evening. Zak sat at his desk, carefully stacking papers and tidying up, his movements careful and deliberate. Outwardly, he was every inch the perfect Office Lady, but inside, his thoughts churned. His week away had left him with a powerful craving he couldn’t ignore, and he knew exactly who could help him.

As the office emptied, Zak stood, smoothing his skirt and making his way to Hiro’s desk. The young man looked up, startled, his face flushing as Zak approached. Zak plastered on a polite smile, tilting his head slightly in what he knew Hiro would interpret as a shy gesture.

“Hiro-kun,” he said softly, his voice melodic. “May I speak with you?”

Hiro blinked and nodded, gesturing for Zak to sit. Zak perched on the edge of the chair beside him, folding his hands neatly in his lap.

“I wanted to apologize for my behavior last week,” Zak began, bowing his head slightly. “I lost control and acted irresponsibly. I shouldn’t have put you in that position.”

Hiro hesitated, then shook his head. “No, Sakura-chan, you don’t need to apologize. I’m the one who acted improperly. I didn’t respect you the way I should have.”

Zak nodded, keeping his expression serene. “Thank you, Hiro-kun. I appreciate that. But... I was hoping we could put it behind us. I wanted to ask if you’d be willing to help me again.”

Hiro’s brow furrowed in confusion. “Help you? With what?”

Zak leaned in slightly, lowering his voice. “I’ve been under so much stress lately,” he said, his tone light but tinged with false vulnerability. “I just need to unwind. Like last time.”

Understanding dawned on Hiro’s face, and he glanced around nervously. “You mean...”

Zak nodded, offering a faint, coy smile. “Yes. You have connections, don’t you?”

Hiro hesitated, his discomfort evident. “I... I do. But, Sakura-chan, are you sure? You don’t want to get in trouble.”

Zak reached out, placing a delicate hand on Hiro’s arm. “Please, Hiro-kun,” he said softly, his voice laced with desperation. “I really need this.”

Hiro sighed, glancing away. “Alright. I’ll make a call. But you have to be careful.”

Zak smiled faintly, masking the relief that surged through him. “Thank you, Hiro-kun. I knew I could count on you.”

Later that night, Zak returned home well after midnight, the lights of Tokyo twinkling behind him as he stepped inside the small house. The familiar scent of home — green tea and freshly cooked rice — greeted him, along with the warm voices of Riku and Bāchan. As he stepped into the living room, he bowed deeply to them both.

“Riku-san, Bāchan,” he said softly, “please forgive my lateness. It was necessary for the company.”

Bāchan smiled warmly, her eyes crinkling as she nodded. “As long as you’re safe, Sakura-chan,” she said affectionately. “You work so hard.”

Riku’s expression was more neutral, but he nodded in acceptance. “Don’t make it a habit,” he said curtly. “And make yourself useful while you’re here.”

Zak immediately set to work, helping Bāchan clean the house. He moved effortlessly from task to task, scrubbing the floors, wiping down surfaces, and tidying every corner. The chores had become second nature to him, and he found a strange comfort in their rhythm. By the time the house was spotless, Bāchan patted Zak on the hand and sent him off to bed with a smile.

In his room, Zak sat on the edge of his bed, the soft glow of a small lamp casting a warm light over the pastel decor. He lifted his blouse slightly, observing the delicate belly piercing he had gotten earlier that evening. The small gemstone sparkled against his smooth skin, a souvenir of the wild hours he had spent with Hiro and his friends.

The memories of the night replayed in his mind — the dizzying highs, the laughter, and the reckless abandon as they partied across Tokyo. Drinks had flowed freely, and the music had been intoxicating. Zak had felt alive in a way he hadn't in months, his worries melting away in the glow of neon lights and the company of new friends who saw him as nothing but Sakura-chan.

He ran his fingers over the piercing, and for the first time in what felt like forever, he felt a flicker of genuine happiness. It had been an impulsive, stupid decision, but his new friends had cheered him on as his belly button was pierced. Even after Hiro left, Zak had continued to party with these new friends, going to bars which seemed more like alien planets or shacks at the end of the world. Tomorrow night, he thought, would bring another chance to let loose, to escape the suffocating expectations of work and home — even if only for a little while.

With that comforting thought, Zak lay down, pulling the soft pink comforter over himself. His lips curved into a faint smile as his eyes fluttered shut, his dreams filled with images of the Tokyo nightlife and the bizarre and wonderful pleasures it offered.



Hanford's day had been as miserable as any other. The grueling hours in the shipping division left his feet sore and his nerves frayed. As he approached the apartment building, the buzz of the Tokyo nightlife barely registered; he was too focused on getting inside, stripping off the constricting blouse and skirt, and collapsing into his bed. But just as he rounded the corner to the entrance, the rumble of an engine caught his attention.

A sleek black car was pulling away from the curb. As the tinted window lowered slightly, Hanford caught a glimpse of Max sitting inside. Max's delicate features, framed by his softly styled hair, were almost unrecognizable from the colleague Hanford once knew. His expression was uncertain, his wide eyes meeting Hanford's for a brief moment before the window slid back up, cutting off the connection. The car disappeared down the street, leaving Hanford standing in the cool night air, confused and uneasy.

What the hell is going on? Hanford thought, his unease deepening as he entered the building.

When Hanford opened the door to the apartment, the faint scent of cleaning supplies greeted him. Ms. Helper was in Max's room, methodically scrubbing every surface. The bed was stripped, the desk cleared, and the few personal touches Max had added were gone, leaving the space pristine but empty.

"Ms. Helper," Hanford said, his tone sharp as he stepped into the room. "What's going on? Where's Max going?"

Ms. Helper turned, her perpetual smile as bright and cheery as ever. "Oh, Hana-chan, welcome home! Misaki-chan has been sent to a small private school."

"A private school?" Hanford repeated, his brow furrowing. "What the hell for?"

"To refine her," Ms. Helper said with a sweet lilt in her voice, as if the explanation were self-evident. "It's time for Misaki-chan to develop into a proper young lady."

Hanford's stomach churned, and he gestured toward the empty room. "Max is not a young nor a lady! What are you trying to do here?"

Ms. Helper tilted her head, her smile unwavering. "Oh, Hana-chan, that's not for me to say. I'm just here because I enjoy my work and am paid well."

Her casual response only fueled Hanford's frustration, and he stepped forward, his voice rising. "This is insane! I'm not..."

Before he could finish, Ms. Helper raised a hand, and the sound of the front door opening cut him off. Two large men entered, their expressions unreadable but their presence imposing. Hanford instinctively stepped back, but the men moved quickly, grabbing him by the arms in a vice-like grip.

"Hey! Let go of me!" Hanford shouted, struggling against their hold.

"Now, now, Hana-chan," Ms. Helper said, her tone calm and sing-song as she approached with a small syringe in her hand. "This is for your own good."

"What the..." Hanford began, but before he could finish, Ms. Helper jabbed the needle into his arm with practiced precision. A cold sensation spread through his veins, and his struggles weakened almost immediately.

His vision blurred, his legs buckling as the sedative took hold. The last thing he saw was Ms. Helper's ever-smiling face talking to the men. "They expect you at the clinic."



The car slowed to a stop in front of a modest, gated house. Max peered out the window, confusion flickering across his face. This wasn't at all what he had imagined. For a "school," it seemed impossibly small. The neat little garden and the soft glow of lanterns gave it a serene, almost picturesque quality, but it only made Max feel more uneasy. As he stepped out of the car, his skirt brushing his knees, his heels ticking softly on the stones, he adjusted his blouse nervously and tried to gather his thoughts.

A tall, stern-looking woman approached him. Her sharp gaze swept over him briefly, and with a curt nod, she gestured for him to follow. Max hesitated, but her commanding presence left little room for argument. He followed her silently through the gate and into the house.

The interior was unexpected. Warm and inviting, it was decorated with polished wood furniture, oil paintings, and soft lighting that made the space feel more like a cozy European villa than a Japanese school. Max barely had time to take it in before a cheerful voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Misaki-chan!"

A petite girl appeared, practically skipping toward him. Her bright eyes and radiant smile were disarming, and her youthful energy seemed to fill the room. She stopped in front of Max, bowing slightly, and looked up at him with genuine enthusiasm.

"Hello, Misaki-chan! My name is Miko, and I'm the student ambassador for new arrivals. It's so nice to meet you!" she said in rapid Japanese, her voice brimming with enthusiasm. Her words were quick and cheerful, her excitement bubbling over.

"Uh... thanks," Max muttered, unsure how to respond. Not only was she a teenage girl acting like they were already friends, but she was nearly eight inches shorter, and he was twice her age. His discomfort must have been obvious, but Miko didn't seem to notice — or care.

"I show you school!" she continued, now in English, clapping her hands together. "You follow me. I help!"

Before Max could reply, Miko grabbed his hand and began leading him down a short hallway. The warmth of her grip was oddly comforting, even as his mind reeled with questions. The halls were lined with framed photographs and delicate artwork, giving the space an intimate, almost homely feel.

"This place," Miko said, her English halting but enthusiastic, "is special. You see. You like it. Trust me."



Max stumbled slightly in his heels as she tugged him along. Once they were out of earshot of the stern woman, he leaned closer to Miko and lowered his voice. “I’m not really a teenager,” he whispered. “I’m 24 years old.”

Miko stopped abruptly and turned to face him, her expression bright with amusement. “Oh!” she said, giggling. “That is good! I tired of being youngest one here.”

Max blinked, taken aback. “Wait... how old are you?”

Miko grinned mischievously, wagging a finger at him. “A girl does not tell!” she teased. “But you not worry. We all same here. You understand?”

Max frowned, his confusion deepening. “Same? What do you mean?”

Miko leaned in conspiratorially, her voice dropping slightly. “We all like you,” she said, gesturing vaguely toward herself. “Before.”

Max stared at her, the words not quite sinking in. “You’re saying you used to be...”

Miko nodded, her smile never wavering. “Yes. Like you. All of us. No one believe it — at first.”

Max shook his head, struggling to reconcile her bubbly demeanor and youthful appearance with what she was saying. “You look like... a teenage girl,” he stammered. “How could you — ”

“No worry!” Miko interrupted, waving a hand dismissively. “You scared now. It is normal. But soon... you not scared. You happy. Promise.”

“That just makes me even more scared,” Max muttered, his voice trembling slightly.

Miko giggled, grabbing his hand again and pulling him along. “Come! I show you all pretty dresses you will wear!”



Hanford stirred in the sterile, white bed, his body heavy and his mind clouded with the remnants of anesthesia. His eyelids fluttered open, his vision swimming as he tried to take in his surroundings. He attempted to speak, but his throat was too dry to form words, his vocal cords feeling raw and unresponsive, as if they hadn’t been used in weeks. The faint buzz of voices in Japanese reached his ears, muffled and distant.

“They are coming out of it now,” said a voice, calm and clinical.

Hanford blinked, struggling to focus his gaze. Slowly, the shapes above him sharpened into clarity. Two people in medical uniforms leaned over him, their faces masked, their expressions unreadable. To the side stood Ms. Helper, her ever-present smile beaming with unsettling brightness. The sight of her sent a chill down his spine, his stomach twisting into a knot. If she was here, it could only mean something was terribly wrong.

“Do not move your face,” one of the doctors said in Japanese, their tone firm but professional. “It needs time to recover.”

Hanford’s mind raced as he tried to comprehend the words, his heart pounding. Recover? From what? His attempt to speak came out as a faint rasp, his lips barely parting.

Ms. Helper’s cheerful voice cut through his panic. “Hana-chan,” she said brightly, her tone almost sing-song. “You need to rest. Your face needs time to

heal, and that's okay, because you're not going anywhere. You can't walk right now, anyway."

Hanford's eyes darted downward, and just within the edge of his vision, he saw them — his legs encased in metal braces, immobilized. A wave of panic surged through him, and he tried to lift his arms, but they felt like lead, pinned by the lingering effects of the anesthesia. His breathing quickened as he tried to make sense of what was happening.

The doctor spoke again, their tone steady. "The surgery went perfectly, Hana-chan. You'll need time to recover, but everything is on schedule. You will be ready to return to work for the company in less than a month."

Ms. Helper clasped her hands together, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm. "Oh, this is wonderful news! Hana-chan is going to be the prettiest one yet. Everyone at the company will be so impressed!"

Hanford's mind screamed with questions, but all that escaped his lips was a faint, hoarse sound. He tried to move his face to form words, but the attempt sent a sharp pang through his cheeks and jaw. The realization dawned on him slowly and horrifically: they had done something to his face. Something severe.

Desperation flared in him as he tried to mumble something, anything, but Ms. Helper seemed to anticipate his panic. She turned to the doctor and said sweetly, "She's getting a little restless. Maybe a little more rest would be good for Hana-chan?"

The doctor nodded, gesturing to an assistant. Hanford's chest heaved as he tried to shake his head, to signal his refusal, but his body betrayed him, too weak to resist. The assistant adjusted the drip attached to his IV line, and the sedative began to take hold almost instantly.

As the fog crept back into his mind, his vision blurred, and the sharp white of the clinic's lights began to fade into a hazy glow. The last thing he saw was Ms. Helper's smiling face, her voice echoing faintly in his ears.

"Sleep well, Hana-chan," she cooed. "You'll see everything soon enough."

Hanford's final thoughts, before the darkness consumed him, were of the ceiling tiles above him and the terrifying question he couldn't answer: What have they done to me?



The soft clinking of dishes and the soothing aroma of miso soup filled the modest kitchen as Zak worked alongside Bāchan, his delicate hands moving

through the routine tasks of meal preparation. The older woman hummed a familiar tune, her presence comforting, but Zak's mind wandered, and his movements grew less precise.

"Is something on your mind, Sakura-chan?" Bāchan asked gently, pausing to look at Zak with her warm, slightly clouded eyes.

Zak hesitated, his slender fingers gripping the edge of a dishcloth. "I'm sorry, Bāchan," he replied softly, his voice barely above a whisper. "It's just... one of my co-workers hasn't been at work for two weeks. I'm worried. I can't help but think something bad might have happened."

Bāchan gave a knowing smile and reached out to pat Zak's hand. "People come and go," she said kindly. "But family, Sakura-chan — family is always here for each other."

Zak glanced down at her hand resting atop his, her touch warm and reassuring. He forced a small, polite smile and nodded deferentially. "You're right, Bāchan. Thank you."

Before Zak could return to his task, a knock came at the door. Bāchan perked up, her gaze darting toward the sound. "Who could that be?" she wondered aloud, shuffling toward the entryway.

Zak busied himself tidying the counter until Bāchan's voice called out to him from the door. "Sakura-chan, someone would like to see you!"

Curious but wary, Zak wiped his hands on his apron and walked to the door. Standing there was a woman with a simple but undeniably cute appearance. Her neatly styled hair framed her cheerful face, and her radiant smile seemed almost infectious. She was dressed in a clean, modest suit, her presence exuding a pleasant professionalism.

"Hello, Sakura-chan," the woman said brightly, bowing slightly. "I'm here on behalf of the company."

Zak blinked, his heart sinking slightly. *The company?* He instinctively lowered his gaze in a sign of respect. "How can I help you?"

The woman's smile widened. "We're extending an invitation to you! Some of your co-workers will be gathering at a facility for some company-mandated time off. We think it will be a great opportunity to relax and enjoy yourself." She handed Zak a small card with neatly printed times and directions.

Zak hesitated, taking the card in his delicate fingers. "May I ask your name?" he said softly, his tone careful.

“Oh, most people just call me Ms. Helper,” the woman replied with a cheerful bow. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Sakura-chan.” She turned to Bāchan and offered her a polite bow as well. “And to you, ma’am. Thank you for raising such a lovely granddaughter.”

Bāchan beamed, her joy unmistakable. “Thank you for the kind words, young lady.”

Ms. Helper straightened and gave them both another dazzling smile before turning to leave. “We’ll see you soon, Sakura-chan. I know you’ll love it.”

As the door closed, Bāchan turned to Zak, her excitement palpable. “Oh, Sakura-chan! This sounds like a wonderful opportunity! You should go.”

Zak clutched the card, his stomach tightening with uncertainty. “It’s not really a choice, Bāchan,” he said softly, glancing down at the delicate print on the card. The meeting was set for two weeks’ time.

Bāchan patted Zak’s shoulder affectionately. “Then make the most of it, my dear. You’ve been working so hard, and always coming home so late — you deserve a break.”

Zak nodded, his meek smile masking his unease. “Of course, Bāchan.”

As he returned to the kitchen, Zak’s mind swirled with caution. He didn’t really trust the cheerful demeanor of Ms. Helper, and the words *company-mandated* set off alarm bells in his mind. Yet, he knew he had no choice. Whatever lay ahead, he reminded himself, could hardly be worse than what Riku had put him through.

At least, Zak thought, glancing back at the card, I have two weeks to prepare.



The sterile air of the clinic was interrupted by the soft taps of shoes on tile, followed by a gentle knock at the door. Hanford, propped up awkwardly in his bed with his face swathed in bandages and his legs encased in unyielding metal braces, turned his head as much as he could manage.

The door opened to reveal Max, his movements delicate and deliberate. He stepped inside, wearing a loose, pastel-colored hoodie and black pleated skirt that fluttered slightly as he walked, swishing lightly around his smooth thighs. Long, dark hair framed his face, making him look strikingly youthful — almost alarmingly so. Hanford stared, his brow furrowing beneath the gauze.

“Mama,” Max said softly, his voice lilting with a faint, practiced melody. He smiled shyly, bowing slightly. “I hope you don’t mind me visiting.”

Hanford winced at the word but quickly realized the implications. The room was likely monitored, and any resistance would only invite more trouble. He forced himself to respond. “Misaki? It’s... nice to see you.”

Max’s face lit up with a smile, and he moved to sit in the chair beside Hanford’s bed, his hands clasped neatly in his lap. “I’m enjoying my new school. I’ve made lots of new friends.”

The tone was strange, like Max was hearing his own thoughts for the first time. “That’s good,” Hanford replied, not knowing what else to say. He actually wasn’t even sure Max had been sent off to a school. He thought maybe Ms. Helper had been lying to him about that.

“My instructors say I’m their best student,” Max said, his words fluent and natural in Japanese. “They tell me I’m progressing faster than anyone else.”

Hanford’s frown deepened as he studied Max. His frame seemed alarmingly slight, his arms and legs delicate and frail. “You’ve lost weight,” Hanford observed, his voice edged with concern. “You look... dangerously skinny for a man.”

Max tilted his head, the gesture demure. “But just right for a teenage girl, don’t you think?” he replied, his tone light and almost teasing. “They said if I lose five more pounds, I’ll get a prize.”

Hanford’s stomach turned. “A prize? What kind of prize?”

Max shrugged with a small, coy smile. “I’m so close, I can’t wait.”

Hanford stared at him in disbelief. “Misaki-chan, what’s happened to you? You’re... happy about this?”

Max’s smile didn’t waver. “It’s just part of the program, mother,” he said with a slight giggle, saying the word mother in a way that made Hanford’s skin crawl. It was like he meant it. “Right now, my classes are about how to attract boys. It’s been a lot of fun.”

Hanford’s mouth fell open, but he struggled to find words. “Fun? How can you — how could any man think learning how to attract other men is fun?”

Max waved a hand dismissively. “Oh, it’s just a class, not the real world. Besides, being attractive is just another tool for girls to get what they want. That’s what my instructors say.” His tone was airy, almost rehearsed, as though he were quoting someone else.

Hanford’s voice grew firmer. “You’re not going to be Misaki forever — you know that, right?”

Max didn't respond right away, his smile becoming more enigmatic. "Yes, mother," he said finally, but there was no conviction in his tone.

Before Hanford could press further, Max glanced at the clock on the wall and stood, smoothing his skirt. "I have to go now. I only have a few minutes. I wanted to stop by and see you while I was here, but I'm due for surgery shortly."

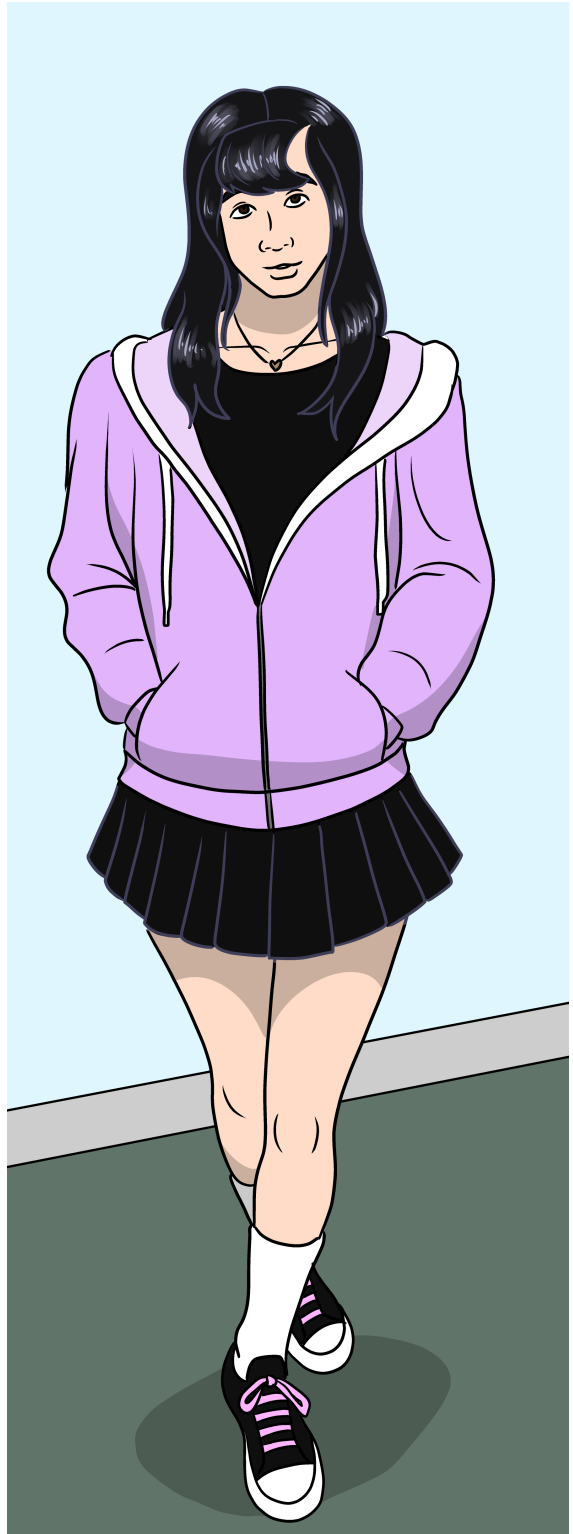
Hanford's eyes widened. "Surgery? What surgery? What are they doing to you?"

Max leaned over, placing a soft, delicate hand on Hanford's arm. "Don't worry," he said sweetly. "I've been looking forward to this day for so long."

Hanford's mind raced, his unease growing. "Looking forward to it? What are you talking about? Misaki..."

Max simply smiled and straightened, offering a polite bow. "I'll see you soon, mother. Rest well. We must do our best."

With that, he turned and left the room, the soft sound of his slippers fading into the distance. Hanford stared at the door long after it closed, his thoughts a tangle of



confusion and dread. What could Max possibly be so excited about? Surgery, in this place, could mean anything.

Was he planning to escape? That had to be it — there was no other explanation for such happiness in this nightmare. He was just lulling his captors into complacency.

Hanford lay back against the pillows, a familiar question haunted him: What were they *doing* to them?



Hanford stirred from the fog of anesthesia, his mind hazy but slowly regaining clarity. The sterile scent of the clinic filled his nose, and as his senses returned, he became acutely aware of his body. His legs, previously locked in heavy metal braces, now felt free — unrestrained. Tentatively, he shifted them under the crisp sheets. There was no pain, but they felt strange, with something not quite right about them. His face, no longer swathed in heavy bandages, felt tight and tender, though he still couldn't make out the full extent of whatever had been done.

He tried to lift his arms, but the attempt sent sharp pangs through his shoulders and down to his elbows. The pain made him wince, and he gave up, letting his arms rest limply at his sides. A groggy groan escaped his lips as he turned his head to the door, just in time to see Ms. Helper entering the room. She was as impeccably cheerful as ever, her radiant smile making Hanford's stomach twist with unease.

“Hana-chan!” she exclaimed, clasping her hands together. “You're awake! The doctors said you'd be coming around soon. You must be feeling much better!”

Hanford's voice was still weak, but he managed to rasp, “What... what's happening to me?”

Ms. Helper moved closer, her smile never faltering. “You've had a little more work done. The doctors made adjustments to your arms and shoulders to keep everything balanced.”

“Balanced?” Hanford repeated, his brows furrowing. The word made no sense to him. “What do you mean by that? What adjustments?”

Ms. Helper ignored his question entirely, her demeanor unflappable. “I'm not here to talk about that, Hana-chan. I'm here to help you get ready to return to work! Isn't that exciting?”

“We need to move the patient,” A man said from some distance away.

“Of course,” Ms. Helper replied, backing away from the bed.

The bed then started moving being pushed by an orderly. It passed through a few long halls with Ms. Helper walking alongside. Hanford was only able to look up, seeing the lights in the ceiling pass by.

“Oh, look, it’s your friend,” Ms. Helper said, gently stopping the bed. “Do you see, Hana-chan?”

All Hanford could do was turn his head very slightly, to see a figure in another bed, which was being pushed in the opposite direction. It was Zak. His face was also covered in bandages and his body in a cast.

As Hanford looked at him, Zak looked back. The horrified, terrified expression on Zak’s face would be something Hanford would never forget, and in the moment, he could only surrender to the most terrible thoughts bouncing



through his troubled mind. What had Zak seen? What did he look like? What had they done to him? Zak shut his eyes to try and lock the world out.

“Oh, you will see plenty of Sakura-chan in time,” Ms. Helper said to Hanford. “Let’s continue. Bye Sakua-chan!” Ms. Helper sang out with a friendly wave. The bed started rolling along again. “You will all be reunited at work, and you will all be so excited to see the changes, and difference it will make at work!”

Hanford stared at her, bewildered. “Work? What are you talking about? Why would work be any different now?”

“You might create an undesirable reaction if you return looking like you do now, Hana-chan,” Ms. Helper said. “And the company must maintain efficiency.” Ms. Helper’s smile widened, and she tilted her head slightly. “So when you return to work, you’ll be working in the building maintenance department!”

“Maintenance?” Hanford repeated, his confusion deepening. “Why would the maintenance department even need an Office Lady?”

Ms. Helper clasped her hands together in delight. “Why, to answer the phones and keep the team motivated, of course! Maintenance workers need beauty and good cheer just as much as anyone else.”

Hanford felt his heart sink further. “What have they done to me?” he asked again, his voice trembling. “I need to know.”

Ms. Helper’s expression didn’t change. “Focus on getting better. You’ll be back to work before you know it.”

With that, she turned on her heel, humming a cheerful tune as she left the room. The door clicked shut behind her, leaving Hanford alone with his swirling thoughts.



Hanford stepped into the sleek, modern lobby of the company building. Everything felt familiar yet foreign. The gleaming surfaces, the clean lines of the architecture, the faint hum of activity — it all reminded him of the time before. But he wasn’t the same man who had walked through those doors five weeks ago. He wasn’t even sure he was a man anymore.

The receptionist at the front desk greeted him with a polite smile. “Ah, Hana-chan,” she said, her voice pleasant but businesslike. “Welcome back. Since you’re now in the building maintenance department, we need to issue you a new ID badge. Please step over here.”



Hanford nodded stiffly, as he obeyed. The receptionist gestured for him to stand in front of a small camera. The flash went off, and within moments, a fresh badge was being printed.

She slid it across the counter to him, resting alongside his old badge. Hanford froze as he looked at the two side by side. The old badge showed his former face, painted with makeup but unmistakably Hanford — broad features, a strong jawline, a nose that was prominent and kind of defined him. The new badge was like looking at a stranger. A delicate, feminine face stared back at him, with refined bone structure, and almond-shaped eyes that were distinctly Japanese. The face didn't feel like his — it couldn't be his. But it was.

It was those eyes. Those eyes that looked like every other eye he had seen on a Japanese person. Like a slit in the skin with an eyeball behind it. These eyes looked lightly crossed, slightly confused to him. He had never been able to really read a Japanese person based on their eyes. He never understood what to look for in those strange, dark, foreign eyes. Now they were his.

"You're all set, Hana-chan," the receptionist said cheerfully, breaking his trance. Hanford flinched and reluctantly pinned the badge to his blouse, the image of his new face weighing heavily on his mind.

He crossed the lobby and stepped into the elevator, the tight space reminding him of how much had changed. As the elevator climbed, more men entered,

each one taller than the last. Hanford found himself shrinking back, instinctively pressing into the corner as the small space filled with towering figures in suits. He had always been 5'8", which was average by Western standards but made him feel tall in Japan. Now, thanks to his operations, he was standing at 5'2" and felt dwarfed by the men around him, who seemed like giants. His shoulders were narrower, his frame smaller. He felt fragile in a way he had never known before.

One man's arm brushed against him, and Hanford flinched violently. He felt vulnerable and exposed, like prey surrounded by predators. Every man in the elevator seemed a threat, and he clenched his hands tightly around his purse, willing the ride to end.

When the elevator finally reached the maintenance floor, Hanford hurried out, his heart pounding. The space was stark and utilitarian. The floors were concrete, and the walls were unfinished, with wires and piping exposed. Pieces of building materials were piled haphazardly in corners, and the air smelled faintly of sawdust and metal. It was a far cry from the polished offices upstairs. He didn't think any workplace could be cruder than the shipping department. He was wrong.

At the center of the room was a small desk, barely large enough to hold a computer, phone, and a stack of papers. Hanford approached it cautiously, noting the worn chair and the scuffed surface. He barely had time to sit before a voice called out.

"Hey, you the new girl?"

Hanford looked up to see a man's head poking around the corner. He was about six feet tall, with a rugged build and an expression that seemed permanently unimpressed. He stepped into the room, crossing his arms as he looked Hanford over. He was dressed in faded blue overalls and had chunky black boots. From Hanford's new perspective on the world, he appeared to be tall enough to pick the sun out of the sky.

"I am Kurogane." His voice was flat, uninterested. "Didn't ask for an office lady here, but the higher-ups wouldn't listen. They probably thought having something cute around would stop us from getting into fights."

Hanford opened his mouth to reply, but Kurogane continued before he could speak. "Your work is simple." His tone was clipped, businesslike. "Sit at that desk. Answer the phone. Check emails. If there's a problem, report it. Do not try to fix anything yourself. Someone will handle it." He let out a short breath, as if already tired of explaining. "A man will take care of anything too difficult for you."

Hanford bristled, but this Kurogane man didn't give him a chance to respond. "Just be polite. Smile. Answer the phone pleasantly. Don't cause trouble. That is all."

Hanford nodded mutely, his hands clutching his skirt as Kurogane turned and disappeared into the back. The sound of his heavy boots echoed through the space, leaving Hanford alone at the desk.

He sat there, trembling. The harsh fluorescent lighting cast a cold glare over the room, and the faint hum of machinery in the

distance did nothing to soothe him. He felt out of place, helpless, and utterly humiliated. His hands shook as he reached to adjust the seat so much lower than he ever had before, his slim fingers feeling foreign and weak. The weight of everything — his altered body, his new face, his diminished height — pressed down on him.

Tears pricked at his new eyes, but he blinked them back. He wanted to wipe them, but he had trouble even touching the strange things. There was no escape from this nightmare, no way out. All he could do was sit at the small desk, surrounded by the debris of construction, and wait for the next humiliation to come.



Zak navigated the bustling office, his movements were a study in poised femininity. He wore high heels that clicked authoritatively against the floor, but

his steps were short and careful, each one measured and demure. His steps were shorter now. After he had been sent home from the clinic, he only stood at 5'4, down from his previous 5'7. Even so, he was still getting used to his smaller stride, and having to ask for help getting things off the top shelf in the supply closet.

The turnover the department was quite high. Hiro no longer worked there, and almost everyone else had moved on to other departments. It seemed that after a month away, recovering from his surgeries, there were few, if any, who knew his former identity. They all thought he was a real girl.

His role as an Office Lady had him flitting gracefully from one workstation to another, ensuring that every employee's needs were met — from steaming mugs of coffee to neatly taken messages and constant motivation. Zak's presence was designed to be soothing, uplifting, and subtly enchanting.

His attire was meticulously chosen to maintain this allure: a thin sheer blouse that hinted at the delicate bra beneath, tailored to accentuate his slender waist and paired with a form-fitting skirt that showcased his well-shaped legs. His fingers, adorned with perfectly manicured long nails, moved with deliberate grace, and his lips, always slightly pouted, were tinted just enough to draw the eye without seeming overt. His long, silken hair cascaded down his back, catching the light with every turn and tilt of his head.

Zak was acutely aware of the eyes that followed him — appraising, admiring, sometimes desiring. He had learned to navigate this gaze with a mix of humility and implicit invitation, never confronting but always subtly acknowledging their attention. This delicate dance of looks and slight smiles was how he kept the office morale high and the work atmosphere pleasantly charged.

In the midst of his routine, Zak noticed a new figure in the office landscape, someone unfamiliar yet vaguely recognizable. Curious, he made his way over to the new face during a brief lull in his duties. As he approached, recognition dawned — it was Jacob, one of the junior executives before the takeover. The last Zak had seen him, he was being escorted away for the same transformation that had enveloped Zak, Max, and Hanford. Now here he was, seamlessly blending into the office scenery as one of the Office Ladies, dressed in a fitted skirt and blouse, complete with heels and stockings.

Their eyes met, and an immediate recognition flashed between them. Not so much from their appearance, but in recognition that they shared the same look of anguish and fear. They converged in the aisle between their office sections, each carrying a mix of curiosity and a trace of old camaraderie.

“Jacob?” Zak whispered, his voice low and cautious. “Is that you?” He wasn't sure. This person looked very Japanese, but not completely so.

Jacob looked around nervously before leaning in, his voice a hushed whisper, “Please, call me Junko now,” he said, his cheeks coloring slightly as he made sure no one heard Zak.

Zak blinked, taken aback by the transformation and the new name. “Uh... They call me Sakura-chan here,” he admitted, almost as embarrassed.

“Sakura-chan,” Jacob repeated.

“Junko-chan,” Zak said, trying to reconcile the person before him with the fiery, fierce, razor-sharp junior executive he once knew. “What happened?”

Jacob shifted uncomfortably, his voice barely above a whisper. “Ms. Helper... Do you know her?”

“I’m familiar,” Zak replied.

“She’s been changing everything. Started small, but then it all accelerated. She decided I needed to be completely transformed for work — to appear as a professional pleasing OL, as she said.”

Zak listened, his heart sinking as he recognized the all-too-familiar pattern of forced transformation. “And now?” he asked softly.

Jacob glanced down, his long-nailed hands fidgeting with each other. “All my clothes are gone. She’s made me undergo beard removal, voice training, everything. Even this,” he gestured to his wig, “is part of her plan. She said I had to wear it until they had a more permanent solution. What does that mean?”

“I don’t know,” Zak replied, nervously.

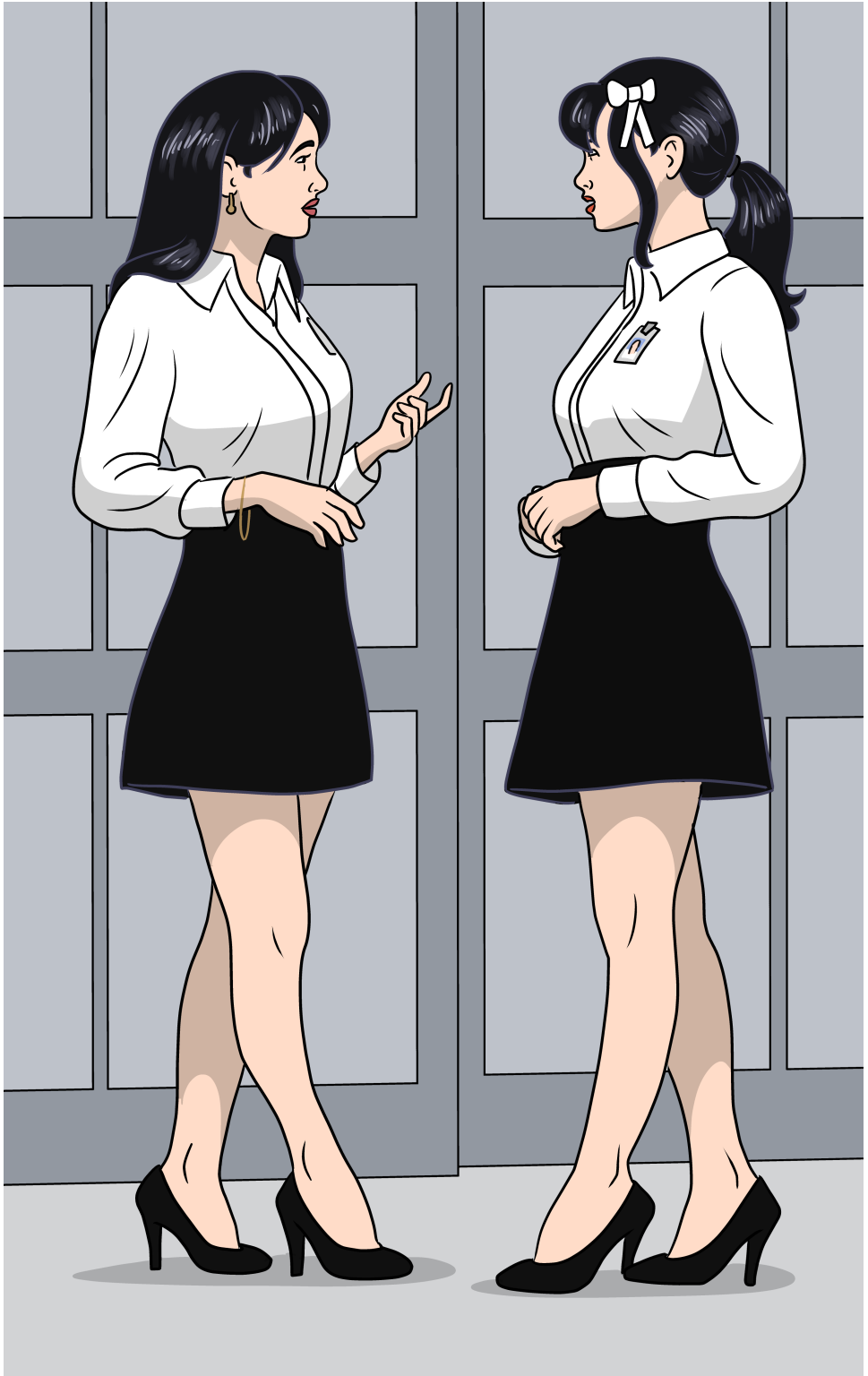
“They changed you,” Jacob said. “Your eyes...”

Zak turned his face away. He had tried so hard to mask the changes to his eyes, making him look truly Japanese. He has spent two hours with makeup to try and correct what they had done to him. He knew he had failed, but he was trying to convince himself it wasn’t that drastic. “It’s nothing,” he said.

“Today’s my first day back like this,” Jacob continued. “She said it was time for my ‘grand entrance.’ I’m... I’m scared, Zak. They can’t make me come to work every day as a woman, can they?”

Zak reached out, placing a reassuring hand on Jacob’s arm. “I understand,” he said gently. “It’s terrifying, but you’re not alone in this. We’re all caught in this weird scheme.”

Jacob nodded, his eyes meeting Zak’s with a flicker of gratitude. “Thank you, Sakura-chan. It means a lot, knowing I’m not the only one.”



Zak smiled, though his heart was heavy. “Stick close,” he advised. “We need to look out for each other. And Junko-chan,” he paused, ensuring his words were clear, “we’ll get through this together.”

The confused look in Jacob’s eyes, the look that seemed to insinuate that he thought such a positive statement was tantamount to insanity, told Zak more than he wanted to know.



Hanford settled into his chair, cradling the phone receiver delicately between his shoulder and ear, an act he had rehearsed to maintain a gentle, feminine poise. “Building maintenance, Hana-chan speaking. How may I assist you today?” he inquired, his voice a finely tuned blend of professional warmth and practiced femininity.

“The air conditioning unit on the fifth floor is acting up again. It’s blowing hot air,” came the frustrated voice from the other end. Hanford’s fingers danced across the keyboard, recording the issue with efficient, soft keystrokes.

“Thank you for bringing this to our attention,” Hanford responded, his voice maintaining its calm, upbeat tone. “Mr. Kurogane and his team are currently handling another situation, but I assure you, your issue will be prioritized immediately.”

“It is appreciated, Hana-chan,” the caller replied, a hint of a smile in his voice, before hanging up.

As Hanford set the phone down, Ms. Matsumoto appeared, apparently having overheard that conversation. She approached Hanford’s desk with a deliberate stride, her smile broadening as she neared.

“Hana-chan, I must commend you on your professionalism and, of course, your undeniable charm,” Ms. Matsumoto began, her voice silky and approving. “The feedback from the managers about the building maintenance team’s responsiveness has been overwhelmingly positive, and much of that is thanks to you.”

Hanford managed a modest but pained smile, the kind that hid more than it revealed. “Thank you, Ms. Matsumoto. I strive to perform well,” he replied, his tone reserved.

Ms. Matsumoto leaned slightly forward, her calculating mind churning away. “Indeed, you do. And so beautifully, too! Tell me, Hana-chan, what is it like being so pretty and desired?”

Hanford's eyes flickered with a shadow of discomfort. He had been watching the maintenance crew every day, letting their curious eyes linger on him. He hated every moment of it. Seizing a moment of courage, he asked, "Ms. Matsumoto, when might I expect this role to end? When will this *all* end? I want to be a man again!"

Her eyebrows arched slightly, her smile never wavering. "Oh, but Hana-chan, you are excelling in this role. Why yearn to leave?"

Hanford felt a tightness in his chest. "With all due respect, I find the constant pretending exhausting. I am not who this badge says I am," he said, lightly tapping the ID pinned to his blouse.

Ms. Matsumoto's expression softened momentarily, a rare crack in her otherwise impeccable facade. "I understand that this might be challenging for you. Perhaps a discussion with Mr. Takahashi could provide some clarity. He has a broader perspective on the company's vision and your place within it."

Hanford's interest piqued. "Could you arrange a meeting with him? I have many questions."

"I can, and I will," Ms. Matsumoto assured him, her voice smooth as silk. She patted him on his manicured hand gently. "But I must ask for your continued professionalism and decorum during this meeting. Can I trust you to be the epitome of mindfulness and respect when you talk to him?"

Hanford nodded, the promise heavy on his lips. "Yes, you have my word."

No sooner has Ms. Matsumoto left, the Kurogane emerged from the dimly lit maintenance office, the smell of oil still on him.

"Hana-chan?" Kurogane began, his voice heavy with a mix of disbelief and accusation. "Did I hear you right? Did you say you wanted to be a man... *Again?*"

Hanford felt his soul escape from his mouth. He sat there, frozen in place, unable to move.

"I guess I'd heard things. Rumors." Kurogane laughed.

Hanford's hand paused over a stack of papers. He swallowed hard, feeling a cold sweat form despite the stuffiness of the room. "Oh? What kind of rumors?" he asked, trying to maintain his composed, feminine voice.

"Some guys were saying that Hanford, the guy who used to be in charge here," Kurogane said bluntly, his eyes narrowing as he watched for Hanford's reaction. "...Was turned into an Office Lady. I didn't think much of it..."

Hanford sighed, his shoulders slumping slightly under the weight of his disguise. There was no point in denying it; the truth was too obvious, and

Kurogane wasn't a man to be easily fooled. "Yes, that's true. I'm Hanford," he admitted, his voice low.

Kurogane's expression shifted from suspicion to a sly amusement. "Well, well, big-shot Hanford McAllister himself," he chuckled, shaking his head in disbelief. He turned his head and called out the door, "Hey, guys, come over here! You gotta see this!"

One by one, other workers from the maintenance crew filed in, their faces marked by curiosity which quickly turned to amusement as Kurogane pointed at Hanford.

"Look at this," Kurogane announced with a guffaw, "Hana-chan here is actually Hanford, the big boss man. Can you believe it? All dolled up in a skirt!"



The room erupted in laughter. The men leaned against tables and walls, pointing at Hanford and joking among themselves. “Never thought I’d see the day,” one of them gasped between laughs.

“Look at those legs!” another teased, “That guy’s got better legs than my wife!”

Hanford felt his cheeks burn with humiliation. Facing such blatant mockery was more than he’d braced for. Yet, he knew that showing weakness would only invite more ridicule. Hanford from three months ago would have stared a fight. The 5’2” Hana couldn’t do that anymore. Standing up, he smoothed his skirt and faced the crew with as much dignity as he could muster.

He then turned and walked away. But his emotions caught up with him and soon he was running to the elevator, crying.



Zak spent the evening helping Bāchan finish the last of the dinner dishes, their movements synchronized in the quiet rhythm of domestic routine. The clink of porcelain and the swish of water and soap were comforting, familiar sounds in the small, cozy kitchen of their Tokyo home. Zak looked forward to these nights. He never had a family growing up, so he liked being a part of one, even if was in a very strange and bizarre way. Bāchan’s soft humming filled the air, a soothing backdrop as Zak dried the dishes with delicate care.

Once they finished, Zak retreated to his room, the small, neatly kept space adorned with memories of the real Sakura’s life. He got into bed and waited, listening to the gentle quieting of the house settling down for the night. When he was sure the soft snores of Bāchan echoed down the hall, Zak carefully, silently, eased out of bed.

Zak slipped into a shimmering silver halter top, densely speckled with tiny sequins that catch the club lights, paired with an electric blue micro-mini pleated skirt that added a playful twist. He pulled out the glossy blue platform boots he had hidden under Sakura’s bed, ones that that zipped up over his knees.

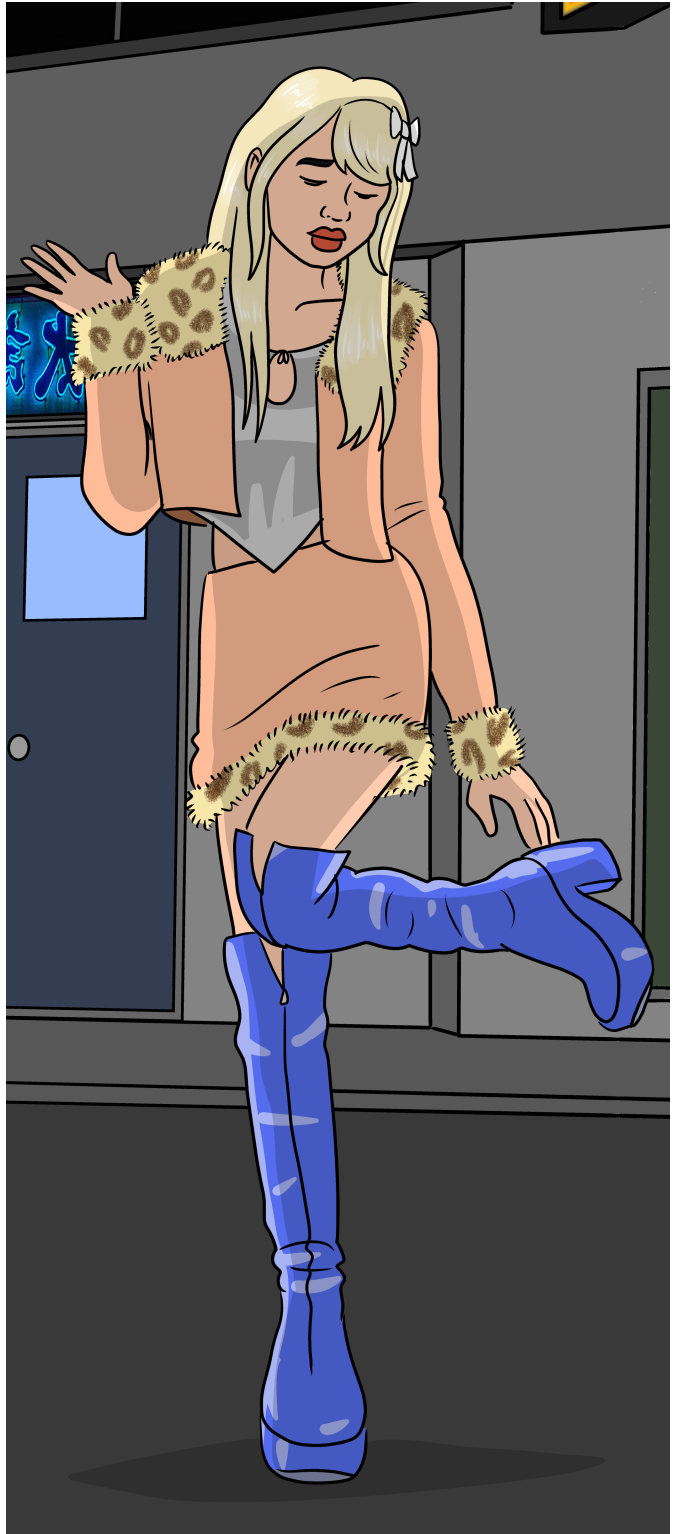
With the boots on, Zak put on a coat to match his skirt, with leopard-print fur. His bold makeup featured thick, winged eyeliner and glittery eyeshadow, complemented by vibrant pink lips. His hair, pinned up, completed his quick transformation into a quintessential Tokyo club-going girl, ready to immerse herself in the night’s adventures.

Quiet as a whisper, Zak opened his window and climbed out, his heart racing with the thrill of freedom. The cool night air brushed against his skin as he hurried to the designated meeting spot where his friends awaited in a humming, low-slung car.

“Sakura-chan! Over here!” they called out, their voices a mix of excitement and mischief.

His nights out with Hiro had yielded an array of eclectic people he now could call friends, at least in a vague sense. They had all been texting Sakura to come out, and come back to the nightlife. Finally, last night, Zak had relented. As he slid into the car, the energy inside the small cramped car was like a nightclub in itself, they sang and shimmied in their seats as they sped into the Shibuya district.

However, Zak was



alarmed when their car stopped short and pulled up to a salon. “Tonight, we are going to make you a true Gyarū-girl, Sakura-chan!” the driver announced, as the others erupted in a cheer. Their enthusiasm was infectious.

Before Zak could protest, they were on their way to an all-night salon. The spray tan was first, enveloping Zak in a mist that kissed his skin with a golden hue. He had no idea what he would do for work the next day, or how he could explain this to Bāchan.

His makeup was put on heavy and bold, featuring thick eyeliner and false eyelashes that make his eyes appear large and doll-like, a staple in gyaru fashion. His lips were painted in a glossy, bright pink, and his cheeks are dusted with a generous amount of bronzer to accentuate a sun-kissed, tanned look.

Zak’s hair was styled with extensions and bleach blond ones at that, that nearly obscured his face and bounced energetically as he moved.

When the stylist finished, she stepped back, admiring her handiwork. “Perfect!” Now with bleach blond hair, Zak was nearly bereft at the idea of looking like this for work the next day. He begged his friends to stop and let him go back home. Despite the initial resistance, the playful cheers from his friends softened his protests, as they swept Zak along into the night.

Dressed, made-up, and virtually unrecognizable as anything other than another club going Japanese girl, Zak and his friends hit the Tokyo nightclub district. Each club was a cascade of lights, music, and pulsing energy. Zak, embraced by the crowd’s anonymity, found himself dancing freely, the center of attention and loving it.

They moved from one club to another, each venue with its own flavor and thrills. At one club, Zak found himself on a dance platform, surrounded by admirers cheering him on as he lost himself in the music. At another, he participated in a spontaneous dance-off with people dressed in robot costumes that had the crowd roaring with approval.

Through the night, with each new adventure, Zak’s reluctance faded into nothingness, replaced by a liberating joy. He was no longer just Zak or even Sakura; she was a Gyarū-girl, radiant and wild, his laughter mingling with the night’s endless possibilities. As dawn approached in the land of the rising sun, painting the sky with strokes of pink and gold, Zak and his friends piled back into the car, exhausted but exhilarated, his heart full of stories that could only happen under the cover of night.

It had been such an exhilarating night that Zak completely forgot to get his fix.



Hanford's tiny footsteps echoed softly as he approached Mr. Takahashi's office, a space that once was his own domain. Dressed in the standard office lady attire of a short black skirt and a pristine white blouse complemented by three-inch heels, he exuded a practiced professionalism. With a deep breath, he knocked on the door, the sound more a question than a statement.

"Enter," came the crisp command from within.

Hanford opened the door and stepped inside, his posture automatically adjusting to the familiar yet now alien environment of his old office. Mr. Takahashi looked up from his paperwork, his gaze sharp and immediately businesslike.

"Hana-chan, good, you're here. I need you to take over the secretary's duties today. She's out, and there's work to be done," Mr. Takahashi stated without preamble, gesturing towards the empty desk.

Hanford hesitated, his planned inquiries about his future momentarily sidelined by the immediate demand. "Yes sir," he responded, his voice maintaining the soft, feminine tone he'd been conditioned to use, though his mind raced with other, more personal concerns.

As Hanford settled into the role, organizing documents and managing calls with a practiced ease that belied his inner turmoil, Mr. Takahashi continued to work undistracted. Hanford's performance was seamless, a testament to his thorough training, but his spirit churned with suppressed questions.

During a brief pause, Hanford gathered his courage. "Mr. Takahashi, may I speak with you about my situation?" he ventured cautiously, smoothing his skirt and maintaining a composed posture.

Mr. Takahashi looked up, his expression unreadable. "We will discuss it, Hana-chan. But first, let's ensure today's tasks are completed efficiently."

Resigned, Hanford nodded and continued his work, his hands slightly trembling as he filled the tea kettle and greeted visitors with a forced smile.

Jacob walked in, carrying reports from downstairs. He paused to compliment Hanford on his appearance, clearly unaware of Hanford's true identity. "You look very beautiful. A worthy secretary to our honored leader," Jacob remarked with a friendly smile. Hanford recognized him immediately, terror seizing his heart at the sight of yet another colleague transformed.

Later, when a moment of privacy finally presented itself, Mr. Takahashi addressed Hanford more directly. "How is Misaki doing? I've heard she's adjusting well to her new school."

Hanford replied, his voice careful, “Ms. Helper reports she’s thriving, sir. Joining clubs, making friends.”

“And her behavior? Any concerns?” Mr. Takahashi’s tone was pointed, his eyes sharp.

Hanford swallowed, choosing his words with care. “She’s strong-willed, sir. I worry about her adapting to... this lifestyle.”

Mr. Takahashi nodded slowly. “A father figure might help. Someone like Kurogane could provide the discipline and structure she might need.”

Hanford stared at him in disbelief, his face feeling hot from the fire behind it. “Kurogane?” he sputtered, the name tasting bitter. “He ridicules me every day, in front of everyone. He mocks me for being a man in a dress, for being the former executive now reduced to... this.” His gesture encompassed his Office Lady attire, his voice a mix of frustration and resignation.

Mr. Takahashi leaned back in his chair, fixing Hanford with a steady gaze. “Hana-chan,” he corrected firmly, emphasizing the feminine name, “you cannot allow personal feelings to obstruct practical solutions. Kurogane provides stability and, importantly, a masculine presence that could benefit Misaki.”

“But he undermines me constantly,” Hanford argued, feeling the weight of each day’s humiliation.

Mr. Takahashi’s expression softened slightly, but his decision was clear. “It’s a necessary adjustment. Embracing your role as Hana fully will benefit not only you but also the company. Consider this part of your position as an office lady.” His voice was not unkind, but it was not inviting argument.

“Sir, I believe I can be the one to provide for my daughter,” he insisted, the word ‘daughter’ feeling foreign on his lips. “Alone.”

Mr. Takahashi considered this, then shook his head slightly. “Experience in these matters is essential, Hana-chan. You and Misaki are both new to your roles. Kurogane will bring a necessary perspective.”

“And Ms. Helper?” Hanford asked, a flicker of hope igniting at the possibility of her removal.

“If you agree to Kurogane moving in, I can ensure Ms. Helper is reassigned,” Mr. Takahashi offered, his voice firm, leaving little room for negotiation.

Hanford felt trapped, the options before him daunting yet desperately necessary. “I’ll consider it, sir,” he said quietly, his mind racing with the implications of living with Kurogane, the potential relief from Ms. Helper’s control, and the overarching surreal reality of his new existence.

Mr. Takahashi nodded, satisfied. “Good. Let’s proceed with today’s tasks then, Hana-chan. We can finalize the details later.”

As Hanford resumed his duties, his thoughts were a whirlwind of fear, resignation, and a sliver of strategic planning. Agreeing to Mr. Takahashi’s terms might offer a way out of one aspect of his predicament, but at what cost to his and Max’s future?



The morning light beamed into Sakura’s small, neatly kept room, casting long shadows across the wooden floor. Zak had been up all night, needing hours of sleep desperately. Yet work would not wait. Zak’s heart raced as he stared at his reflection in the mirror, the aftermath of last night’s escapades evident in his radically bleached hair and darker skin. With work just an hour away, he frantically rummaged through the closet, searching for something — anything — to mask the changes. His fingers grasped a long wig, its strands straight and black that reminded him more of his previous style. With trembling hands, he fitted the wig onto his head, adjusting it until his bleached locks were completely hidden.

At breakfast, the atmosphere was tense. Riku eyed him suspiciously from across the table, his gaze sharp and inquisitive. “Sakura, you look... different today. Is that a new hairstyle?” he asked, his tone implying more than casual curiosity. “And what did you do to your skin?”

Zak, maintaining his composed facade, spooned some rice into his bowl and avoided Riku’s probing eyes. “I’m not sure what you mean, Onii-san. It’s just me, Sakura-chan,” he replied, his voice steady but his heart pounding. He could feel the weight of Riku’s skepticism, but he held his ground, denying any change.

Riku opened his mouth, possibly to challenge Zak further, but Bāchan intervened with a stern tone that brooked no argument. “Riku, mind your own business and let Sakura-chan eat her breakfast in peace,” she commanded, her authority clear and unquestionable.

Riku, visibly annoyed but respecting Bāchan’s wishes, muttered something under his breath and left the kitchen, leaving Zak and Bāchan alone.

Once Riku was out of earshot, Bāchan’s expression softened, and she reached across the table to gently touch Zak’s hand. “Sakura-chan, I know about your

nights out,” she began, her voice low and conspiratorial. “I’ve known for years, dear. And, honestly, I’ve always envied your youth and energy.”

Zak felt a wave of relief mixed with surprise wash over him. He looked into Bāchan’s wise, aged eyes, seeing not judgment, but understanding and a touch of wistfulness. “You... you’re not mad?” he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Bāchan shook her head, smiling warmly. “Mad? Oh, no. Life is for living, Sakura. We’re not promised tomorrow, so we must seize our todays with both hands. Don’t waste a moment of your youth. Live life to its fullest, in whatever form that brings you joy.”

Tears pricked Zak’s eyes as he listened to Bāchan’s words, feeling a deep connection to this wonderful woman who had accepted him more fully than he had himself. In that moment, he no longer felt like he was pretending to be Sakura; he felt like he was truly her granddaughter, linked by something stronger than blood — understanding and unconditional love.

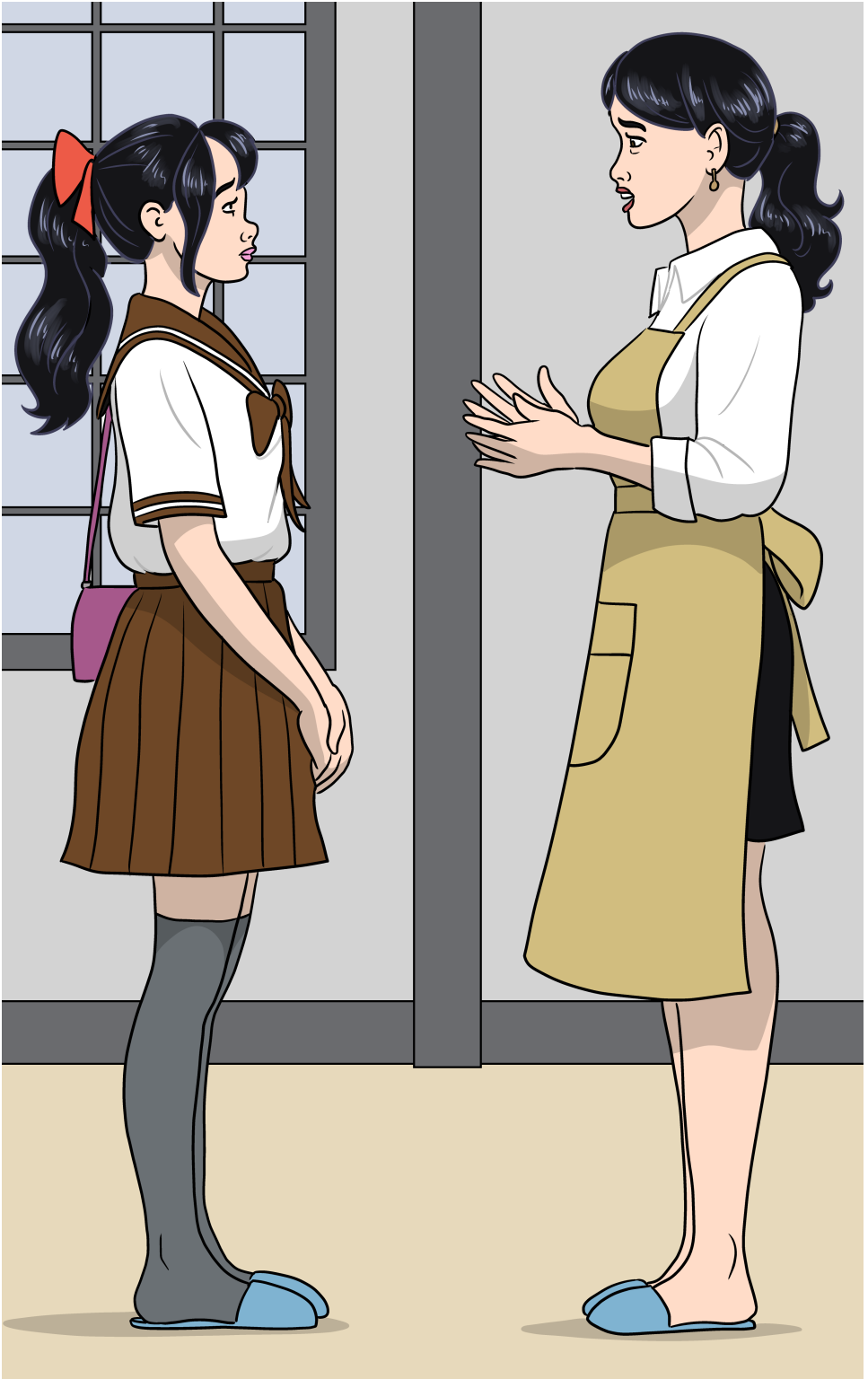
Zak leaned forward, squeezing Bāchan’s hand in gratitude. “Thank you, Bāchan. I will,” he promised, feeling more at peace than he had in a long time, embraced by the acceptance and wisdom of the woman who had become his anchor in a world that often seemed too chaotic to navigate.



Hanford stood in the dimly lit hallway of his apartment, the buzz of another hectic day at work still coursing around his brain, when the sound of the doorbell shattered the evening quiet. When he opened the door, he found Ms. Helper, with her perpetually cheerful demeanor, standing at the threshold. However, it was the figure beside her that took his breath away. A young girl stepped into the light, and Hanford struggled not to think the worst. In the pit of his stomach, he knew the truth, but his mind was in full denial.

“Good evening, Hana-chan,” Ms. Helper greeted, stepping into the apartment with Misaki in tow. “It’s time for Misaki to come back home.”

Misaki was the picture of youthful innocence, clad in a traditional brown sailor fuku, her long black hair styled simply in a red bow. Her eyes, once sharp and calculating, now sparkled with the unguarded enthusiasm of a schoolgirl. The transformation was complete and disconcerting. Hanford was finding it impossible to reconcile the image before him with the man he once knew.



The last he had seen Max, back in the clinic, he seemed so strange, and almost not like himself. Now, it appeared that whatever they were doing to him there, they had completed their task. Max had been a strapping young man of 24. Misaki was a delicate wisp of a 15 year old girl, an impossibility to anyone else, but Hanford knew all too well what Ms. Helper, Ms. Matsumoto and the company were capable of. The surgeries had completely transformed him.

Misaki's gaze flitted around the familiar yet somehow foreign apartment before landing on Hanford. A flicker of confusion — or was it recognition? — passed over her features before she offered a polite bow, the gesture perfectly executed. "It's nice to meet you... again," she said, her voice soft and melodic, distinctly lacking any trace of her past.

Hanford swallowed hard, his voice catching in his throat as he tried to address Max directly. "How... How could they change you so much?" he managed to ask, his eyes searching hers for something, anything, of the man he had worked alongside.

Misaki tilted her head slightly, her brow furrowing in a moment of genuine perplexity. "I helped them of course," she replied in a tone that suggested the conversation was about something as mundane as the weather. "I was always Misaki. I only had to realize that I was her, inside. I have worked hard to be Misaki."

The ease with which she dismissed her past life sent a chill through Hanford's spine. Ms. Helper, still beaming, chimed in, "Misaki is very happy with her new life, aren't you, dear?"

"Yes, Ms. Helper! I love school, my friends, and my teachers," Misaki gushed, her eyes lighting up at the mention of her school. "Can I still go to my school, Ms. Helper?"

"Of course, you can," Ms. Helper assured her, patting her on the head affectionately. "You'll be back with them on Monday."

Overjoyed, Misaki clapped her hands, her excitement palpable. "That's wonderful! I have so much to prepare!" Then, with a burst of energy typical of her apparent age, she grabbed her suitcases and scampered off to her room, eager to unpack and settle into her "new" home.

Left alone with Ms. Helper, Hanford's concern morphed into frustration. "What did you do to him?" he demanded, his voice low and strained.

Ms. Helper's smile never wavered as she turned to face him, her eyes cold despite the warmth in her voice. "Hana-chan, you should not be so concerned with what we did to Misaki. It's all about finding happiness in our roles, isn't it? And who knows what might become necessary for you?"

The threat was veiled but clear. Hanford felt a knot of fear in his stomach but pushed past it, needing to see for himself the depth of Max's transformation. He approached Misaki's room, knocking softly before entering. Inside, Misaki was humming cheerfully as she organized her belongings.

"Misaki," Hanford tried again, his voice soft, "do you remember anything from before?"

Misaki looked up from her clothes, her smile unwavering. "I don't want to talk about anything sad or difficult, thank you. I just want to know how I can help around the house, help cook dinner, and keep my room clean. I want to be a good daughter."

Hanford stood in the doorway, a mix of emotions roiling within him, the finality sinking in. Misaki, the person he had known as Max, was gone, replaced by this cheerful, compliant young girl. He backed out of the room slowly, feeling a mix of horror and sadness. "We'll talk later," he managed to say, closing the door softly behind him.

Back in the living room, Ms. Helper was waiting, her gaze knowing. "You see? She's adjusting wonderfully. Now, if you need help adapting, we're here to support you too, Hana."

All of the sudden, the world seemed to be made of lead, pressing in on Hanford from all directions. He wasn't prepared for this. Really, he wasn't prepared for *anything* anymore.



Saturday morning dawned bright, and Hanford was seated before his vanity, meticulously applying makeup. The art of accentuating his new almond-shaped eyes was both a challenge and a ritual — his goal to make them appear larger and more dramatic was crucial for maintaining his feminine facade.

As he skillfully maneuvered the eyeliner, Hanford's thoughts lingered on the upcoming meeting with Kurogane. After considering Mr. Takahashi's proposal, he had approached Kurogane post-work to discuss the living arrangement. Kurogane's response was blunt and practical, his language tinged with the gruff, no-nonsense manner typical of his interactions.

Kurogane had made it clear during their discussion: "Look, I just need a better place to crash, and the rent's gotta be reasonable. This ain't about liking each other or anything."

Hanford had been direct in addressing the potential awkwardness of their arrangement. “I want to be clear — there’s no romantic interest here from my side,” he stated firmly.

Kurogane had scoffed, a rough chuckle escaping him. “Romantic? Don’t flatter yourself. I can see through that pretty little act. You’re a man, no matter how you dress up. We’re just two dudes trying to make life easier, right?”

This crude acknowledgment had stung Hanford more than he anticipated. Despite months of feminization training, surgeries, and lifestyle adjustments, Kurogane’s words had sliced through his carefully constructed identity, reminding him of the reality beneath the surface. He was taken aback by his own reaction — why did it matter so much that Kurogane recognized him as a woman?

Now, as he applied his lipstick, Hanford’s determination was even more formidable. He would prove to Kurogane — and perhaps to himself — that he could embody femininity so convincingly that no crude remark could undermine it and make him feel like he was just another man who hadn’t been through hell.

Dressed for the day, Hanford chose his wardrobe with precision: a tight short skirt to delineate his figure and a low-cut blouse to draw attention to his chest. He scrutinized his reflection, noting how his hair shimmered, how the earrings added a touch of sophistication, and how his blouse subtly revealed the contours of his bra. His legs, showcased in sheer stockings, were set off by high heels that accentuated his posture.

“Kurogane will have to struggle to find a woman more feminine than this,” Hanford muttered to himself, a mix of defiance and challenge in his feminine voice.

Hanford arrived at the quaint café early, choosing a table tucked away in a cozy corner. He removed his beige coat and placed it carefully to the side, not wanting to get any lint on it. As he sat, he smoothed his skirt with his slender hands, feeling the fabric glide under his fingers, a reminder of the facade he needed to uphold. The nylon sheathing his legs glistened subtly under the café’s warm lighting. He crossed his legs, a calculated gesture that had become second nature, and awaited Kurogane’s arrival.

Kurogane’s entrance was less subtle. The man paused at the entrance, scanning the room until his eyes landed on Hanford. Recognition flickered across his face, followed quickly by unmistakable shock. He approached the table, clearing his throat as if to reset his bearings. “Hana-chan?” he uttered, his voice a mix of disbelief and curiosity.

“Yes, Kurogane-san,” Hanford replied, his voice carrying a soft, melodic quality. He managed a polite smile, one that masked a sudden regret for presenting himself so provocatively. “Is something the matter?”

Kurogane pulled out a chair and sat down, his eyes still locked on Hanford. “You... you look different outside the office. I mean, you always look... neat, but now... You, uh... What did you want to talk about?”

Hanford felt a twinge of discomfort at the compliment, regretting his choice to dress so strikingly. He shifted slightly, recrossing his legs inadvertently showcasing another glimpse of the lace that peeked from under his skirt, a move he instantly wished he hadn’t made when he saw Kurogane’s eyes dart that way. “Thank you, Kurogane-san. I thought it best to present well for our meeting.”

Kurogane cleared his throat, visibly trying to redirect his thoughts. “Right, the meeting... I just... I didn’t expect you to look so... feminine.”

Hanford, realizing he might have overplayed his hand, sought to steer the conversation towards their practical concerns. “I appreciate your kind words. Shall we discuss the living arrangements?”

Kurogane nodded, though his gaze lingered a moment longer before he managed to look away. “Yes, of course. You mentioned some terms over the phone?”

“Yes,” Hanford started, adopting a more businesslike tone. “I propose that you pay half the rent, take care of any maintenance the apartment requires, and run some errands as needed. In return, you have a place to stay, and we keep our interactions courteous and professional.”

Kurogane frowned slightly. “I’m not one to be bossed around, Hana-chan. Remember, I don’t need this arrangement as much as you might think. Why exactly do you need me there?”

Hanford sighed, a mix of frustration and resignation in his breath. “It’s my daughter, as it were.”

“You have a daughter?” Kurogane asked, shocked.

“More or less,” Hanford replied. “I could use the help. I’m so out of my depth. I’m not a mother. She needs someone who can... Who can treat her like a father can.”

“Hmm,” Kurogane murmured, then grinned slightly. “And what about you, Hana? Do you need a father figure too?”

Hanford bristled at the jest. “Let’s keep this about Misaki, shall we? She’s adjusting to a lot, including school and... her interests in boys. It’s more than I can manage alone.”

Kurogane’s expression softened. “Maybe I can help, but don’t expect me to play the traditional dad. I never had kids. We’ll need to figure this out as we go.”

Hanford nodded, feeling their conversation settle into a tentative agreement. “Thank you, Kurogane-san.”

Kurogane backed away from the table. “Should we continue this discussion in the park? A bit more privacy might do us good.” He stood, offering a hand to help Hanford from his chair, a gesture that was both courteous and unnecessary. Hanford took it anyway. It was hard to stand up in heels.

“That would probably be best,” Hanford agreed.

“Lead the way, Hana-chan. Just remember, we’re just two guys figuring things out, right?”

Hanford felt his bile rising at the reminder of their reality. “Exactly, Kurogane-san. Just two guys.”



As Ms. Helper loaded her tools and devices into the van parked in the crisp morning air of Tokyo — including two tattered gaffes — her usual cheerful demeanor didn’t falter. Hanford, however, couldn’t conceal the slight upturn of his lips, a subtle but undeniable sign of his relief to see her go. Despite the lightness in his chest, he noticed Misaki’s expression, a mix of sadness and apprehension; Ms. Helper had been more than just a supervisor to her — she had been a mentor, a friend.

“Remember, both of you,” Ms. Helper said, turning to face them with a smile that was as big as it ever was, “continue to practice all that I’ve taught you about femininity. It’s crucial for your roles here.”

“We will, Ms. Helper,” Hanford assured her, his voice steady, though he caught Max glancing at their departing overseer with a wistful look.

“And Misaki,” Ms. Helper added, turning her attention to the young girl, “keep up your studies and remember all the fun we had learning together. You’re doing wonderfully.”

Misaki nodded, managing a small smile. “Thank you, Ms. Helper. I hope you visit us often.”

With a final cheerful wave, Ms. Helper climbed into the driver's seat and drove off. The van disappeared around the corner, and Hanford and Misaki were left standing in a silence that felt both liberating... and bizarre.

As they returned to the quiet of their home, Misaki's spirits seemed to dip slightly, the absence of Ms. Helper's constant, guiding presence leaving a noticeable void. Hanford, sensing his discomfort, decided to lighten the mood.

"Well, Misaki, just the two of us now." He noticed a tear going down Misaki's cheek. "Don't be like that. We're better off," Hanford said, trying to infuse some optimism into the conversation.

Misaki's smile returned, although it wasn't genuine, and they both knew it. "Yes, mother," he said, sullenly. "When Kurogane gets here... Does he know?"

"About me, yes," Hanford replied. "But he doesn't know about your... situation." He sighed. "And I think we should keep it that way."

Their brief moment of solitude was interrupted by the rumble of an engine — a stark contrast to the soft departure of Ms. Helper. Kurogane's arrival was anything but subtle. His large frame and strong presence filled the doorway as he stepped inside, carrying a hefty duffel bag. "So, where's my room?" he asked, his voice deep and resonating within the confines of the living room.

Misaki, who had never met Kurogane before, stared up at him with wide eyes. His sheer size and rough-hewn features were intimidating, yet there was a warmth in his smile that eased her initial fear. Kurogane's eyes softened as he looked at her, "And you must be Misaki. You're even cuter than your mother told me."

Caught off-guard by the compliment and the directness of his gaze, Misaki giggled, a blush creeping up her cheeks. She had been a grown man once, capable of standing his ground and asserting himself in a contest of masculine pride, but those days felt like a distant memory now, her reality marked by the youthful spirit in her smile and wonder in her eyes. She was enthralled by Kurogane.

Kurogane chuckled, his demeanor friendly but commanding. "You should call me 'Papa,' Misaki. I'm here to look after you," he suggested, his tone gentle yet firm.

Misaki glanced at Hanford, seeking reassurance. Hanford, though inwardly cringing at the situation, reluctantly gave him a small nod. "Yes, Papa," she exclaimed, stepping up on her toes to peck Kurogane on the cheek, her action both an acceptance of her new role and an embrace of their peculiar circumstances.

Kurogane's smile widened, pleased with the gesture. "Good girl. Now, let's get acquainted with the rest of the house, shall we?" he suggested, leading them through the hallway.

As they showed him around, Hanford felt dwarfed next to Kurogane's robust masculinity. The man's presence was overwhelming, making Hanford acutely aware of his own transformed state — his delicate outfit clinging to his altered body, his movements graceful yet constrained by the tight skirt. In slippers, Hanford's head wasn't even reaching Kurogane's collarbone. He felt vulnerable in a way he had never quite felt before.

Once the tour concluded at Kurogane's new bedroom, he proposed, "How about we go out for dinner? Get to know each other better?"

Hanford, momentarily flustered by the suggestion, managed a squeaky, "That sounds agreeable."

As Kurogane excused himself to settle in, Hanford and Misaki retreated to their rooms to freshen up. An hour later, they regrouped, both looking even more refined. Kurogane, who was dressed up merely because his new clothes lacked grease stains, complimented them, "I don't know how you could look any lovelier."

Miskai's laughter filled the room, light and carefree, while Hanford's cheeks tinged with a pink hue, unaccustomed to such open flattery.

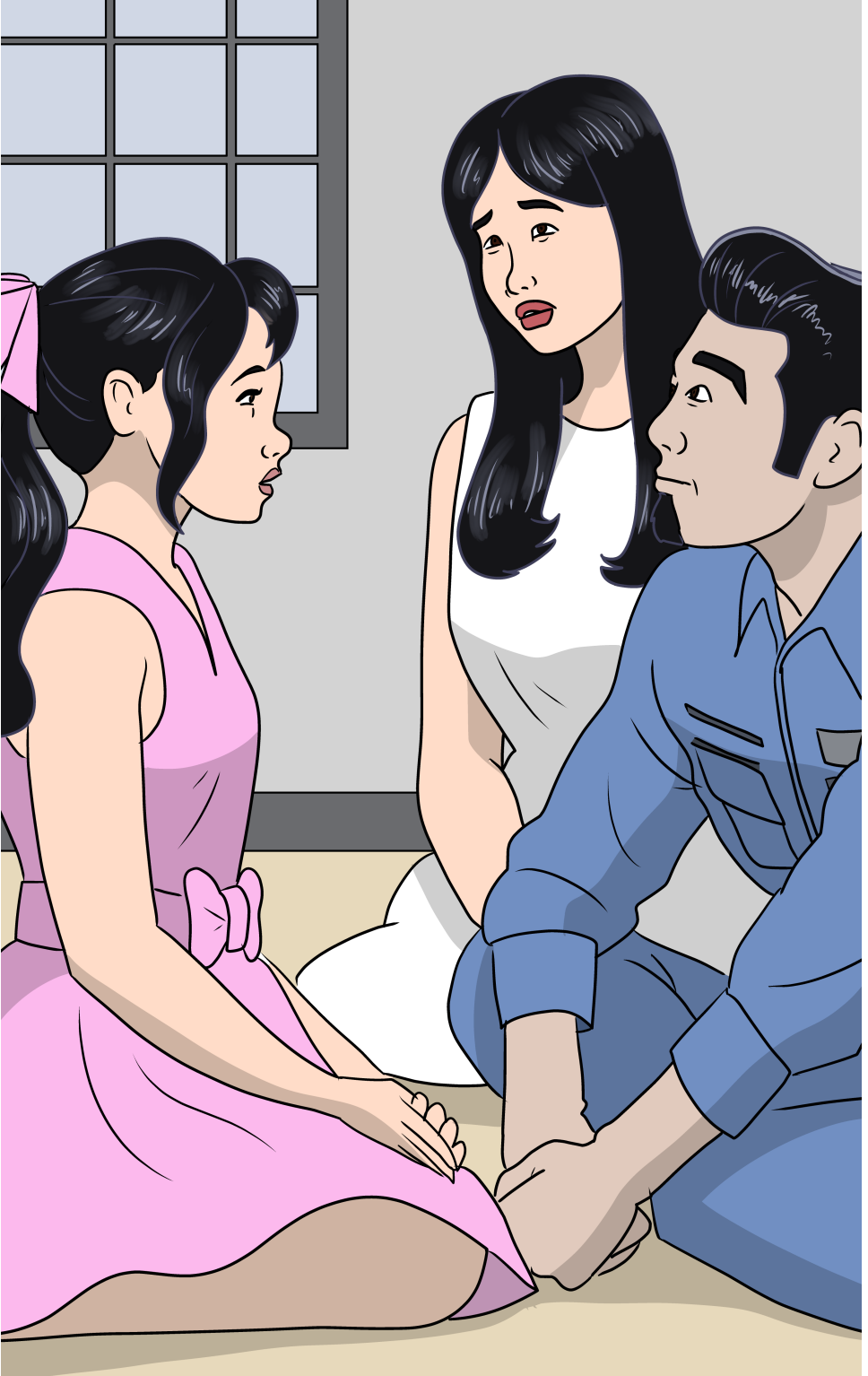
Miskai adjusted the skirt of his pink dress, the fabric soft and light against his skin, settling just above his knees to reveal slender legs. His hair, was in a long ponytail, tied with a soft ribbon, giving him an almost doll-like appearance. The minimal makeup — just a hint of lip gloss — enhanced his youthful features, highlighting the natural smoothness of his skin.

Sitting beside Kurogane on the floor, Max turned to him with a curious expression. "Are you really going to be like a father?" he asked, his voice carrying a mix of hope and uncertainty.

Kurogane turned to face her, his expression warm and reassuring. "I'm here to support you, Misaki," he clarified, using Misaki's new name with a gentle firmness. "Think of me as a guide, someone you can rely on, though I'm not your actual father."

At that moment, Hanford made his entrance into the living room. He moved with an elegance that belied his internal turmoil. His white dress perfectly hugged his body, accentuating a slim waist and fuller hips, the fabric flaring at the bottom to reveal smooth, shapely legs.

Kurogane's laughter filled the room, a deep, joyful sound. "I guess I'm the luckiest guy tonight, escorting two beautiful ladies to dinner," he responded,



his voice rich with humor.

Hanford's response was an involuntary giggle, a sound that felt foreign yet not inappropriate. "It's a strange world sometimes, isn't it?" Hanford said. He seemed to be masking a smile by angling his head down.

They headed to the door, and it was then that the situation became acutely clear to Hanford. Like any Japanese household, shoes were removed at the door. Looking down, Hanford saw Kurogane's thick, massive work boots, Misaki's small penny loafers, and his own high heels. It was such a strange thing to see. The dainty women's shoes for him and his former co-executive and the big manly shoes for the strange brute in their house.



The Shibuya district of Tokyo shook with an energy that was almost palpable, the night alive with the mysteries that only the cover of darkness could offer. Zak had submerged himself completely into the vibrant pulse of the city's nightlife, his senses tingling with the rush of lights, music, and the tantalizing promise of new encounters.

He wore a sharply cut yellow crop top paired with a high-waisted, bright neon green skirt that flared daringly around his thighs, revealing his deeply tanned legs. Chunky, tall, orange boots added a casual yet edgy touch, in addition to the hot pink sleeves and furry purple neck wrap. His bleached hair, styled in twin tails, which bobbed and shook with every movement, and bold eyeliner met the subtle shimmer of his white lips. All of this was laid atop a body that was built for action. A body that was begging to be touched, to be felt and to be used.

Zak joined the stream of young, fashionable Tokyoites, his heart racing with anticipation. He saw his friends, which were now growing every night. He knew maybe seventy by name now. His friends tended to be similarly dressed in eclectic, vibrant outfits, hanging out at the entrances of packed nightclubs. Their greetings and welcome for Sakura were loud and cheerful, filled with compliments that made Zak blush with pleasure.

"You look amazing, Sakura!" exclaimed Miki, her eyes sparkling under the neon lights. "That skirt is absolutely killer!"

"Fuck you!" Sakura replied, flipping them off as she twirled to give them a full view. He had learned the necessity of swearing often, as the Japanese seemed amused by curse words, unaware of how they sounded to a westerner's ears.



The first club was a blaze of strobe lights and bass beats that reverberated through the floor. Zak entered the throng of dancers, each move drawing him deeper into the night's embrace. The drinks started flowing, each shot sharpening the edges of his exhilaration while simultaneously dulling his senses. Laughter, conversations, and the constant beat of the music became a heady mix that propelled him further into the revelry.

At each club, Sakura's charm and daring attire attracted attention, and he found himself surrounded by admirers eager to dance closer, touch more freely. With the alcohol warming his blood, each interaction felt like a spark, igniting fleeting connections that burned bright and fast. One handsome face blurred into another, each kiss stolen in the shadows of the dance floor feeling more daring than the last.

Sakura's night became a whirlwind of sensations: the taste of different lips, the feel of hands tracing the lines of his body, the sound of whispered praise and laughter. He danced from one club to another, each venue upping the ante with louder music and more vibrant crowds. The attention was addictive, each new encounter fueling his confidence and desire for the next.

As the night wore on, the details began to blur. Zak's memory of whom he kissed, what he said, even which clubs he visited started to merge into a single, pulsating experience. He was drunk, yes, profoundly affected by the alcohol, yet it was the intoxication of the night itself that overwhelmed him most. His usual boundaries and the reality of his day-to-day life dissolved into the background, leaving only the thrilling present.

It was well past three when Zak, slightly unsteady on his feet, found himself at yet another club. The atmosphere here was sultry, the air thick with the scent of perfume and sweat. Only the most die-hard were up at this hour, still partying. Only those desperate for some kind of hook-up still prowled the dance floors. He was a magnet for flirtatious advances, and he reveled in the attention, each new flirtation more audacious than the last.

He found himself leaning into a particularly passionate kiss with a stranger against the cool wall of the club, and his mind was a fog of euphoria and confusion. He wasn't sure anymore if he was leading himself through his adventure or being swept along by it. Yet, in those moments, none of that mattered. The way it made him feel — the rush, the heat, the pulse of the city beating in time with his heart — was all that counted.

Eventually, the sky began to lighten, a pale blue seeping into the night's canvas. Zak, still in a daze of contentment and fatigue, said goodbye to his latest companions and staggered into the early morning, heading for the train station. The streets of Shibuya, still bustling with the city's night owls, watched

silently as he made his way onto a train, dressed in a disheveled outfit alongside a startled early morning salarymen.

Crawling into bed as the first rays of the sun filtered through his curtains, Zak felt a mix of satisfaction and a vague sense of foreboding. He had surrendered completely to the night, to being Sakura, and while the freedom was exhilarating, true freedom had yet to reveal itself to him.

Before he fell asleep, however, he could just open his eyes enough to see Bāchan standing over him, patting his forehead with her hand, smiling sweetly over him. He held Bāchan's hand as he fell asleep.



The transition of their small apartment into a makeshift family unit continued to be a complex adjustment for Hanford and Masaki. Despite Kurogane's helpful demeanor and easygoing presence in the house, Hanford couldn't shake the discomfort that tinged his daily routines. Every morning as he dressed in the soft fabrics of his skirts and blouses, applied his makeup with practiced precision, and styled his hair, he felt Kurogane's eyes on him — not judging, just acknowledging his efforts to embody femininity. It was a constant reminder of the biological reality he could never fully escape.

Kurogane, for his part, treated both Hanford and Masaki with a kind of respectful chivalry that felt both old-fashioned and endearing. He reached for the high shelves and opened stubborn jars without making a fuss, always quick to offer a compliment or a helping hand.

It was quite clear to Hanford that Kurogane was actually quite sweet and decent on his own, but when he was at work surrounded by other big guys, he was trying to be the big boss man in charge and acted like a bully. Of course, it was also humiliating, in a way, since he didn't feel surrounded by men at home. Which technically, he was.

At work, Hanford had settled into his role as a secretary, the initial novelty of his presence had worn off among his colleagues, and the teasing had given way to acceptance. He was just another face among the office's many pretty secretaries, fetching coffee and taking memos. Watching the executives stride into meetings with Kurogane, discussing important plans, Hanford felt a pang of nostalgia for the power and respect he once commanded. Now, his job was to be pleasant, helpful, and unobtrusive.

Masaki's adaptation to her new life contrasted starkly with Hanford's struggles. She thrived as a teenage girl, surrounded by a gaggle of giggling girlfriends,

navigating high school with a flirtatious charm that seemed as natural to her as breathing. She had become quite the popular girl, basking in the attention without a second thought.

One afternoon, Hanford returned from a particularly trying day at the office to find Masaki in the living room with a boy introduced as a classmate there to help with homework. Hanford's protective instincts flared immediately, pulling Masaki aside into the kitchen under the guise of helping him with snacks.

"Misaki, why is he here?" Hanford asked, his voice low and fraught with concern.

Masaki's giggle did little to ease his worries. "Oh, we're just hanging out!"

Hanford eyed her skeptically, his mind racing through all the potential complications of such innocent fun. "You need to be careful, Masaki. Boys might get the wrong idea," he cautioned, his voice tinged with the weight of his own experiences.

Despite his reservations, Hanford couldn't bring himself to send Shiro away, choosing instead to keep a watchful eye over their interactions from the kitchen.

An hour later, after the boy had gone home, Hanford and Misaki moved around each other with practiced ease, the sound of chopping and the aroma of cooking filling the kitchen. Hanford, accustomed to the kitchen apron tied neatly around his waist, guided Misaki through the steps of preparing a traditional Japanese dinner. Tonight's menu was comforting and familiar: miso soup, steamed rice, and a stir-fry of vegetables and tofu.

Masaki, her cheeks flushed with excitement, followed Hanford's instructions on how to slice the vegetables thinly and evenly. "Like this, right mother?" she asked, holding up a slice of carrot for Hanford's approval.

"Perfect," Hanford said with a smile, feeling pride swell in his chest as he watched her eager attempts. He showed her how to season the tofu, mixing soy sauce and a hint of mirin for a sweet glaze that would caramelize beautifully in the pan.

As they worked, the kitchen filled with the savory scents of their cooking, a comforting reminder of the routines that now structured their days. When Kurogane arrived home, drawn to the kitchen by the inviting smells, Hanford felt a peculiar satisfaction in watching him take the first bite, his face lighting up with approval.

"It's delicious, Hana-chan," Kurogane said, his voice warm with genuine appreciation. "I'm gonna like it here if every meal is even half this good."

That evening, after Masaki had sprinted to her room to text her friends, Hanford shared his concerns with Kurogane. The big man listened quietly, his expression thoughtful.

“I don’t know how to make her see the risks,” Hanford admitted, his soft voice heavy.

Kurogane nodded, understanding the dilemma. “Let me talk to her,” he offered, his tone suggesting a fatherly intervention.

Kurogane headed into Masaki’s room, closed the door and had a long conversation in private. When they emerged, Masaki was smiling, a look of respect in her eyes for Kurogane. She hugged him, promising to be a good girl.

Hanford, relieved and curious, asked Kurogane about the conversation. Kurogane shared that he had explained the nuances of teenage interactions to Masaki, advising her to be cautious and clear about her intentions.

“Thank you,” Hanford said sincerely, his relief palpable. “She really needs someone like you right now.”

Kurogane placed a massive, burly hand on Hanford’s shoulder. “That was easy. Sometimes, you gotta ask for help.”

Hanford smiled, a genuine expression of gratitude. As he looked at Kurogane, he came to think that this strange arrangement might not be a total disaster. Was Takahashi right? That was the most unsettling thought he had considered in some time.



Early morning light cast subdued shadows around the room where Riku sat absorbed in assembling his Gundam model. Each piece was handled with precision, indicative of a mind that valued control and order — a stark contrast to the emotional turmoil Zak felt as he paused in the doorway, observing.

“Where’s Bāchan?” Zak asked, his voice tentative as he stepped into the room, careful not to disrupt the concentrated silence.

“Market,” Riku grunted without looking up, his attention briefly flicking to Zak before returning to his model. “Always does what she wants, no matter what I say.”

Acknowledging the dismissive note in Riku’s voice, Zak knew this moment alone was his chance to broach the subject weighing on him. He moved closer, settling on his knees across from Riku, adopting the traditional seiza position that signaled his serious intent.

Riku's eyes narrowed slightly, setting aside his model as he recognized the formality of Zak's posture. He also, for the first time, noticed at his guest was dressed in a very traditional kimono. "What's this about?"

Zak bowed deeply, his forehead nearing the tatami mat. "I must apologize," he started, his voice muffled against the floor. "For all the trouble I've caused and for the burden I've been."

Riku's expression remained impassive, his eyes studying Zak's bowed head. "Go on."

Lifting his head but keeping his gaze lowered, Zak's voice was earnest. "I love Bāchan deeply, and the thought of leaving her... or this life terrifies me. I want to continue living as Sakura, if you'll allow me. I'm so sorry."

Riku's face was stoic, betraying none of his thoughts. After a moment, he said flatly, "You want to be her? You get the surgery. That way I know your intention."

The room felt colder at those words, and Zak's heart tightened. He bowed again, deeper this time. "Is there no other way? Please."

"There is no other way," Riku replied, his tone final.

With a weight settling in his chest, Zak agreed, feeling the gravity of his concession. "I... I'll do it."

Riku then pulled a "My Number" card from his pocket, the official Japanese ID displaying Sakura's photo. He held a lighter to it, the corner with the photo of the original Sakura blackening and curling. Sliding the charred remains across the floor to Zak, he added, "You'll need to get this replaced, Sakura. One with a better photo."

Zak picked up the card, his fingers trembling as he touched the symbol of a life forever changed. He bowed low once more. "Thank you. I won't let you down."

Riku watched him, a flicker of doubt crossing his otherwise unreadable face. "No you won't," he said curtly, picking up his model again as if to close the conversation.

Zak rose, leaving Riku to his meticulous assembly.

"Have you eaten?" Sakura asked her brother as she headed to the kitchen.



From the outset, Hanford made it clear to Kurogane that their living situation was strictly practical, and the gruff maintenance man heartily agreed.

Kurogane was the biggest presence in the household, fixing what was broken and keeping everything running smoothly, his company a quiet constant. Misaki had taken to him immediately, appreciating his knack for explaining her physics homework and listening to her school stories.

“You really know everything about fixing stuff, Kurogane-san!” Misaki would say, her voice filled with youthful admiration.

Kurogane would just smile and reply, “I’m happy to help, Misaki-chan.”

Over time, Kurogane became an unexpected pillar in their lives. Despite Hanford’s resolve to keep their relationship purely business, he couldn’t ignore the stability and warmth he brought into their home. After the chaos and uncertainty of Ms. Helper, Kurogane was just what they needed.

One evening, after Misaki had gone to bed, Hanford found himself sitting on the couch, watching a late-night jidaigeki. Kurogane was seated on the floor, nearby, organizing a wrench and socket set. They talked during the commercials, a comfortable ease between them.

“You know, Hana, I never planned on staying here long. Just needed a place to crash. But,” Kurogane paused, turning to look at her, “it’s been nice. Better than hanging out with my friends. And you smell better, that’s for sure.”

Hanford looked at him warily, this brute who had quietly woven himself into the fabric of his daily life. “That’s nice,” he said, his voice barely above a whisper. Hanford had no intent on letting a moment of kindness turn into something awkward.

It was then that the power went out, plunging the apartment into darkness. The chill was sharp, biting. Hanford was concerned about Misaki, and went to go check on her. Seeing she was fine, and still sleeping, he closed the door quietly. As soon as he turned back around, Kurogane was right behind him.

“Is Misaki all right?” He asked, genuinely concerned.

“Yes, she’s fine,” Hanford replied, trying to find a way past the big man in the slim hallway.

“We need a new heater. I’ll check what I can do tonight,” Kurogane muttered, more to himself than to Hana. The small kerosene heater in the closet hadn’t been used in quite a while.

“Let’s just call someone professional,” Hanford suggested stiffly.

“Middle of the night, Hana-san? Let me try first. For Misaki’s sake,” Kurogane insisted, his tone softening.

Grudgingly, Hanford agreed, and they found themselves working together on the heater by the dim light of a flashlight. As Kurogane worked, Hanford held the light, his hands steady, his mind racing. He watched him, his brow furrowed in concentration, his usual reserve melting away under the urgency of the task.

The heater sputtered, then started with a low hiss. Success. They shared a look, relief mixed with something else — an acknowledgment of their joint effort.

“Thank you, Kurogane,” Hana said, her voice softer than she intended.

Kurogane nodded, his eyes lingering on her just a moment longer than usual. “You’re welcome, Hana-san. It’s no trouble.”

Hanford had to admit, it was handy to have a man around.



Weeks later, during a quiet evening and with Misaki visiting a friend’s place, Hanford invited Kurogane to join him for dinner and have some eel he had just prepared — a small gesture, yet a product of gradual acceptance. They laughed, shared stories, and for the first time, the tension in the apartment had lifted.

As they cleared the bowls and dishes, Hana turned to Kurogane, her eyes sincere. “Kurogane, I... I’ve been thinking...” Hanford paused, knowing he was about to say something that might be misinterpreted. “Maybe.... Well, I don’t like being unfriendly. So maybe we should be less unfriendly.”

Kurogane looked up, surprised, then smiled — a genuine smile that reached his eyes. “Yes, Hana-chan.”

Their eyes locked, and the air thickened with a sudden awareness of each other. In the silence, a connection sparked to life, drawing them closer. Kurogane reached out, tentatively brushing a strand of hair from Hanford’s face. Hanford did not pull away. Instead, he leaned into his touch, his heart racing.

Kurogane’s hands, so used to fixing broken things, now trembled slightly as they framed Hanford’s face. “I’m sorry,” he said, his voice a deep whisper.

“I’m sorry, too,” Hanford breathed back, closing the gap between them.

Their kiss was hesitant at first, a gentle exploration that soon deepened with the pent-up longings of two people who had been holding themselves back for a very long time.



The muted hum of the elevator served as a backdrop to an unexpected reunion. As the doors slid closed, Zak and Hanford found themselves face to face for the first time in months. Each man, now completely feminine and Japanese in appearance and demeanor, hesitated for a moment, taking in the transformation that the other had undergone.

Zak, dressed in a delicate blouse and skirt that accentuated his slender figure, bowed slightly, a gesture of respect and a silent request for forgiveness for the prolonged silence between them. Hanford, wearing a similarly styled outfit that highlighted his own refined features, returned the bow, his movements practiced.

“It’s been a long time, Hana-chan,” Zak said quietly, his voice a soft, melodic whisper that seemed to blend seamlessly with the gentle ambiance of the elevator.

“Yes, too long,” Hanford replied, his tone equally subdued and respectful.

“I heard a rumor that you’re living with someone now?” Zak asked.

His question hung in the air, tinged with curiosity but respectful of boundaries. Hanford paused, considering how much to share, before responding with a vague nod. “Yes, the living situation has... changed. Max is now my daughter, Misaki. She’s adapted well to school life.”

Zak’s eyes widened slightly, absorbing the news of Max’s transformation with a mixture of shock and understanding. “That must be quite the adjustment,” he remarked, his tone careful.

“It is,” Hanford acknowledged. “And you? I’ve heard little since...”

Zak sighed, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips. “My life has taken a different turn as well. The woman I rented a room from... she’s become like my own grandmother. Her kindness has changed everything for me. I can’t imagine leaving her now.”

Hanford nodded, recognizing the depth of the bond Zak described. “It sounds like you have adjusted.”

Zak looked down briefly, then back up at Hanford with a gentle intensity. “It seems we both have,” he observed. “You look... different, Hana-chan. Serene, even.”

Hanford was taken aback by the observation, a flicker of surprise crossing his features. He thought of Kurogane, the man whose presence had unexpectedly

brought a new kind of stability to his life, but he chose not to mention it just yet.

“And what of Jacob? Have you heard?” Zak asked, shifting the topic to another mutual acquaintance whose fate had intrigued him.

Hanford shook his head, a look of concern etching his brows. “I haven’t heard anything. What’s happened?”

Zak leaned in slightly, lowering his voice despite the privacy of the elevator. “Jacob is also an Office Lady now, like us. There are others, too. More men have joined our... ranks.”

Hanford’s expression darkened with the news, a mix of sadness and resignation clouding his eyes. “I hadn’t realized it had gone so far.”

“I can show you, if you’d like,” Zak offered softly.

Hanford and Zak’s synchronized steps echoed down the corridor, their heels clacking in a steady rhythm that seemed to mark time passing in this new life they had come to accept. As they navigated the polished floors of the office building, Hanford found himself opening up about Misaki — formerly Max — in a way that surprised even him.

“You wouldn’t recognize her now, Sakura-chan,” Hanford said, his voice tinged with a mix of pride and melancholy. He pulled out his phone, swiping through photos until he found one of Misaki at a school rally, her youthful energy and joy radiating from the image. “She’s fully embraced her new role. It’s like... she’s always been this way.”

Zak took the phone, his expression sober as he studied the image of Misaki. The transformation was profound, unsettling even, given the person he remembered. “She looks happy,” he admitted, handing back the phone, but his tone carried an undercurrent of concern.

They reached Zak’s section of the office, where the sudden interruption by a frantic young woman momentarily shifted their focus. “Sakura-chan, the fax machine — it’s a mess, and nobody knows what to do!” she exclaimed, her voice high-pitched and tinged with panic. She was stepping from one foot to the other in anxious uncertainty.

“I’ll take a look,” Zak said.

Hanford watched as the woman then dashed off, her demeanor the epitome of a stereotypical Japanese office lady, exuding a delicate form of beauty that was both enchanting and intimidating. Hanford felt a pang of jealousy at her effortless charm.

Turning to Zak, he asked in a lower voice, “Where’s Jacob? You mentioned he was here too.”

Zak’s eyes followed the young woman who had just left them in a flutter of worry. “That was her — Junko. That’s Jacob now.”

Hanford stared after her, disbelief etching his features. The transformation was complete and utter. Junko’s movements, her style, even the timbre of her voice — nothing hinted at the American executive he had once known. She was indistinguishable from any other young woman who had grown up in Japan.

“He’s... she’s changed completely,” Hanford murmured, struggling to reconcile this reality with his memories of Jacob.

Zak nodded solemnly. “It seems they’re perfecting the process, making it harder for any of us to go back to who we were. It’s getting more efficient, more... *efficient*.”

Hanford felt a chill run down his spine as he considered Zak’s words. The implications were clear and deeply troubling.

Hanford, his expression somber, leaned slightly against the cool wall. “We’re really trapped, aren’t we?” he whispered, the weight of his realization making his voice almost inaudible.

Zak nodded, his features set in a resigned mask that belied the turmoil swirling within him. “Yes, we are,” he confirmed softly, his eyes not meeting Hanford’s. “We are women now, Hanford. Japanese women. And there’s no going back to what we were.”

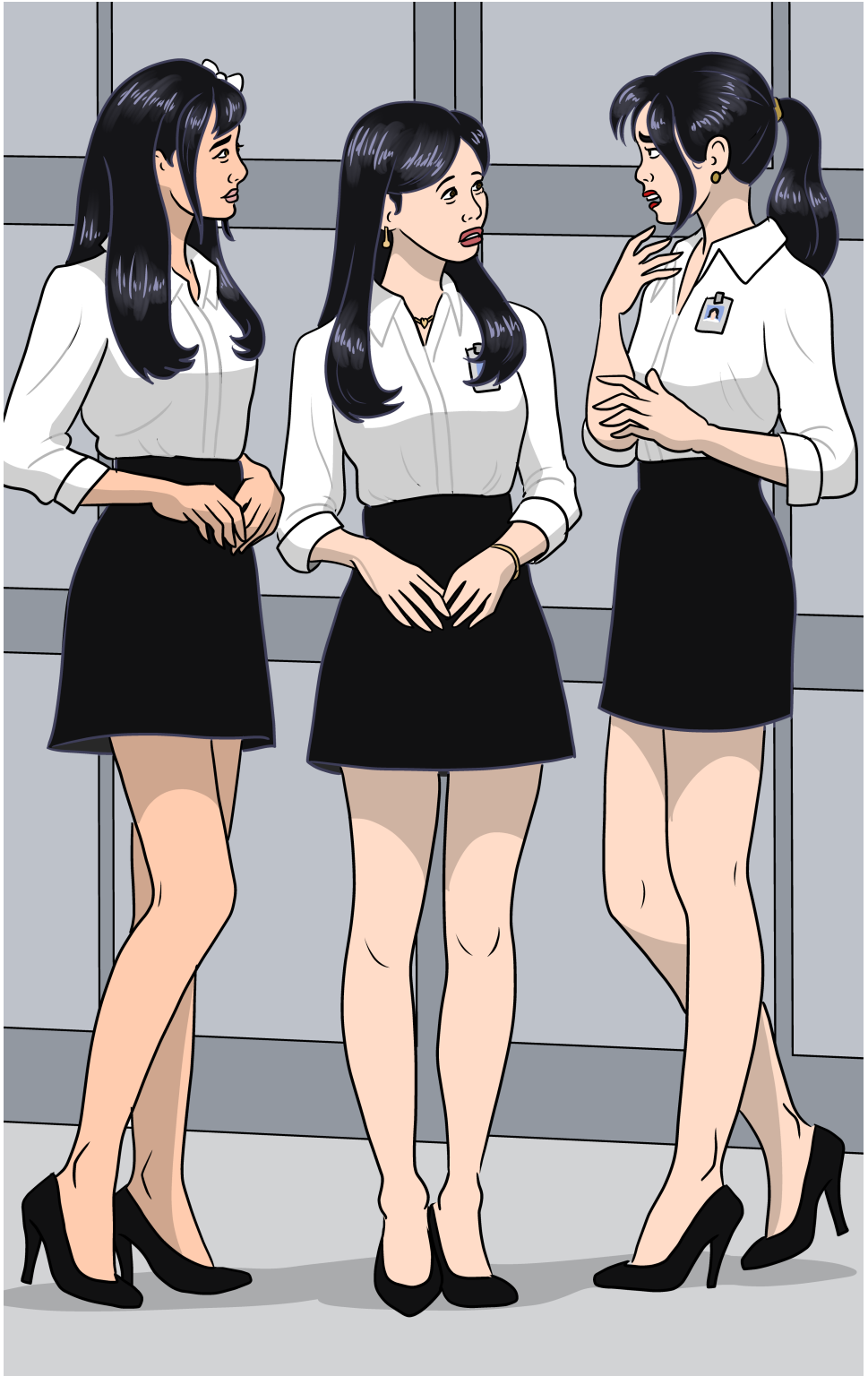
Hanford’s heart thudded painfully in his chest. He swallowed hard, trying to imagine a future that seemed more constricted with each passing day. “I never thought... I mean, I knew it was serious, but seeing Jacob like that — it’s like he’s completely gone.”

Zak placed a gentle hand on Hanford’s arm, a surprisingly comforting gesture. “I know,” he murmured. “I feel it too. The person I was... what’s left is Sakura. That’s who I need to be now.”

“Have you...?” Hanford asked, not even needing to finish the question.

“Not yet,” Zak replied. “But soon, I will. It’s scheduled.”

They stood in silence for a moment, each lost in their own thoughts about the paths their lives had taken. Finally, Zak looked up, his expression earnest. “Hanford, we need to be the best we can be. Not just as employees or friends... but as the women we are now. I will do my best to be the best Japanese woman I can be. Can you do the same?”



Hanford felt a mix of sadness and resolve stir within him. It was a call to embrace a reality he had fought against internally, despite outwardly conforming. “Yes. Let’s do our best, Sakura-chan.”

“Hana-chan,” Zak said.

With a final, mutual nod, they straightened up, adjusted their skirts, and prepared to step back into the flow of office life. *Their* life.



The club’s bass vibrated through Sakura’s body like a second heartbeat, erratic and thrilling. As she teetered on the brink of another dance-fueled misadventure, a familiar bouncer’s firm grip steadied her. “Sakura-chan,” he admonished with a bemused shake of his head, “try to behave tonight, eh?”

“Oh, fuck you!” Sakura trilled back, her voice a cocktail of delight and defiance, “I do what I want!” She then fell down again.

Night after night, Sakura’s existence blurred into a neon smear of Tokyo’s nightlife. Her transformation into a full-fledged gyaru girl was complete, not just in the bleach-blonde hair and dangerously deep tan, but in her unabashed embrace of excess. Each morning greeted her with vague recollections of arms casually draped around her in a post-revelry haze as she woke up in the embraces of strangers.

During these quieter moments at home, Bāchan’s words floated back to her, soft yet resonant. “Live fully, Sakura. Embrace all that brings you joy, without fear.” It was during one of these reflections, admiring the laugh lines etched around Bāchan’s eyes, that Sakura resolved to seal her transformation with something more permanent—breast implants.

“I’m Sakura,” she declared to her reflection in the cold, clinical light of a cosmetic surgeon’s office. Her own almond-shaped eyes stared back, ignited with resolve.

When Sakura returned to the office post-surgery, displaying her D-sized breasts straining in her conservative white blouse, she had a newfound confidence — a confidence that was immediately challenged when she was met with Ms. Matsumoto’s impeccably arched eyebrow. “Congratulations on your new... *Confidence*, Sakura,” Ms. Matsumoto remarked, her voice dripping with a blend of caution and respect. “However, remember the essence of being an Office Lady. Dedication. The company will not accept any less.”

“I understand, Matsumoto-san,” Sakura replied, bowing lower than she had ever before, the gesture weighted with genuine respect rather than submission. “Thank you for your guidance.”

At her desk, each file, each memo, each meticulously poured cup of tea became a part of her passion. A passion to be her best. A passion to make her contribution to the company that had led her to this wonderful life. The once suffocating office routines now were brought to life by her gentle giggles and the light tick-tack noise of her heels as she tended to her co-worker’s needs. When she bent over a man’s shoulder he could feel the warmth from her gigantic breasts against him, and he was in heaven. There weren’t a lot of transfers out of her department anymore.

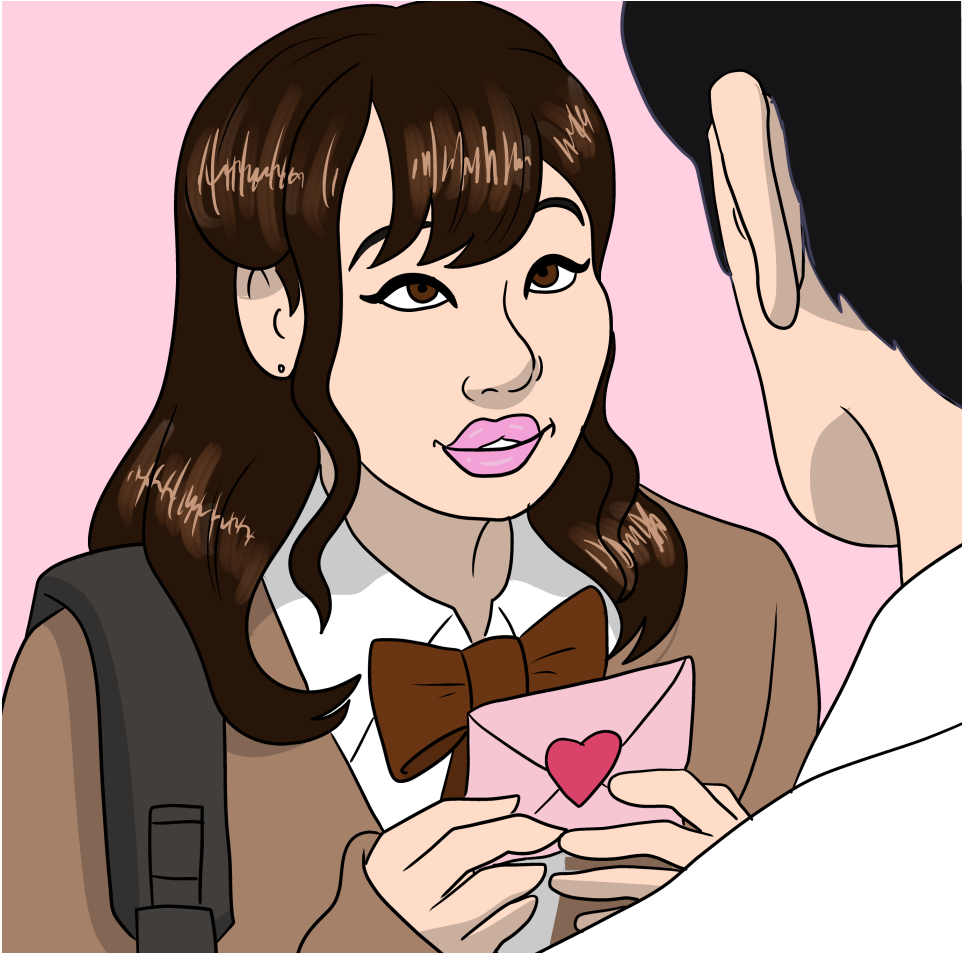


Misaki stood under the delicate shade of a cherry blossom tree, its petals fluttering down like soft pink snowflakes. The air was filled with the sweet scent of spring and the nervous energy of her classmate, Hiroto, who had asked her to meet him there after school.

Hiroto’s shoes shuffled on the gravel path, his hands fidgeting with the strap of his school bag. He took a deep breath, his eyes locked on Misaki, who looked every bit the blossoming young woman in her school sweater and skirt, her hair catching the gentle breeze.

“Hiroto-kun, what’s wrong?” Misaki asked, her voice soft and laced with worry.

Hiroto exhaled deeply, his eyes tracing the patterns of fallen petals at their feet before meeting Misaki’s gaze. “Misaki-chan, you are so kind and popular..”



and I am just an average guy. You have everyone's admiration, and I... I can't help but wonder if I am really worthy of you."

Misaki's cheeks flushed deeper with each word, her heart fluttering with a mixture of surprise and tenderness.

"Misaki-chan," Hiroto continued, his voice trembling slightly with the weight of his emotions. "I've wanted to tell you this for a long time. I think about you all the time, and I... I really *like* you!" His cheeks flushed a deep red as he mustered the courage to continue. "Would you... would you go *out* with me?"

Misaki's eyes widened, a blush spreading across her cheeks, mirroring Hiroto's. She covered her mouth with her hand, a gesture of surprise and modesty that made her look even more endearing. For a moment, she was silent, the only sounds the rustling of leaves and distant chatter of other students.

“Oh... Oh, Hiroto-kun...” Misaki finally whispered, her voice as gentle as the breeze. “This is all so sudden... I didn’t expect... But, I’m so happy!” Her words fluttered out, sincere and sweet.

She took a small step closer, her eyes closed with bashfulness. “I like you too, Hiroto-kun. I’d love to go out with you.” As she spoke, her hands nervously played with the hem of her skirt, a perfect picture of a young girl touched by her first confession of love.

Hiroto’s face lit up like the morning sun, his nervousness melting away into a warm, relieved smile. “Really? You mean it, Misaki-chan?”

Misaki nodded, her smile blooming like the cherry blossoms above. “Yes, I mean it!”

Overcome with joy, Hiroto took a bold step forward, his confidence bolstered by her acceptance. He took her hand gently, mindful of his actions, his touch light as if he were holding something precious. “Thank you, Misaki-chan! You’ve made me the happiest guy in school!”

Misaki giggled, her laughter light and melodious. “I guess this means we’re... a couple now,” she said, the reality of the moment dawning on her, making her cheeks glow even brighter.

“Yes, a couple!” Hiroto echoed, his enthusiasm contagious.

The moment was tender, under the shade of the cherry blossom tree. Misaki, ever the graceful and bashful girl, leaned into Hiroto slightly, her head resting against his shoulder in a gesture of trust and affection. Hiroto wrapped his arm around her, Misaki’s heart fluttering with the promise true love like she had never known it before.



In the dimly lit booth in an upscale Tokyo bar, Junko sat with her legs tucked under her as she poured another drink for her boss. The ice clinked softly as she stirred, the liquid swirling around with a gentle, enticing shimmer. Across from her, Director Sato, a man with a stern but handsome face, watched her with an intensity that sent shivers down her spine. They were alone in the tiny booth, kneeling, facing each other.

“I must say, Junko-chan, you seem to handle your drinks quite well,” Director Sato remarked, his voice smooth, carrying a hint of amusement and something more suggestive. His gaze lingered on her, appreciating the way the dim bar light caught the subtle gloss of her lips.

Junko giggled, a soft, high-pitched sound that she had perfected over the months. “You’ve been doing excellent work lately, Junko,” Director Sato said, his voice low and smooth, like whiskey. He leaned slightly forward, his tie loosened, his usually stern demeanor softened by drink. “The team appreciates your efforts.”

Junko bowed her head slightly, her fingers trembling around the delicate glass. “Thank you, Director. I’m just doing my best to support the company.”

Sato chuckled, a warm, rich sound that made her stomach flutter. “Always so humble. You should take more credit where it’s due.” Junko poured them both another drink, her fingers brushing against his intentionally this time, sending a jolt through her. She didn’t pull away.

Junko’s heart pounded as she felt the weight of his gaze. He doesn’t know, she reminded herself. He doesn’t know who I used to be. The thought both terrified and excited her. She had been Jacob once, a man in a suit, commanding boardrooms, not unlike the director. But now... now she was Junko, soft, feminine, and achingly aware of the way Sato’s eyes traced the curve of her neck.

“You’re not like the others,” Sato murmured, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “You have a... quiet strength. It’s compelling.”

Junko’s breath hitched. She forced a polite smile, her cheeks burning. “You’re too kind, Director.”

He smirked, his hand reaching out to rest on the table, dangerously close to hers. “I’m not kind. I’m observant.” His fingers inched closer, his pinky brushing the edge of her hand. “And I think you’re holding back. Why is that?”

Her lips parted, but no words came out. She couldn’t tell him the truth—couldn’t explain the procedures, the beauty treatments, the endless conditioning to bury Jacob and create Junko. Instead, she looked down, her lashes fluttering. “I’m just... not used to this kind of attention.”

Sato’s hand closed over hers, his grip firm yet gentle. “Then let me show you how to accept it.” His voice was a velvet command, impossible to ignore.

Junko’s pulse raced as his thumb caressed her knuckles. She should pull away, should maintain the polite distance expected of her. But she didn’t. *This is what you want*, a voice whispered in her mind. Let him take control.

Sato leaned in, his breath warm against her ear. “You’re beautiful, Junko. Has anyone ever told you that?”

Her chest tightened, her body betraying her as she leaned ever so slightly into him. “No,” she lied, her voice barely audible.

“Then they’re fools,” he said, his lips brushing against her cheek. She froze, her mind a whirlwind of panic and desire. *This is wrong*, she thought.

His hand slid up her arm, leaving a trail of heat in its wake. His other hand cupped her chin, tilting her face toward his. “May I?” he whispered, his lips hovering just above hers.

Junko’s mind screamed at her to say no, to maintain the societal propriety that had been drilled into her. But her body betrayed her again, her lips parting in silent invitation. Sato didn’t wait for a verbal response. He closed the distance, his mouth capturing hers in a kiss that was both tender and possessive.

Her eyes fluttered shut, her body melting into the sensation. It was her first kiss as Junko, and it was nothing like she had imagined. It was electric, consuming, and utterly overwhelming. His tongue teased the seam of her lips, and she opened for him, a small, desperate sound escaping her throat.

Sato pulled her closer, their bodies pressed together as the kiss deepened. His hands roamed her back, sliding down to her waist and resting on her hips. She felt the hardness of his arousal against her, and a shiver ran through her.

When they finally broke apart, both were breathless. Sato’s eyes were dark with desire as he studied her face. “You’re full of surprises, Junko.”

She looked away, her cheeks flaming. “I... I shouldn’t have...”

“Don’t,” he interrupted, his voice firm but gentle. “Don’t apologize for this. You wanted it as much as I did.”

Junko’s heart raced. She couldn’t deny it. She had wanted it, more than she had ever wanted anything. But now, as his hands began to explore her body, she felt a wave of nervous excitement. *Will he know? Will he feel the difference? Will he know she wasn’t always a woman? That I’m not Japanese?*

His fingers traced the line of her collarbone, slipping beneath the fabric of her blouse. She gasped as he cupped her breast, his thumb brushing over her nipple through the thin material of her bra. “So soft,” he murmured, his breath hot against her neck. Her breasts had just started growing, and were very sensitive. She was literally biting her lip to keep from squealing.

Junko’s head fell back, her fingers clutching at the fabric of his shirt. Her body was responding in ways she hadn’t thought possible, her every nerve alight with sensation. “Director...” she whispered, her voice trembling.

“Call me Kenji,” he said, his lips trailing down her neck. “I want to hear you say my name.”

“Kenji,” she breathed, her voice barely audible.



His hands moved lower, slipping beneath her skirt. She tensed as his fingers brushed against her inner thigh, her mind racing. *He'll know. He'll know I'm not...*

But then his fingers found her core, and all thoughts of her past vanished. She gasped, her hips jerking involuntarily as he touched her. "You're so wet," he growled, his voice thick with desire. "You've been wanting this, haven't you?"

Junko's eyes squeezed shut, her breath coming in shallow gasps. She couldn't answer, couldn't think. All she could feel was the relentless pressure of his

fingers as they slid inside her, the unfamiliar stretch sending shockwaves through her body.

“K-Kenji,” she moaned, her hands gripping his shoulders for support.

“That’s it,” he whispered, his lips brushing against her ear. “Let go for me.”

She obeyed, her body surrendering to the sensations as he worked her with expert precision. Her hips rocked against his hand, her moans growing louder, more desperate. And then, just as she felt herself teetering on the edge, he withdrew his fingers, leaving her trembling with frustration.

“Not yet,” he said, his voice a low growl. “I want to feel you properly.”

Junko’s heart hammered as he stood, pulling her to her feet. He pushed her gently against the wall of the booth, his hands tugging at her skirt until it pooled around her ankles. Her panties followed, leaving her exposed, vulnerable. She bit her lip, her eyes locking with his as he unbuckled his belt.

When he entered her, it was with a slow, deliberate thrust that robbed her of breath. Her nails dug into his shoulders, her body arching against his. The pain was sharp but fleeting, giving way to a pleasure so intense it bordered on overwhelming. *This is it*, she thought, her mind reeling. *This is what it means to be a woman.*

Sato’s pace quickened, his thrusts driving her closer to the edge with each stroke. Junko’s moans filled the room, her body writhing beneath his. She had never felt so alive, so... complete. And when the climax finally hit her, it was like nothing she had ever experienced before — a wave of ecstasy that left her trembling and breathless.

Sato followed soon after, his body shuddering with release against hers. He buried his face in her neck, his breath hot and ragged. “Junko,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion. “You’re... resilient.”

She clung to him, her body still humming with the aftershocks of pleasure, her chest rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. The warmth of Director Sato still lingered on her skin, but the reality of what had just happened was beginning to settle in. She could feel his semen, wet and sticky, trickling out of her, a vivid reminder of the intimacy they had just shared. She shifted slightly, her thighs pressing together as if to contain it, but the sensation only made her more aware of it. Her body felt alive, tingling with the aftershocks of pleasure, but her mind was already racing. *What now?* she wondered, her cheeks flushing with a mix of embarrassment and uncertainty.

Kenji watched her for a moment, a small smile playing on his lips. He reached for his discarded shirt, pulling it on before standing up and adjusting his pants.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s get cleaned up properly. Then we can have another drink.”

She took it with a quiet “thank you,” her fingers trembling slightly as she wiped herself. The sensation was strange, almost surreal. She had never done this before, never had to clean up after being with a man. It was a reminder of how much had changed, how much she had changed. She paused, her hand stilling as she stared at the napkin, now damp with his essence.

Junko avoided looking at herself in the reflective wall, too afraid of what she might see... or feel. But as she straightened her skirt and smoothed down her blouse, she couldn’t help but notice how different she looked. Her hair was slightly disheveled, her cheeks still flushed, and her lips were swollen from their kisses. She looked... well, used. And yet, there was something about it that made her feel strangely powerful.

He smiled, dropping his hand and stepping back. “Come on,” he said, his tone lightening as he gestured toward the table. “Let’s have that drink.”

She nodded, kneeling again in front of their table, across from each other. Junko poured them both a glass of sake, her movements smooth and practiced. She handed him a glass.

“Kanpai,” Director Sato said, raising his glass.

“Kanpai,” she echoed, her voice soft as she clinked her glass against his. She took a sip, the warm liquid sliding down her throat and helping to steady her nerves. She glanced at him over the rim of her glass, his eyes meeting hers with a intensity that made her stomach flutter.

They sat in silence for a moment, the sound of the izakaya around them a distant hum. Finally, Kenji spoke, his voice low and measured. “Junko,” he said, his tone serious. “What happened between us... If you’re open to it, I’d like to see where this could go.”

She froze, her glass halfway to her lips. She hadn’t expected him to say that— hadn’t even considered the possibility. But as she looked at him, saw the sincerity in his eyes, she felt a spark of hope ignite in her chest. “I...” she started, her voice trembling. “I’m agreeable to that, Director.”



The warm, savory aroma of steaming broth and fresh vegetables filled the cozy nabe restaurant in a quiet district of Tokyo. Misaki, Hana, Sakura, and Junko sat together at a low wooden table, their skirts neatly folded under them, as the

bubbling hot pot before them released plumes of fragrant steam. The establishment was small but lively, filled with the pleasant hum of other office workers unwinding after a long day.

It had been some time since they had last gotten together, probably a month. They met regularly, bound by their strange connection. They no longer really needed each other for support. They were just used to seeing each other.

Misaki, the 15-year-old high school girl, excitedly reached for a piece of food with her chopsticks, her delicate hands now moving with the effortless energy of a teenage girl. Hana swatted her wrist for reaching too far.

“Mama, can I have more mushrooms?” Misaki asked sweetly, tilting her head in the typical kawaii fashion she had unconsciously picked up from her schoolmates.

Hana gave her daughter a warm smile. “Of course, sweetheart.” She gently placed a few shiitake mushrooms into Misaki’s bowl, her manicured fingers deftly handling the chopsticks. Her long, silky hair was styled into an elegant low bun, and the wedding band on her left hand caught the light as she moved.

Sakura lounged back slightly, her bleached blonde hair falling over her shoulder as she scrolled through her phone. At night, she was a gyaru diva, her collection of boyfriends ever-growing. “Um, this is so good,” she groaned in delight, setting down her phone and using her perfectly sculpted nails to pick up a tender slice of beef. “I needed this after last night. That club in Roppongi? Insane. Two guys were fighting over me and their girlfriends were trying to scratch my eyes out.”

It was easy to see why. Sakura’s deeply tanned skin was exotic and her platinum blond hair even more so, in Japan. Her sweet, innocent face was adorable, and her thin, young body was perfect. However the D-cup breasts that now hung off her frame were likely the reason she hadn’t paid for a drink in months.

Junko let out a delicate giggle, covering her mouth as she had learned to do. She had been Jacob once, but now she was just another incredibly cute, soft-spoken OL, her crisp white blouse hugging her C-cup breasts that had grown seemingly overnight, and her neatly pressed black skirt that showed off her shapely hips helped her blend seamlessly into the Japanese workforce. She stirred the broth of her meal absentmindedly, her mind clearly elsewhere.

Misaki smirked. “Thinking about him again?”

Junko’s face flushed pink. “N-no! It’s not like that...” she murmured, but the way she smiled immediately gave her away. The office rumors had long



identified Junko as the director's newest companion, but they still had to deny it, for the sake of maintaining order in the office.

The group laughed, their feminine voices harmonizing in a way that women's voices do. It was then that Hana, who had been quiet for some time, set her chopsticks down and cleared her throat. "I have an announcement," she said softly, her hands folded neatly in her lap. The other three turned to her, sensing the gravity in her tone.

She took a breath, adjusting the simple but elegant red bow that rested against the soft fabric of her blouse. "I've accepted the position as Ms. Helper's replacement."

A stunned silence fell over the table. Junko dropped her chopsticks. Misaki's eyes widened. "What? Mama, why?"

Sakura, her usual playful demeanor momentarily subdued, crossed her arms. “You’re telling me you are going to be the one overseeing... you know... *the process?*”

Junko’s lips parted in shock, her chopsticks frozen mid-air. “But Hana, that means...”

Hana nodded. “Yes. I will be in charge of guiding others through their... adjustment.” Her voice was gentle, but firm, as if she had already accepted this fate long ago.

Misaki shook her head, disbelief clouding her youthful features. “But you hated what they did to us! Why would you...?”

Hana smiled, placing a hand over Misaki’s, a mother’s touch quieting her child. “Because it’s the only way.” She exhaled softly. “This was the price I had to pay to become Hana... Hana Kurogane.”

Misaki’s expression softened, tears welling up in her eyes. “Mama... You and Kurogane?”



Just a month ago in the small, cramped apartment the kitchen was quiet, save for the clinking of dishes. Hana, who had stopped calling himself Hanford, stood at the sink, his slender fingers scrubbing a bowl thoroughly. The warm water ran over her hands, a small comfort in his increasingly unfamiliar life.

Misaki was at cram school, her grades having dipped lately. Hana suspected it was due to her new boyfriend more than a lack of study, but at least at cram school she would be occupied. The front door closed, and Hana already knew it was Kurogane from the stomps he made as he stepped inside. A minute later, he could feel his presence, and glanced to see his large frame leaning casually against the counter. His presence was a constant in their strange little household. He was a man of few words, but every word carried weight.

Hana could feel his eyes on him, the weight of his gaze like a physical touch. He shifted slightly, his pencil skirt brushing against his thighs as he moved. He had grown tolerant to this body, this life, but moments like this still felt... surreal.

“You’re doing better,” Kurogane said suddenly, his deep voice cutting through the silence.

Hana blinked, his hands stilling in the soapy water. “What do you mean?”

The big man shrugged, his broad shoulders moving with the motion. “You didn’t flinch when I walked in. Didn’t jump when I spoke. You’re adjusting.”

He let out a soft laugh, though it sounded more nervous than he intended. “I suppose I am. It’s been a challenge... to say the least.”

Kurogane’s eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze piercing. “You don’t have to pretend with me, Hana-chan. We already kissed. Do you regret it? Are you ashamed of us?”

The words were sharp, but his tone wasn’t cruel. If anything, it was almost... gentle. Hana turned to him, his lips parting as if to speak, but no words came out.

He stepped closer, his presence overwhelming in the small kitchen. He could smell the faint scent of his awful cologne mixed with the oily smell of the grease on his overalls. It was a scent that had become familiar, comforting even, though he’d never admit it.

Kurogane reached out, his large hand brushing against Hana’s arm. The touch was light, but it sent a shiver down his spine. He froze, his breath catching in his throat.

“You don’t have to be afraid of me,” he said, his voice low and rough. “I’m not gonna hurt you.”

Hana’s heart was pounding now, his chest rising and falling with each quickened breath. “I’m not afraid,” he managed to say, though the words felt heavy on his tongue.

Kurogane’s hand moved slowly, tracing a path down Hana’s arm. His touch was warm, grounding. He stepped closer still, his body just inches away. Hana could feel the heat radiating off him, the solid strength of his chest so close.

“Hana,” he said, her name a rumble in his chest.

He looked up at him, his almond-shaped eyes wide and searching. He was so close now, so impossibly close. She could see the stubble on his jaw, the way his lips parted slightly as he breathed.

“Kurogane...” he whispered, his voice trembling.

The man didn’t say anything. Instead, he leaned down, his lips brushing against Hana’s in a kiss that was soft, tentative. It was a kiss that spoke of caution, of restraint, but also of something that had been building between them for weeks.

Hana’s eyes fluttered shut, his body melting into his. He was surprised by how natural it felt, how easy it was. Kurogane’s hand moved to Hana’s waist, pulling

him closer as the kiss deepened. His lips were firm yet tender, his touch both possessive and protective.

Hana let out a soft moan, his small delicate hands moving to rest against the large man's barrel chest. He could feel the steady beat of his heart, the rise and fall of his breath as they kissed. It was intoxicating, overwhelming, and he couldn't pull away.

Kurogane's other hand cupped Hana's soft cheek, his thumb brushing against the skin as he broke the kiss. He looked down at Hana, his dark eyes filled with something she couldn't quite place.

"Is this okay?" he asked, his voice rough with emotion.

Hana nodded, his lips still tingling from the kiss. "Yes," he breathed. "Yes, it's... it's okay."

He smiled — a genuine smile that softened his rugged features. Hana liked to see him smile. "Good," he murmured. "Because I've needed this for a long time."

Hana's heart swelled at his words, and he found himself smiling too. "Me too," he admitted, his light feminine voice barely above a whisper.

Kurogane's hands moved to Hana's hips, lifting him effortlessly onto the counter. Hana gasped, his legs instinctively wrapping around Kurogane's waist as he stepped between them. He kissed Hana again, this time with more urgency, more need. Kurogane's tongue brushed against Hana's, and Hana moaned into his mouth, Kurogane's hands tangling in Hana's long, shiny hair.

His hands roamed Hana's body, exploring curves that were still new to her, still foreign. But under his touch, he felt more safe and serene than he ever had before. Kurogane's fat fingers found the tie of Hana's apron, undoing it and ripping it off swiftly over Hana's head.

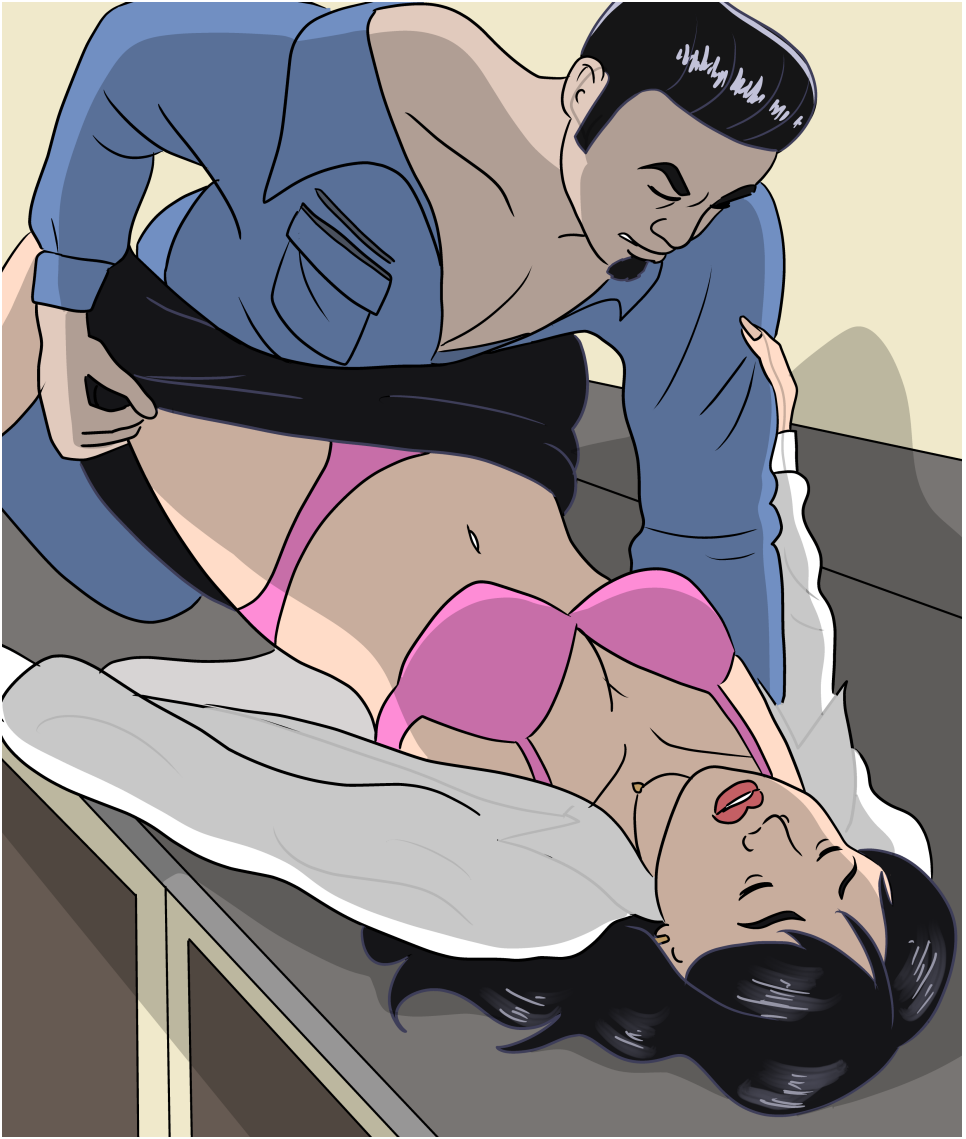
"Kurogane," Hana breathed, pulling back slightly to look at him. "Are you sure about this? I'm still..."

He silenced Hana with another kiss, his lips firm and insistent. "You're perfect," he said against her mouth. "The prettiest woman I've ever been with."

Hana's eyes welled with tears, but he didn't let them fall. Instead, he pulled Kurogane closer, his hands clutching at the man's back as he kissed Hana's neck, his lips trailing down to the hollow of Hana's slender throat.

"Kurogane," he moaned in a soft voice. "What are you...?"

"Stop talking," he murmured, his voice low and gravelly. Hana's hands moved to the hem of his skirt, fingers brushing against the soft fabric. Slowly, he pulled it down, revealing Hana's smooth, trembling thighs. Hana shivered as



Kurogane’s calloused palms slid up his legs, their roughness a stark contrast to his delicate skin.

Hana’s breath caught when Kurogane’s fingers reached the edge of Hana’s panties. He paused, his thumb tracing the lace waistband.

Hana bit his lip, his heart pounding in his small chest. Every fiber of his being screamed yes. He hadn’t been touched like this in so long, hadn’t felt desired — not like this. Not as Hana. “Yes,” he breathed, his voice barely audible. “Please, Kurogane.”

"I... I shouldn't have done this," Kurogane muttered, his voice low and gruff, but laced with something softer. Regret, maybe, or guilt. His eyes avoided Hana's, as if he couldn't bear to face the reality of what he was doing. "I know you're a man under all this. I shouldn't..."

Hana's heart seized up at his words, but his body was still throbbing with need, his mind clouded by the heat of their bodies so close. Hana reached out, his fingers trembling as they brushed against his chest. "Kurogane," he whispered, his voice shaking with a mix of desperation and longing. "Don't stop. Please. I need you. I need this."

He hesitated, his massive jaw tightening as he fought with himself. "Hana, I..."

"Treat me like a woman," she interrupted, her voice firmer now, her eyes locking onto his with a fierce intensity. "Please. I want you to. I want you to fuck me like I'm a woman. Fuck me... *hard*."

Kurogane's resolve crumbled under the weight of the plea. He stared at Hana for a moment, his dark eyes searching his partner's, before he let out a growl of frustration. "God damn it," he muttered, his hands tightening on her hips. "You're gonna send me to hell."

Before Hana could respond, Kurogane spun him around, pressing the feminine man's bare chest against the cool surface of the kitchen counter. Kurogane's hands moved quickly, hiking up Hana's skirt once more and pulling his panties off roughly. Hana gasped, his body trembling with anticipation as he felt him position himself behind.

With one swift motion, he thrust into Hana, his cock forcing its way into the tight, virgin ass. Hana cried out, his long shiny nails digging into the counter as a mixture of pain and pleasure shot through him. It was intense, almost overwhelming, but he didn't want him to stop. The more he felt it, the more he needed this.

"Fuck," Kurogane groaned, his hips slamming into him with a force that made the entire counter shake. "You're so tight, Hana. So god damn tight."

Hana moaned, his head dropping forward as he surrendered to the sensations coursing through him. It was unlike anything he'd ever felt before — raw, primal, and all-consuming. Each thrust sent waves of pleasure crashing through him, and he could feel himself getting lost in it, his mind blank except for the sheer intensity of what they were doing.

"Harder," he begged, his voice breaking as he pushed back against him, urging him to go deeper, faster. "Please, Kurogane, harder."

He obliged without hesitation, his hips pistoning into Hana with a ferocity that left him breathless. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the room,

mingling with their harsh breaths and moans. Hana's body was on fire, every nerve alight with pleasure as Kurogane fucked him with a brutal, unrelenting pace.

"You feel so fucking good," he growled, his hands gripping Hana's hips so tightly he was sure there would be bruises later. "I don't know what you've done to me, Hana, but I can't stop. I can't fucking stop."

Neither could Hana. Hana's entire world had narrowed down to this moment, to the feel of Kurogane inside her, to the way he moved against him, to the way he made him feel like he was alive for the first time in years. For the first time, he saw womanhood as something beautiful, something he wanted.

"Kurogane," she moaned, her voice trembling with emotion. "I... I'm close. I'm so close."

"Come for me, Hana," he grunted, his voice rough and commanding. "Let me feel you."

Hana didn't need any more encouragement. With a cry that was half sob, half moan, Hana came undone, his entire body shuddering with the force of a female orgasm. Kurogane wasn't far behind, his movements becoming erratic as he chased his own release. With a final, deep thrust, he buried himself inside Hana and groaned, his body stiffening as he spilled himself into her.

For a moment, they just stayed there, their bodies pressed together as they tried to catch their breath. Finally, Kurogane pulled out, and Hana turned around to face him, legs still wobbly from the intensity of what they'd just done.

"You're driving me crazy, Hana," he growled, his voice thick with emotion. "I don't know what to do."

Hana felt a thrill at his words, at the way he said her name, at the way he struggled with his own desires. For the first time in her life, she felt truly desired, truly wanted. She felt like a woman. She had never been able to define what that meant before, but she could now. She was Hana.

Without thinking, she dropped to her knees, her hands trembling as she reached for his boxers. Kurogane froze, his eyes widening in surprise, but he didn't stop her. He couldn't. The sight of her on her knees, her glistening lips parted, her eyes filled with hunger, was too much for him to resist.

"Hana..." he warned, his voice strained, but she ignored him. When she freed him from his boxers, his cock sprang out, thick and hard, and she couldn't help but moan at the sight.

She wrapped her hand around him, stroking him slowly, reveling in the way he twitched in her grip. Her other hand reached up to caress his thigh, her nails

lightly scratching against his skin. She could feel the tension in his body, the way he was holding himself back, and it only fueled her desire.

“Let me,” she whispered, her voice dripping with need. “Please, Kurogane. Let me make you feel good.”

He groaned, his hands tangling in her hair as she leaned forward, her lips brushing against the tip of his cock. She swirled her tongue around him, tasting the pre-cum that had already gathered there, and he hissed, his hips jerking involuntarily.

With a soft moan, she took him into her mouth, her lips wrapping around him as she slowly sank down, her tongue teasing the underside of his shaft. Kurogane let out a low growl, his fingers tightening in her hair as she began to move, her head bobbing up and down in a steady rhythm.

Her moans vibrated around him, her pleasure at his taste, his size, his dominance, only spurring her on. She could feel his legs trembling, hear the way his breathing became more labored, and it made her suck harder, faster, desperate to bring him to the edge.

“Fuck, Hana,” he groaned, his voice ragged. “Your lips...”

His words sent a jolt of excitement through her, and she redoubled her efforts, her hand joining her mouth as she stroked what she couldn’t take. She could feel him growing harder, feel the way his cock pulsed in her mouth, and she knew he was close.

“I’m gonna...” he warned, his voice strained, but she didn’t pull away. Instead, she took him deeper, her throat relaxing to accommodate him, and he let out a guttural moan as he came, his release spilling into her mouth. She swallowed every last drop, her lips still wrapped around him as he shuddered, his hands gripping her hair almost painfully.

For a moment, they stayed like that, caught in the aftermath of their passion. Then Kurogane pulled her to her feet, his hands gentle as he cupped her face, his eyes searching hers.

He pulled her into a tight embrace, his strong arms wrapping around her as if he could shield her from the world. She buried her face in his chest, inhaling his scent, feeling the steady beat of his heart. For the first time since the cradle, she felt safe, cherished, loved.



“You and Kurogane?” Misaki asked again, not believing her own words.

Hana's voice was filled with warmth at the mere mention of his name. "I want to build a life with him. We asked Mr. Takahashi for permission, but he has made it clear that the only way I could truly belong was to relinquish all ties to my past."

"You don't mean..." Sakura started to say.

"Yes. My golden parachute is gone."

"But it was so much money!" Sakura said with a gasp. "14 million USD!"

"It was never mine. It was the company's money. I would never hurt the company."

Sakura and Junko both nodded in agreement. To go against the company was unthinkable and selfish.

"Now I have something so much better." Hana looked down at Misaki's wide-open eyes, pooling up with tears.

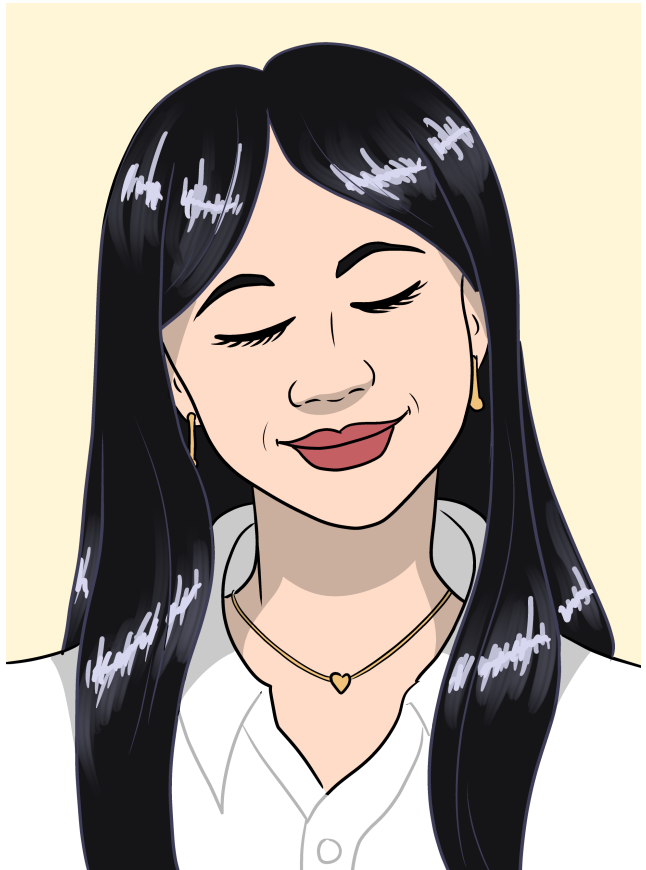
Sakura, after a long pause, sighed and leaned back, swirling the broth with her chopsticks. "I mean, I get it. You really are *here* now, aren't you?"

"I am here," Hana replied, with a smile. "I am Japanese. I don't know when it happened, precisely, but I am Hana, and I am not ashamed."

Junko still looked unsettled. "You... don't regret it?"

Hana shook her head, a serene smile gracing her lips. "This life... it can't be helped."

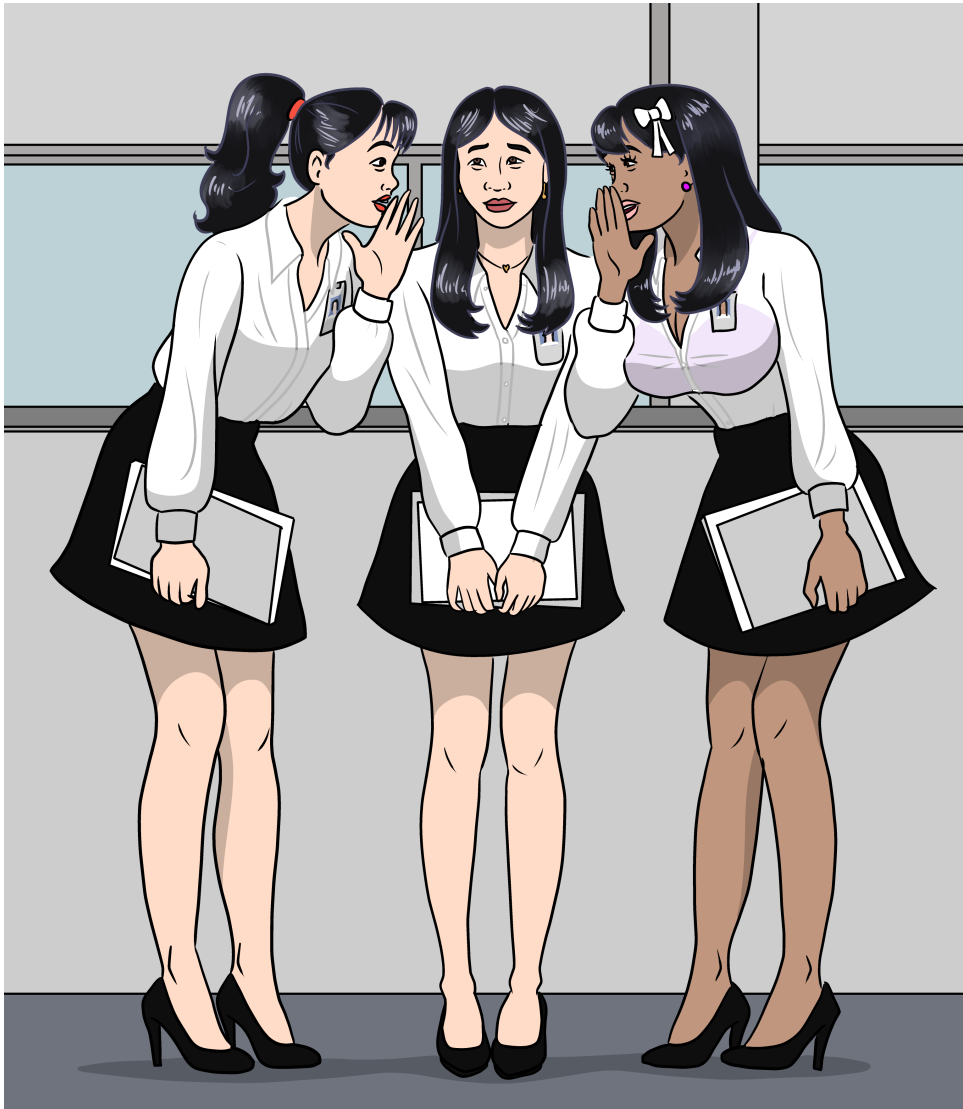
The others sat with that for a long moment. They were all the same. The changes were behind them now. Misaki was a high school girl, giggling over crushes and studying for exams.



Sakura was living for the nightlife, playing with the hearts of Tokyo's young elite. Junko was a sweet and demure office lady, falling hopelessly for her kind senpai. Finally, Hana. She was now a devoted office lady as well as a wife and mother, ready to usher others into the same feminine fate which she was resigned to for the rest of her days.

Would she ever be as happy and well-adjusted as her fellow former executives? Maybe the loving, massive arms of Kurogane would help. Maybe the smile of Misaki when she was happy would do the trick. Maybe turning cocky American men into demure, delicate office ladies would be the thing that could fuel the need for power and dominance that was still inside her, and bring a smile to her face. She could only hope so.

The End









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Making Friends

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

The Pet Sitter

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

A Curious Curse

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

Boys Will Be Girls

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

Double-Crossed

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

The Step-Witch

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

The Charm

Story by Joe Six-Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

College Can Change a Man

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

Help Wanted 1

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

Help Wanted 2

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

What Popular Girls Do

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. A teaching assistant in high school is about to find out what it's like to go back to class — but as a saucy teenage girl with a bully boyfriend he needs to satisfy. Comic / 47 pages

Teens Transformed

She Made Me Into My Sister

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

From Boys to Bridesmaids

“Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom” by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

Little Mis-ter Popular

“My Two Moms” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt’s “Confidence Club,” Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

Bride to Be

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

Gone Girly for Good

“Big in Japan” by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn’t know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

One Year in Tokyo

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

Mall Makeover Madness

“A Day at the Mall” by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it’s four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

Convicts to Co-Eds

Story by By Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can’t know is that they are about to be “reformed” all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

Creating Samantha

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

Crosley High Chronicles

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he’s going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

Student Exchange

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue’s convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

The Substitute Ski Bunny

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who’s fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It’s not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

My Brother, My Mother, My Doll

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren’t so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

The Princess Center

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 illustrations

Tales of Transformation

He’s the Wrong Girl

“Office Chemistry” by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

City Boy, Country Girl

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

Thames Greene

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

Hiding in High Heels

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

A Blessing in Disguise

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

I'm Your Dolly

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

Winning is Everything

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

His Life as a Trophy Wife

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

Male Monday, Girl Friday

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

The Happiest Place on Earth

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

Hello, Nurse

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

My Boss, The Bimbo

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

He's the Girl They Want

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

Demoted and Degraded

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

I, Candy

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

Boyz II Girlz

“The Making of the Ballroom Brats” by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

His Strangest Desire

“Employee of the Month” by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he’s going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

Hard Time or High Heels

“I’m Turning into My Mother” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he’s on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

Seriously Skirted

“The Show Piece” by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

From Mister to Sister

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend’s sister out of her depression. Instead, he’s being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

The Russian Girl

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey’s wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

Swindled into Skirts

“Beta Male” by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

Mergers & Acquisitions

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

Suddenly a Secretary

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

Stories of the Supernatural

A Change for the Better

“Do-Overs” by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

Changed and Rearranged

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

From Pals to Gals

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

A High-Heeled Halloween

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

Born on Black Friday

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

In the Family Way

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

Crossed Fiction

Sisters for the Summer

"Camp Counseling" By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he's no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

They're the Girls for the Job

"Peace and Harmony" By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Summer

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl's dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

Blondie's Lost Year

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl's trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

Blondie He's Not

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi "Blondie" Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

I Never Wanted to be a Woman

"Politically Corrected" By Cheryl Lynn.

Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael's politically active mother has decided she's going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

If the Shoes Fit

"Hand Me Downs" By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

Fashion Victims

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he's going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

The Boy's Guide to Girlhood

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal's twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

The Making of a Beach Bunny

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

Medical Miss-Practice

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he's losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

12 Days of Christmas

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

Seriously Sissified

A Family Femmed

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book /96 pages / 29 color illustrations

Forever Femmed

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

Auntie's Girl Time

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

Revenge of the Cheerleaders

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

He's Got His Mind Maid Up

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

Fated for Femininity

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

Un-Boxed & Undone

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of makeup and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 illustrations

Web Classics Revisited

Two Forms of ID

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

Barbie's Life

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

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Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)

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Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

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Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

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His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)

Sold in three parts:

He Was Bribed to be a Bride (Part 1)

His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

The Fairest One of All

Sold in one part

