

# LIFE IN ANOTHER HAREM

DECEMBER 2025 BIG STORY

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Natsuki Subaru was *bored*, even though he knew he shouldn't have been complaining about that.

He was back at Roswaal Manor after the latest and greatest 'incident', which was something of a relief. He had a new checkpoint, which meant that if he died sometime soon, he wouldn't lose all that much 'progress'. But that didn't mean all was well. He was still no closer to finding a solution when it came to saving Rem and restoring everyone's memories of her, and their enemies had really been ramping up their attacks lately. If anything, he should have been using the time to train, and he *had* spent some time doing that.

During the last incident, he'd stumbled upon a pretty looking, blue rock that he was saving to give to Rem when she one day awakened, and he kept it at his bedside as he slept. "**Mm... Rem... Harem...**" These were unrelated words he'd muttered to himself while fast asleep, dreaming about a harem life that never came for him. And yet? That stone at his bedside seemed to have a *reaction* of sorts. It glowed faintly.

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"**HWAH!?**" Subaru awoke with a start, only to become even *more* startled when he shot up and looked around to see that... he was *not* in a room at the Roswaal Manor. "**What the—? Is this MY world!?**" The bedroom definitely *reminded* him of the world he came from, though it wasn't a bedroom *he* would have stayed in. He practically jumped out of an unfamiliar bed, one caked with pink sheets.



No, *most* of the room was done up in pink. From the walls to the furniture, to even the computer in the corner of the room. It was definitely a modern-day bedroom, but it clearly belonged to a *girl*. The boy had no recollection of what he'd been dreaming about, nor did he know that the stone had reacted to those dreams in the first place. He'd just woken up in a girl's bedroom seemingly *randomly* from his perspective.

**“Maybe I’m still dreaming? If I was brought back, why would I even end up in some chick’s room?”** It was a good question. He would think that he would have ended up in his *old* home and not a stranger’s? **“Unless... wait! Did a girl find my body and take me into her home to take care of me!? But my heart belongs to Emilia now! EMT for life!”** Subaru *seriously* felt that way, too. But would his feelings remain directed at her?

There were plenty of ways to change how you felt about someone.

Something suddenly struck the boy. Not in the *literal* sense, mind you. It was more like he had been struck by a wave of unease that had led to him becoming unsteady on his feet. **“Huh...?”** It wasn’t so bad that he’d fallen, nor did he even really stumble. He had caught himself before it was too late and shook his head while under the impression that doing so would help clear the feeling up. Not only did it *not* do that however but did doing so make him aware of something that felt *wrong*.

His hair, namely. Subaru likely would have noticed it either way, but because he was shaking his head, he definitely noticed a little sooner than he might have otherwise. He reached behind his head with a hand because his hair was tickling his neck? Which it absolutely shouldn’t have been doing with the short length he kept it at. And yet... **“WH-WHAT!? WHAT’S UP WITH MY HAIR!?”** He *definitely* wasn’t the type of guy to be quiet when surprised, even if he’d notified anyone else in the house by screaming.

*Mother and father are always at work before I wake up, though!*

His hair was already enough of a distraction that he didn’t think much of the thought that had just crossed his mind, even if it made no sense... or *shouldn’t* have. Shouting hadn’t made him feel any better, and it certainly hadn’t slowed the crawl of his extending hair. It crept over the hand behind him to tickle his shoulders and continued farther and

farther from there until it reached all the way down to his hips. Perhaps even *more* distracting was his *bangs*, which grew way longer than he'd ever wanted while sweeping over his left eye.

“**My hair is like a *ch-chick's!*?**” Subaru *already* sounded a little quieter than he had before, and now there was a slight stutter to his words? He personally didn't think too much about it, and instead become much more confused by the sensation of his clothing growing baggier against his body? No, the clothing wasn't the issue, *was* it? “**A-Am I getting smaller!?**” The next time he spoke, his voice softened and squeaked.

That voice changed was tied to the boy's facial features, unsurprisingly. He remained Japanese in ethnicity, but those Japanese features became fairer and *prettier*. His eyes narrowed in the corners and rounded on the upper edges, but a dark pink also possessed a pair of enlarged irises within longer eyelashes. His face's shape narrowed in the jaw, but a puffing up of his cheeks made it somehow appear *rounder*. It was the face of a very cute and feminine teenaged *girl*, one that now believed herself to be *eighteen*.

And those pronouns weren't incorrect; she'd begun to think of herself in the feminine.

She'd shrunk about four inches, down from 5'8" all the way to 5'4". The loss of those inches had affected more minor aspects of her build in the end, like her fingers and toes becoming daintier, or her waistline slimming a couple of inches. Subaru thinking of herself in the feminine wasn't even inconsistent with reality for very long. “**EEP!?**” Because a sharp tug between her legs that had brought a shrill squeak of surprise to her fuller, poutier lips signaled her masculinity's end. “**Wh-What was that!? It isn't my time of the month yet, and I'm not...?**” Well, she definitely didn't feel *aroused*.

The girl felt a little flummoxed. *Off* somehow? But now in ways that she couldn't place. Things that had been different before now felt *correct*. Like, take her hair for example. She'd been so confused about its grown, but now? *What time is it? Why haven't I brushed my hair yet!?* ...Her thoughts were along those lines. Thoughts like these served as an ample distraction as her figure became all the more... *ample*, in fact. Her scrawny thighs could already be seen becoming chubbier as an example of this.

But it also applied to her *ass*. Her pants had become a lot baggier with her prior shrinkage, but thickened thighs supported a wide gait when it came to her hips. Not only were they parted several inches, but that created space served as a canvas for the cheeks of her ass to bloat into a

perfect little bubble behind her. If that hadn't been enough growth, then the front zipper of her sweater inching down because of the mounds growing beneath her shirt surely would have put the final nail in the coffin. Where no breasts had been before, a pair of *D-cup* breasts had filled her top!

**“Oh? Wait... I *did* get ready, d-didn't I?”** Looking down at herself, wasn't she dressed the way she was supposed to be? That hadn't *actually* been the case even a second ago, but her outfit had been completely swapped with a girl's school uniform. A button-up white shirt underneath a pink cardigan and over a pleated, black skirt. She was now wearing appropriate underwear, wore fashionable, knee-length boots and belts around her left thigh; not to mention pink bows on the hips of her sweater. Her hair was now styled with a pink X hairclip over her bangs and the tiniest spurts of hair pulled out at the sides of her head by blue and pink rings.

She felt *proud* of how cute she was! Pink lip gloss and nail polish and all!

*Nozomi Shimizu* eventually gravitated towards the pink makeup table in the corner of her pink bedroom, where she began to use her fingers to adjust the bangs over her left eye in the mirror. **“D-Does everything look okay? If I'm going to pick her up to go to school together, I need to look my best!”** She was a sheepish and uncertain girl, even if she was very pretty and fashionable. Her personality didn't pair well with how popular she was with the boys, and yet...

She was *gay* as hell. She didn't outwardly say as much to her classmates, but there was a girl she was pining for: her next door neighbor, Ririka Fujimoto. Ririka was way more popular than her, but she was also a lesbian and basically had a harem of girls fawning over her. That was why Nozomi was always trying so hard to make a first impression! If she didn't pick her up first, then one of the other girls would slip in!

What Nozomi *didn't* realize was that Ririka was actually a girl she had known in a past life she had now forgotten about.

*Ririka had been Rem.*





**“It stinks.”** Ram certainly didn’t mince words after coming to terms with her *very* unusual situation. Because she was a well-adjusted maid of the Roswaal Manor, she had already been awake and in her maid clothing when Subaru’s dreams had sent a ripple effect through the manor. The pink haired girl herself didn’t really know *what* had happened, but all of a sudden, she had found herself in the locker room of a modern, Japanese high school – even if Rem herself didn’t quite understand that.

The room smelled like girls’ body odor and had an adjoined shower room. It kind of reminded her of how Subaru smelled after his training sessions: not great. **“How did I even end up here? Can I get back to the manor?”** More than anything, she was logically more concerned about how *inconvenient* it was to be spirited away. How could she do her duties as a maid there?

...Not that it would matter for long.

Now, Rem wasn’t a very tall girl (nor was her twin sister Rem, not that she could remember that relationship any longer). She was just over the five foot mark, leaning more into 5’1” than the former measurement, but she’d also resolved to believe that she would never grow any taller than that. Who had a growth spurt in their *late teens*? It was probably already much too late for her! ...Or so she had *thought*, because that growth spurt that she thought would never come, well...

**“Huh!?”** The maid was generally reserved aside from when she lashed out at Subaru or similar parties, so it was pretty surprising that she ended up raising her voice the way that she did. Well, maybe it wasn’t *that* surprising, all things considered. She’d become acutely aware that the nearby lockers appeared to be *smaller* somehow. No, it was *more* than that. Her eye level was almost even with their *tops* within moments, with her maid dress lifted up to show even his pink and white striped panties. **“I just grew!”**

It wasn’t a question because it was *obvious*. She had to have been around 5’9” – a height that was significantly taller than she had been before, and significantly higher than the average height of *most* women her age. While that age wouldn’t change, meaning that she’d remain *eighteen*, there was something about her that did end up *feeling* older, though. Part of it *was* Rem’s face. As she’d grown, a maturity developed in those facial features in ways that gave her full, pouty lips and a

sharper jaw. Even her eyes looked *older*, but their shapes ultimately drooped as the corners pinched in to be more reminiscent of *Subaru's* eye shape. That was to say that she appeared *Japanese*.

**“And what’s up with this maid uniform...?”** Was it the *fit* she was worried about? It probably *should* have been, but the girl felt more confused about *why* she’d be wearing a maid uniform that didn’t fit her in *her school’s locker room* of all places? **“Wasn’t wearing this really important?”** She tilted her head slightly to the side as a way to help communicate her feelings, because her voice sounded more and more monotonous. It was clear that she was struggling to express herself via her expression too, like she was the type of young lady that struggled with self-expression in the first place. Rem always kind of *had*, but not quite in that way.

The deepened sound of her voice hadn’t even registered! But then again, neither did the subtle lengthening of her bob. Hair that had been no longer than her chin before crept just past her shoulders, with some hanging messily over the front of her shoulders. It also ended up lightening to a mess of *silver* from its original pink, with her bangs shortening and swinging to more evenly cover her forehead above eyes that adopted a light blue color themselves.

“...” Rem felt more and more uncomfortable but just stood there quietly rather than commenting. She felt very *warm*, and that warmth ended up translating to *sweat* that soon seeped into the fabric of the maid uniform she was wearing. It began to stick to her just as her body began to outgrow the uniform’s fit even further – a process that was sounded by a pair of straps *SNAPPING* beneath her skirt.

The white thigh highs that she wore were fastened to her waist by a pair of white garter belts that had *already* been pulled to capacity by her jump in height, only to finally give way and snap under the duress caused by her *thighs* and *hips* expanding. Because the belts ran across the thighs, it was only natural that if those thighs bloated, creating more space to cover, that they would finally break. And her thighs didn’t just bloat a *little* bit. As beads of sweat crept down them, they burgeoned to nearly *triple* their original sizes, with both fat *and* muscle, forcing her hips to swing out nearly *five* inches to accommodate them.

And even then, those thighs still touched each other beneath a pair of panties that weren’t faring any better. **“...Ngh.”** She *did* groan uncomfortably despite her newfound aversion to making unnecessary noise, because her panties weren’t just digging into her crotch, but into her *ass* as well. It wasn’t *that* surprising. If her hips and thighs had swollen, then why not her rear end as well? It was naturally padded with

excess that had formed a perfect peach shape behind her, but it somehow wasn't as bombastic as her thighs had become.

No, that level of heft *did* grow elsewhere, but it wasn't her butt. "**H-Huh!?**" She broke her pact of silence *again* because her breasts had suddenly slipped out from the low cups of the maid uniform despite her breasts being small enough to fit comfortably. Well, they *would* have fit comfortably if they'd *remained* small, but that was visually *not* the case. In fact, they *ballooned* with a jiggly weight that saw even her nipples grow larger than her eyes. They bounced free of the uniform's cups within seconds, nearly throwing her off-balance as she rapidly reached *H-cups*. Blush stained cheeks damp with sweat as she briefly panicked over her exposure, but that feeling passed.

"...?" Hadn't she just been dressed in a maid uniform? Where had it gone?

The large gym shirt and blue bloomers that *Reika Sakamoto* was wearing had been soaked through with her own sweat, with excess dripping down her arms and legs. But she didn't seem to mind, nor did she seem to care about the sweaty smell of the changing room any longer. They were, after all, feelings and smells that she was used to as the captain and leading contender of the school's track team. Her height gave her a real advantage in races, even if her huge tits bouncing around could be distracting sometimes.

"...I think I have time..." Compared to Rem, who always seemed to have something smarmy to say, Reika hardly ever spoke unless spoken to. She was often compared to a wet cat in how she followed people around quietly, but there was a coolness factor to her as well. As of late, she had been following Ririka around. That girl made her heart go *doki doki* and while she didn't quite understand her own feelings, it definitely *was* love. Since it was still early, she wanted to go pick her up to walk her to school.



Even though she was dripping with sweat!?

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“Oh, um...?” Emilia was understandably confused. Dawn hadn’t even broken yet, but she *had* been in the forest near the Roswaal Manor that early to train. All of sudden she had been sent somewhere more compact. A room with a toilet, shower, sink, and mirror; well, it was obviously a bathroom! Magical or not, her own world had things like that! The half-elf just didn’t understand what she was doing there.

She hadn’t sensed a trace of magic during the teleportation process, and even then, it felt like it had been too *seamless* to even *be* teleportation. She’d just been one place at one moment, and then another seconds later. “**This probably isn’t good...**” She was certainly right about that. It wasn’t the type of event that would prelude *good news*, and she had responsibilities back home that she had to attend to. “**I should probably...**” Not spend all her time holed up in the bathroom and gather more information?

*But I’m not like, ready yet!*

“**Not ready?**” Like *emotionally*? Emilia knew that she couldn’t stay holed up in that space forever, but was that really what she had meant? It felt more like she’d been referring to her appearance, but nothing really stood out in the mirror, right? Well, that was more or less because while things *were* actually changing for her like they had with the others, they initially weren’t as intrusive visually. In fact, most of it was focused outside of the coverage that the mirror provided, below her waist and under her skirt.

The half-elf might have *vaguely* felt it. The panties underneath her skirt *did* feel slightly snugger than they had before, but it wasn’t *too* distracting – at least not enough to outweigh the concern she felt towards her location. But the reason they *felt* so snug was the weight of the surrounding area, like a butt that had grown a little perkier, thighs a little plumper, or hips that had stretched a little wider. But her ass and thighs weren’t intended to be the primary charm point of her new form.

Was it her breasts, then? *Those* she did notice. “**H-Huh!?**” Because she left her own D-cups largely exposed by the low neckline of her dress and they were in full view of the mirror, even if she *hadn’t* felt the weight of her bosom suddenly worsen, she would have *seen* her breasts escape from those cups as they swelled into *F-cups*, with her nipples

themselves larger and puffier than before. **“Wh-Why are they so, like, big!?”**

Against her better judgment, she sunk her fingers into them and forcibly jiggled them around. It was a crude gesture that would have otherwise been *unthinkable* for the demure Emilia, and yet a little giggle even escaped her lips as she did it. While these big tits *were* a charm point, they still weren't her *primary* charm point – or at least not when it came to how the *girl herself* was beginning to see it. In the meantime? It was slight enough to understandably go unnoticed, but her 5'5" height did bounce up a single inch to 5'6".

**“Eh? Something's *totes* kinda weird, right?”** There were now *several* things that were 'kinda' weird that were developing even at that moment. The sound of the young woman's voice was airier and more carefree for one, and then she was talking with vapid slang; both things that clearly were not registering. And then, if you looked at her face? You could see it narrowing, her lips thickening before being smeared with gloss, and the colors of her eyes dulling to brown as they narrowed to look just as *Japanese* as the eyes of the other two girls in the developing harem.

But Emilia was still playing with her larger breasts, and her attention was still pointed down at them rather than the mirror where the reflection of an *eighteen-year-old* Japanese teen would have greeted her. **“They're so big and sensitive! ...But were they always this color? It's kinda hot!”** *Color?* No, there *was* a color. Not only in her tits but across all of her body's skin. Her complexion was darkening little by little until she had a fake spray tan that *really* stood out. She'd clearly had someone help her apply it to every nook and cranny of her body.

And this was what Emilia's new charm point would *actually* be. Not her sexier figure, but what she'd do with it from a *stylistic* point of view. Tanned skin was certainly part of it, but her fingernails soon extended and were even decorated with sparkly, stick-on nails. Her clothing actually shifted even *before* her transformation had completed, leaving her in a white uniform top that wasn't buttoned up at all, instead tied beneath her exposed cleavage with the bottom half chopped off like a crop top that left her belly bare.

A tanned, pleated skirt that was *very* short rested above thighs that were bare aside from black bands with heart-shaped buckles, and big, knee-lengths socks hung over a pair of brown uniform shoes. She was accessorized with a number of chains and ornament, with even piercings that had stabbed into a pair of vaguely pointed ears that soon rounded. Even her hair's *style* shifted, pulled into a high ponytail in the back.

**“Yeah! Lookin’ fine! But huh... Wassup with my hair?”** She finally left her tits alone, and her fake nails clacked against the counter when she grabbed it to lean in to check her reflection. Her hair was *styled* correctly? But it was *way* too long, right? And what was up with that uggo silver color!?! Fortunately, she didn’t have to be sickened by it for long! Because not only did its length unravel until the ponytail only dangled past her shoulder, but the bulk of it was dyed to a golden blonde.

...That bled into a gradient of pink and then blue in the tips of the ponytail. At least it was fastened with a cute bow, and her bangs were pinned to the side by cute, pink hairclips! She’d picked those out herself, of course! In fact, a great deal of knowledge when it came to modern fashion was swirling around in her head. Though, it had replaced any knowledge of magic, or of being a half-elf, or *anything* like that!

**“Ugh, I don’t even have time to curl my lashes. Not if I’m totes gonna get to Ririka-chan before the others!”** Unsurprisingly, *Erina Araki* was *also* head over heels for Ririka as part of her steadily growing yuri harem. She was the only gyaru in the group, which was kind of funny because weren’t all of the girls *tropey* in completely different ways? Erina hadn’t thought too hard about it. Ririka didn’t treat her differently than anyone else despite how people tended to feel about gyarus – seeing them as bitchy or things to lust over.

Not that she *minded* being lusted over, but Ririka treated her so innocently that she kind of wanted to *corrupt* her. An ideal that clashed with some of the other girls. **“Agh! Whatevs, I’m gonna have to go like this if I’m gonna beat the others! I’m hawt as hell anyways, she’s totes gonna keep staring at my tits when she’s trying to avoid staring at my bare belly!”** Consider it a little *trap* she had set up for her fellow eighteen-year-old.

And so, the gyaru grabbed her bag and dashed out the bathroom door to leave her house.



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Despite all of their preparations, Nozomi, Reika, and Erina all ended up at Ririka’s front door at roughly the same time. They argued for a

moment, but when Ririka opened the door they all went quiet. **“Oh! Were you three all waiting for me? Let’s all go to school together then!”** But Ririka didn’t mind being escorted by three pretty girls! If only the three of them could get along better...

But maybe one day they’d all learn to share? Not only her but come to love each other as well!