

Too Much Sushi, Part 1 (Curvy Japanese Waitress TG RC)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Aaron finds a job at a local sushi restaurant, not realising a branch of the yakuza operates it. Despite warnings in broken English from the very attractive Japanese waitresses, he doesn't realise that the special sushi his boss feeds him is turning him into one of them. Soon, Aaron finds himself becoming Aoi, a gorgeously curvaceous Japanese waitress with no idea how to escape her new fate!

Too Much Sushi, Part 1

The manager of *Sushi Heart* was a tall, powerful looking man of mixed Caucasian and Asian ancestry. He had a scar over his left eye, though luckily for him the eye itself still looked functional, and both his arms had sophisticated tattoo sleeves that included images of koi fish, kimono-clad women, and oni clashing swords with samurai. Despite this intimidating look, he wore a professional looking sleeveless jacket, and was all smiles as he shook hands with Aaron.

“Welcome aboard,” he said with only a slight trace of a Japanese accent. “We’re really looking forward to seeing how you . . . progress here, Aaron Stubecker.”

Aaron grinned. The man had a hard grip, but he respected that. He shook back, nearly as firm. “So glad to be working for you, Mr Tanaka.”

“Please, call me Eddie.”

“I thought your name was Eri?”

“It is, but I usually go by my ‘Western’ name, and I’m more than used to it.”

“Well, thank you very much Eddie. This is a huge break for me. I’ve not been able to find solid employment for over six months, so you’re an absolute godsend. I won’t let you down.”

Eddie ‘Eri’ Tanaka smirked. It was a kindly smirk, with a kind of crafty intelligence behind it. Almost mischievous. “I know you won’t, Aaron. Make sure to get your uniform from Daki on the way out - she’s the head waitress who showed you in. Oh, and Kahori can give you your shifts and access keys, along with any other information you require. Make sure you’re here on time Monday, and Daki can oversee your training. Rumiko can also help you. She has the best English.”

“Thanks again, Mr Tanaka. Eddie, I mean. I’m so glad to be working here.”

“Not as glad as I am to have you here, Aaron. You’ll look very good in a uniform when you start, and even better in a few weeks when you’ve come to . . . fit in.”

Eddie gave a belly laugh, and Aaron was so excited that he joined in despite not getting the joke. It must have been an inside joke, or perhaps a cultural thing he was missing. Eddie Tanaka gave a slight bow, and Aaron gave a much lower one before leading the man's office and heading through the back area of the well-regarded restaurant.

The staff was almost entirely female, though the head chef was not, or accounts man. The rest, though, were a collection of frankly *gorgeous* women in all sorts of shapes and sizes, but all of them beautiful in their own unique way.

The most beautiful was clearly Daki, the woman who had welcomed him in. She was the head waitress, and preparing for the night's coming guests and reservations. She wore a tight white blouse and dark black skirt as her uniform, as did the rest, but her lithe yet shapely figure did well to fill it in all the right places. Her hair was long and silky, falling to her back, though likely she would tie it up when actual shift work began.

"Hello," he ventured. "I'm Aaron. The man you welcomed in? I'm told I can get my uniform from you?"

She cocked her head for a moment, clearly struggling with what he was saying. She closed her eyes, mumbling to herself, until she recomposed and smiled sweetly. She looked to be around thirty years old at a maximum, and her smile melted him.

"Oh, hai! Uni-form," she said, her accent thick as she phonetically spelled out the English. "Come."

She brought him across the room, through a door, and turned around, uniform in hand. "You run," she said.

"Yeah, I'm in a hurry."

She shook her head. Suddenly, her expression was serious, almost anxious. "lie, iie. No. You go *run*. Leave."

"Oh, sorry! I didn't meant to be a bother. I just had to get your uniform."

"You change. Big change. No go back!"

"Exactly!" he said, finally understanding her. "Real big change. No longer unemployed."

She just raised an eyebrow, sighed in an exasperated manner, and shoved the clothing into his hands.

"I try, I try. No good. Kahori no tell you. She no care. Round corner. Run away but no listen! Pah!"

She walked past him and left, making him feel utterly confused. Aaron blinked, left the room, and found the woman named Kahori around the corner. She looked to be in her mid-thirties, but who could honestly tell with Japanese women? They seemed to never age past thirty five, then poof! Suddenly they were wrinkly old grandmas, with no stage in between. The only clue to this thin, willowy, and elegant shift manager's age were the

near-invisible wrinkles at the edges of her eyes, and the glasses that gave her a refined, mature aspect.

“Shift,” she said curtly, and passed him a file that had his hours on it. “No lose.”

“Um, I won’t. I promise.”

She regarded him coldly. “Hmm, maybe better lose. Maybe not. Eri like you, so I say nothing. You join us soon?”

“Um, Monday. Wasn’t that on the sheet?”

She chuckled. “Join us is not *join* us. Eh, you understand in time. Pay good - don’t forget! And Tanaka good boss once you accept.”

That at least buoyed Aaron a bit more after Daki’s odd attitude. “Also I was told Rumiko can help me with training on that day? What does she look like?”

Kahori tapped the glass window of her office, and pointed out one of the women getting prepped. She was probably the youngest looking member on staff, perhaps around twenty or twenty two. She had a shorter bob that was cut smartly, almost in a sharp anime style so that it fell equal to her chin, but lost height as it went past her ears. Her hair was dyed with a blue tinge that looked really cool, and she had a short, cute figure with a nice pair of hips. Aaron got the feeling he was going to like getting trained by that woman, but kept such elation to himself.

“Thank you,” he said, giving a slight bow.

She bowed back slightly, a smirk on her features.

As Aaron left, a few of the women looked at him oddly. Some even made a shooing motion.

“Leave!”

It made him hope that this wouldn’t be yet another hostile workplace. He was, after all, really counting on this job to make it work. Still, with his uniform in hand and his shifts tucked in his pocket, he got on his parked bicycle, unlocked it, and rode all the way to his cheap little apartment. He was not the most manly man, but he couldn’t claim not to be fit thanks to all his cycling about. The twenty-five year old couldn’t afford a car after so much bum luck, and it wasn’t like he had family around to help him. He had to get by, living cheaply, trying to find work where he could. With his sandy blonde hair and bright blue eyes, he wasn’t exactly anyone’s first imagined individual when it came to working at a Japanese-run sushi restaurant, but he’d heard such good things about *Sushi Heart*, and moreover it paid well. When he got home, he made sure to shave the stubble from his face.

“I’m going to look smart for that first shift,” he said to myself. “And once I prove myself as a waiter, I’m sure those other ladies will look upon me more kindly. Goodness knows they probably need more English speakers for their customers.”

He went to bed that night almost unable to sleep. Just a week ago he'd had almost no money, no prospects, and no way of paying his future rent. Aaron always considered himself an optimistic kinda guy, but he'd been getting to the borderline of morose after a string of failed applications to a variety of jobs. But now, out of the blue, he'd been recommended by a jobseeker service to *Sushi Heart*, and Eddie Tanaka had taken a liking to him instantly. The pay was pretty damn good for just a waiter job, and he had experience in such circuits. And, of course, there was a huge side benefit as well.

Any leftover sushi that needed getting rid of was the staff's to take home.

Aaron *loved* sushi. He always had. Raw sashimi, salmon rolls, onigiri, unagi . . . the works. And given that food expenses were a genuine financial worry for him, then the prospect of steady cash *plus* getting tips from customers *plus* being able to take home food to supplement his groceries was a dream come true.

"I won't let them down," he said to himself. "I'll be the best damn waiter I can be."

He needed to make Eddie Tanaka proud of him. He felt like he owed him already.

Aaron's first shift wasn't the easiest in the world, despite his initial excitement. The staff barely spoke a word of English outside of the orders they took from customers, which confused the hell out of him. Daki the head waitress was immensely popular for her beauty and serene, gentle manner, easily taking meal orders and serving them up with sophistication that matched her incredible beauty. She spoke in gorgeously accented English with her customers, but as soon as she left them it was like someone had flipped a switch, and she could only speak in broken English. He thought it was just a hazing ritual at first, but his own trainer - the cute young Rumiko - was exactly the same.

"Keep polite," she said. "Make you presentable. Always dish hold such as."

She held up a plate of sushi, palm perfectly level but close to her chest, as if she were carrying an item of immense cultural significance. Aaron mirrored it, getting her approval on the second attempt.

"Hai, sugoi! Is good!"

He couldn't help but beam in response to her comment. She had a light, peppy manner about her that matched the blue streak in her hair and her general air of cuteness. Even before customers she was bouncy in her movements, giggling and grinning in response to compliments, and joking around with them in an equally thick-yet-still-understandable accent as Daki.

"Are you ready to give your order? Wonderful. Yes, we can provide that; is there any particular preference on the sauce? Oh, of course we can do that! We like pleasing our

customers! Fantastic choices, I'll just take your menus and your meals will not be far along. I hope you are having a wonderful night."

Aaron took meals at the same time, attempting a similar level of enthusiasm - though less feminine buoyancy to his manner - but he occasionally found himself distracted by the notion that this woman was speaking perfectly fluent English with her customers only to speak in broken English once they had left. It made the learning experience more difficult than he'd expected.

Still, the first shift went alright. He was still a trainee, after all, and while he couldn't understand all the women and found their occasional concerned stares a bit condescending, they seemed like good people, if a little over-anxious. Daki sighed when she saw him, but seemed to reiterate her advice during their lunch break.

"What do - no eat food after. Understand? Say 'iie' to food, not from Eri."

He couldn't make heads no tail of what she was getting at, and it was clear her frustration with him made this a mere courtesy. He would have brushed it off were it not for Rumiko saying something similar during a lapse in orders.

"Tonight, bag of food, no take," she whispered in his ear. She was speaking in a hurried tone that made him just a little agitated. "No take, no eat. Change. No change want!"

He blinked, trying to make sense of what his trainer was speaking of, but then Kahori rounded the corner, glancing at them both from behind her magnifying spectacles. Rumiko scattered, leaving Aaron even more confused. He decided to just not take it in. Whatever was being spoken about would be obvious in its own time, but for now he needed to focus less on the staff politics (especially given they were probably just hazing him) and instead on impressing Mr Tanaka, who was observing the proceedings. The various workers usually became a lot less chatty and more personable in his presence, but their whispers stopped too. He certainly had a dominant personality, but Aaron didn't feel there was anything suspicious about him: he was friendly, genial, and polite with customers, and was personally very encouraging.

"You are making a good first impression as a waiter, Aaron," he said. "I cannot wait to see how you are in a few weeks."

"Thanks Mr - er, Eddie," Aaron said after the day was done. "I think I did alright. Once I get more used to the layout and culture of the place, well, I think I'll be even better."

"Just don't push yourself," he said. "I'm investing a lot in you!"

Aaron hesitated, but knew he had to ask. "Eddie, I had a few staff members mention that I shouldn't eat the food at the end of the day. At least, that's what I think they were saying. It was like they were excellent English speakers . . . up until they suddenly weren't."

Eddie smirked. "I imagine it looks odd from the outsider, Aaron. But the truth is they have a good number of rehearsed lines, that's it. To give you a peek behind the curtain, the

women here are pretty good at understanding English, but not speaking it. So they rehearse a number of phrases for a variety of situations.”

Aaron blushed. It was obviously, really. He just hadn't thought deeply enough.

“As for the food thing, I know exactly what they're talking about!”

Eddie hefted out a bag of sushi specially prepared. It even had Aaron's name on it. A good number of sushi rolls and even larger dishes were inside, including some tasty-looking unagi. “The girls are well aware of my little prank, it seems. It's not very nice, actually. It was indeed an old hazing procedure. I'd put some of the extra hot sauce on a random roll inside the sushi giveaway. Just a light prank on the new server. Don't worry, that's not the case here. But the sauce is certainly delicious! It's all for you.”

Aaron took it, bowing slightly, and perhaps a bit unnecessarily. “Really? All for me?”

“I like to share it out personally, in order to keep things fair. It's for you to have. I only ask one thing: don't share it with others. I like my employees having some of the spoils, but it wouldn't be fair for other people to eat our restaurant's food for free, would it?”

Aaron nodded eagerly. “Oh, of course not, Mr Tanaka!”

“Call me Eddie, remember?”

“Of course, Eddie. I'm looking forward to my next shift already.”

Mr Tanaka laughed. “I knew I picked a good investment! You'll fit in with this place in no time. Just make sure to eat all of that in time for your next shift, because they'll be more where it came from.”

He slapped Aaron on the shoulder and walked back to his office. Aaron left feeling happy and relieved that he wasn't crazy. He took the bag and made his way to his car. Outside, Daki was smoking. She stomped out the cigarette when he saw her and she him, and gave a look of exasperation.

“You take food. I say no take. Change.”

“Don't worry, I can handle hot sauce,” he said, grinning.

She just gave him a look of confusion as he passed and got into his car. The beautiful woman rolled her eyes, made something like a supremely bitter chuckle, and got into her own vehicle. She shook her head one last time, then took off from the car park.

“Did I do something to upset her?” he asked himself.

But he couldn't think of a thing. So he drove home instead, and the entire twenty minute drive he practically salivated over the wonderful smell of the sushi in the containers on his passenger seat. His stomach growled for them, and by the time he parked outside his apartment and took the food bag inside he was happy to open several of the containers right then and there and make them his dinner.

“Time to see if *Sushi Heart's* meals taste as good as they smell,” he said. He took out his personal pair of chopsticks and started off with a simple salmon roll.

It. Was. Delicious. The flavouring was perfect, and the raw texture of the salmon within the rice and nori was to die for.

“Mmhmm! Thank you Mr Tanaka! This is amazing!”

It was the best sushi he'd ever tasted, and it made him smile like there was no tomorrow. This was the perfect end to a perfect day as far as Aaron was concerned: he'd done well on the job, earned a little in the way of tips, and wasn't far off his first paycheck. And now he had the best sushi ever.

In fact, it was so damn good that he decided to crack open another container and have just a little more. And then a little more. And then a little more. It was like an instant addiction: the sushi tasted so nice that it was almost impossible *not* to eat it. It was sumptuous and filling, and though he knew he was overeating it was simply divine to leave in the fridge, especially since his fridge was old and had a way of making everything taste like it had been sprinkled with flakes of copper.

“M-might as well eat it all,” he mumbled as he opened yet another container, this one with the dark unagi, whose flesh was so wonderfully sweet and tender. He devoured it, finding each bite delicious beyond belief.

Eventually, every container was empty, and Aaron let out a terrific burp.

“Holy moly,” he exclaimed, “I can't believe I just ate all of that. I feel like a total pig!”

It was indeed bewildering. He wasn't exactly a big guy - sure he was around 5'10, but he was more of a beanpole. He had never been a big eater, in fact. This would have been the largest meal he'd eaten in years.

“Better make sure I don't send it to my thighs,” he said with a chuckle.

Aaron gave a yawn. He suddenly felt very deeply tired. His stomach growled, but not unhappily. It was like his core was yawning contentedly, filled up and now desiring rest to absorb the yummy meal it had just imbibed. He patted his stomach happily, and went to brush his teeth quickly, then head to bed.

He had barely put the covers on before he fell into a deep and entrancing sleep.

Aaron's shifts at *Sushi Heart* continued, and he became further acclimated to the style of service and procedures at the restaurant. He had been a waiter before, but it was clear that while Mr Tanaka was a kind, if sometimes secretive, manager, he was also one to push his staff hard. A number of the women viewed him somewhat fearfully, and others straight up told Aaron to leave. At least, he thought that's what they were trying to tell him: their English was so broken and their points so vague, and only made when Mr Tanaka or Kahori, the older shift manager, was not present.

Daki seemed to have given up on him. She continued smiling sweetly and serving her patrons, and raking in the highest amount of tips by far. And despite the language barrier that still existed, Aaron was beginning to understand some of the office politics going on. For one, cute little Rumiko really didn't think much of Daki, and was annoyed that she had the bigger tips. She mimed having the larger bust of the woman.

"Then big tips, hai?" she said, before breaking out into a mischievous giggle. "Too bad change make tiny. Who know you turn! Too late so."

"Sorry, I don't quite get it," Aaron said. "But you're a damn good waitress, at least. I'm sure you'll have massive tips one day."

She just shrugged, returned to her bouncing manner, and continued. Aaron got the sense that nothing kept her down for long, while Daki was always pushing herself to be the prettiest, the most attractive, the most professional, and so on. The other women were simply just trying to get through the day, and it was clear that part of that meant appealing to the customers. There was even some flirting going on. At least, he thought it was flirting.

And at the end of each night's shift, Mr Tanaka would personally hand over some of the unfinished food that didn't go that day. After all, they always kept a stock of extra unagi, salmon rolls, and so on for the customers to enjoy, and the restaurant did have a takeaway bar. The staff women looked to this with frustration, which he interpreted as a bit of jealousy of cliqueness. But while it made him uncomfortable, Aaron scoffed the haul down each night as well, unbelieving that he was so hungry.

In fact, it was starting to lead to some changes. It was a bit embarrassing, but with the amount of sushi he was eating, Aaron was starting to put on some weight. As the joke went, it was going straight to his hips and thighs. He'd never been anything but fairly skinny, so it wasn't all that unwelcome, but it did alarm him given that sushi was so healthy. He must have been eating a *lot*. The next time Mr Tanaka offered it, he tried to turn it down.

"But I insist!" he said. "I know you are eager to work, and you have done well. Already your understanding of Japanese is improving too!"

Aaron gave in to the pressure of his kind boss, and took the bag. Besides, his stomach was growling, hungry for more of that delicious sushi. Besides, Mr Tanaka's words were true. While it had only been two weeks, he was picking up more of the conversation between the women, though Daki's thicker accent sometimes eluded him. He often said 'Hai' instead of 'yes' now, and to his amusement he'd even said it at the bank the other day, along with 'iie' for 'no'. He'd been a bit embarrassed over it, but the server just found his explanation amusing.

"No wonder you're speaking with a slight accent if you're around Japanese speakers all day! I was trying to place it!"

Aaron furrowed his brow. "I'm speaking with an accent?"

She smiled politely. “Just a little one. Only a trace. Trust me, when I catch up with my friends from Brooklyn I sound like a burrough kid for a while.”

She laughed, finished setting up his new savings account, and he thanked her and left. He had come very, very close to almost saying ‘*arigato gozaimasu*’ instead of ‘thank you.’ And then he’d said ‘*sayonara*’ anyway. She laughed, and he played it off as a joke.

“Man,” he said to himself. “I had no idea I was absorbing so much. I guess it’s just how many shifts I’ve been taking!”

But there were still more to come. Eddie Tanaka told Aaron that he was pleased with the young man’s progress, and that he was keen to see him go from part-time to full-time at the restaurant on a long-term contract basis. Aaron didn’t even realise that lowly waiters could even score such a deal, but he was ecstatic to take it on. Tanaka brought him back into his office. Another man was there, this one less friendly looking. He was tall, wearing a blue suit, and he had a series of what looked like gang tattoos on one side of his face. He was missing his pinky finger, a fact that made Aaron nervous.

“*Konnichiwa*, Aaron-san,” Tanaka said. It was a funny introduction, given he didn’t often talk that way. But Aaron returned it easily. Almost naturally.

“*Konnichiwa*, Tanaka-sishou.”

Wait, didn’t that mean mentor? Or master? Tanaka just smirked, nodded to his intimidating friend, who nodded back.

“This is my friend Riku. He’s a . . . business partner of mine. He wants to see your progress at work.”

“Good to meet you, Riku-san,” Aaron said. He extended a hand, and the other man took it. The missing pinkie was even more obvious now. The man mumbled something in quick Japanese to Tanaka, who replied in the same language. Aaron could only catch fragments of it: “Progress . . . transformation . . . submissive . . . hair darker.”

He was a little confused by it all, unsure if they were talking about him. In fact, his hair *did* look darker lately, though he assumed it was just a change in the seasons or something in the family-friendly incense of the restaurant or something. The man gave him a look over, gave a final nod to Tanaka, then walked out the door.

“He seems scary, but he’s just focused. Part of the larger business,” Tanaka said.

“Oh, yeah. How did he lose his finger?”

“It was . . . after a mistake. But that’s not my story to tell. Ready to sign your contract? We’re looking forward to having a young new waitress with us.”

“*Sumimasen*, but I think you mean waiter, Eddie.”

Eddie just chuckled. “My mistake! I think I am fluent and then I say such things. Let’s get you signing the dotted line!”

Aaron did so eagerly. When he was done, his stomach growled. God, he wanted more sushi. With a smile on his kindly features, Tanaka produced another bag of containers from the day, each 'specially prepared.' Aaron was happy to take them, though Daki just scoffed as he passed.

"No eat," she muttered.

Rumiko was also present. For once, her features were a little sad as she packed up the various plates. "Already change. Become us. Can walk away - did you sign?"

"Yeah, I signed a fulltime contract."

She changed to a soft smile. "Might enjoy it. Big change, big transform. But maybe not all bad. I have boyfriend."

He startled. "Oh, I wasn't - I don't mean to come across - I wasn't speaking like I thought that you and I -"

Rumiko just giggled. "You know what mean soon. *Sumimasen*, can't say more. You know soon. Daki warn you no luck."

He smiled politely and left, not sure what to even think of that. Kahori the older shift manager was leaving, her impressive figure with her wide, motherly hips swaying from side to side in her uniform. She just looked at him with an amused smile.

"Put on weight," she said.

He blushed. "Yeah, I've been eating too much."

"Look good. Going in right places."

"Oh, well thanks."

"Need more in chest. Customers like that. *Oyasumi*, Aaron-san."

"*Oyasumi*, Kahori-san."

He biked home, his bags in the container in the front of his bicycle. He was so, so deeply hungry. He passed a quick takeaway place with burgers he usually loved, but didn't even think to stop. He couldn't imagine having anything but sushi anymore.

It was just so *oishi*.

Something was definitely happening to Aaron. He couldn't explain it, it hardly seemed real, in fact. He was putting on more weight around his thighs and hips, to the point that he now had a slight pear shape to his body. Hell, more than 'slight', really. If he didn't know better, he would have assumed the actual pelvic structure of his body was changing, because even walking normally made his hips sway a little from side to side, almost like a woman. It was a little embarrassing, though at least he didn't have any close friends to give him shit over it.

The closest thing to a friend, really, was Rumiko, and he could barely understand her half the time. But she sure was peppy.

But all the bright smiles in the world couldn't reassure him with what was happening to his body. His thighs were likewise thicker now, but they also were weirdly softer. All of him was. He'd never been the hairiest man in the world before, but now his skin seemed to be almost bereft of body hair. It even looked slightly different in tone, just a little darker, a little more olive in tone. With the sun out more he assumed it was just the sun's effects from his bike rides, but then how come it was affecting him all over? And how come his hair was growing so much faster - he needed a hairdresser to deal with the mess, especially since the roots were looking much darker than his normally blonde hair.

"It's just all so weird," he muttered to himself as he examined his body in the mirror. "I'm even growing a set of moobs."

That too was true. They were subtle but certainly present, and moreover his nipples had also swelled in size, like he was having an allergic reaction. Combined with the slight darkness in his eyes, and Aaron was becoming nervous that there was something deeply wrong with him.

"Am I getting shorter?" he wondered. He couldn't remember his actual height exactly, but it seemed like he was 5'8 or so now, which was at least an inch shorter.

He made the decision to call his doctor before going to work.

The shift at *Sushi Heart* did a lot to remove some of his concerns. Tanaka didn't seem to notice almost anything different about him, and the girls were all very encouraging. In fact, it was so easy to talk to them that outside of dealing with customers, he actually stumbled over a few English words when trying to chat in his own language. Instead, it was easier to slip into basic sentences of Japanese he'd learned.

"<Hello Rumiko, I love the new pink colour in your hair>," he said, surprised at how easily the sentence flowed from his mouth. She beamed, bouncing on her feet excitedly, which made her breasts wobble noticeably in her top. Oddly, it didn't excite him in the way it should have.

"<Thank you, Aaron! And your Japanese is so good! You are becoming like us, then? You accept it?>"

He felt like he'd mistranslated something there.

"<What do you mean? Is it about my weight? I think I've put some on my chest. I feel weird - I have called doctor.>"

He winced at some of the improper grammar he applied. He had to learn to speak better in that language. It felt so good to say.

Rumiko just cocked her head like an owl. “<You haven’t figured it out? Oh no, I had assumed . . . Daki was right. You should stop eating sushi, but I can’t say. Magic won’t let me.>”

“Sorry, you are say magic?” Aaron said in English. Broken English. He coughed a little in shock at his poor grasp of his own language. It was obviously because he was switching away from another language.

Rumiko just nodded, spoke in broken English as well. “It all I say. No say more. Can’t. Best luck, Aaron-san.”

He had a lot of questions, but they’d have to wait for later: the first customers would be arriving soon to be seated, and there was still a lot of preparation to do. Daki took the lead as always, while Kahori ran the floor on behalf of Tanaka. Both kept giving Aaron glances: Daki’s was concerned and a little annoyed, while Kahori just seemed amused.

“<Looking good, Aaron-san. You will have meat on your bones and good curves.>”

“Um, *arigato?*”

Daki barely spoke to him at all, but likely because the gorgeous woman was so busy on the floor. Still, as she passed him in the backroom hallway, she took his hand.

“<You understand some of my language now. Get out, stop eating sushi from here. Leave before tool late.>”

“<Too late for what?>”

“<Can’t say. Impossible. Only hint. Your body is changing. You don’t want to change fully or you can’t reverse it, ever. You will be stuck, all thanks to the stupid *yakuza*.>”

Aaron took a step back. He remembered the man with the facial tattoos. Riku. The one with the missing finger and the dark look in his eyes.

“The Yakuza run this restaurant? Mr Tanaka?”

“<Is a member. Do you not know anything? This place is one of their legitimate fronts. But not so legitimate for us. A big draw for this place is the gorgeous women like me. I was not always such. But the sushi was too good . . .>”

Aaron swallowed. He’d never considered himself the smartest man, but he was starting to connect some seriously scary dots. He spoke again in English, but ran into some trouble.

“You mean me dark skin? Loss of height? Hair is long? Shit!”

He didn’t swear much, but the situation seemed to warrant it. Daki nodded.

“<Better to talk in Japanese. You will understand it better and lose English except when speaking to customers. It is the sushi. Don’t eat the sushi he gives you. Take it so there is no suspicion, but do not eat it. Find a way out of your contract.>”

Aaron could have kicked himself. His contract required a full month of work before quitting, else his paychecks for that period would be void. Sure, perhaps it would be worth the risk, but he hadn't made enough money yet to really get by. And wasn't this just all crazy ramblings?

But it did explain why his nipples were feeling really sensitive, and why his ass was slowly inflating, and his waist thickening too. And his changing grasp of language . . .

"*Arigato*, Daki-san," he said, bowing. "I will do best. Thank you!"

She sighed. "Wish luck."

At the end of the day, a now-very nervous Aaron took the sushi from Mr Tanaka, who was quite insistent that he eat it. He praised Aaron's work ethic, and his new grasp of Japanese, and the two even talked in Japanese. Riku was thankfully not present, but Tanaka's demeanour seemed less jovial now: his eyes wandered over Aaron's form, curious, almost entranced.

"<You are nearly ready to be entirely part of the family, Aaron-san," he said. "Just a couple more weeks, I'd say>."

His words made Aaron shiver, and not just out of fear. He felt a sort of duty to this man, to this mentor and master. Almost a submissiveness to him. When he got on his bike he pedalled home as quickly as he could, not that it was burning any of the new fat from his system. He put the sushi in the fridge - he couldn't bring himself to throw it out yet - and ignored his growling, angry stomach, instead ordering a burger.

It wasn't filling. It tasted, for reasons that made no sense, utterly disgusting to him. He had to force himself to consume each bite, and when he groaned in irritation, he was aware of how light and high his voice had become without him even noticing.

"Wh-what else haven't I even noticed?" he said. Was the sushi drugged or something? Was there a special sauce that not only changed him, but heightened his ignorance of the changes? In the aftermath of the terrible burger he forced himself to bed, promising to examine those changes for real when he woke, and finally throw the sushi out.

But God, did he want to eat it.

Aaron was horrified the next morning when he woke not in his bed, but on the living room couch. He was surrounded by empty plastic containers, a translucent plastic bag on the floor that had once contained them in the fridge. Only a few specks of rice and sauce was left, as if during his sleep he had not only ventured to the kitchen, taken the food to the living room and devoured them, but also licked most of the containers clean of everything.

“*Ara maa,*” he groaned, shocked at what had happened. His voice had changed again: it had become lighter once more, perhaps even a little younger. It sounded, if not feminine, then certainly androgynous. Aaron swallowed and looked down at his body, only to look away immediately.

“*lie, iie.* It can’t be!”

But it was undeniable. His shirt had popped several buttons, and his pyjama bottoms were split open at the front. His changes had sped up, and now his figure wasn’t just a little pear-shaped, it was starting to look positively womanly.

“<I have to see! I have to see!>” he said, lapsing into Japanese again without even thinking. He shot to his feet, but nearly toppled over. Even his centre of gravity had changed, and it was lower; his hips were even wider than he thought, with his behind now actually *wobbling*.

He made his way to the mirror, muttering in frustrated Japanese and occasional English fragments. And it was only upon looking in the reflection and really, *really* focusing that he realised just how much he had changed.

He was barely recognisable as the man he used to be.

Hell, he was barely recognisable as a *man* at all!

His face was soft, and his nose had shrunk to become button cute. His eyes were darker, no longer blue at all, and were working their way to becoming a brown-black. His hair had left the ‘blonde’ territory a while back, and was now a mid-tone brown that only got darker towards its roots. It hung down to below his ears, and he had no idea when it would stop. Even his jaw had subtly changed. It was still a little mannish in shape, but had a renewed softness, particularly since even the minor morning stubble he usually had was not present. He was not just clean-shaven, but there were no little marks to indicate his face grew hair at all.

“So many change,” he said, stumbling over the words in what was meant to be his native language. “So many.”

He quickly tore off his loose, ripped pyjama trousers and removed his buttoned sleeping shirt. He gasped, briefly unable to even comprehend what he was seeing.

“I have, I have . . . *oppai. Mune.*”

It was undeniable. These were not ‘moobs’ any longer, not with the large dark pink nipples and wide areolas that surrounded them. Not with the unusual weight and heft that defied his body type: he may have gained thickness, but he certainly wasn’t fat by any means of the imagination, and so they stuck out prominently. They looked to be full B-cups, if not small C’s. Certainly as big as the few girlfriends he’d had in the past during his failed relationships. Hesitantly, he cupped them, and he spent several moments marvelling at their

pertness and simultaneously softness. He brushed a nipple briefly, and it released a pleasurable sensitive sensation that was not at all like his male chest would have done.

“Ohhh, *sugoi*. No, not *sugoi!* Not even wonderful! *Nantekotta*, I’ve got such an accent now!”

The rest of him was getting more womanly as well. His hips were wide and attractive, and while his waist was thicker, it fit his new curvy body type in a manner most un-masculine. His ass seemed huge, though it was more just generally peachy, big for a man but not too ridiculous for a woman. His thighs, on the other hand, were impressive. Soft yet thick, they were the kind of thighs that men like him fantasised about being ‘crushed’ between during sex. It didn’t hurt that they too were hairless, light brown in colour, and with increasingly dainty feet. Feet that were just a bit too big, mind, but still daintier.

But most emasculating of all was his manhood. It looked tiny. At least half its regular size. Aaron had never been the most ‘amply gifted’ of men, but he was horrified to realise he hadn’t even noticed his cock shrinking away this whole time. Yet as his mind finally overcame whatever hypnotic effect the sushi possessed, he was able to recall several other small changes that indicated this change. First and foremost, he had started sitting down to pee a few days ago and not even noticed. And just as his attraction to the beautiful women of *Sushi Heart* had faded, so too had his erections. He couldn’t remember having a single erection in the last week, in fact!

He stumbled on his feet, nearly slipping unconscious from shock. Mr Tanaka was turning him into a Japanese woman to work at his restaurant. Why? For the attraction? The reputation? Something darker? Were the other women all former men as well, or were some Caucasian women or African-American women who had been changed? Who had Daki been before? And Rumiko and Kahori?

The thought swirled in his head, nearly overcoming him. He moved quickly out of the bathroom and grabbed his phone. His breasts - God, that was weird to think of, ‘his’ breasts - bounced and slapped on his bare chest, almost making him wish he had a bra. He dialled his doctor again. The appointment wasn’t for several days, but he needed one now and -

He stopped dialling. Who would even recognise him now? And if they did, he’d be a freak! No, Daki had said if he could avoid the sushi it could be reversed. There was only one way to do that. Aaron dialled up *Sushi Heart* and talked to Kahori on the other end of the line. For the first time, he did something he had never wanted to do in his first six months of working there, but now was doing after only three weeks of employment instead; organise a day of sick leave.

He did so in fluent Japanese, and to his surprise, Tanaka allowed it to be approved.

Aaron didn't go outside. He didn't go anywhere. He ordered food, made what he could from his meagre kitchen, which had almost nothing stored in it thanks to all the sushi he'd been relying on. God, how he missed the sushi already.

"Just have to be strong," he said to himself. "Have to be strong."

He sagged as he realised that he hadn't even spoken that sentence in English, but Japanese instead. He pushed through the day as best as he could, adjusting to his new body. The lack of a bra, or any kind of support, for his chest was quite annoying. They bounced occasionally, not massively, but enough to remind him that he had womanly breast, and when he thought of the sushi and the changes they were putting him through he even became oddly aroused, his nipples stiffening, becoming yet larger.

"Ngnh . . . not thinking about that!"

Or the fact that he *still* didn't have an erection. Not that, apparently, he could even be attracted to women any more. Lord knew that his own body was becoming thick and curvy enough to count for an attractive example of its own soon enough.

The hours passed with excruciating length. He continually found himself searching the internet for nearby sushi places, only to land on *Sushi Heart*. He eventually ordered some sushi for lunch from another place, but it truly wasn't the same. It took every effort to swallow every bite.

By the end of the day, there had been no further changes. He still looked more woman than man, but perhaps now that he had started the 'withdrawal' symptoms, it would eventually fade away. That hope remained with him through the awful turmoil, through the strange arousal at the prospect of changing further. There was a little voice inside his head, a tiny traitor that whispered in his ear, daring him to change yet more.

*It'll be sugoi! You'll be a kawaii Japanese serve with nice big hips and huge oppai!
Big mune!*

He pushed it aside, focusing on being a man again. He had never been the most manly of men, but he still had his male pride, same as any other. He refused to lose his dick, or his testicles. He had no idea what being a woman was like, or one enslaved to whatever Eddie 'Eri' Tanaka was doing. Those poor women . . .

He had to remain strong. For hours he was so, until the bell rang on his door. Cautiously, he investigated, only to find that someone - he had a good idea of who - had left a bag full of sushi containers, double what he usually had, right on his doorstep. A little letter on top was written in Japanese, but he could read it almost as easily as English now, if not easier.

Sorry you couldn't make it today. Hope you are better tomorrow. Have double the sushi so you feel twice as good for your next shift.

It wasn't signed. Tanaka wasn't stupid. Aaron knew he had to get rid of the sushi as fast as possible. He grabbed the heavy bag and began to move to the outside trash receptacle, ready to throw it all out in one big go.

Only he couldn't. The voice in his head was too strong, and his stomach growled hungrily for more. Sweat beaded down his forehead.

"Iie, iie! No, no, no! Warui!"

He summoned his strongest willpower, but it simply wasn't enough. Nothing he'd eaten had filled the void which had opened up inside him like a black hole. It needed filling, or he felt like he might die. He knew it was his mind playing tricks on him, but his dependency on whatever was inside that sushi was simply too strong.

He went inside, and to his great shame, he ate some more.

A lot more.

Aaron managed two more 'sick' days. In truth, he often felt sick, and not just because of his constant craving for *Sushi Heart* sushi, or his unwelcome changes when he gave in and ate the delivered packages each night, but also because he was craving something else too.

A return to work.

He couldn't explain it. Even as his skin tone evened out, becoming a light brown. Even as his hair turned a far darker brown, bordering almost on black, its curls slowly dissipating. Even as his breasts subtly grew, and his ass and hips enlarged, and his height diminished. Even with his voice becoming ever more accented and sounding like a Japanese woman, he couldn't resist it. The desire to return to *Sushi Heart* and fulfil his shifts was overpowering. The fact that Mr Tanaka had called several times to personally ask Aaron how he was going only made it worse: they even conversed in Japanese, but the man pretended not to understand Aaron's plight or to simply have a bad connection when he brought up that he was changing into a Japanese woman. His only concern was his so-called "<best future worker coming back to work.>"

"<I - I don't know what I can do that,>" Aaron replied, trying to breathe steadily. Trying not to reply in the affirmative. "<If you don't believe me about becoming a woman, you must believe I'm sick, or mentally ill enough to believe it, right? Can't I just quit? Can't you fire me?>"

"<Why would I fire my favourite waitress?>" Tanaka said, emphasising 'waitress,' "<especially when you are turning out so well! You are welcome to quit, though your contract makes this punitive for this first month, you might remember. And you'll need to come in and see Kahori and myself to sort out the paperwork. Do you think you can do that?>"

“Hai!” he responded eagerly, hopping enough that his now fully C-cup breasts wobbled on his chest. “<I can. Wait - no! I’ll just stay home. You need to fire me. I c-can’t come in. It’s a bad idea.>”

“<Of course, you get your rest. You take the time you need and then we’ll see you back! No point leaving now when you’ve done so well! We’ll be waiting for you to return, *Aiko*.>”

Aaron blinked, taking in what he’d just heard. Before he could respond, connect his name, Tanaka hung up, leaving the transformed man in silence. Aaron broke down into tears. Was there no escaping this torment?

It was only later in the day that he received a kind of reprieve and comfort, though it was not the one he expected. Already, his body had changed further; the transformation was clearly accelerating, to the point that his hair was now almost silky straight, verging on black, and his lips puffer as well. There was a knock upon the door, but this time it came at midday. He decided to avoid answering, hoping to not eat any more of the cursed yakuza sushi. But instead, there was further knocking, more insistent, and then even more insistent after that. It made him get up, put a jacket on to hide his large nipples which were denting his shirt, and saunter to the front door. This had never happened before. Cautious, he looked through the peephole, only to be surprised at the sight: Daki and Rumiko both were waiting outside the door in casual clothing. He opened the door immediately, and they looked at him with something approaching astonishment mingled with sympathetic understanding.

“So, you’ve changed almost fully,” Daki said, arms folded over her impressive chest. She was wearing a tight green blouse and loose blue summer skirt and heels that made her appear positively gorgeous. True to her beautifully refined nature, her lipstick was carefully adorned, light eyeshadow around her eyes. She stepped through as if she owned the place.

Rumiko, on the other hand, wore a casual leather biker jacket and white shirt. She had a pair of crimson-coloured shades to match the new dark red streak in her hair, and wore tight denim jeans that showed off her cute figure. She grinned rather earnestly. “Hey Aaron, sorry to see you like this. Don’t worry, it’s not all bad. We’ll get you caught up.”

She skipped in, perhaps a little too eager to see what Aaron’s place was like. He turned, still stunned. “You two speak English now?” he said.

They exchanged a glance. Daki just sighed. Rumiko gave an awkward smirk.

“Aaron, we’re speaking Japanese right now. *You’re speaking Japanese right now.* Didn’t you notice?”

He hadn’t, but it was true. They were engaging fluently in the language, which also meant . . .

“Oh God,” he cried. “How do I talk in English? I don’t know how to talk in English!”

To his surprise, it was the colder form of Daki that was at his side, taking his hand and leading him to the living room, which she found fairly easily given the smaller size of the apartment. "We came prepared," she said, handing him a tissue for his tears. That was another thing: he'd felt so damn emotional lately.

"Are you all woman yet?" Rumiko asked as he sat down.

"No now, Rumiko, have patience."

"Hey, I had patience, back when I was fifty years old. Now I can't help but bounce off the walls. Not my fault that damn yakuza serum made me into this!"

Daki sighed. "Don't listen to her. She's impulsive."

"Ugh, and you're cold. Almost as cold as Kahori, except she's in kahoots."

"I'm trying to comfort our new female friend here."

"N-not female yet," Aaron said rather awkwardly. "But I think I'm really close. Oh God, is it possible to change back?"

The pair looked at each other.

"Maybe," Rumiko said, "but I hit the same problem as you: I was addicted, and nothing could stop me eating more of that damned good sushi. It's where my money still goes for most of my food."

"So you two both used to be men? Why couldn't you tell me?"

Rumiko sat down next to Aaron on the couch, with Daki on the other side.

"There's something in the sauce, something chemical. I don't quite understand it. Basically, it's like we're programmed. When we talk to the customers, we're suddenly flawless English speakers, just with hella cute accents, right? But among each other and outside the restaurant, we have to get by on seriously broken English, and heads up, it never improves."

"Never, sadly," Daki added.

"And to add to that, we can't tell anyone. There's a mental block. We can barely hint at it without getting migraines. I got a powerful one talking to you two weeks ago, and Daki risked blacking out at one point."

"The cigarette helped," the refined woman said with a sly smile.

"But we're talking about it now," Aaron said.

Rumiko nodded. "Because, no offence, you're basically one of us now. So we can talk about it all we want. Just not to other people. I think it's a pheromone thing that unblocks that mental freeze. That's my theory: the special sauce on the sushi is what does it. It's why you've got - frankly put - a pretty nice rack and crazy wide hips right now."

Aaron blushed. Even since he had claimed his sick days, he had changed significantly. Perhaps he'd been fed a concentrated dose to speed it up, or perhaps the changes were exponential in nature. Regardless, he now looked more woman than man,

and sitting between one gorgeously refined woman and one cute little one only made his subconscious yearn to be the sexy, maternal looking one in the centre. He shook the thought off, even as it made him mildly aroused.

“Why change us? What does Mr Tanaka and the yakuza want?”

“I’ll handle this,” Daki said, patting his leg comfortingly. “I’ve been with *Sushi Heart* longer. It is a front for a criminal organisation, but a legitimate one. It helps clean their dirty money, but is a proper business. You need not fear too deeply, they aren’t turning us into prostitutes or girlfriends to yakuza members. Don’t get me wrong, I suspect they would do so immediately if they could, but the special sauce serum they devised or stole or came across - I don’t know its origin - only lets them change us so far. It doesn’t stop a few girls ending up as yakuza wives anyway, but this group has a strange sense of honour, as does Mr Tanaka. They are bad men, but mainly we are left to simply attract a very large customer base, and our love of the sushi means all of our food comes from there. I don’t think I could eat anything else even if forced. My body would reject it. Effectively, this means the restaurant spends less money on its workers, gets a greater attraction to customers, and the men who run it get to enjoy not only the sight of us, but the occasional willing transformee who eventually dates them or sleeps with them. A few do, mostly former white-women, I’ve found. We former men are a bit more reluctant. My boyfriend doesn’t know my past as a thirty-four year old black man, but we make do.”

It was a lot for Aaron to take in, though at least some aspects relieved him. His fear of being turned into a sex-slave was, at least, hyperbolic.

“That’s . . . crazy.”

Rumiko giggled, until Daki glared at her into submission.

“Sorry,” the younger one said. “I wasn’t always this way. I was a fifty year old man who badly needed work after a terrible injury. I was shocked that a sushi restaurant of all places would accept me, but I couldn’t be choosy. I could only use my right hand, and I needed quite a few breaks, but as I became addicted to the sushi, I didn’t just get my functionality back, but I lost over thirty years of my life! I ended up as seventeen years old and I’ve been with them for four years since. My contract ends next year - they do us in five year lots, I suspect they’re experimenting with the sauce to make a profit off a future sex-change drug or something, but need it to be waaaaaay more reliable.”

“But why get it renewed?” Aaron said, shocked. “They changed you against your will?”

“Yeah, and I try to warn everyone, and fail every time. But I was fifty years old. You’re a young one to me. I had no plan for retirement, my body was broken, and I missed my youth. Now, I’m a cute young woman who loves dating cute guys! I get to try life all over again, with a change.”

“It doesn’t hurt that there is a mild change to some personality aspects,” Daki added. “They’re mostly random, but seem to match our bodies. I literally can’t help but be a little aloof, and always try to be stylish. And Rumiko here . . . bounces.”

“Please, I also skip. I’ve got the energy of a ferret.”

“And the sexual libido of a rabbit.”

“Then what mental changes will I have?” Aaron said.

The pair shrugged.

“It’s the last thing to really set in,” Daki said. “But if I had to guess from your body, you might end up more maternal, or more sexual, or want babies, or showing off that rear of yours, or enjoy eating . . . who knows.”

Aaron sagged. “I can barely even fit into my clothes anymore. Everything stretches, and I’m getting shorter too, so I look ridiculous.”

“That’s something we can help you with,” Daki said. “If you want a fighting chance to change back and defeat your addiction, you need to terminate your contract. It won’t be fun, or painless, but there’s only one person who ever walked away from *Sushi Heart* and managed to reset back into a man again, and she - he, now - looked him straight in the eye, took the financial strain of terminating early, and managed to work her following shifts without succumbing to the urges. But you need to be there. Hiding like this will only make you more vulnerable, and the yakuza wish to continue changing you, so they’ll just keep leaving food. They don’t want to force you - the addictive aspect is something Rumiko thinks they’re experimenting with as well.”

Aaron nodded. “Okay, I’ll come back to work, so long as you both are there to support me.”

“Of course, stupid,” Rumiko said, elbowing him. “Wouldn’t miss the front row seats when you end up going full woman, at least potentially. Or, on the other side, Tanaka’s face when you manage to shake this shit off and walk away. Damn, just the thought of it makes me horny as hell.”

Daki scoffed, clearly annoyed at the juvenile thoughts of her older-younger comrade.

“It’s the only way to break the addiction. It forces you to be submissive to Tanaka and his masters. If you can look him in the eye and resist, well, you might have a chance. But you need to have your mind actively break that connection with him right before you. It was how Azuki did it. It’s what she told us before she fled, changed back to a man, and moved away before the yakuza could chase her.”

It didn’t sound like much of a plan, but Aaron couldn’t think of what else he could add to it. Already, his body was simply far too female, far too curvaceous and brown and feminine and soft. Even his eyes were changing slowly, taking on that almond shape that would mark him as of Asian descent, along with his hair and facial features and general

pigmentation. He needed to go back, he knew it. Confront the man who had tricked him and master himself. He'd never had the strongest will, but if it meant saving his very manhood, then he would simply have to summon it. And with these two women - friends, of a sort - by his side, he might just be able to do so.

“Okay,” he finally said. “I’ll do it. What do we do?”

“First thing is first,” Daki said, while Rumiko giggled under her breath. “We get you a bra, and some proper clothes for a lady.”

To Be Continued . . .