

Yandere for You (Man to Obsessive Anime Girlfriend TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for Camden Levy

Hank and Ian are two best friends who love to watch a lot of anime together. But when the pair are somehow trapped within a harem anime, Ian as the main character and Hank as the attractive but psychotic yandere girlfriend, the new woman finds her mind slowly slipping into obsessiveness. Can she fight her new need to be the one to have Hank? Or will she give in to her new impulses, and go just a little crazy?

Yandere for You

I raced up from his basement to the front door the moment I heard the bell ring. I couldn't help myself: I opened the door with a wild grin on my face. Ian was on the other side of it, his best friend and fellow anime appreciator.

"Hank! Did you get it?" Ian said, his eyes keen.

I raised up the DVD case that had arrived that very morning, the one with various anime girls wearing tight outfits and a confused-looking young man in the centre. *Getaway Harem Trouble!*, it was called, in big English letters with the Japanese translation below.

"I got it, alright."

"Holy shit. So it's *real*?"

"Come on in, and let's see."

Ian entered, and I quickly ushered him downstairs to the basement area. This was my mancave, the place where my vast collection of anime figurines, posters, anime DVD's and manga editions all went. There was also a fridge with copious amounts of mountain dew, along with a whole stack of crisps and Doritos and other snack food for me to gorge upon. Yes, it was stereotypical, but it was my den, and Ian was just as excited to be here. We had been friends since high school, when we both joined the anime club. He was a nervous kid with a scrawny figure and wiry blonde hair, while I was a pudgy brown-haired weirdo with glasses who loved anime. We hit it off immediately over our love of Naruto and other shonen stuff, and while many expected us to grow up from it, we only grew in height. He became a beanpole of a man, while I sort of grew out . . . horizontally. I won't lie, I look like a bit of a troll, what with the facial hair and thick glasses and big gut. Still, Ian has never judged me, and even now that we were both in our mid-twenties, we still caught up to watch anime together and discuss the latest movies and shows. We had always enjoyed harem animes in particular, and who could blame us? Even in the present we were both kinda social losers, but harem anime as a genre was the ultimate escapism, providing us with a

world in which an ordinary, often fairly plain and indistinctive main protagonist could, for some inexplicable reason, have an entire gaggle of girls madly head over heels for him.

Over time, we watched a ton of these, but one had always eluded my grasp, a mysterious anime with a limited run of just twelve episodes that supposedly ran in the nineties. It was called *Getaway Harem Trouble!*, and some sources online even said it was haunted, or that it was never properly released due to a strange phenomena. Others said those that watched it disappear. Naturally, I didn't believe any of that nonsense, all I knew was that it was supposedly quite raunchy with some very attractive anime beauties, and that it was set at a hotel where the protagonist was 'getting away' from it all, only to find that numerous pretty ladies were staying at the same location. It seemed pretty typical to me, but the mystery surrounding it, as well as the general taboo of watching it, led me to focus all my efforts on tracking it down. I nearly gave up several times, but that would have been embarrassing to do when my best friend was egging me on, so I used up every contact I could and finally found a supposed bootleg copy from Japan. I had no idea of the veracity of it until it turned up on my doorstep that morning, but now I was starting to get just a little worried. You see, I hadn't actually put the DVD in the player yet. Ian was looking at the case again as I set up my TV and player, but it occurred to me that this might be a cheap knockoff or scam that was just another existing anime or something to fleece me out of over five hundred bucks. I decided to head it off.

"Word to the wise, Ian, I haven't actually tested it yet."

"Shit, so it might not be legit?"

"I . . . I think it is. But I don't want to disappoint."

Ian gave an easy smile. "Hey, if it isn't, I get to mock you for the rest of your life for dropping five hundred bucks, right?"

I winced. "Five hundred and thirty, actually."

"Ouch. Well, these hot anime harem girls better be worth it, right?"

That made me laugh. "You know they always are, my friend! Let's get it going. May I do the honours?"

He handed the case back to me. "Of course!"

I inspected the cover one last time, and read the English translation blurb on the back. The front depicted the fairly standard brunette main character, his stature average and a befuddled look on his face. He was standing by a hotel balcony railing, and all around him was a large group of female hotel guests positively fawning over him. The character archetypes were clear:

The adorable *moe* with her thick glasses and curly hair and general nervous attitude.

The *ouju-sama* girl with westernised look and a kinda French looking beret.

The *dan-dere* woman with small chest, serious expression, and adorable maid outfit.

The energetic *genki* girl with exaggerated breasts bursting out of her tennis clothes.

The psychotic *yandere* with her wild red hair and tiny pupils, with quite the busty figure, clutching onto his shoulder. She was in a bikini, and looked particularly sexy.

Join Akishi on his getaway holiday to Machika Hotel. Trying to find a new purpose in life, he is shocked to find himself the only male customer at the hotel, with a group of women who are suddenly taken with him! Who will he choose? Or will he be chosen?

“God, I really hope this works. That Yandere girl is sexy as fuuuuuck.”

“I go more for the *tsundere* types,” Ian joked. “I love how they always go ‘baka,’ it’s such a great staple.”

“Well, let’s see who Akishi ends up as right now! Please let this work please let this work please let this work!”

I inserted the disc and clicked on the smart TV for the DVD to play. For a moment, it simply skipped, and then the screen actually crackled as if it were undergoing some kinda glitch or flaw in the pixels. It jolted, and for a moment I thought it was seriously shorting out.

“What the hell?”

For a moment, panic set in. Ian looked at me with similar confusion. But then, out of nowhere, the TV righted itself and the display changed to the DVD menu. There, in bright pink letters with the Japanese underlay, was *Getaway Harem Trouble!*, along with an image of Akishi on a bed with an entire cast of women surrounding him, each shooting their competitors nasty looks as they tried to drag him in their direction.

“It worked!” Ian declared. “Hell yes!”

“Are we ready to play this bad boy?” I asked.

“Fuck yeah. Five hundred dollars, dude, but you did it! You did it!”

I grinned, perhaps a little smugly. “And to think you doubted me.” With that, I pressed the ‘Play’ button on the remote, confident that I had finally achieved the impossible and gained the anime I had been dreaming of for years.

Instead, the TV shut down immediately.

“Um, what?” Ian said.

My heart leapt into my throat. “I - I don’t understand. Did it kill the screen? How can that be possible?”

I got up to look at the monitor, as did Ian. I tried clicking buttons on the DVD player, but it was like the whole thing had just shorted out entirely. It couldn’t be a power surge, because my computer was still on, as were the lights.

“Shit!” I exclaimed. “Motherfucker. Shit, shit, shit, SHIT!”

“Dude, we can figure this out.”

“No, we can’t! God, I wasted a thousand dollars on this, and now it’s ruined my television. This sucks, man! We were meant to experience the most elusive harem ever, and now we never will!”

I was almost at the point of grabbing one of my *Cowboy Bebop* figurines and hurling it across the room when the TV flickered back on again. This time, it was like a swirling vortex of pink, with a strange mist emanating. And this was *really* emanating; it was coming out of the screen.

“Um, is that possible?” Ian asked.

But I was too busy staring straight into the vortex. I could see letters hovering, and they were becoming more clear:

Welcome to Getaway Harem Trouble! Come and play your part! Join the harem, get in trouble, and more of all . . . getaway!

The words seemed to whisper in my ears, as if spoken by an excited Japanese VA, and I could tell Ian was hearing something too. Slowly, I approached the television, moving past the emanating pink mist and reached a hand towards the television . . .

. . . and *through* it. My hand entered the swirling pink vortex, scattering the letters I had seen.

“Holy fuck,” I said. “Ian, come check this out.”

“I don’t know, dude, that seems like a bad idea.”

“Don’t be a coward. Come feel. There’s some kind of weird pink portal in the television. I can’t believe it; the rumours of this thing being magical or whatever are true.”

“But if that’s so, won’t we disappear? I don’t want to get near it.”

“Dude, I’m standing right here!”

Ian went along with my peer pressure. He approached the TV, grimaced, and then shot his hand briefly in and then pulled it right back out as quickly as possible.

“Happy?” he said. “Now let’s call the police and get out of here before something really we-”

A tentacle of pink mist shot through and grabbed him around the wrist. My jaw dropped, and before I could do anything the tentacle pulled, and he was dragged screaming into the portal.

“Shit! Ian! Ian, are you okay! IAN!”

I grasped further into the television, trying not to fall in myself, but then a tentacle of mist grabbed me as well, pulling me into the screen until I was entirely within its depths. I screamed as I tumbled forward through the void, smashing through the letters that welcomed me to the *Getaway Harem Trouble*. And trouble I was in, because as the clouds cleared I could see that I was screaming down onto a planet from orbit. The sky was beautiful, the land tropical and warm, with a lovely beach and swimming pool and a great

hotel that *had* to be the one from the anime further up on the hill away from the nearby village. And I was falling down to it at terminal velocity.

“Oh God, oh God oh God oh God I’m gonna die! I’M GONNA DIIIIIIIEEEEE!!!”

The building raced towards me, the ground rushing to greet me. My heart was in my throat and my lungs exploded out of my chest. I could only scream and flail as I descended at rapid speed, the roof tiles visible in intricate detail, drawn beautifully by hand like a classic old-fashioned anime.

They were the last thing I saw before everything went black and, presumably, I died.

I didn’t die, it turned out, because I woke up with a high-pitched scream. I was on a bed I didn’t recognise, in a world that definitely wasn’t mine. It wasn’t just because it looked like a super big ritzy hotel room complete with a view of the ocean, but also because everything looked 2D. Well, that wasn’t quite right. The world was three dimensional, but it didn’t have the kind of detail of the real world. These were the beautifully painted and drawn landscapes of a high quality animated world, with plants, flowers, cabinets, ceiling paintings of a sun and harmonious sky, and all that. It was beautiful, if unreal. Only *I* was really in it, and my body felt . . . weird. Like it was thinner, lighter, and yet weirdly bulbous in unexpected places that jiggles. Even my scalp felt taugth, and something was against my back that felt like a pile of hair.

“Ugh, what the hell happened? Did I really fall through the television?”

I stopped myself, hearing my own voice. It wasn’t my voice. In fact, it wasn’t even a man’s voice. I sounded like a woman. No, not even *like*. My voice *was* a woman’s, with an attractive sweetness to it that spoke of a gorgeous soprano. And what’s more, the weights on my chest were wobbling and not detaching, almost as if they were *part of me*.

I looked down.

I looked up.

I looked down again.

Then I looked up, swallowed, breathed, focused, prepared myself, and looked down again, this time holding my gaze.

I was wearing a skimpy set of silken pale pink pyjamas, the bottoms short enough to show off my thighs, the top leaving my midriff bare. That would have been strange enough, but it barely warranted attention compared to what my pyjama top now contained: a pair of large, plump, ripe, round, globular, heavy, bouncy, jiggly, wobbly, pert and wonderful *tits*.

I had boobs.

Breasts.

Mammaries.

And they weren't small! Far from it, I was well over a Double-D cup in size, and trust me, I knew my cup sizes after a great deal of online, uh, *enjoyment*. These were large, and when I cupped them I could tell they were now my flesh. I was so distracted I didn't even notice that my very image was strange, and not because I had a big pair of boobs. No, I didn't look quite . . . real.

"I'm a cartoon character?" I said in disbelief. I shook my head - surely that thought was insane? - but then a voluminous length of pink hair slipped over my shoulders and hung heavily from my scalp in plain view.

I jumped off of the bed, my boobs bouncing as I did so. I had to figure out what was going on, and what had happened to me. In the corner of the hotel room was a dresser, and I madly dashed to it, uncaring how much wobbling was happening. I bent forwards, clutching the mirror, and what I saw rocked me to my core.

I didn't just have tits and long pink hair.

I was a woman.

An *anime* woman, drawing style and all. Not a cosplayer or a real world woman styled like an anime girl, no, I actually had the physical reality of one! My hair was long and pink, but had sharp points at the top that betrayed a kind of mania, and certainly didn't quite conform to physics. My eyes were larger than they should have been, and were hand-drawn in style like the rest of me. My irises, surprisingly, were also pink. And yet despite the simplicity of my face, it was quite beautifully drawn, with a button nose and thin yet pretty lips, and noticeable attention drawn to those big, loving eyes.

I lowered said eyes to take the rest of me in. I was definitely no longer fat, and what fat there was had been shifted to some rather . . . *feminine* places. I wasn't tall, in fact I felt quite short, but my body was pretty dynamite, with a nice hourglass shape and lovely legs. My hair went down almost to my waist, flicking about with every movement, and my chest was . . . well, I had a pair of boobs, and I could barely stop cupping them.

"What the fuck is going on!?" I demanded, looking at my whole reflection in the mirror. "I have to find out. I have to. I HAVE TO FIND OUT!!!"

I began to cackle, a maniacal laughter that erupted from my mouth. My irises shifted red, and my hands shook, gripping to the dresser and making me wish I had a goddamn knifing implement with me *just in case*.

"Haha . . . hahaha . . . heeheehehahahehahaahHAHAHAHAAAA!!!"

I shut my mouth instantly, right as my laughter reached a crescendo. The blood drained instantly from my face, my pupils turning warm and pink again.

"Um, what the hell was that?"

I truly had no idea, though an inkling of something entered my mind. It all snapped into place when I heard several other women talking in the hallway outside:

"Did you hear that there's a new guest here?"

"Yes, I've heard he's a man! So, so, so, so exciting! The only man here!"

"I think I'll get to see him first, see if he can match my style."

"Or if he likes volleyball!"

"His name is Akishi."

"Ohhh, that's a lovely name."

Akishi. I recognised that name instantly, from the back of the *Getaway Harem Trouble!* boxset. And this was a hotel, a hotel near a *beach*. And this Akishi was the only man here, and I was a woman, a woman I now realised looked identical to one of the girls on the DVD menu before everything went crazy, one who was clutching the protagonist with an almost insane look of obsession on her face.

"Oh my God, I'm *in* the anime. I've become one of the anime girls. Who am I?"

Misaki.

It was my name. I don't know how I knew it, but it was. In fact, in that very instant it was hard for me to even think of myself as Hank, let alone as a man. My new name was Misaki.

"Fuck this, I have to get out of here! I have to find Ian!"

I quickly got changed - well, as quickly as a man changed into a literal anime harem girl could - and was surprised to find that I knew how to put on a bra and women's clothing. I tried the most masculine clothing I could find, which was just a white blouse and pink skirt, and then dashed out of the room. The Getaway Hotel was five stories tall, containing beautiful interiors and apparently many recreational zones, but I didn't care about any of that. I had to find Ian.

"Ian!" I called. "Where are you, Ian?"

My words immediately got the attention of two women; the ones who had passed my door. I instantly recognised them: the *ojou-sama* westernised beauty with golden hair and a delightful brown coat, and a very, very busty girl in a crop top and tennis shorts whose every movement set her boobs jiggling. Instantly I was hit with jealousy over the size of her chest. What was wrong with me?

"Hello, you must be Misaki!" the *genki* girl said. "We saw your name at reception! I'm Haruhi, and this is Noriko! How long are you staying here?"

"I'm - I'm leaving right now, actually," I said. I still wasn't used to my voice. Why the fuck was I wearing such quick throw on clothes when Noriko was looking so fabulous? I could have at least done my hair.

“A shame,” she said, sighing into her hand. “We were going to see the one male patron of this establishment. But I suppose this just means there’s less competition.”

Something about that just set a fire under me that I couldn’t explain. I barged forwards, uncaring how much my chest jiggles or my hips moved in much more of a sway, and then literally *pushed* both of them aside as I descended the steps. “Out of my way, then! I want to see this beautiful boy first! I mean, it could be someone I know!”

I bit my lip, annoyed at the words that had escaped my mouth, but made my way to the lobby anyway. There, already surrounded by several beautiful women, was Akishi. He was a plain, ordinary guy just like the DVD cover and menu, and yet something about him made my heart beat extra fast. I made my way to the crowd, which consisted of a tough athlete with a big chest (spurring jealousy again), a short emotionless girl who was nevertheless beside him, and a librarian-looking cutie with thick glasses and a nervous demeanour.

“Girls! Girls, please! I’m not - I’m not really supposed to be here. I don’t know what’s happening, or why all of you are here. It’s like . . . *you’re all so dreamy and wonderful, I can’t wait to stay longer.* Wait, that’s not what I meant to say.”

They all giggled, and the athlete girl touched his arm. For some reason, I knew her name to be Reika, and also that I wanted to *kill her kill her kill her for touching the man I was looking at.*

My vision went briefly red, until Akishi turned his gaze upon me and all was pink and roses again.

“I’m sorry, I can’t find my words right at the moment. I have no idea what’s going on. I don’t even want to be on holiday. I came from, uh, elsewhere. I seriously need to leave, but I think my friend might be here. Have you seen another man here?”

The other shoe dropped. Everyone else here seemed to be following the rules of a harem anime, and while Akishi had the nervousness and lack of social skills of such a protagonist down, he was clearly not just playing a part.

“Ian?” I managed, even though every part of me wanted to call this man ‘Akishi.’

“Yes, how did you - holy shit, Hank?”

I blushed, pushing my hair behind my ear. The name didn’t seem to suit me. “Actually, I’m Misaki now.”

“But - but how? What’s happened to us?”

“We’re in the anime, somehow! The legends of a curse really were right! And now I’m stuck as one of the girls. Look, I’ve got boobs and everything, feel!”

I grabbed his hands and pressed them against my chest, and instantly a wonderful sensation bloomed within me. God, it felt good, and I wanted him to massage them and play with them *forever*. I wanted this moment, I wanted *Akishi*, to be mine *FOREVER*.

“Um, should I let go, or . . . ?”

I blushed again, and let his hands drop. The tingling in my larger nipples was still there, and despite my bra, there were clear indentations from where they poked against the fabric. I didn't even want to think about the strange moistness between my legs where there should have been hardness.

“S-sorry. It's just very weird.”

“All of this is weird! We're in a frickin' anime, dude! And I'm the protagonist? Does that mean it's up to me to get us out of here?”

I never got to answer, because Haruhi and Noriko descended the steps, eager to meet Ian. The genki girl even stumbled forward, tripping as she ran, and the result was that she collided right into Ian/Akishi, knocking him to the ground and causing her big boobs to spill right into his face. He opened his eyes, realised his hands were on her tits, and the two of them remained in that position for a couple of awkward sessions before Haruhi rose and giggled. “Sorry about that! I guess I was too eager!”

Noriko grabbed her by the shoulders. “Haruhi, you must be more delicate. I'm sorry about my friend, she lacks a certain style. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Noriko, fashion designer and . . . supermodel. As no doubt you can already tell.”

She extended a hand to kiss, and Akishi did so, right in front of me, clearly caught up in the moment. She pulled it back, satisfied. “So, Akishi, what brings you here?”

My friend started to improvise some spiel about wanting to get away from a boring office job and relax for a while, perhaps find himself. His words dripped like honey in my ears. His voice wasn't all too changed from his former self, but for some reason I wanted to lap them all up, every word.

But then my gaze shifted to Haruhi, who had *dared* place her big cowtits right in his face, as if she somehow had a right to my friend.

And then to Noriko, who had the sheer *gall* to try to seduce him with her fashion and loveliness.

They were both harpies, trying to stop us from escaping. Trying to stop me from being with my friend. I saw red as I stared at them.

I wanted them *gone*.

It absolutely sucked. Not only was I trapped as a beautiful pink-haired woman, but I was unable to constantly be around my friend. Akishi was constantly meeting up with the other women at the hotel, including Sakura the *moe* girl who was showing him the hotel library and Kazuki who was daring him to face off against her on the basketball court or swimming down

at the beach. How could I compete with all these women clutching at him? Akishi was being ping-ponged left and right, and whenever I got the chance to talk to him for a moment we were always interrupted by someone else, making it impossible to talk about escape.

Two whole days had passed of me barely seeing him, and I just had to pass the time by slipping into my role. It was like a quiet vortex, an undercurrent of compulsions I could technically push back against, but would need to exert constant effort to do so. Without thinking I ended up walking around the hotel gardens and down to the beach, staring at nature's beauty and finding my heart carried away with it.

"Why can't he be here, with me?" I asked the wind. "Am I not his friend anymore? Am I not pretty enough? It's that girl with the huge boobs, *isn't it?*"

Anger swelled in me, and my vision turned red yet again. I had to do something about her. She was preventing me from escaping back to normality with my best friend. Plus, I bet she was shoving her tits in his face again.

I marched back to the hotel, a plan forming in my mind. I needed to be careful; Haruhi's hotel room was right next door to mine, but that would also be a boon. I made sure to wait just behind a column until she left her room, and sure enough she was speaking out loud about how excited she was to see Akishi again.

"I just know I can get him to play beach volleyball with me! He'll love seeing my big girls in a bikini too! I practically fall out of it!"

I growled under my breath. I was busty, but not her level of busty. I needed to act quickly, though. I moved before her door could close and then barged into her room. No cameras were on me, so this was my chance.

I smashed everything. The red anger and jealousy rose up in me, and I could feel my own movements become jarring and psychotic. It was a bloodlust, and I almost wished Haruhi was present so that I could visit a punishment on her, too. But instead I destroyed the television, ripped up the mattress, and caused a great deal of general damage. Then, the red mist left me, and I was all pink and pretty again. I waltzed down to reception, an innocent look of serenity on my face.

"Hello, I'd like to make a complaint about the guest in the room next to me. I think they're on drugs or something; it sounded like she was destroying the room next to me. She's in four-oh-two."

"Of course I want to leave, Misaki! You know I do!"

We were out in the local village together, buying tropical fruits and eating them together. It was surprisingly wonderful. Sure, I was still a woman, but I felt so very pretty in

my cute pink summer dress, my v-neck ensuring my cleavage was on display for Akishi to see. I mean, what are friends for, right? I kept looking at his hand, and part of me wanted to hold it . . . just for the connection, of course.

“Then why don’t we? Together!”

“It’s hard. It’s like I have this compulsion to play a role. I want to spend time with all these girls. I mean, I still feel bad that Harumi had to leave.”

I hugged him, unable to prevent myself from feeling his body any longer. I didn’t hug much as Hank, but as Misaki I wanted - *needed* - him close. It also meant I could put on my best slasher smile at his words.

“Oh, I’m sure she’s fine. Hopefully she gets the help she needs after being kicked out and hit with such a large fine. At least we get to talk now.”

“How are you coping with being a lady?”

I smiled a little more innocently. “Surprisingly, I’m getting used to it! I take good care of my hair, don’t you think?” I said, twirling it in one finger. “And I look very pretty. At least, I hope I do . . .”

Akishi blushed. God, he was adorable. I wanted him to be mine, mine, *mine, mine, ALL MINE MINE MINE.*

“You look very beautiful, actually. It’s kinda weird to think of you like this.”

I took his hand, holding it easily as we walked down the street, through the crowd and towards more stalls.

“Are you holding my hand?”

“Just to help you through the crowd. I’m a harem girl, I’ve got my own role to play. I still don’t know how to escape from this. That’s why I need you . . . r help.”

Akishi nodded. “I’ll explore more around the hotel. Maybe we need to get to the end of the anime or something. Is there a narrative - oh look, there’s Noriko! Wait here, Misaki, it looks like she’s being robbed of her finest mink coat!”

He took off on a run, and my jaw dropped. How could he do that? How could he do that *to ME!?* It was that *bitch* Noriko, with her fine western fashion and golden locks. She was always taking him away from me.

I needed to deal with her too, or else I’d never get my friend back.

And I needed Akishi more than ever. My body *ached* for him.

When I returned alone to the hotel I finally gave into my instincts, closed the curtains, laid on the bed, and masturbated. I felt my new tits, slid my fingers into my warm and wet pussy, and experienced what every man has imagined at least once in his life; multiple frickin’ orgasms. I cried out like a wild banshee, imagining Akishi on top of me, making me a woman for good. It was the hottest thing I had ever imagined, and he was mine, all goddamn mine.

Afterwards, I could barely believe what I had thought. It was just a stupid thought. Even if I was now straight for guys, it was clearly only Akishi I was imagining because of the anime narrative, and/or because he was the only guy here. Yeah, that made sense.

And it didn't stop me from knowing I had to deal with Noriko, either.

Blackmail is such a terrible thing. I had planned to simply rip up all of Noriko's fine coats and shirts and pants - all of it! I'd even stolen a sharpened steak knife for that very purpose. But sometimes a more *delicate* touch is required, and such was the case when I made a naughty little discovery. I laughed when I realised, a mad cackle making my vision go red once again, though not from anger, this time, but from viscous and merciless *opportunity*.

Fakes.

All of them were fakes. Cheap ones, too. It was right there on the tags that she had yet to sever, and her little trash can still had a number of said tags. No real fur in sight, and all of it cheap substitutes. It seemed that this so-called debutante socialite was in fact a complete fraud.

So naturally, I waited there in her room, waiting for her to arrive. When Noriko opened up the door, I was humming a gentle tune, letting it fall off-key in an unsettling manner, a gentle smile on my face.

"W-what are you doing here?" echoed her voice as she opened the door and saw me. "This is my room, Misaki!"

I turned, grinning maniacally, and let loose a high-pitched giggle. "Is it, Noriko? Or is that a forgery too, hmm?"

I held up her fur-lined hat, then dramatically cut into it with the pair of scissors in my other hand, gouging out the tag violently. I held it out towards her, letting it fall to the floor dramatically.

"That was just a-"

"They're all fakes," I said, stepping forward. "Every. Last. One. you're a fraud. A huckster. A grifter." I reached out and sliced a coat on her rack, still keeping my walk deranged yet oddly sensual. My long pink hair swayed with my movements, and something about that felt *right*; to be a *crazy girl*.

"*What do you think he'll think about this?*"

Noriko swallowed. "What do you want?"

I giggled. It just emerged out of me, and I had to bite down on my tongue to stop myself going too far. "I just want you gone, Noriko. I just want you gone. One way . . ."

I gestured to the door, and the stairs beyond that led to hotel reception.

“Or the other,” I finished, slashing at another shirt hanging from a rack. “Understand?”

I was starting to think there was something wrong with me. My behaviour was not quite . . . consistent, nor was it like the old me at all. I was never one to confront people, or secretly ruin them behind their back, or to act obsessively in any way but collecting anime figurines and stacks of manga. Now, I was using every excuse to be close to my friend Akishi, revelling in his scent, in his simple body language, in just being *with him*. I even dressed up, despite my misgivings about being a woman, and that meant wearing more cute dresses, or, as I was doing now, a rather cute one-piece on the beach.

“I still can’t believe you’re wearing that,” Akishi remarked.

I shrugged, smiling sweetly as if I were just a delicate flower. “It feels so strange, but thanks to these compulsions, it also feels so right! Isn’t that funny?”

“I guess. I mean, I can’t stop hanging out with all of these beautiful women. Reika was daring me to do the tropical jungle run the other day. I thought maybe there might be an exit at the edge of this place if it was a simulation, but we just ended up under a tree eating fruit together. She is seriously tough. Like, how hot is she?”

I had to bite down on my tongue, hard enough to draw *blood*.

“I’m sure she’s . . . very nice.”

“You don’t think she’s attractive? When I’m with her I get so nervous, I have to act all ‘anime protagonist’, but seriously, her body is fine! She’s buff, tough, and busty.”

“I’m busty too!” I said, squeezing my breasts together with my upper arms. “See? I’ve got E-cups! Look at them! Look!”

He did, and his gaze stuck. My best friend gulped a little, clearly attracted to me. It should have revolted me, but knowing he had the hots for me only made me shiver with further arousal. It was made all the better because he was just in his board shorts, and his shoulders were so, so delectable.

“You definitely have, uh, a pair. Is that hard for you? You know, being around other women you’re attracted to but not having even a chance?”

I frowned. He thought I was still attracted to women. Wait, wasn’t I? It hit me then that from the moment I had changed, I hadn’t been attracted to any of them, not even once! Instead, I was always trying to be near Akishi, just like all the others, staring at his face and body and wanting *more, more, more, FUCKING MORE BECAUSE HE’S MINE ALL MINE!*

The red fell away, and I realised I hadn’t answered the question.

“Um, are you alright? You looked kinda angry there?”

I instantly reverted back to being all smiles and sweetness. "I was just having a bad thought. No, it's not a problem at all, Akishi."

"We'll escape out of here, don't worry. We just have to keep thinking while I'm outside of my schedule. Speaking of, I'm sorry to go, but Reika has challenged me to beach volleyball. Oh, it looks like Kazuki is there in a cute sundress. Maybe you want to join?"

I did want to join. In fact, I wanted to *murder* the competition.

It was meant to be just a game for fun, of course. This was, naturally, a very sexy anime episode, what with all our swimsuits. Kazuki was the most conservative, followed by me, though my boobs threatened to spill out anyway and my frankly fantastic legs were on display. Reika was in a bikini that seemed to barely contain her impressive chest, not to mention her toned muscles. She really was large and in charge, and I have no doubt that she'd be my favourite if I were still a guy just watching a series. Instead, she was my rival for Akishi right now, throwing him determined grins and doing her best to show off her skills and her body as we played.

Yes, Reika was competitive as hell, and I had no chance of beating her. But I had the good fortune of ending up on Kazuki's team. Not that she was worth anything as a partner; she was too short to get the ball half the time, and her reactions were pitiful given her general *moe*-ness; all that cutesy academic sexy librarian stuff. But she did afford an opportunity to wipe another piece from the board. I just had to goad Reika in all the right ways, while also getting Akishi on the hook to recognise that *I* was the one for him.

The one friend, I mean. Of course that's what I meant.

"Well, well, looks like Misaki is doing her best to keep the team going!" Reika teased, flexing her muscles as she readied for another strike. "But you and I are the ultimate team, aren't we, Akishi?"

Akishi looked up at that statuesque amazonian in awe, and I swear a vein burst in my neck somewhere. I could see my friend's attraction, plain as day, not to mention the smugness of my competitor. She looked at me and winked, knowing exactly what she was doing.

"Ready to take a loss in the sand, Misaki?" she asked.

Behind me, Kazuki was looking a bit worried. I could almost feel her trembling. "J-just go easy on me, p-please Reika! I'm n-not good at all this athletic stuff, and Akishi agreed to come r-read with me later!"

I had to grit my teeth. Ian or Akishi, my friend was still a total nerd. He'd fall for that romantic little jaunt alright, if Reika didn't have her way with him first. I needed to improvise.

“Bring it on, Reika!” I cried, and she smashed the ball over to our side. My attempts to get it were good, but not enough, and Kazuki squeaked as it flew past.

“And I wasn’t even trying,” the other woman bragged.

“Really? Because that’s as good as you can punt them, I’d say!”

“What was that?”

I grinned, that mania slipping into me again. I knew I should fight it off. I was becoming something a little crazed again, falling into a stereotype that I dare not name. But still . . . she needed to go down. Her damn arm was around *MY AKISHI*.

“I SAID that I doubt you can do any better!” I shouted, retrieving the ball. “You’ll never make it to the Olympics with such a weak shot! And even if you did do a stronger one, I’d still catch it straight on; you’ve got no staying power!”

Kazuki tugged on my bathing suit. “Wh-what are you doing?”

“Just upping the ante.”

I felt a little bad about what I was planning to happen, but not so bad that I didn’t anticipate it. It was Reika’s serve again, and she jumped up and smashed the ball with the fury of a thousand supernovas. It launched like lightning towards me . . .

. . . but I had positioned myself right in front of Kazuki. I made a failed leap to hit the ball, just missing it as I intended, and then-

WHAM!

Akishi gasped. Reika’s face fell. I had to suppress the biggest grin of my life and instead run to Kazuki, who was crying in tears as blood poured down her nose and her lip began to swell.

“Oh, you poor, poor thing! Reika, how could you!”

She was many things, Reika, but not a good improviser. She looked from me to Kazuki and back again. “But - I didn’t - it was meant to-”

Akishi ran past her, all attraction forgotten, and right to my side.

“Here, let me help,” he said.

That was my Akishi alright. He’d always been helpful, even back in high school. But now he was perfect.

“Help me with her wounds,” I said. “We can get her back to the hotel. But I’m afraid her happy holiday may be *over*.”

Yandere. That’s what I was. A combined word derived from the Japanese terms for ‘sickness’ and ‘lovestruck.’ The yandere did not appear in all harem anime. I daresay they didn’t appear in most. They were a . . . darker archetype. The dangerous one. Sometimes

they even literally *murdered* the opposition. They often acted sweetly, innocently, or simply like an average girl, until another woman showed up to potentially wrest the protagonist away from her, and then the total psycho jealous girl came out to play. I've got to be honest, it's always been a harem girl archetype I've found kinda hot; she's literally the girl that will *maim and destroy and kill* to be with her man, but she will never harm him. Ever. She loves him unconditionally and wants what's best for him. Plus, she's probably an absolute killer in the sack. Figuratively speaking, this time.

Except now I was becoming a yandere. Fuck, I pretty much was one. I got that awful twitch in my being when I even *thought* about Akishi being with another woman, and it was almost like each 'episode' of our lives in this place was me taking out one competition after the other. It occurred to me that the 'trouble' in *Getaway Harem Trouble!* might actually be me.

"Have to fight it," I said to myself as I looked out over the view from the hotel's balcony. "If I can just figure out a way out of here. Some kind of physical boundary, or perhaps just make it to the last 'episode' or something, then everything will be okay. I can't live the rest of my life as a woman, can I? I mean, the boobs are nice, and I enjoy feeling myself up at night. The orgasms are crazy."

I smiled just at the thought of them. How good would those orgasms be if it were Akishi delivering them? If it were just him and I together, alone in this hotel, and we couldn't find a way to escape, then we'd *have* to embrace our new lives, wouldn't we? I'd be his yandere girlfriend, so sweet and protective of him, but violently vengeful against any girl who so much as *LOOKED AT MY BOYFRIEND BECAUSE HE'S MINE ALL MINE!!!*

I stumbled back into my room, dreadfully aware of the thoughts that had passed through my head. What was I becoming, and how could I possibly fight it? Every time I let my guard down, this new anime girl body of mine wanted to compete to be the harem winner.

"And I am winning," I said to myself, ". . . nearly. Just one last competitor to go."

But why were these girls competition? It wasn't like I'd ever looked at Ian with lust before we changed, and Akishi was no great physical specimen. No, that's not true. Akishi was *perfect*. He was adorable, and wonderful, and cute and attractive and hot and soulful and caring and kind and *perfect perfect perfect for meeeeeee!!!*

I had to gasp for air just to calm myself, strolling to the mirror on the dresser just to get ahold of myself.

"You can control this, Misaki. You are in control, not the yandere. You don't really want Akishi, do you?"

But when I looked up into my reflection, *she* was there. Her eyes were red, her pupils tiny and darting occasionally like erratic little flies. There was a slasher's smile upon her lips, and all the edges of her just seemed . . . sharper, somehow.

"Hello Misaki," she said in an overly-sweet, somewhat warbling voice. The kind of voice that was like a violin string set so tight it was about to snap. *"Why are you saying these things?"*

"I - I'm saying them because they're true!" I retorted. "I don't really want Akishi! This is just the narrative of the harem anime, and I'm stuck in the yandere role. This isn't really me!"

"It is us, you know it is."

"How could you possibly know that?"

She giggled in a manner most insane. *"Oh, because I am you, silly. Specifically the part of you that isn't lying to herself. We both want Akishi. We want his body, we want his love. We deserve his love! And we'll destroy anyone in our way to get it!"*

"I'm not even meant to be a woman!"

"But you are one now, sweetie! And we both know you enjoy feeling yourself up as a woman, and all the womanly feelings he stirs in you. But all of that will come to nothing if you don't act quickly. You have to act quickly!"

I raised an eyebrow, and my crazed reflection did the same. "What are you talking about?"

Another unhinged giggle followed. *"Ohhhh, silly, silly Misaki! All this time wasted, when you could be winning him over. Instead she's stealing him from you. The last remaining rival, and the most successful one! Go to the balcony and see. Go on, see! Go and see what's happening, and then maybe you'll finally come around to what needs to be done!"*

Slowly, and with great trepidation and fear in my heart, I moved back to the balcony. For a moment I saw nothing, and then I heard them. I heard *her*. They were returning from another one of their leisurely walks, and Reika was dressed in a way that showed off her cleavage, sweaty from the exercise. She pressed herself against a nervous Akishi, and before he could say a word she planted her lips upon his. I swear I could hear the moans from here. Then she parted, said some words to him, and the pair of them laughed.

Laughed!

I tightened my grip and felt something sharp bite into the skin of my palm. Slowly, my gaze fell down to my hand, where the silvery glint of a sharpened blade rested in it. A slow river of blood from where I gripped the edge of the blade was trickling down my hand, slipping off from my fingers, and falling to the balcony floor in delicate splashes of scarlet. I didn't even remember picking up the blade, it was as if it had all happened in a dream.

Turning, I caught the hint of my reflection in the glass of the open balcony door. It was a manic grin, a crazed smile, an insane, twitching, jealous, rage-filled delight. Something *snapped* within me, the violin string coming apart, the whole damn instrument playing off key. I hummed an odd, atonal tune.

"I'm going to deal with her . . . I'm going to deal with her . . . and then he'll be all mine, all miiiiine . . ."

I stepped back into my hotel room, the blade still in my bloody grip.

It was time to embrace my role.

It was time to bring this anime to its final episode.

Reika enjoyed swimming. I knew that about her because she was always going early in the morning and late at night. The athletic woman was a towering rival, and was already spending more and more time with Akishi, who consequently had less and less time for me.

"Sorry!" he apologised more than once. "I keep getting dragged into these adventures with her. I guess she's the one the protagonist - me - is meant to end up with, right?"

Such words shattered my torn soul, but I just smiled sweetly.

"Perhaps! If she sticks around! She might leave like the others!"

"Yeah, sad they had to go, but I guess we're building to a conclusion now."

My sweet love had no idea how true that was. I needed to be his, to please him forever. I knew that now. It was my destiny; it was why we had been sucked into this harem anime in the first place, and I was given the role of yandere, so I could be the uncontested winner and be his anime girl. It was a dream come true, even if I hadn't always envisaged myself as the hot, busty, quite crazy girl. I could adapt.

So long as Reika was out of the way.

I spent the whole next day fuming from a distance, silently watching them get closer together, and her throwing me amused glances whenever she spotted me. A storm cloud was building on the horizon, and it seemed to mirror my own emotions, which were a tempest of jealousy, hate, lust and love, a violent hurricane of unleashed id. I watched them traipse on the beach, her in a tight bikini. I watched them lie on hammocks together, him pressed up against her warmth. I watched my Akishi having his back massaged by her, and him starting to return one before the first lightning flashed. I watched it all, and waited. Patient. Ready.

Reika left as the sky began to grow ever darker. I knew my Akishi would not follow her; he wasn't a courageous swimmer, and certainly didn't go at night. But Reika was a free spirit who had to test herself. The storm was coming in full force, the wind a powerful gale,

rain beginning to tumble from the sky. Reika, naturally, chose the rocks overlooking the sea, further away from the beach, for a magnificent dive. Oh, she had heart.

I wanted to cut it out.

I was waiting in the rain like a demonic beast, wearing a white dress that soaked through to show my female form, the one I had so embraced. She didn't notice me until she was right upon the rocks: lightning flashes, and I was suddenly there before her, illuminated.

"Aghh!" she screamed, her voice barely discernible above the boom of the thunder that followed. "Misaki! What the hell are you doing here?"

I giggled, stepping upon the rocks delicately. "Oh, I just came to watch you, Reika. I like to come out here, sometimes. You know, to watch."

She threw me a nervous glance. "If this about Akishi? If it is, this show won't do anything. I'm going to ask him to be my boyfriend, and you know he'll say yes. We've been together all day."

"I know, I know!" I cried over the wind and rain and storm. "All day. All fucking, goddamn DAY!"

I slashed the air with the knife I'd had behind my back, the one still slick with my blood. Reika screamed, but she'd misjudged her position; the cliff-face was behind her, and I was in front of her, blocking her escape along the jutting rock.

"What the hell!?! Misaki, this isn't funny!"

Another lightning flash, another boom of thunder. And above it all, my laughter. I howled as horribly and powerfully as any great gust of wind, shrieking with insanity as I slashed out with the knife.

"I beg to differ! This is all so very, terribly, *funny!* You the star athlete, the woman who would swim in the storm, now terrified and outmatched by a little girl like me! Well, not too little. I have enough reach with this knife to make things work in my favour! All it would take was one little jab in the right place, and not only would Akishi no longer be yours, but your own life wouldn't be yours either! Heehee. Heehee. HEHAHAHEHEHAHAA!!"

I lost all control. I could feel it. Part of me wanted to restrain myself and stop this bizarre act, but a bigger part knew it was no longer an act at all. I had a role to play, and a friend to make my lover, and this bitch was in the way. She held up her hands, delicious panic in her eyes.

"Okay, okay! I swear I'll leave him alone!"

"Not good enough! You want him as much as I do!"

Her tears mingled with the rain. The storm was getting worse. "No, I swear I don't! I'd never pull a knife like this! If you want him, you can have him! Just let me get out of here, please!"

The smallest shred of sympathy for this woman re-emerged, the Hank part of my brain that knew that actually acting like a yandere was not mentally stable. At all. It lasted only a blip of a second, but long enough for me to let my guard down.

At which point Reika *launched* into me.

“You crazy bitch! You crazy fucking bitch!”

She wailed upon me with her superior strength. I tried to grip the knife, but it fell from my grip further towards the cliff. She was too strong, and the wind was pulling us both towards the edge. I had to use that. In her anger she wasn't concentrating, but for once I had a clear view, and I knew what needed to be done.

“Akishi is mine!” I cried. “Mine, mine, mine, *MIIIINE!*”

And with that, I shoved us *both* towards the cliff edge, rolling us to certain doom. In fear Reika let go and tried to position herself, but it let me kick her in the chest, pushing her over the edge entirely, and giving just enough time for me to reach out and -

“NGHH!”

Stab the top part of the cliff with my knife, and keep myself from falling. There was a splash below, but I couldn't tell if she'd hit the sharp rocks she'd intended to dive over. I couldn't even tell if she was alright. But I had a feeling she wouldn't be back, even if she had survived. I cackled. In the storm and thunder and lightning, I was ecstatic, laughing as I hung above the roil of the sea itself. Only when I was able to stop laughing and pull myself up could I speak again. I looked out across the sea, with no sign of Reika re-emerging.

“I won,” I whispered.

Akishi's room had no lock on it. Perhaps he was expecting a midnight visitor? If not, then he was going to get one anyway. I'd gone back to my own room, showered, bandaged my wounds, and then made my way to my friend and soon-to-be lover. I could hear his breath, the fitful sleep coming to him. It made me yearn to be with him, each microsecond delay was agony. I was going to soothe him. I was the only one *who could*.

“It's okay, Akishi,” I whispered under my breath in a sweeter-than-sweet voice, “I'm coming. And soon you will be too.”

I reached his bedside. He was so very beautiful lying there. An angel. Someone who could help keep the devil in me at bay, or unleash her upon our enemies. It was hard to imagine this was the same man I'd gone through high school together, but we'd both loved harem anime; what better fate than becoming lovers in an anime ourselves? I certainly couldn't think of one.

“Akishi,” I said as I ran a hand over his side. He slept naked. That was a good sign, a very good sign. “Akishi, it’s me.”

R-Reika?” he said, looking up. It was dark in the room, and he could only see my profile, but something about his words filled me with the warmth of my victory.

“No, Akishi. Reika’s gone. She decided to . . . check out. It’s just you and me now, in this hotel.”

He was still waking, I had to give him time, even as my pussy began to drip its juices down my thighs and my nipples throbbed against my silken pyjama top.

“I don’t understand - she left now? During the storm?”

“It was an emergency. Something about having to . . . cross the sea. I think she’s just too free a spirit.”

“Why are you telling me this now? Did you find a way to escape?”

I stroked his side again, and he jolted, just a little, realising I was the one touching him. “I don’t think there is an escape, sweetie. But that’s okay.”

“It - it is?”

“Of course. Because we’re still together, Akishi. You and me. Forever.”

“Forever? I thought you wanted to get away.”

That made me giggle. “This *is* Getaway, remember? Getaway Hotel! And we’re in a harem anime.” I lowered my mouth to his ear, and I could feel the heat radiating off him; the arousal. “And it looks like I’m the lucky winner, Akishi.”

He sat up suddenly, and this time the lightning through his window illuminated the surprise on his face . . . as well as the hardness in his lap. I slunk further up on the bed, pressing myself against him. He shuddered, but didn’t push me away.

“Misaki, this is so weird, I just . . . I expected Reika tonight.”

“I know, and I was crushed she wasn’t there for you. But don’t worry, I am.”

“But - but you’re a man. At least, you were. Is it really you doing this?”

“Of course it’s me, sweetie.”

“But - but I’ve been playing a bit of a role, and you might be-”

I took his hand and planted it on my left breast. It was heaven to feel his touch. Then I leaned forward and kissed him on the lips, slowly and lovingly, letting my tongue slip into his mouth. I moaned, and so did he, and his hardness pressed against my form.

“I’m only doing what I want to be doing, silly,” I said, lowering my spare hand to stroke his manhood. It was so big and rigid, and my pussy ached to receive it. “I’ve been wanting you for a long, long time, Akishi. It was just this whole experience and transformation that let me finally have a chance to be with you?”

“You - ahhh - you were? You wanted me?”

“Mhmm . . . I did. I’ve always wanted you, and now we can finally be together. Forever and ever. And I can do so many things for you. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? You’d want to be with me, the only girl that truly loves you as I can?”

It was true, right? I’d always loved him? If it was a lie, I couldn’t tell. My love for Akishi seemed to flow backwards in my memory, overwriting whatever I had once felt. All I knew was that my flabby old male body was gone, and this one was desperate for his touch.

“I - oh God, Misaki. You feel so good.”

“I feel like *yours*. Make me yours, Akishi. I’ve never wanted anything more!”

And with that, he was mine. He kissed me, running his hands over my soft flesh, cupping my breasts even as I stroked his member harder and harder. We made such sweet sounds together, and soon he was helping lift me up as he sat against the headboard.

“Yesss, I want thisss!” I cried as he entered me. It was a sensation as alien as it was wonderful, and soon he was sliding ever deeper into my warm deep.

“Ohhhhh, f-fuck. Misaki! I - I love you!”

I began to shift my hips, milking my lover as we made love.

“I love you t-too, Akishi,” I whispered sensually in his ear, even as the lightning and thunder continued. “And nobody will ever, ever get between us.”

The End