

Arousal Academy (Man to Dating Sim Woman TG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Steven is a young man playing an erotic harem-based dating sim. But when there is a weird power outage, he finds himself transported into the game world and transformed into the new and female love interest of its bland protagonist! The new Sabrina will try to fight her new role, but can she resist the pull of the dating sim's expectations?

Arousal Academy

Steven had never been more excited, nor so secretive about said excitement. Everyone that looked at Steven could tell he was a nerd. A dweeb. A geek. A dork. The whole laundry list, really. Despite being in his early twenties he still lived with his mother, and yes, he did indeed occupy the basement area, a fact that occasionally embarrassed him when it came up. The basement's walls were plastered wall to wall with posters from all sorts of anime, manga, and Japanese media, as well as select Western ones he favoured as well; usually niche 80's fantasy films. His computer was a mighty rig, and his shelves were positively overwhelmed by the sheer amount of collectible figurines, almost all of which were sexy and exaggerated female forms of anime protagonists in conveniently revealing positions.

But one didn't have to go to the basement of Steven's (well, his mom's) house to get a sense of his character, or to know he was absolutely a nerd. A 'weaboo' as some kids nicknamed him back in high school. One only had to look at him. He was overweight - not grotesquely so, but he was obviously not just pudgy but *fat*. He had a literal neckbeard, one that was scratchy and wiry and not particularly well-maintained. He also wore thick glasses, put his greasy hair in a 'manbun,' and occasionally snorted before speaking on some esoteric finger point about *Neon Genesis Evangelion's* final episode and movie. He always wore shirts that depicted a manga character on it, some of them revealingly inappropriate, and said shirts often had damp stains from sweat, or simply cheeto dust and Mountain Dew spills upon them. Suffice to say, Steven wasn't exactly popular with the ladies, nor had he ever been. And the worst part was that he refused to truly understand why. In his mind, lack of attention for women twisted them into harpies and manipulative Jezebels, none of whom could compare to the fictional beauty, bustiness, and devotion of the women in his Japanese media.

And this was why he was so excited. Not because he was finally waking up and changing, becoming a better person and getting out into the world. Not because he was finally moving out as his mother was desperate for. No, it was because he had secretly

stolen over a thousand dollars of his mother's emergency stash and used it to pay for *Arousal Academy*, an erotic harem-based dating sim from Japan. He didn't even feel guilty about it; this was his Moby Dick, his white whale. Anyone who was into harem and dating sims, particularly in the Japanese dating scene, had all heard about Arousal Academy. It was more than niche, it was a *niche's niche*, a game of which only a few copies had even been made, and only existed in physical media; unavailable to download anywhere. In it, one played the classic bland-yet-apparently-attractive male protagonist, albeit with a twist. Arousal Academy was the setting, and it was where beautiful women of all kinds were brought to be trained to fall in love and serve the protagonist, as he possessed an in-universe trait known as the 'Illuminance', a vague gene that evidently means he and his children are destined for greatness. As such, the most beautiful women are selected to effectively become his mates, and at the Academy they must be trained to serve him. While playing as the protagonist, one can expect all sorts of funny and sexy events and choices, culminating in you selecting your very own harem.

It was this last quality which excited Steven: the sheer avenue of choice! According to what information he could find about *Arousal Academy*, the game offered more branching choices and possibilities than any other dating sim - especially the harem-based ones - in existence. There were dozens of girls that could be romanced, each culminating in well-drawn erotic sex scenes, of which even these had multiple pathways.

And now he had it in his hands, at least that was the hope, given the package that had just arrived.

"Yes, yes, yes! It came, it finally came!"

"What is it, Steven? Don't tell me it's another one of your stupid cartoon collectibles!"

The voice echoed from upstairs, where his mother resided.

"They're not cartoons, Mom!" he cried. "And no, this is far better! This is the game I've waited my whole life for!"

"Oh, great, another game! I'm so glad my twenty four year old son is playing *games* instead of getting a job and moving out! If I'd have known I would have had such a lazy *loser* of a son, I never would have had you, I swear!"

Steven just rolled his eyes. He was used to this kind of behaviour from his mother, and he gave as good as he got. "Well, too bad! You're stuck with me! And I'll move out when I'm good and ready - if I ever do!"

"I guess that means you won't be finding a girlfriend anytime soon, then?"

"The girls in this game are better than any real girls! At least they won't lie and cheat and turn their noses up at me!"

"Yeah, yeah, I wonder why they do that! I can smell you from here!"

But Steven was already descending back down to the basement, into his lair. He was used to the smell of pizza grease and leftovers, not even noticing the gross humidity of the area. Instead, there was just the excitement of what was in his hands. Unwrapping it, he could indeed see the writing in purple stylised lettering: first in Japanese, then in English.

Arousal Academy.

The image showed a protagonist - facing away from the screen but with black hair and a vaguely student-like uniform - facing a veritable army of women, all of whom were deeply attractive in their own way. There was the busty beauty, the stylish European, the sexy maid, the fit athlete, the cute tomboy, the aggressive tsundere, the girl-next-door type, the older sexy teacher type, and so many others, including archetypes he'd never even heard of.

"Oh fuck yes! Fuck yes! My life is finally complete! I might never leave the basement again!"

He had no idea how simultaneously true *and* false that statement would prove to be. Booting up his computer, he slipped the disc in, eagerly awaiting the install. He sipped his Mountain Dew as he did so, watching the install bar closely. It seemed like an eternity, but *finally* the progress bar reached one hundred percent.

"Hell yeah," he whispered to himself. "Let's look at some juicy anime ladies. The good kind of ladies, not like the bitches out there in the real world."

The startup menu popped up, and he moved the mouse to hit *PLAY*.

For a brief moment, some opening music played, a gentle harp tune that belied just how dirty and erotic this game was going to be. This was often the case about such things, but there was a complexity to it that made Steven all the more eager, especially as an image of a curtain being drawn back revealed the sight of Arousal Academy in its brilliance, a large series of buildings and leisure spaces atop a lush low mountain area, overlooking a glistening lake. The camera zoomed in, getting closer and closer and closer, all while the intro text played:

'You have the Illumination, the trait of greatness. It has been discovered, and so your family have lovingly sent you to Arousal Academy with the knowledge that the world needs to further your bloodline. Here, women are trained to serve and fall in love and eventually procreate with men who have the Illumination trait, but you are the only one known to have the trait in years! As such, the Academy is filled with women awaiting a man . . . and now it shall have one. You must get to know these women, and come to choose your harem. This way, you can share your Illumination with the world . . . but only once you have aroused the interests of the right girls. It is now time to enter Arousal Academy.'

By this point, Steven was getting literally aroused just at the premise. The front doors to the Academy opened, and his excitement rose. The prospect of meeting all these

beautiful babes, of romancing them and seeing them naked, he already knew he'd need to purchase a few more tissue boxes just to 'let off some steam' when it came to the game's delights.

At least, that was the plan. But just as the game was truly set to begin, something bizarre and frightening happened. Steven's eyes widened, and he adjusted his steamy glasses as his computer began to literally *spark*. The lights flickered, and the other electronics in his basement area all turned off and on, off and on, as if some kind of dreadful power surge was sweeping through the building.

"No! Oh, c'mon! Don't do this to me!" he shouted.

But still the computer sparked, the screen going blue, then bright white, error bars showing across its surface in warning reds.

"Shit! How can this happen? Not now, not now!"

He tried to remove the disc to keep it safe, but it wasn't responding. Worse, the screen was starting to tear apart, the entire computer looking like it was about to play.

"This can't be happening! You've got to fucking kid-"

He never finished the sentence, because the screen suddenly *erupted*. It expanded, somehow. Taking up his entire view. No, that wasn't right; he was falling *into* it. Power surged all around him, but he was being pulled into the screen, or perhaps it was tearing open some reality. It was like a blackhole, only white, filling up his entire vision no matter where he looked, curving the edges of space and time itself. Steven felt himself being stretched out like a noodle as he was pulled into this alien dimension, suckered up with no chance of escape.

His last thought was not even fear for his own life, but disappointment that he didn't get to die *after* he'd played *Arousal Academy*.

He needn't have worried.

Steven opened his eyes.

"I'm not dead," he said, astonished.

He wasn't dead, but he *was* elsewhere. He was in what looked like a Victorian bedroom, or perhaps even older, like a castle that had been refurbished for modern use. There was a large bed with purple covers dominating the room, and an impressive chandelier with electronic lights as opposed to candle ones. The dressers in the corner, as well as the wardrobes and cupboards, all appeared to be made of rich, expensive lacquered wood, well-made and ancient. But there was also a modern alarm clock, a light switch, and a computer in the corner by the desk. Several large canvas sheets were beside an easel, with

unfinished pencil drawings in staggering detail beside them, including a rendering of a gorgeous mountainscape. The room was wonderfully warm, and the scent was amazing; like fresh pineapple, perhaps. It was so different from his rather revolting basement that he finally seemed to realise the difference.

“Holy shit,” he said. “Where am . . . I?”

The pause was because of what he saw. Situated just above the door that would presumably lead out of this strange room was a sign, and what it said chilled him to his core:

Welcome to Arousal Academy

The same denotation was in several areas of the room, which he found as he explored. It was marked like a copyright notice on the desk, the dresser, and even on the side of the bed. On the desk itself was a list of rules, ones he recognised from descriptions of the game itself:

Welcome to Arousal Academy, please enjoy your stay! As a beautiful young woman, you have been selected among many to reside within our walls. Here you will be pampered, able to go about your hobbies and leisure activities, but your responsibility will be in perfecting yourself so that you can romance, seduce, and form a union with a man who carries The Illuminance. In doing so, you can help spread this wonderful gift through your children, and your bloodline will be blessed through the act! Know that in doing so, you will have performed a great act, and the Illuminance will allow our civilisation to grow ever greater!

Steven frowned. Not only was this totally insane and impossible, but now that he was somehow stuck *in* the game, he was starting to realise that this ‘Illuminance’ plot had very little worldbuilding, almost as if it was kept intentionally vague so that the writing could use it as a lame excuse to form a harem. Was it just because he wasn’t at his computer anymore, and no longer had that distance, that he could realise it?

“How the hell could I possibly be here?” he wondered aloud. “Am I in a coma? Am I dreaming? Am I - what the fuck!?!”

It hit him at the exact moment that he raised his eyes to see himself in the dresser mirror, and saw a woman instead.

“What are you doing here?” he cried.

“What are you doing here?” the woman cried, in his voice, at the exact same time, mirroring his movements.

Steven gaped. The woman in the mirror *was* him, some kind of twisted reflection of himself as a female. And a very, very attractive female at that. Where Steven was fat, this woman was impressively petite. Where he had manboobs that jutted out from his greasy shirt, she wore a blouse that conformed to her slim dimensions perfectly, outlining her incredible knockers that juxtaposed her lithe nature. Seriously, they were big. Not ridiculously

so, but in that classic anime way, they were certainly far beyond what most ordinary women could ever hope - or perhaps want - to possess. Each strained against the material of the white blouse, the top buttons undone out of necessity and revealing a deep line of cleavage, and with each shift of his own movement the woman mirrored his own, her breasts jiggling slightly even in their obvious bra. They almost looked the size of her own head. Almost.

“Oh my God, this can’t be happening,” he said. He stepped closer, the woman doing the same in the reflection, breasts bouncing a bit too vigorously, just like in an erotic anime. Her hair was chestnut brown, just like his, but while his was in a rather greasy manbun, hers was long and flowing, going down to almost her waist, and looking thick and luscious and shiny. It seemed to defy gravity with its slight curls, particularly at the ends, once again reminding him of the women from the dating sims from Japan he loved so much. Her hips were wide too, the tight pencil skirt revealing their hourglass shape, and her perfect legs were in those see-through dark stockings he fetishised so much, a strip of bare thigh between the hem of the skirt and the stockings themselves. She was, of course, wearing heels as well, though they weren’t particularly high.

But despite her bodily beauty, it was her face that caught his attention the most. She looked like the sister he’d never had, and one that could have grown up to become a model at that. She wasn’t sultry, but instead had a kind of attractive, wide-eyed beauty. An inherent optimism and kindness to her. She still had his glasses, and that brought her down to earth in a way, but her nose was indeed button cute and lips lusciously full. Her face was heart-shaped and smooth, having none of his gross neckbeard. If she didn’t look so much like a family member to him, he would have been more attracted to her.

But he was still a *little* attracted to her.

“What is this place?” he asked. “Who are you? Are you behind this?”

But the woman was just a reflection, and she gave no indication of being anything other than a warped circus mirror house dimension take on his own self.

“Well, fine, whatever. I’m getting out of here. I don’t know what’s happened but if there are answers, it isn’t in here. I’m getting back to my basement and - ngh!”

He suddenly doubled over. Something weird was happening. His guts were churning, and his skin felt like it had a sudden fever; more than usual.

“Oh G-God,” he grunted, claspng his big stomach. But it wasn’t big for long, because all of a sudden it began to deflate. It was the most foreign sensation in the world; it was like years of binge eating and soft drink consumption were suddenly evaporating away, and his skin tightening back with perfect elasticity.

“Nghh! Ahhh! What - what now!? What’s h-happening to m-meee!?”

Even as he spoke, something was happening to his voice. It cracked, going up an octave, and then another. Soon his whines sounded positively feminine in nature, a fact that

was enhanced by the way his Adam's apple suddenly shrunk back into his neck. His stomach continued to retreat, but the fat was dispersing elsewhere, because his chest began to ache, yearning to grow.

"No, there's not way that - there's no way that -"

He looked into the mirror, staring at the horrified woman with the enormous jugs.

"I can't be growing - EURGH!!"

He was, and he did. His nipples suddenly expanded, blooming outwards and becoming large, stretching and distending so that they pressed against his shirt. The sensations were vivid, and it left him salivating at how strange they were. It only made his nipples stiffen further, especially as he developed wide areolas. He could feel them stretch out into existence, as surely as he could feel his breast tissue expand, his manboobs becoming actual boobs. The contrast with the rest of his body was only more obvious: he was now shockingly thin compared to his previous self, and his tree-trunk like legs were also thinning, leaving them quite impressively *shapely*. His shorts almost fell down, but they were saved in turn by a further change that alarmed him: their fabric and colour changed until he now wore a green pencil skirt, one that pulled ever more tightly against him as his hips flared outwards. They creaked audibly, just like the tissue filling his new breasts sounded like ice cream pouring out of a dispenser, filling a cone. Two rather shapely cones at that.

"N-no! I won't b-become her! This is all a mistake! Do you hear me? Whoever is behind this, it's all a mistake! I'm not m-meant to be a - ohhhhh! Ohhhhhh G-God!"

Pleasure suddenly filled him: something was happening between his legs. His cock simultaneously became incredibly rock-hard and erect even as it shrank down in size. Within him, something was tunnelling through, forming a passage to the outside world, all while a new organ began to expand, shifting aside his stomach to make. He fell to groaning and grasping and grabbing at his flesh, trying and failing to contain so many changes all at once. It was impossible to keep track of all the changes; somewhere along the way his hands had slimmed and daintified, and his arm and leg hair had simply deleted themselves out of existence. The same was true of his chest hair, and a good thing too, because his boobs were getting ever bigger. It was like he was being actively *pumped* with contents, and because of the overly-sensitive nature of his new secondary female organs, he was left moaning and quivering as they got bigger. He cupped them, trying to contain their heaviness, but it only made him drool further.

"N-no! Don't want to e-enjoy th-thissssss!"

But he was. He would deny it, but he was. Bliss coursed through his body, leaving him at the mercy of these changes. His shirt rippled, changing just like his shorts had. In mere moments the XXXL shirt with the anime girl posing on the front had become a

professional white blouse, one that fit him as perfectly as it did the woman in the mirror. Just like her, he now had a delightful hourglass figure, but his knockers were only halfway along.

“C-C’mon! They’re already s-so biiiig! MMHmmm! Ohhhh!”

Even his own voice had become a high, pleasant birdsong, like the wails of a woman in orgasm from the many pornographic films he’d consumed. He clutched his boobs even as they overwhelmed his palms, and while a bra finally materialised to eventually ‘catch’ them, they still jiggled and wobbled, like two heavy sacks of sand upon his chest. His ass, meanwhile, inflated further, rounding out to stretch the skirt further, and stockings materialised on his legs.

But then the next humiliation occurred: his face began to change. This alteration happened quickly, but somehow felt the most invasive. His identifying features rearranged, shifting to become the face in the mirror: fuller lips, cuter nose, adorable cheeks, and long, vibrant brown hair. It cascaded down his back, trickling all the way to his waist, and all grease and grot left it, resulting in it having a glorious shine.

“I don’t even I-look like - ahhh! Ohhhh, mhmmm! Nooo!!”

His dick retreated in direct inverse relationship to his breasts, which surged forth to finally fill the large bra beneath his blouse. His top buttons came undone, revealing his deep line of cleavage just like the woman in the mirror, and there was a moment of utterly unwanted, totally reluctant *ecstasy* as they reached their apex of size, two enormous mammaries that he would have died to see in real life so up close. But even that burst of pleasure was nothing compared to the moment that followed, when his dick was swallowed up into the new passage that finally tunneled through. His labia formed, his penis becoming little more than his highly sensitive clitoris, and in that very second Steven was reborn, no longer a man at all, but a beautiful and very, very voluptuous woman.

As if by an afterthought, his underwear became a comfortable set of black panties, and a pair of light heels appeared beneath his feet. Some small jewellery was conjured across his form: earrings pierced his ears, a bracelet appeared on his wrist, and a necklace with an opal pendant sat nestled within his plunging neckline.

The new woman looked up into the mirror, staring back at a gorgeous reflection that now matched her perfectly. Everything about her new shape was wrong; the weight and jiggle of her huge boobs, her lower centre of gravity, the way her hips seemed to want to sway gently with each step. Even her more diminutive size and weakness stuck with her; she felt so much more vulnerable. She also felt like a *she*.

“No, I’m not a woman. I don’t care what you’ve done, I’m a woman! I mean, I’m a woman! Damn it! My name is Sabrina! Shit! Why can’t I say my name? Sabrina! Sabrina! Sabrina!”

The door flung open.

“Sabrina!”

The new woman - who could no longer even really *think* of herself as anyone but this strange ‘Sabrina’ - suddenly turned, causing her huge jugs to wobble in her chest, a feeling she was definitely not going to get used to for a while. In the doorway was a woman with *green* hair. It fell almost to her ankles. She wore a princess-like pink dress and had an elegant beauty to her, her eyes wide, her figure slim but shown off by the tight laces of the dress. Her accent was British, refined like she was a member of royalty, but she couldn’t keep the obvious excitement out of her voice.

“Sabrina! What are you doing in your academy uniform? You know you can wear what you want for the arrival!”

Sabrina swallowed, not knowing what to say. “S-sorry, who are you?”

The woman giggled lightly, placing her hand over her mouth. “Oh, you’re just as nervous as me that your brain is falling out your ears! I must admit I did myself up a great deal though. It’s me, your friend, *Victoria*. And you must hurry, he’s about to step in through the front doors and they’ll all be expecting us!”

“Wh-who’s about to step in?” Sabrina asked, though a dread weight in her heart foreboded that she already suspected who it could be.

“Jin, of course! The one with the Illuminance! Oh, I hope he’s handsome, but they all are if they have an Illumination within them, right? Oh, I just can’t wait! I’m giddy, and it’s making it hard to be a proper princess!”

“Y-you’re a princess?”

She frowned. “Of course I am, you know that. Princess Victoria Veloria of Estoria.”

Sabrina cringed. How had she ever taken this stuff seriously? She’d paid a thousand dollars of stolen money for *this* writing?

“Now c’mon!” Victoria Veloria of Estoria exclaimed. She grasped Sabrina’s hand and yanked her forward, pulling her out of the room as if it really was hers.

“Wait, I don’t know what’s happening!”

“You’re about to, bestie! We’re going to get in his harem, maybe even among his most favoured! I just know it!”

Sabrina had little time to figure out what was going on, because she was already being dragged by her enthusiastic ‘bestie’ all through the halls, down towards where the real protagonist was about to enter.

“Oh God,” she murmured to herself. “I’m trapped in a harem dating sim, and I might be part of the harem!”

And yet something compelled her forward, making it impossible to pull back. Instead, her chest bounced heavily with each hurried step, until she reached the opening foyer. Numerous women were gathered there, all of them gorgeous in their own way. She

recognised many of them from the cover art of the game, but there were so many. There was even what appeared to be a snake-like naga girl and a mermaid in the corner, as well as a buff, tough Amazonian woman in light, revealing armour. Above, a feathered lass watched from above beside a sexy ninja. There was even a giantess, a woman twice as tall as any other, and women around her were complaining that they couldn't "see what's going on!"

But for the most part, the would-be harem aspirants were ordinary women, for certain definitions of 'ordinary.' Certainly, their proportions were often out of this world, or their hair colours and styles impossible, eye colour too, or their clothing and style was something pulled directly from fantasy fiction. Male-drive fantasy fiction. Many of them had large breasts, some impossibly gargantuan, or wide hips, or ultra thin waists that looked practically warped in order to hold all their organs in. There were athletic types, tsunderes, cute shortstacks, tall refined individuals, women of all stars and stripes, colours and cultures, and even timezones to judge from the strangely robotic woman far across the room standing next to the prehistoric individual. But the overwhelming majority, at least, seemed more typical, at least as far as his own tastes went.

All of them, even herself, strangely, were holding their breath as two assistants - cute women in their own right - moved to the colossal front doors of the mighty Arousal Academy and finally opened them. The room suddenly became so silent that you could have heard a pin drop. Victoria clutched Sabrina's hand tightly. Sabrina's own heart raced for reasons she had no idea of.

And then he entered.

He was . . . nondescript. Utterly forgettable, really. He had brown hair, though dark enough that he could reasonably pass off as *any* race, and even his skin tone was slightly ambiguous, being a light olive. If he were to be seen from behind - say, as a *video game protagonist* - then most of the population of male earth could put themselves easily in his shoes with just a hairstyle change and perhaps some dye. His face was plain, ordinary, with dark eyes and a thin mouth. He was average height, average build, average in every way, really. This extended to his clothing as well, which consisted of a university student-type jacket and formal pants, with a button t-shirt beneath the jacket. God, even his shoes were fairly nondescript, somehow.

"Oh. My. God. He's incredible," someone said.

"I've never seen someone so handsome," another said, a figure who was dressed like she was a fantasy housewife from the nineteen-fifties.

"Me either!" added a busty athlete type who seriously was not wearing enough given they were not exactly in the warmest room right now. She bounced from foot to foot, causing her large breasts to bounce, though not in sync, just like anime physics. "I really hope he chooses me. I'll outrace you all to make him mine!"

“Best of luck! My *darling* fashion sense will make me the *top* member of his harem, no doubt! The most elegant garments from the northern Quay Isles will make him utterly dazzled at the sight of me!”

“Well, I don’t think he’s all that, at all!” came another voice. Sabrina breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully *someone* had some good sense here. That was, until she turned her head and saw a green-haired woman with a flat chest and mean looking expression folding her arms and huffing as she looked away. “I’d make a great addition to his harem though - um, not that I care! Stupid!”

“Fuck, she’s just a tsundere,” the new woman said to herself. “She’s totally into him. What are they seeing in him, right, Victoria?”

She looked up at the taller princess woman and found herself immediately frustrated: Victoria’s expression was of an individual *spellbound* by this man.

“Oh, c’mon! I mean, I know I bought this stupid game, but this is ridiculous! It was just for fun! I just wanted to get turned on by *how cute this man is.*”

She put her hands on her mouth, shocked at her words. But then the man himself spoke to the assembled room, and his words - or the effect they had - shocked her even more.

“Um, hi everyone!” he declared, his voice soft and seemingly kind. “I really didn’t expect to be here, but, well, you all seem so lovely meeting me like this.”

“We’re very glad to have you!” someone called out, before being hushed by one of the sexy maids directing the man forward. They too seemed to be eyeing him, but keeping largely professional.

“What’s your name?” someone called out, and Sabrina realised it had actually been *her* that had said it, her tone sceptical . . . yet interested.

The man coughed, cheeks blushing a brief red. “Oh, of course, how silly of me. I’m Jin. I look forward to meeting all of you. I’m . . . I guess I’m quite nervous about all of this. I never expected it. And so many women, so beautiful . . .”

He trailed off, and something about the frailty of his manner made Sabrina’s heart wrench in a way that surprised her. He seemed almost . . . cute. Helplessly so. The kind of man who was likely still a virgin and embarrassed about it, and who certainly never expected to be diagnosed with the Illuminance that made him so precious to this world, whatever the Illuminance actually was.

“Sorry, I’m not a great speechmaker. I just want you all to know I’m not here to, well, take advantage of you or anything. I really want to find a personal connection in order to, um, do the deed. Further the Illuminance, I mean. That’s what I’m here to do, but I want you all to know that I don’t think of you, um, in that way. I mean, you are all very beautiful, but - well - I just want to *know* you before anything else. I hope that makes sense.”

“Oh it does, it does, sweet prince!” Victoria called out. Others joined her, while the more combative tsunderes pretended not to care, and the shy ones blushed silently at his words. Sabrina herself didn’t know what to say. It made no sense, particularly since she was still grappling with her busty new female body and strange feminine attire (not to mention this new world in all its terrible *worldbuilding*), but his words had a magnetic effect on her, as did his plain face and ordinary manner. She should have found him uninteresting, or just wished to be in his place.

Instead, as he was walked forward and directed by the maid employees of Arousal Academy to his room, she found herself feeling something new.

“Oh God, am I finding him . . . cute?”

The thought turned her stomach, but there was a tiny kernel of excitement already growing within her.

Sabrina didn’t actually get to have any one-on-one time with Jin until five days later. During that time, she tried desperately to find ways to escape back to her reality. None worked: not pinching herself, not going to sleep, not even trying to literally run outside the borders of the game world. She tried the last several times, but no one actually did anything to stop her, though Victoria did think it was a bit weird for her to be ‘going for such long walks.’ The reason they were considered ‘walks’ and not ‘escapes’ was because by some compulsion she always ended up returning without even meaning to. All it did was give her a sense of the wider Academy and its numerous leisures and pleasures. There were workout gyms, horse-riding fields, a local sports stadium, mountain climbing peaks, pools, saunas, relaxation areas, sunbathing decks, the lake area, video game setups (the last of which did her head in a bit - videogames *inside* video games?), and more. The place really did seem like heaven on earth to the formerly male geek, especially since one could apparently pick and choose what one wanted, with no cruel mom hurling mean jokes at you. But of course, she was still stuck as a woman in an unfamiliar world, compelled to wear clothing her character would wear, which almost always meant tight outfits that emphasised her bust, and cute glasses that left her looking like a deeply sexy nerd. The bounce of her breasts continued to frustrate her, as did the sway of her hips, having to pee sitting down, and so on.

There were *some* upsides, of course. Sabrina may not have been Steven anymore, but she was still an utter pervert deep down, just as she had been as an overweight nerd playing dating sims. The second night of her time at the academy, once she realised this all was indeed really *real*, she gave in easily to the temptation to explore her new female body. She stripped down naked, letting her large breasts jiggle unbound by any bra, and began

quickly to feel herself over. Hell, she'd *dreamed* about this, and even owned a manga about a man that possessed women in order to masturbate in their bodies. It wasn't exactly well-regarded, but who hadn't imagined this?

"Mhmmm, ohhhh f-fuck! Ohhhhh, God! These t-tits are sensitive!"

It was enough to make her new pussy wet, another feeling she was definitely not used to. That sense of dampness within her, an aching need to be filled, it was so different from the desire to penetrate, or the sensation of getting hard. She couldn't help herself: she lowered one hand to rub her wet lips and play with her clitoris, even as she continued to caress her hard nipples and grope the softness of her pillowy breasts.

"Ohhh, yes! Ohhhhh, f-fuck! I'm s-so close! I'm g-going to cum as a woman! Holy shit, I'm going to c-uuuuuuuuuhhhh!!!"

And cum she did. Her climax was long and powerful and deeply, deeply female. She wailed in her bed, squirming until she finally tightened, her vaginal muscles clamping down upon the two fingers she had slipped inside herself.

"Yesssss, Jin! F-fuck me! Make me part of your h-harem! Get me p-"

She just managed to stop herself, realising what she was saying in absolute horror.

"Wh-what was that?"

She was still breathing heavily, still struggling with the aftermath of self-pleasure. But for just a second, it was like she had been someone else. Someone who was very, deeply attractive to Jin and wanted to spread his Illumunance through the . . . reproductive means.

"No. No way am I doing that again, no matter how good it feels."

Of course, she was right back to masturbating and playing with her big boobs the following night, and then the following morning, and each time the effect was the same: at the moment of climax, her brain couldn't help but picture a naked Jin, his average body somehow impossibly sexy, plunging into her, his cock the only atypically large thing about him, driving her to fits of ecstasy. And just like that first night, the idea of getting *pregnant* by him, just like was the purpose of the dating sim in the end, made her ache with desire. She came multiple times just imagining it, and each time she felt disgust at herself.

"Goddamnit, I'm the one who's meant to be getting off on having a harem of hot girls, not being in one! I want to masturbate to a game where I get them all lovely and knocked up, not wanting to *be* knocked up! Shit!"

But much as she tried to resist it, her body had strong needs, and Sabrina had never had a strong will, not as Steven, and not as her current self. Her dirty mind had remained, and so she continually enjoyed the sensitivity of her voluptuous curves, something that was easy to do because of how lax the entire academy seemed to be.

The actual 'classes' she had to attend did not take up much time, as it was expected that each woman *wanted* to be here, and thus would be pursuing their individual hobbies

and skills, all of which were catered for here. Sabrina had never really cultivated much skill, so she avoided going out as much as possible, except for when her 'bestie' Victoria dragged her from the room to go to the spa, or sauna, or to view her horse riding. The classes themselves were very odd and more than a little humiliating. The teachers were all older women - and by 'older', that meant early thirties at the most, really - who instructed them on all the best ways to please a man, how to get pregnant and deliver a child, how to raise said children, and how to be a dutiful housewife. It was like something out of the 1950's, only with a fantasy bent because apparently being a 'perfect harem member' was the best way to ensure the Illuminance trait would be passed on . . . somehow.

"How did I never realise what shitty fucking worldbuilding these things have?"

Sabrina mumbled to herself.

"Sabrina!" a teacher noted, her own figure barely managing to be contained by her tight formal uniform. "I hope you are taking notes on this! If you are blessed to be chosen by Jin, you will need to be able to please him with your mouth."

"Not bloody likely," she muttered, though she nodded and smiled to the teacher awkwardly. "No way am I sucking on his big, long, juicy cock. Mhmm."

She put her pencil in her mouth and began sucking on it. It was only when a few other girls laughed that she realised what she was doing. She went a deep shade of red and put it away immediately, unbelieving what she had been imagining in her dirty mind.

"God. I've got to get out of here. The next lesson is on 'dressing attractively,' and with *this* body there's no way I'll be safe."

Indeed, the other women were already wearing more flashy things, Abigail in particular. She was the haughty foreigner type, with gorgeous blonde hair and angular features, and her yellow dresses were starting to make Sabrina's changes mind oddly jealous, especially given that her own style was quite . . . bland. Supposedly, Jin was already roaming the halls, taking his own personal classes and running into a whole gaggle of interested women. To hear Desiree tell it, he'd swum with the mermaid girls the day before, and had viewed an impromptu fashion show put on by Abigail and her friends too. It wasn't hard to run into him, and so Sabrina retracted, not wanting to end up in his presence for fear of . . . something happening. She didn't know what, but the fact that her mind was starting to obey the silly tropes of an erotic dating sim didn't make her too optimistic about what it would be.

So she spent much of her time in the room, just as she had her original basement. She tried to use the computer on her desk, but all it contained were numerous notes about the in-game world of *Arousal Academy*, which was apparently called Vastet. The notes contained files on all the women there, including their place of origin, age, likes and dislikes, and general personalities. These files were written simply, and she eventually realised that

these were the 'menu files' that would display information for the player. It made her excited perhaps that there was an 'exit' option, like an official menu, but she couldn't find it even after hours of searching. In the end, she surveyed her own entry:

Name: Sabrina Mayheart

Age: Twenty

Star Sign: Capricorn

Place of Origin: Belatru, the Land of Libraries and Forbidden Knowledge

Appearance & Personality: Waist-length brown hair, glasses (short sighted), 5'4 height, F-cup. Sabrina presents as a very busty and curvaceous nerd type who is quite shy but secretly very horny and perverted individual. She often resists what she desires most, preferring to spend time programming and reading and studying her geeky interests, which includes lifelike drawings. But when Jin arrives on the scene, she finds it increasingly impossible to resist how deeply she wants him. The contrast between her incredibly voluptuous body and her shy nerdery will lead to all sorts of amusing and sexy situations. She is aware of how busty she is, but wishes she was flatter. Perhaps it is up to Jin to make her come to love her large F-cup breasts? If chosen, there is no doubt she will produce many children to pass on the Illuminance, and just to look at her chest, it's obvious the babies won't be going hungry any time soon!

Sabrina groaned. "Ugh, you've got to be kidding me! No wonder I've been feeling all these things. This game, whatever it is - an alternate dimension or whatever - has mapped me to the closest character to my actual personality. So now I'm a freakin' nerd still, only I'm a top-heavy cow who can't stop masturbating to this plain, average, sexy Jin. I mean, not sexy! Fuck!"

Even just saying his name just seemed to conjure him in her mind. She bit her lip, rubbing her thighs together.

"Shit, how am I even hornier than I was as a dude? At least my tits actually are fun to play with now, instead of my old manboobs. I just wish they weren't half as big as my own damn head."

But she began to drop them anyway, moaning in bliss as her big, pink, perfect nipples distended. Sabrina began to unbutton her shirt.

Sabrina was heading back from watching Victoria's equestrian practice. The princess continued to hope that Jin would turn up to watch her, but so far she had only seen him once. He was, just like so many dating sim tropes, a fairly shy man, and that at least made Sabrina feel fortunate: surely if *she* was shy and *he* was shy, then they just wouldn't meet, right? She could blissfully masturbate and then he could choose his harem, and then either the game would end or she could go 'back' to her homeland and adjust to her life without fearing a life as a future concubine, even if her dreams did make it sound really fucking sexy.

That was her series of thoughts as she walked down the elaborate halls of Arousal Academy on her way back to her room. She escaped them by opening up the book with her, a romance text that she ordinarily wouldn't have read as a man, but seemed to appeal to the same part of her mind: it was a science fiction romance, complete with stylistically drawn images. It was like a fusion of Sabrina and Steven's interests, and she was finding herself increasingly absorbed into the tale and actually *hoping* that the main pair would end up together. She had her nose practically right between the pages as she walked, her hips swaying and breasts bobbing in a now-familiar fashion. None of that mattered, because she was so intensely engaged with her book.

Which was why she didn't even notice Jin turn the corner she was approaching, himself absorbed in a text he was also reading. The pair of them collided straight into one another.

"Woah!"

"Ahhh!"

Naturally, the shorter and weaker Sabrina toppled backwards, book flying up into the air. She grabbed Jin's shoulders out of pure reaction, and accidentally pulled him over with her. He yelped, and she fell straight onto the carpeted floor, him right on top of her. The buttons of her top split open from the force, causing her boobs to be almost unleashed from their bra, her cleavage enormous. And it was right into that cavernous cleavage and pillowy breasts and Jin's face fell, his face nestled right between her impressive jugs.

"Oh my God, I didn't see you there!"

A muffled sound escaped from between her breasts, and she realised she was actually holding Jin there, practically suffocating him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, breathing heavily, still clutching him. "I'm - I'm sorry!"

Another muffle escaped, though it didn't sound altogether frustrated given his current position. His entire body was laying on top of hers, and something about it made her nipples tense, hardening right beside his face on either side.

"Mhmmm," she moaned, shocked at the sensitivity. She held them there just a little longer than intended, then quickly released him, shocked at her own actions.

Jin raised his head slowly, looking up at her. He gave a nervous smile that was cute as hell. "I'm very sorry! I didn't mean to run into you like this and . . ."

He looked down, fully realising not only the gargantuan breasts below him, but his own hand placement upon them as he had raised himself: his palms were sinking into her flesh, groping her tits unintentionally. She was biting her lip, turning red from the blissful sensations he was accidentally producing.

"Oh God! I'm so sorry!"

He shot to his feet like lightning, looking away like a gentleman. Sabrina swallowed, managed to stand and do up most of her buttons. The top ones had pinged off, leaving a rather delectable view for him to see. She coughed to indicate he could turn around again, and his gaze fell upon her breasts.

"Um, my eyes are up here," she said shyly.

Again, he turned red in the cheeks, as did she. They both chuckled awkwardly, and he scratched the back of his head. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to - hey, is that *Captain Starheart and Aurelia*? I love that book!"

He picked it up, marvelling it.

"You like that book?"

"Oh yes, I'm a huge science fiction and fantasy nerd. Before being chosen for the academy for my, um, Illuminance, I had a whole collection of miniatures on my shelves at home, ha!"

Sabrina swallowed. Of *course* he was a nerd, but unlike the nerds of real life, or at least the gross, overweight, and perverted one she had been, this guy was cute. Dorky. Attractive as hell.

"Yes, I'm really enjoying it," she said. "I'm not at the ending, but I really, really hope they end up together. I'm *quite the romantic, I guess, heehee!*"

Her eyes widened. Where had *that* come from? Of course it was obvious: the tropes of her character were coming out to play, and Jin was clearly enjoying the interaction.

"Well, we should get together sometime. Tomorrow at midday in the library? I'd love for you to show me around since you're such a bookworm!"

"Sounds like a plan. I'd - I'd love to. Thanks!"

The two awkwardly parted, him peeking at her cleavage one last time before he left.

"Shit," she said. "We just had a goddamn meet cute!"

She cupped her breasts, still remembering how it was to have his hands upon them.

"Why does he have to be so adorable!?"

Sabrina wasn't quite sure *why* she chose to go to the library the next day. Perhaps it was simply that Victoria was absolutely pushing her to do so, her 'bestie' in this universe practically jumping up and down in excitement, before correcting her manner to that of a more princess-like aspect.

"It's just, I'm so excited for you Sabrina! You're going to going on a date with Jin! Ohhhh, I wish it was me instead. I really hoped he would appreciate my horseriding, but it seems that *Abigail* woman is enticing him more with her crude cheerleading practice. If only I had a bosom like yours . . ."

She gazed wistfully at Sabrina's bountiful breasts, leaving the former male to attempt (and fail due to their size) to cover them up with her hands. She blushed red.

"Hey! I don't want to go see him! And it's not a date, anyway!"

"It could be! It will be so romantic; the library! All those hidden nooks, all those spaces where a kiss could happen, or something more!"

Sabrina exhaled. "I shouldn't go. I'm . . . you wouldn't understand. I'm trapped in this place. I'm not meant to be here."

"You were summoned, right?"

"Well, yeah, but the summoning was super literal! God, I can't even properly swear around other people here. Stupid sim rules."

Victoria raised a perfectly contoured eyebrow, but Sabrina waved the unspoken question away. She was unable to tell anyone about her true nature, and had tried every form of doing so and failed.

"Whatever, I'll just go for a walk instead," she said.

Victoria's jaw dropped, but Sabrina was already moving away, her skirt swishing against her backside, her large chest straining to be contained in her perennially too-small shirt. She made her way past numerous other woman, including Abigail the cheerleader, who was a hot blonde type with a spirited giggle and not much between her ears to hear her talk. Knowing the rules about such sims, she probably had a hidden artistic or intellectual side that was unlockable for the player only after the third dating option or something. For now, she seemed like *competition*.

"No doubt he'll definitely choose me!" Abigail said, strutting her hips and showing off her gorgeous midriff - a midriff that Sabrina realised quite painfully that she no longer found personally attractive. "He's already attended *three* of my practices, and we've gone for a lovely date where I performed all kinds of *moves* on him. I imagine having a, well, *bonding* moment with him could be coming any moment, ha!"

Her little horde of fans giggled, delighted that they might be pulled into her orbit. Abigail just raised an amused eyebrow at the nerdy Sabrina.

“After all, *some* of us could get lucky if we were bolder. But they just aren’t willing to show off their body like a woman is supposed to. Too bad!”

Sabrina balled her fists, but much like Steven had been, she was too shy in person to ever actually say something back.

“Grrr,” she said, animalistic as she passed out of listening range. “I’ll show her. I’ll head straight for him and seduce the crap out of that gorgeous, whimsical - what am I saying!?”

But it was too late. The library was on the left, and she had already entered by that point, slamming the door shut louder than she’d intended, and alerting Jin to her present. He was by a study desk in the sparsely populated area, and a gaggle of women were around him, fawning over him as if he were a golden Greek god. He stood immediately.

“Sabrina! It’s good to see you! Let’s, um, find a space! A private space!”

Sabrina actually felt sorry for him - he clearly didn’t like these women but was too nervous and kind to say otherwise. She strode towards him, took his hand by instinct, and pulled him away.

“*I know a place,*” she said, though they weren’t her words at all, but some kind of script. “*A little area I love to study at. No one can find us.*”

“Thanks. You’re brilliant, Sabrina.”

His words sent bursts of dopamine pleasure to her brain, frustrating her completely with how much she enjoyed his praise. She pulled ahead, her gaze taking in the expansive hallways of books that seemed to be stacked three floors in height, with varying ladders that led all the way up. It truly was a magical place, and given that there was even a section for comicbooks, science fiction, and various subgenres of fantasy, she even found herself strangely *excited* by what she saw.

“This place is magical,” she said out loud, without meaning to.

“Wow, it truly is,” Jin said, looking around. “Where are we going?”

“*To my very favourite place,*” she found herself saying. “*You aren’t allowed to tell anyone though. It’s my secret hideaway. Please don’t tell.*”

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” he said.

It was enough for her. Sabrina regained control of her form, but something still made her push ahead, a hidden want perhaps. She had never shared such a close social interaction with . . . anyone, really. And so, armed with the knowledge that had planted itself in her mind of where to go, she led the man around several corners, down one further hallway of bookcases, and then to a little passage to the side. The ‘door’ to it was composed of stacked books that melded into the others around them, leaving the impression that it was just part of the wall.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she whispered to herself, before sweeping the books aside. "Come on in. It's, um, pretty cosy."

Indeed, it was a little cave seemingly composed of walls of books, with a low ceiling that necessitated crawling through the tunnel first. It rather reminded her of a blanket fort. She went down on all fours and moved ahead, and Jin went behind her, adjusting the books behind him. Several small pre-set lamps lighted the way, and indeed there was something intimate about the setting.

"This is astonishing," Jin said. "And what a view. Oh, I mean . . . wow."

It took her a moment to realise what he meant, until she realised how prominent her new delectable derriere was, and how much it swayed with each shift forward on her hands and knees. No doubt he was probably getting a look at her panties as well, stretched tightly against her sexy backside. She halted suddenly at this realisation, but this only had the effect of him stumbling forward without realising . . .

. . . face first into her rear.

"Hey! Don't put your f-face there!"

He pulled his face back out, stumbling a little, but it only had the effect of collapsing some of the books, causing him to surge forward again, face right against her right ass cheek. This caused her in turn to stumble forward into the actual den itself, rolling to one side. Naturally, according to anime dating sim logic, this made him also tumble forward, and this time *she* ended up on *him*, her huge breasts dangling over his face like overripe melons. Her left nipples, pushing against the thin fabric of her bra and shirt combined, brushed against his nose.

"Umm," he said, swallowing, not knowing what to say. It was then that she felt a hardness against her, the obvious erection that any man would spout if given such a wonderful view. She also realised that her stocking'd thighs were spread either side of his waist, so that it appeared she was about to mount him. To an outsider looking from the wrong (or right, perhaps?) angle, it might appear like they were doing the deed already.

"Agh!" she cried, scrambling off of him. She had to flatten her skirt, because she gave him quite a show in that regard as well. "That was an accident!"

"Of course! Of course! I didn't mean - before, that is - to do what I did. Oh, shoot! This is so embarrassing. I just wanted to get to know you better Sabrina, since I think we have so much in common!"

She managed to rally her formerly male mind. "We have nothing in common, Jin! Nothing! You don't even know me!"

He cocked his head to one side, obviously confused by this sudden change of attitude. It embarrassed the part of her that was extremely attracted to him, and so she launched to explain herself.

“What I mean is, you don’t know where I’ve come from, so *let me tell you all about myself, and what I love about this space.*”

She gestured, smiling despite herself, to the wonderful nook literally made of books that was her ‘character’s’ hovel. It really was quite enchanting, right down to the many on her ‘to-read’ list that were stacked as a miniature pillar to one side, and a board that pinned her thoughts about them as well.

“I’d love to hear it,” Jin said. “Please, tell me. I won’t lie, I know I’m here to spread the, well, my Illuminance. It’s the purpose of Arousal Academy. But the truth is I’m really nervous, and all these women are hounding me, that Abigail especially. I feel like you’re the only one not to be chasing me down, and that intrigues me. It makes me actually want to know who Sabrina Mayheart is, and maybe even . . . go on a date together. That sort of thing.”

Sabrina’s male ego once more rallied, but was swiftly crushed. She didn’t want to fall for this man - this impossible bland, audience-stand in man - but the very tropes and expectations of the dating sim she’d somehow ended up in demanded she swoon. So she sighed softly, breathing heavily in such a way that emphasised her large breasts. And then, without even thinking, she cosied up closer to him, crossing her legs so that one overlapped his, and one hand fell upon his too.

“Well, maybe it wouldn’t hurt to get to know each other a little,” she said. At that point, his gaze was hypnotic enough that she began to recite her nerdy librarian hottie backstory to him, the words conjured from her programmed mind. It was all fiction, of course: orphaned girl, falling in love with books, adoring collectibles, never having friends for the longest time, never having kissed a boy before, so on and so forth. She could have retched from how stereotypical it was, but Jin’s captivated expression made her begin to tell the story in earnest, and by the time she finished, it was no longer spilling from her automatically: *she* was the telling it of her own volition, even adding her own little embellishments.

“Wow,” he said. “That was the most amazing story I’ve ever heard. You truly are a remarkable woman, Sabrina. I’m so glad you brought me here.”

It was cliché dialogue, seemingly a blanket response to any of the dates he could go on with a number of women. But it worked hook, line, and sinker anyway. Steven should have been eagerly drinking Mountain Dew and downing cheetos, all while sporting an erection as he took in this scene, open cleavage and all.

Instead, Sabrina leaned forward and kissed Jin.

It was passionate. It was wonderful. It had *tongue*. And it was brief.

“Oh! Oh God!” she cried. She immediately spun around and dashed out of the book tunnel as quickly as she could, uncaring what a sight she was giving him.

She needed to get out of there before things went any further. Sabrina quickly made her way back to her room and locked it. She stormed to her bed, hid under the covers, and tried to cool down.

She ended up masturbating to Jin anyway. This time, it wasn't enough.

After that magical and terrible day at the library, Sabrina and Jin continued to run into one another at different areas of the academy, no matter how hard she tried to avoid him. Sabrina was no idiot, even if she was socially clueless from a life of being a recluse. She understood that whatever mental changes had occurred to her were making her act like a stereotypical harem girl in an erotic dating sim. First, there would be the meet cute, then there would be other sexy shenanigans and chance meetings that continued to develop their romance. Finally, it would culminate in sex itself, usually in an appropriate location befitting her character and interests. That could mean the library again, or perhaps some other private location. She just had to stall things long enough that he chose his own harem, a great possibility since he'd recently begun spending time with Victoria, who was over the moon.

"Oh, we kissed! I can't believe it, Sabrina. His lips were magical. We were in the horse stalls, and just had a moment of - of this great connection!"

"Great," Sabrina said, trying to think about anything else - and failing badly. "Why can't he just be satisfied with you, though?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, we're all competing with one another? Even Derene the belly dancer is turning super competitive lately. Why can't I just, I don't know, find some videogame cartridge in the library and play my own dating sim, where I play a guy dating lots of girls?"

Victoria looked at her like she'd grown three heads, then burst out laughing.

"Oh, Sabrina! You're so ridiculous when you get like this! It's okay to admit you like Jin. We all do, even Bethany, who swears up and down she doesn't."

"Because she's a damn tsundere."

"You mean a Tsundorian, because of her homeland, right?"

Again, Sabrina could only sigh, sketching away on paper idly without thinking. "Right, sure. That's definitely what I meant. This whole situation is crazy. How didn't I see how tacky it is before? Now I've got these huge udders on my chest-"

"Totally jealous about those, by the way. I know I'm a princess, but I'm far too slim!"

"Maybe getting knocked up will help you there."

"Oh, if only! And you have a body primed for making babies with his Illuminance! We

could bond together as mothers if we both get chosen, just like that adorable picture you're drawing - oh, you definitely have it in for him!"

Sabrina halted, looked down at her picture. She knew her new self was quite good at art and drawing, but this sketch was borderline lifelike. That wasn't what disturbed her though. Instead, it was the drawing's contents. In it, she was depicted wearing a gorgeous skin-tight dress that outlined a bulging pregnant belly, her large breasts even fuller than usual. Jin was beside her, feeling her belly in one hand and caressing her cheek with the other. His lips were pursed for a kiss. The very sight of it made her nethers warm and damp.

"Stupid female brain!" she cried, screwing up the paper.

They left the conversation behind them, but it didn't stop her from continually thinking about that image, and how much her body suddenly craved the idea of life blossoming within it. Life belonging to Jin.

"Fight it," she continued to mutter to herself in the following days, but it became harder with each coincidental event during which she met Jin. She tried to stray outside her usual fields of interest, even visiting the lakeside beach which was miraculously - and impossibly - warm and summer-like. Naturally, her body insisted on wearing a one-piece that clung tight to her form, her cleavage massive, her childbearing hips on good display, her thighs utterly bare. It was embarrassing as hell, especially since she knew what sight she was putting on. So when the mad stampede of women screaming for Jin began to descend down towards the lake, she ran into the water, swimming as far as she could in the hopes of getting away from him.

But of course, she washed up on the island in the centre of the lake where he *too* had swam to escape. The two were breathless, lying next to one another, and with no strength to return and her body tingling in his presence, she could only give in to her new feminine impulses and enjoy a little island date together, eating the fruit of the island and talking further. This time, he dared to kiss her, and she received him, moaning just a little as her breasts pressed against his chest.

"N-no! I shouldn't! I'm - I'm sorry!"

The sensation had been too wonderful, far too addictive. She plunged back into the water, happy that in this crazy new reality, her breasts at least functioned somewhat like floatation devices.

But that was not the last encounter; there were many more. She decided to go for a hike to see if she could find a new edge of reality to escape from, this time further up the mountain. But when she turned out to be inadequately prepared for the sudden blasts of cold, she quickly found shelter in the warm hot springs. Once more, the compulsion to play the right part came over her, and she stripped off all of her clothing, leaving herself utterly naked as she descended into the wonderful warmth of the spring.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned, borderline erotically so, as the spring brought her peace. Her large breasts sat nearly on top of the waterline, her nipples conveniently obscured, but only just (almost as if she was in some kind of video game world that left things for the imagination, all to build anticipation for the final sex scene). “That’s exactly what I - AGH!”

She shrieked as suddenly Jin’s face emerged, and the formerly submerged man screamed in turn, surprised to see her.

“Sabrina! What are you doing here?”

“Me!? What are you doing here, you pervert!?”

“I’ve been here for nearly half an hour! I was dipping my head to enjoy the spring!”

“Well, I’m getting out before you -”

She made it halfway out, her various curvaceous parts jiggling, when she realised how much she was showing off. Panicking, she toppled backwards, her exaggerated clumsiness setting up a classic trope to humiliate, torment, and most of all *arouse* her: she fell naked against his form, her breasts against his chest, his hardness against her soft belly.

The two stayed in that position for longer than expected. Jin’s arms were around her waist, she was facing him as if ready to fuck him right then and there. God knows her brain was screaming at her to do so. Her nipples were now right against his bare skin, just as his bare cock was against her.

“Y-you’re naked,” she stuttered.

“Um, you are too,” he replied. “Should we, um . . . ?”

“Yes!”

She pulled away from him, sitting opposite. “You’ll have to leave!”

“I, uh, can’t do that yet.”

“Why not?”

He bit his lip, looking down at his erection.

“Ewww! Seriously!?”

“I’m sorry! It’s just . . . you’re so attractive! And your boobs - I mean, I hope you don’t mind, but they’re very attractive also! And we have so much in common! I’ve been reading Captain Starlight and wanting to talk to you about-”

“LET’S DO THAT THEN! ANYTHING BUT YOU TALKING ABOUT MY BIG SENSITIVE BOOBS, OKAY?”

“Sensitive?”

“Please, right now!”

And so they did, and once more the conversation allowed her mind to lull into that hypnotic state. The one that left her vulnerable. She fell into her Sabrina-personality, sighing gently as he talked of his own bland, boring, weirdly vague backstory, where he discussed his unengaging nervousness about coming here, his musings over which women to date, all

while dancing around his obvious interest in Sabrina. By the time his erection had finally gone down and she closed her eyes while he extracted himself, she still ended up looking.

Only to see that he was looking at her as *she* got out too.

They both stared for a long time at their naked forms, and slowly his erection rose.

This time, she didn't bound away. Instead, she managed to blush deeply and get dressed. Jin escorted her down the mountain, and they actually held hands. She tried to convince herself that this was just part of keeping warm, but when they parted, he kissed her lightly on the cheek, leaving her standing there.

"Fuck," she said. "It keeps happening!"

And it did, on and on, as if the universe itself was conspiring against her (or the trope-like narrative of this strange, dating sim universe). When Veronica finally convinced her to doll up in a stylish dress to attend her equestrian show, Jin happened to bump into her during the event, both of them quite tipsy.

"I just love you! I really do!" he stammered drunkenly. "And you're so beautiful! With huge . . . tracts of land!"

She giggled, grabbing his hands and placing them against her chest. "I know! They're waaaaaay too big, especially in this dress! I feel like I might fall out. Feel!"

They made out longer than ever before, and it was only when Victoria managed to come over that she pulled away; but only so her friend wouldn't feel betrayed, not because she actually wanted to stop.

Other events occurred as well. A film viewing saw them sat beside one another. A study session when the fan broke led her to take off her shirt so she was only in her bra, and Jin turned out to be seated just behind her, staring helplessly as she sucked on a pencil, deep in thought. When the fire alarm went off she just happened to be in the shower. The girls screamed, stampeding out of there and carrying her along with them. Naturally, Jin was picked up. Sure, there were other beauties present, Abigail especially, but they were the ones most squished against one another.

"I have to be stronger!" she declared to her mirror self. "I have to resist him! No way am I going to end up 'winning' this game with him! Unless . . . unless that's how I get out . . ."

The idea stuck in her head. It floated about. It coiled and turned and settled.

And it appealed.

Slowly, the new woman smiled, her breathing quickening. She turned, adjusting her clothing to show off her curves further.

"Yes, that makes sense, right? I get chosen, the game concludes, and I go back to being Sabrina. Well, I know who I mean. Yes, that has to be it. I just have to have sex with Jin. Just the one time. Maybe have an epilogue card with him or something. And then I'll be back."

She exhaled, feeling truly joyous and at one with her Sabrina self, finally.

“Yes, I’ll do it. This is how I escape.”

She was, of course, fooling herself. But she didn’t care about that: her mind was already bursting with ideas.

The library was too obvious. So was the video game room. She’d had encounters with him in both locations, and if the dating sim logic was to be followed in this strange universe, then it had to be somewhere new, where romance could blossom. And she had to be quick: Abigail was apparently already fully making out with him, having dressed in a sexy leopard-skin bikini on the beach and thrown herself at him, revealing some sob story in her past to make her seem less two dimensional. Victoria was elated to have shared a midnight ride with Jin, ending in a long, romantic kiss. Her storyline was obviously more chaste and genuinely sincere. Another woman, a darker-skinned lass with an athletic physique, had helped mend Jin after a physical injury. She had, predictably, stripped off parts of her own thin running uniform to wrap his injuries. One thing had evidently led to another. The pressure was on, and Sabrina’s heart pounded as she tried to think of ways to seduce him, which was definitely so she could go back to her original homeland and definitely not because she was falling head over heels for him, no siree.

In the end, the perfect solution came to her. After all, a shy, reclusive nerd type always had a sanctum, a place where no one else dared tread. Steven had his basement. Sabrina had her room. And in her room, there was one option she hadn’t explored yet . . .

It didn’t take much preparation, but what little there was to do still excited her greatly. She tried to make everything perfect, but perfectly *her*, nerdery and all. And then, because it was so easy to run into Jin thanks to this dating sim’s narrative reality, she invited him to her room for ‘something special and secret.’ Jin, being Jin, was awkward and adorable and took the bait regardless.

“C’mon, c’mon, why am I so damn anxious? I should be terrified!”

She was sitting on the bed, staring at the door, just waiting for her love interest to hurry up and arrive. The Steven part of her was indeed nervous, but less scared than it should have been. Perhaps her male ego was far too small by this point, but there was also the possibility that she really had become more feminine in truth, and not just as a result of her compulsions. Certainly, she had taken Victoria’s advice and dressed differently: she was now adorned in an adorable yellow sunflower dress, one that hugged her bosom and lifted it to show off some spectacular cleavage, but was not so tight everywhere else as to feel like

Abigail or the other cheerleader types. No, there was something distinctly cute and nerdy about it, particularly since she still had her glasses on.

“Maybe I should call it off. This is stupid. I’m not going to fuck some guy just bec-”

There was a knock upon the door, and she shot to her feet, nearly causing a wardrobe accident due to her huge boobs. She checked her appearance briefly in the dresser mirror, the one that had heralded her changes in the first place, and then moved straight to the door. Her heart pounded, but there were no compulsions here, just an overriding want. She opened the door, and there he was, plain and nondescript as ever, yet impossibly capturing her. He was dressed a little more formally than usual, in a smart shirt and pants, his tie on and everything. He’d even done his hair up nicely, though it didn’t make him stick out anymore.

“Sabrina! Wow! You look absolutely amazing!”

She turned red - God, her cheeks were damn responsive like that these days.

“Thanks,” she said, twirling the skirt of her dress just a little. “You look good too, Jin. I’m not good at compliments, but you appear very handsome.”

He wasn’t really, but that was beside the point; the narrative of this dating sim reality made her body view him as handsome. She took a deep breath and gestured inside.

“Would you like to come in?”

“Oh, of course! What was this special gift you wanted to show me - ah! You’re going to draw something? Do a sketch?”

Indeed, she had setup the easel and sheets of paper opposite a seat in the centre of the room.

“And you’re my subject!” she declared. “I’d like to draw you, if you’d like. I want you to have something to keep.”

“Wow, that’s really talented! Of course! Do I just sit here.”

“Yep!”

She sat him down, bending over as she adjusted his pose as deliberately as she could, allowing him to stare at her wonderful breasts. Then she went and bent over, letting him view her hips and backside, as she got her pencils.

“Now hold still. I want to capture your face so I can get a few of these.”

She set to work, her devious plan in motion. Jin was wonderfully patient, conversing with her about her sketch talent, the pair of them talking about books and the Arousal Academy in general, as well as what women he might choose.

“Oh, I have some ideas,” he said. “I guess it just depends on if they’re interested in me back. How goes the work?”

“All finished,” she declared. “Three sets.”

“Three? In that time? Wow!”

"It's my talent," she declared, oddly proud of herself. As Steven, she had only consumed other people's creations. Now, she was making things herself. It felt . . . good. Empowering. And would the next part.

"Sheet A," she declared, taking the first large paper from the easel and passing it to him. It was a portrait of Jin, his handsomeness intensified as much as possible.

"Thank you! This is incredible."

"I call it: A Good Man."

He laughed. "I'll take it!"

"And this is Sheet B," she continued. "I call it 'A Good Match.'"

She passed him the sheet a little nervously. His eyebrows jumped up. "This is you! Wow, you managed to sketch yourself without a reference. You look almost as gorgeous as in real life!"

She couldn't help but feel warm and gooey inside at his comments. The sketch was a match for his, only she was now sitting in the seat, looking coyly at the viewer.

"And lastly, here is Sheet C. I call it: A Perfect Pairing."

This was the one that would be the test. She took the sheet and moved slowly to him, letting her hips rock a little more, her breasts bob in her dress. She manoeuvred around behind him, letting her chest literally rest on top of his head, and placed the sheet in his lap. The sketch showed the pair of them together: him without a shirt, her in just her bra and panties, the pair of them making out in the bed.

"Woah," Jin said. "Holy moly. This is . . ."

"Exactly what I want," she whispered in his ear, already noticing the stirring of his cock in his pants. "If you do."

He stood, gently placing the sheet down. He turned, and for a moment she thought he was going to nervously back away because she'd mistimed all of this. Instead, he stepped up towards her, caressed her cheek with one hand, and gave her a look of absolute kindness . . . and interest.

"I've wanted you since I met you, Sabrina. I just didn't know if you felt the same."

"I was nervous," she explained.

"Me too. But I'm not now."

He kissed her, and she kissed him back. His lips were soft, hers full, and together they moaned. She even raised a leg as she kissed him, taking on the most feminine repose possible. The couple touched each other, caressing their respective forms and placing their arms around one another.

"N-now?" he asked, gesturing to the bed.

"Mhmm, please!" she begged. "I really want you, Jin. I - I think I love you!"

"I know I love you! Let me show you how much."

They moved to the bed, still running their hands over each other. It didn't take long to remove Sabrina's dress or Jin's shirt. She had a lot of fun removing his tie, in fact. Her nipples burned with arousal, and her pussy was already completely wet, desiring him to enter her. She should have been scared or disgusted, but even the perverted former male part of her was excited to reach the culmination of this narrative, even if it was from the other side instead of the usual. She fell back on the bed, and Jin clambered atop her, mirroring the pose perfectly that had been in her sketch.

"I want you so badly," he said.

She began removing her underwear, then snapped her legs wide automatically. He removed his belt and pants, and she in turn took off her bra, freeing her bountiful bosom, which rose and fell like two great boulders on her chest with every breath.

"God, you're boobs are perfect," he said.

"Feel them," she replied. "And I'll feel you."

She allowed the compulsions to take over, reaching out to stroke his cock and make it even harder. It was large - much larger than her own had once been - and she suspected this was one area where he was far, far above average. It was a wish fulfillment fantasy, after all.

"Ohhhhh," he moaned as she massaged his cock, leading it closer to her entrance. She in turn whimpered as he squeezed and groped her breasts. She pulled him closer and he placed his mouth on her right nipple, closing over it to create perfect suction. It left her whimpering in bliss.

"Mhmm! Ahhh, d-don't s-stop! Do the other one t-too!"

He continued to rub her right nipple as he moved to suck on her left one. She squirmed beneath him reaching to place his cock against her wet pussy. The motions were too much, and she was awash in them. Even if she wanted to stop she wouldn't have been able to, and she didn't want to stop besides!

"G-get in me! I can't h-handle it anymore! Please! This nerdy girl needs your big cock!"

"Then get ready," he replied. "I'm going to show you how much I love you, Sabrina."

He entered her in that moment, plunging his entire, massive length deep within her. Sabrina froze, her mouth hanging open. For a moment she was completely silent, her voice gone, as the sensation of being actively *penetrated* swept through her. She was *his*, utterly at his mercy, and something about the submissive nature of that was utterly *divine*.

"Mhmmmm!" she finally managed. "This - feels - too - good! Oh G-God! I want you to f-fuck me! Fuck me, Jin! Make me one of your harem!"

"I'll make you my *wife*," he said. "If you'll have m-me!"

"Yes! Yessss! Ohhhh yessss!"

It wasn't even an act. She was fully into this, without a conflicting thought in her head. She began to buck her hips against him, savouring the sensation of him slipping in and out of her, ramming his enormous length right back into her. Her vaginal walls clamped against his cock, wanting to squeeze every potential future drop from him, her sensory nerves driving her to fits of utter delight. Her large breasts wobbled up and down on her chest, but he continued to play with them, rubbing and pinching and sucking her nipples, occasionally stopping to kiss her passionately and nuzzle her neck.

"Ohhhh! Mhmm! Nghh! S-so close! So CLOSE!" she cried.

"M-me too! Do you want me to p-pull ou-"

"No! I want all of it! I want to be yours! Let's get the ending we b-both deserve! I want to graduate Arousal Academy with y-you! I want to p-pass on your Illuminance! I want to b-be your wife!"

And with that, he was clearly turned on enough that climax was inevitable. He grunted, thrusting into her one last time, and then his balls pulsed against her entrance. His member went even more rigid, then it too pulse, and suddenly her tunnel was positively *flooded* with his cum.

It was a revelation.

"Yess! Yessss! YESSSSSS!!!"

She orgasmed, *hard*. Despite all the self-enjoyment she'd had from touching her female body recently, that paled in comparison to the sheer delirious ecstasy she experienced now. She lost all control over her body, pulling him against her so that he was practically suffocating in her trembling bosom. She wrapped her legs around his waist again, preventing anything from leaking out: she wanted all of his seed inside of her. This was part of the instinct, but she welcomed it, desiring to be his.

"I - I love you!" she gasped. "I can't h-help it! It's impossible, but I do! I love you Jin!"

"I love you too, Sabrina!" he replied.

And still he came within her, just as she came from wave after wave of pleasure. It lasted an impossibly long time, his stream of semen pouring into her waiting womb. Visions of bearing his children, or fulfilling her new destiny, all entered her mind. Steven would have raged, humiliated by this fate, but she was leaving that part of her life behind her now.

"I hope I n-never turn back," she whimpered quietly.

And then the next orgasm came, and the next, and they only confirmed her opinion.

It was graduation day, and Sabrina couldn't be more excited. Graduation from Arousal Academy meant not just leaving this place, but also fulfilling her new purpose: marriage and

devotion to Jin. He was dressed in a smart grey suit, his hair slightly mussed and adorable, and in turn was in a white dress, ready to walk the aisle. Yes, graduation from Arousal Academy for its women meant being married to the man who had chosen them, and one other thing as well.

“Oh, you look so beautiful!” Victorian said, herself clad in a white dress, one that was much longer and more elegant than Sabrina’s more ‘cute’ one. “I’m so happy to be chosen, but I wish I was as big as you! I want to spread Jin’s Illuminance as much as possible!”

Sabrina chuckled, her hands lowering to the obvious bump in her belly. “Don’t worry, bestie, I’m sure you’ll do that. Besides, you’re catching up to me. You might even have twins.”

The women squeaked in excitement. “I hope so! I hope we both have twins. Then we can beat out Abigail.”

Sabrina rolled her eyes. The blonde bombshell of a cheerleader was also marrying Jin, as were several others. He was to have seven wives in total, all of whom had been chosen by him. But she knew that she was the favourite, hence why she’d be standing closest to him during the ceremony. She gave Victoria a last hug, then moved down the aisle as the music started. Her body was barely contained by her dress, and she was happy for it. She never imagined she’d find happiness as a harem girl, especially in a weird reality like this, but her heart soared as she moved towards Jin, her own face beaming in response to his smile. Her pregnant belly was five months along, and her little child kicked within her. The first of many, she was sure. The prospect made her anxious, but even more, it made her *excited*. She was going to bloom with life and Jin’s Illuminance - even if this world never got around to explaining exactly what that was - and it was the rightest thing in her life. She didn’t even mind that she had to share her groom with other women, not even on their wedding night.

In fact, part of her was getting excited at that prospect. Sharing was caring, after all.

Jin smiled as she took her spot beside him. She placed one hand in his, and Victoria took the other. The rest, including Abigail, Derene, Suzuki the shrine maiden, and several others, all took their places as well, each unique and stereotypical and gorgeous just like any dating sim harem girl should be.

“You are absolutely beautiful,” Jin said.

The dialogue wasn’t unique. It wasn’t original. It wasn’t even clever. But it still made her heart flutter anyway, and Sabrina had realised long ago that she didn’t care anyway. She wasn’t going back to her old, sad, gross life. She was going to be Sabrina for good, and if that meant having a bland protagonist for a husband, then who cares? She was in love with him anyway, and life would still be an adventure.

Especially the wedding night, to judge from all the eager female faces around her. Yes, they all wanted a piece of Jin tonight.

The wedding cottage was not small, at least not on the inside. After the celebrations and fireworks and dancing - so very much dancing - the women had practically *carried* the groom away from the reception and to this whimsical location. In it, a positively enormous bed dominated the central room, custom-made to accommodate not one wedding couple, but a groom and a whole harem of brides to surround him. Jin was sprawled on the bed, having been placed there by them, and was currently in a state of near-total undress as he stared up at the various brides he now possessed.

“You all look so marvellous,” he declared. “I love each and every one of you. I’m so happy to be your husband.”

He said the last particularly to Sabrina, and it more than got her engine revving.

“Then you won’t mind if we all have our way with you?” Abigail said, thrusting out her fine chest and even larger belly. “We’re all pregnant already, so there’s no risk. And besides, we’re all really, really horny right now!”

“So horny!” Victoria agreed.

“Really, really, really turned on!” Derene cried.

They were like a troupe of vampires, all wanting to get blood from their victim. Well, not blood, exactly. They’d all known for a while just how *prodigious* Jin was when it came to flooding their respective wombs, and how wonderfully short his refractory period was. The man sighed, his cute smile becoming a wholesale grin.

“Then have at me, ladies. It’s your wedding night too! And I won’t lie: I’ve been saving up for you.”

He gestured to his rock-hard cock, which made each of them salivate, even Princess Victoria.

“Who’s first?” he asked.

They each looked to one another. They had been in competition once, but not anymore. Tonight, they were all winners. They had graduated Arousal Academy fully, and would spend the rest of their lives as his gorgeous harem, becoming pregnant with his children and living in perfect bliss with their shared husband.

“All of us,” Sabrina said, taking the lead. She may have been shy normally, but in the bedroom, she was a damn lioness. “We all want you together.”

Jin’s eyes widened. “All of you? At - at once?”

They each nodded.

“If you’re man enough to handle it,” Abigail teased, rubbing her belly against his leg as she mounted the bed.

“And gentlemanly enough to answer our requests,” Victoria said, doing the same from the other side.

“And smart enough to give us all attention,” Suzuki said, crawling up onto the bed, her pregnant belly just barely visible.

Sabrina sighed at this sight. She never expected a life like this, but it was truly a wonder. She too mounted the bed, heading straight for his cock. Everyone knew that Jin favored her the most, and she was happy to demonstrate that. She peeled herself out of her wedding dress, aided by the other girls. They too became naked, and soon they were all surrounding Jin, caressing and stroking his body, working him to his full. She was first to mount him, lowering her body down on his cock so that he entered deep within her.

“Mhmmmm,” she moaned. “That’s - ahhh - that’s what I’ve been waiting for!”

Jin exhaled, clearly into it himself. “Looks like I’ve got a lot of work ahead of me,” he said, though his expression was one of joy and anticipation. “How about it, ladies?”

The rest of them giggled, and soon they were upon him.

Everyone got a piece of Jin that night, and then came back for seconds and thirds too. Arousal Academy had trained them all well.

The End