



*Hinata-chan is
so funny*

— I never liked Japan. No, really. I wouldn’t have come here in my life if it weren’t for Lilian. Oh, Lilian... Lilian Smith, if you only knew how hard it is for me. It’s hard to watch you smile, talk about the guys you meet, and call me your best friend.

“You’re such a good guy, Hunter! I’m so glad to have a friend like you!” you say, and I smile, but inside everything tightens. Yes, my name is Hunter, Hunter Johnson, and I’m your friend. But still, I want to tell you everything about how I feel. I want to. But every time that fear—the fear of rejection, the fear of breaking what we have — stops me. After all, we’ve been friends since childhood. I remember when it first really hit me. I was fourteen. We were sitting on the swings outside her house, and Lilian was talking about the movies she liked. Her hair was blowing in the wind, and I caught myself not hearing a word, just staring at her. That’s when it first became clear: she wasn’t just a friend to me. The thought pierced my heart, and I didn’t know what to do with it. I thought it would pass. After all, this is so strange, damn it, who the hell falls for a girl you used to crawl beside when you couldn’t even walk yet?

— Hunter, don’t lag behind! — Lilian called cheerfully, jumping over a puddle on a narrow street in Shibuya, and, as she often did, smirked and added — What are you thinking about, you fool? I, already on autopilot, felt myself smile back and said one of the usual excuses, trying to just joke it off.

— I was thinking about how you jump over puddles so skillfully, — I replied, a bit annoyed, but still smiling, trying to hide my awkwardness.

— Oh, we have a comedian here! — Lilian responded cheerfully, turning to me with that silly smile she always wore when she tried to get under my skin. I was about to say something, but then I noticed her eyes widen, and her smile grew even bigger.

— What’s going on? — I said right away, feeling the tension rise inside me and my heart beat faster. Lilian was in her usual style—always looking for something interesting, but sometimes this “interesting” made me really nervous.

— Hey, let’s go in here! — Lilian grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the door of a small café with a wooden sign that had some more kanji characters.

— What the... Lil, why did you speed up? — I managed to say, though I could feel my heart starting to race.



— Hey, don’t slow down, — she laughed, pushing me with a smile. — Didn’t you get it? This café is just like the one in that anime I showed you recently.

Anime... Yeah. Lilian loved anime. Wherever she went, she always tried to find some element that could remind her of her favorite universe. This Japan, strange and unfamiliar, she liked as a movie setting. As for me, I saw it differently—all those insanely bright lights, crowds of people, and information overload. And then this café... It seemed out of place. Too cozy, too quiet for this world full of noise. I bent my legs, sitting at the table and looking at Lilian, who was chatting with the barista in Japanese with such enthusiasm.

— What were you talking about? — I asked, trying to hold back my surprised look that couldn’t hide my confusion. Lilian had just come back from the counter, where she’d been talking to the barista, and there was a cheerful smile on her face.

— Oh, nothing special, he just told me they have a drink that grants wishes! — Lilian sat down across from me, her eyes sparkling. — I told you, here you can wish for anything, and it will come true. I rolled my eyes, knowing what was coming next—another one of those phrases Lilian loved to say.

— God, Hunter, you’re such a buzzkill! — Lilian laughed, teasing me, and I felt myself blush sitting across from her. Her bright smile, full of genuine joy, seemed to pull me out of my own head, and it was like I was splashed with something cold, and I didn’t want to breathe.

I opened the menu and briefly lingered on the green drink. "A wish? Seriously?" Of course, I was skeptical, but deep down, I couldn’t shake the strange feeling. I looked at Lilian, who could no longer hide her smile, and suddenly, completely unexpectedly, as if someone had pushed me from behind, I decided: “Screw it, let’s do this.”

— Alright, I’ll take it, — I mumbled, feeling my face burn. Lilian immediately giggled.

— Ooooh, there’s my Hunter, — Lilian laughed, and I felt something tighten in my chest. My Hunter... My. Ugh... I barely suppressed a sigh. She always said that, but in that moment, her words hit me differently. I was so embarrassed. So embarrassed. I realized I was blushing.

— What will you be ordering? — the barista asked with a smile, approaching right after Lilian waved him over. I grimaced and rubbed my palm on my jeans, feeling the belt pressing a little too tight. Lilian immediately smiled, closed her menu, and said something in Japanese, which flew right past my ears.

Time passed unnoticed, and soon two cups of coffee and that strange green drink were sitting on our table, with little bubbles fizzing inside and the faint sound of hissing in the air. I sat there, thinking how absurd all of this was. Lilian continued to stare at me with that cheerful look, waiting for me to say or do something. Oh, how she loved my reactions. I felt awkward as hell.

— So, Hunter, are you ready? — she cheerfully handed me the glass. — After all, it's your choice!

I stared at the drink, feeling a strange mix of doubt and anxiety. Seriously, a wish? Well, okay, I didn't believe in this stuff, but... something about this moment made me hesitate. It all felt like a joke. What the hell...

I looked at Lilian, and my heart skipped a beat. She was so beautiful. That smile, that look, those sparkling eyes. God, I just want to... Hug her, tell her everything, just as it is. But instead, here I am, sitting like an idiot, staring at this damn drink she handed me so cheerfully.

— Come on, stop zoning out, Han! It's just some soda with matcha! — she pointed at the bubbles, then, slightly flustered, added as if she forgot about her joke. — Well, more like "magical" soda. Hurry up and make a wish, or the "magic" will fade!

Alright, a wish, huh! Fine!

Matcha soda... yeah... This is complete nonsense, but... I want... Damn. I want you to see me differently. I want you to understand that I'm not just your friend. I want... for you to finally notice me, not just like you always do. Not with that encouraging look, like I'm just another clown to you. With that thought, I quickly downed the drink, feeling the sweet liquid slide down my throat, leaving a faintly bitter aftertaste.

— Hey! Me give! — Lilian was as relentless as ever. She snatched the glass out of my hands before I could finish. — You here come any time, I guest, Hin, why so much drink... um, cup, yes?

Lili... Why did she call me Hin, and why did she suddenly speak with such a weird accent? I felt a chill run down my spine. Something was off, like I'd lost something. My eyes fell on her face — it was Lilian, but something was wrong. She looked at me in a different way. I glanced back at the glass with the bubbling drink, then at Lilian, and my heart skipped a beat again.

— Lilian, what are you... — I started, but suddenly stopped. The voice I had just heard now sounded so... strange, too high-pitched and melodic. I didn't even understand what was wrong. I tried to speak again, but instead of a normal sentence, a fragment of speech came out of my throat, in a completely different language.



I snapped my mouth shut in shock, feeling my elbow brush something soft and voluminous on my chest. Shit, my chest! It felt heavy, way too heavy, like two bags of sand had been placed on it. Instinctively, I reached for my chest with my hands, but instead of the usual flat surface, my fingers brushed something soft, very full, barely fitting in my palms. I froze, unable to understand what was happening. My breathing quickened, and my heart pounded like it was about to burst out of my chest.

— Hinata-chan, you okay? — I heard Lilian's voice, but it sounded strange, like it was coming through water. I lifted my head, feeling something tickling the skin of my neck, and saw her face, but it seemed so far away, even though she was sitting right in front of me. Her black hair, her smile, her eyes... Everything was familiar, but at the same time, it felt alien.

— What... what's going on? — I tried to say, but my voice... My voice! It was really high-pitched, melodic, completely different from what I was used to hearing. I tried to speak again, but the words came out in another language. What language? Japanese? It sounded like Japanese! But I don't know Japanese!

— Hinata-chan, you look like... um, word, ghost, yes! — Lilian laughed, and her laughter sounded like music. She reached out and touched my palm, but I recoiled as if from fire, seeing my hand with long, slender fingers and bright pink, long nails. This was too... too strange, too unexpected!

— Lili... — I started, but fell silent again. My thoughts were tangled, and my body... God, my body! I looked down and saw my cleavage, barely fitting my large, female breasts! The black dress clung to me, with thin straps digging into my shoulders. I felt the fabric hugging my waist, then flaring out at my hips, which were now so... wide, like my ass had been attached to a cushion. I tried to stand up, but my legs, now so slender and long in heels, gave way, and I almost fell.

— Careful! — Lilian shouted in English, which now sounded too foreign, though I still understood her meaning.

— Mirror... — I muttered, feeling my cheeks burn with shame. I needed to see myself. I needed to understand what was happening.

— Mirror? — Lilian raised an eyebrow, but then nodded. — Hey, barista-san, mirror, please? Moments later, an elegant mirror with a carved frame appeared in front of me. I took it with trembling hands and held it up to my face.

What I saw made me freeze in place. In the mirror, a girl with pink hair, big eyes, and lips slightly parted in surprise stared back at me. Her face expressed shock, but it was... beautiful. I reached up to touch my face, and the girl in the mirror did the same.

— Is... is that me? — I whispered, and the voice I heard was so soft, so feminine, I could barely believe it was mine.

Lilian looked at me with some strange expression, one that didn't show surprise or shock. No, she looked at me with a smile, as if, on the contrary, she was thinking about something else, and as if my appearance was completely normal to her.

— Hin... Hinata-chan, you okay? — Lilian finally leaned over to me, her face coming closer. I could feel her breath brushing against my ear, and for some reason, it didn't calm me down. No, on the contrary. — That guy look you, very much stare, he handsome...

— Lili, what the hell are you talking about?! And why do you sound like some immigrant who forgot how to turn on a lawnmower? Speak normally! I have freakin' boobs suddenly appearing out of nowhere, and you're...

I stopped, seeing Lilian's confused face, as if she hadn't understood half of what I said, and I felt weird too, suddenly hearing my own voice and how strange my words sounded in my ears.

— Hinata, please, slow, I not understand fast — Lilian said in a weird way, but I still understood her words.

— I don't get it, Lilian... — I tried to calm down, but she was already eagerly pointing to the far corner of the café.

— Look! — Her finger was trembling with excitement. — It Ren-kun! He from my favorite anime forum! Remember, I speak about him? I turned my head instinctively, mentally cursing my new long hair. A tall guy with black hair waved his hand shyly.

— Lili, what the... — my tongue twisted, and the words came out unnaturally melodic. — Why do you talk like...

— Oh, Hinata-chan, you so nervous! — she interrupted, grabbing my glass and finishing off the green soda. The bubbles popped on her lips.

— I also want to make wish! Wish... hmm... — she squinted, pretending to be thoughtful. — I want my best internet friend Hinata finally find her love at that table!

Lilian, without waiting for my reply, made her wish, then smiled and took the last sip of her drink. I knew I shouldn't have let her do that, because, clearly, this was all because of the drink, but doubts about whether this could just be some hallucination of mine stopped me from stopping her.

— You much nervous, Hinata! I just joke! Funny! Soda! — she said with a sweet face, finishing off the glass. Damn, her accent, it's so hard to understand her now. I looked at her, feeling the unreality of what was happening and at the same time the reality. Why the hell is she so calm? Why the hell do I have these huge tits? What the hell is going on here?! Oh... right, the drink! Yeah, it's all because of that, damn it, but Lilia already finished it! I need to order another one. Fast.

I was about to call the waiter when I suddenly heard a voice behind me.



— Excuse me, ladies, sorry to bother you, — I heard, and immediately felt everything inside me tighten. "Ladies," I never thought I'd hear that word directed at me. Ugh... I flinched slightly and turned my head, feeling my pink hair slide over my exposed skin, and saw the guy who had just been sitting in that corner. He looked a bit shy, glancing at me every now and then, and it honestly looked cute... Cute?! What?! Why the hell does that seem cute to me?!

— Hello, Ren! — Lilian suddenly said, and I felt goosebumps run down my skin.

Ren smiled shyly and came a little closer. Lilian was in awe, her eyes shining with genuine interest, and I felt my cheeks burning, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. It was unbearable. I looked at Ren, who was standing in front of us, smiling shyly, and suddenly felt something inside me tighten. It was... a strange feeling. I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. His eyes, his smile, his movements — everything about him seemed so... attractive. But how? How is this possible? I'm... I'm Hunter! I shouldn't be reacting like this to a guy! I like Lilian, I love her, not this... Ren, yeah... that's his name?

— Hinata-chan, you so silent! — Lilian giggled, nudging me with her elbow. — Ren-kun, this is my best friend, Hinata! We talk long time in internet, but now first time see real! She so shy, true?

I felt my face flush even more. Lilian spoke as if all of this were true. But it's not! We've been friends since childhood! I'm Hunter! But why is she saying it like we just met? And why is she calling me Hinata?

— Oh, Hinata-chan, — Ren bowed shyly, and I felt my heart skip a beat again. — It's very nice to meet you. Lilian-san talked a lot about you.

— I... — I tried to say something, but the words got stuck in my throat. It was hard to even say a word, my legs instinctively pressed together, and my hands dropped onto my knees. — I'm also... glad to meet you...

— Oh, Hinata, you very cute! — Lilian laughed, hugging me around the shoulders. — Ren-kun, you not imagine how I happy to finally see with Hinata! I love Japan so much, but my Japanese... oh, it so bad! — she laughed, mixing up words and gesturing wildly. — But I so happy be here! And so happy we and Hinata finally meet!

— Hinata-san, you're beautiful, I'm glad Lilian introduced us — Ren said, immediately blushing, but I didn't notice it at all, feeling everything inside my stomach tighten, and my breath catching from those words. What... what's happening to me? Lilian! Lilian! I love you, I'll tell you right now, and everything will be okay.



I looked at Lilian, but... for some reason, I didn't want to talk to her about my love. No, not because I was scared or anything like that. It was just that she started to seem so foreign, distant to me, and everything that used to wake up inside me with just a casual glance at her now just disappeared. No! This can't be! I tried to shake it off, literally with my hand, but I immediately brushed against Ren.

An electric shock ran across my skin. Oh God, I touched him. And he... he touched my palm. My body responded with a traitorous warmth in my lower belly, and my breasts, pressed by the fabric, seemed to get heavier. I yanked my hand back, knocking over the glass. Green drops splashed onto my dress, leaving transparent spots on the black fabric.

— Oh my God! — Lilian laughed, grabbing a napkin and starting to wipe the table. — You so cute!

— I... I need to use the bathroom, — I blurted out, jumping up. My heels swayed treacherously, causing my wide hips to awkwardly sway. Ren coughed and quickly looked away when I looked at him. He was looking. At my ass. At THIS.

In a panic, I rushed toward the bathroom, the heels scraping against the tile as I struggled to balance, arms spread out. My hips moved on their own, and my breasts, those huge things... God, how they swayed with every step! I tried to hurry, but how could I when my legs were so long and the shoes so uncomfortable? Each step was a struggle. This was a nightmare. Why me? Why is this happening to me?!

When I finally got to the bathroom, I squeezed my eyes shut and slowly opened my eyelids, looking at myself in the mirror.

This. Is. Impossible.

A girl was looking back at me, beautiful, in a tight dark dress with straps that barely held her large breasts. For the first time, I saw my Asian woman's face with huge pink eyes, smooth cheeks, and... pink hair. It all felt like some kind of nonsense. I closed my eyes and shook my head, as if trying to make everything right again, but nothing changed, except my hair continued to tickle my skin, and those heavy bags on my chest still felt the same.

No. No, no, no!

I couldn't be this woman. It was just impossible.

My hands instinctively reached for my chest, and I felt the weight pressing on my ribcage. This wasn't the light comfort I used to feel. No. These were heavy, full breasts that reminded me of their weight with every step. I flinched when I felt my fingers accidentally brush against the fabric of the dress, which tightened around my waist. I almost choked when I suddenly realized, clearly, if I hadn't been in shock, how tight it fit, how it clung to my hips, almost not letting me move freely.

— Fuck, fuck... — I exhaled, but my voice still sounded alien to me. Even though I was alone here in silence, it somehow felt even more foreign. It sounded so high-pitched and gentle, so... feminine.

I immediately squeezed my eyes shut, remembering what had just happened, but I couldn't rewind the events too far, stopping at the moment I met that guy.

Ren. My thoughts stopped on him. How... beautiful he is. His image literally appeared in front of me, his face. I felt something tighten inside me, and my breath became heavy. Why do I react this way to him? Why do his words make me feel such strange emotions? My body trembled. I couldn't control myself. Heat in my lower belly, like fire. I thought about him, about his eyes, about his smile... I felt my cheeks flush, and it was so strange. It... all felt so strange.



— I... can't... — I barely managed to speak, on the verge of tears from my own helplessness. It's because of my body, right? Because now I'm a woman, and I'm more sensitive? God... No, it's not that.

Ren... Oh my God, his face. His gaze. My breasts trembled, and I could hardly breathe when I thought about him. My legs were shaking. Why can't I think clearly like before? Why, Hunter, am I thinking of Ren as a... man? Why are his eyes so alluring? And his smile... It's so... soft. Why does this make me blush?! Damn it! Stop it! Get it together, Hinata! You're a smart woman, you... AUGH! NO! I'm not a woman, and I'm not Hinata. Inhale... exhale. Inhale...

Suddenly, I felt something cold and hard press into my skin between my breasts. I looked down — and saw my phone, somehow stuck in my cleavage. Had it always been there? It was weird to reach down there with my hand... These two soft, heavy tits pressed under my palm as I, lightly scratching my skin with my long nails, finally pulled it out of my cleavage... from under my chest. My phone. Why was it there? Well... if there's no purse, it's the most convenient place, I thought with a smirk, then froze, realizing how wrong it all was.

My face automatically unlocked it, and immediately, images from my gallery popped up on the screen, making my hands shake. They were photos of me in cosplay costumes. As Hinata, but I knew for sure it was me. I don't know how, but I just knew and was certain. Me, Hinata Jonouchi, at different events, in various outfits from popular anime titles. There I am as a maid, then as a sexy heroine from another title, and here I am even cosplaying a male character, portraying him as female. I felt my vision blur, and I was barely holding back from throwing my phone in the toilet. I remember! I remember all of it, like it happened to me. I even remember changing for these events, preparing the costumes, walking around, catching the admiring glances of guys and... Damn, I'm such a fucking slut?! I was fucking all the time! At all these damn comic cons, and not just once a day. I didn't even choose anyone, had sex with anyone who approached me and seemed somewhat decent. From this one photo, where I'm the maid, I remember sucking off that fat guy who took the picture. I wanted his dick in my mouth so badly that I couldn't hold back and actually suggested he come into a booth for a few minutes.

God! Even now, just remembering this, my body literally shakes, and my mouth fills with saliva. God, Ren, I can't seem like a slut to you, I don't want you to think of me like that, I'm a good girl, really, really, and I... Ugh! No... No, I don't want this! Tears welled up in my eyes.

Ren! You're better than all these guys in my head right now, I'm sure of it. You're so sweet, the way you looked at me just now... That gaze. Why was it so irresistible? I couldn't get his face out of my head. Even now, despite all my thoughts, I was thinking about him. But what were these feelings?

But no... I shouldn't think like this! I'm Hunter! I shouldn't... I can't... I should be thinking about Lilian. She was my friend, I loved her, and I still love her... right? Then why am I thinking about Ren? What the hell am I even thinking?

But I remembered again how I caught myself thinking that when I looked at Lilian just a few minutes ago... there were no longer those old feelings. None. She was more and more just a friend to me. And Ren... In his eyes, there was such interest, such warmth. It wasn't empty politeness. He wasn't laughing. He... wanted something more.

I bit my lip. My gaze fell on my hands. Long nails. Thin wrists, small palms, the ones I had touched so many dicks with... Damn... No... This can't be... I can't be... this.





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