
THE CONTINUING STORY OF AKEMI AKAI

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Content & Trigger Warnings

This story contains themes and fictional depictions of child sexual abuse, incest (parent/child) (emotional and physical), all types of general abuse (physical, sexual, and emotional), rape/molestation, suicide/self-harm, death, drug use, and alcoholism. *Please read with caution if you think you will be triggered!*

Background On Parents

'Too late to keep the change, Too late to pay.'

Akemi Akai was born in Shinjuku, Japan, to Shoji Akai (Papa) and Sofia Perez (Mama) somewhere towards the end of the 90s. She was the product of a drunken hook-up in Miami; Papa was already strikingly capable at only 22, using his up-and-coming tech entrepreneur status to get away with doing basically whatever he wanted, armed with the knowledge that he was too important to ever blacklist. Though not very kind or tactful, numbers came extremely

easy to him, and he decided young that he would quadruple the old money his family was in possession of and retire early and spend the majority of his life drinking, drugging, and fucking.

Mama, 17, was the daughter of Cuban immigrants who, conversely, focused more on working hard. She graduated high school early via dual enrollment and worked at a Subway with the goal of saving up money to go to school for fashion design. She liked feeling pretty and being confident and wanted to find a way to help every girl feel that way.

The two met at a club Mama was dragged to by her older work friends on one of her days off, and Papa set his eyes on Mama, who was rendered so drunk she was never able to recall what exactly happened between the two of them. She only knows she woke up in a hotel room, sore, with a new number on her phone. She left the number, disquieted by the experience, but is forced to call him when she realizes she's pregnant. Upon finding out she was pregnant *and* underage (and unwilling to abort), Papa flew her to Japan and promised to pay for her college education, as well as her food and basic needs, if she promised never to burden him with Akemi's existence and give the child his surname. Excited at the prospect of basically getting a free ticket to do whatever she wanted *and* achieve her biggest goal, she agreed.

She found it difficult to adjust to Japan alone, because he went basically no contact, save texts saying, "Here's your direct deposit," "I had your appointment made; details are attached," etc. But she managed. She enrolled in basic college classes set to start after Akemi's birth with the goal of becoming proficient in Japanese and attending a more specialized university aimed at fashion. She likened the situation to her mother's and father's being in a new country and having to start over to have a good life and tried to be as brave as she could. She used some money to hire a Japanese tutor to get a head start and spent most of her pregnancy studying and preparing for school. She had no support system or friends anymore, her family cutting her off for, in their eyes, running away with some man she hadn't even dated, and her work friends all losing touch with her as their own lives moved forward.

She began to realize the gravity of the situation she was in, and postpartum depression rapidly set in and rendered her apathetic towards Akemi's existence. She dropped out before she even began because she knew she couldn't do it. Papa let her know she could restart whenever she'd like, but she decided she was done pursuing dreams.

Early Life

'I guess I just wasn't made for these times.'

Deciding to fully embrace crashing and burning (like Papa), Mama leans into partying and being generally careless with her life.

From a very young age, she has sex with hookups in front of or near Akemi, making no attempt to hide it or be sneaky. In addition, she taunts Akemi with sexual remarks and exposes herself often to fuck with her. It's not really like she wants to arouse her, but maybe more so that she wants to exert power over her, and the only power she's ever had was sexually. Generally, she treats Akemi like a table; she doesn't care about her presence or regard it as something special, and when she happens to stub her toe on it, she curses about it. She never physically or directly sexually abuses Akemi, but this emotional pseudo-incestual type of abuse deeply affects Akemi and is what makes her begin to harbor a deep hatred for the world.

Akemi's unhealthy, unconventional relationship with sex begins here. Because she is not taught about it in a normal or healthy way, she uses her observational skills to assume that sex is something you trade for things or something you use to make other people uncomfortable. She does not associate it with love or intimacy as a concept, instead linking it to feelings of sickness, anxiety and resentment. She figures out masturbation easily enough but is unsure of how penetration works without a vagina, causing her first intense feelings of dysphoria.

Mama's treatment of her also teaches her that discomfort lends you power over people. Even if she considers herself better, Akemi is acutely aware that Mama holds significant power over her. Not just as her mother, but because she can so easily disarm Akemi. Instead of using conventional means like flattery or kindness to get what she wants, Akemi relies on making others uncomfortable and hopefully forcing them to acquiesce to her. This has limited success and renders her friendless more than anything.

In addition, throughout her childhood, Mama uses Papa's checks solely for herself with little regard for Akemi. They have some food in the house like frozen meals and noodles, but otherwise, she eats out every night and leaves Akemi to fend for herself. Akemi develops a strange relationship with food because of this and also never learns how to cook properly. When Mama does bring her the odd McDonalds or something, Akemi can't finish more than half a burger before getting sick because of how "much" food it is. She forces it down to show Mama how grateful she is, but it almost always comes back up. She finds she prefers things like crackers and plain noodles over burgers or overly flavorful frozen meals.

When she eventually begins school, Akemi immediately doesn't fit in and causes problems because she's excessively ill-behaved and disruptive. Because of her upbringing, she has no real sense of what's polite or how to act, and especially has issues with being sexually inappropriate; whether it be things she does or how she acts towards others. She gets booted out of one school for continually touching herself whenever given the opportunity, and Mama just enrolls her in another one without using the resources given to her to help figure out why Akemi is so badly behaved. By the time she's about twelve, she just stops going, and Mama makes no move to force her to go.

She uses her newfound time to start exploring sex with strangers and random hookups. She loses her virginity very early on, even before she drops out. It frustrates her that she doesn't have the same parts as her mother, because she wants to have them and know what it feels like to be penetrated. She wants to have a soft chest to squeeze and finds herself envious and mad at girls who have full chests. She settles for the type of sex she can have, but it's a persistent thought that plagues her, and she eventually begins to cross-dress under the guise of it being a fetish because she becomes more and more attracted to the idea of being "a Mama"; or rather, being a girl.

She doesn't hook up with adults because it scares her; she mostly goes after high schoolers. And only boys. Generally, her experiences aren't dangerous, but there are a few occasions where they hurt her by being too rough or excited, and she's confused to find that she enjoys being treated a little recklessly. She doesn't explore this, but she welcomes it when men start to choke her without asking or pull her hair. When younger, she enjoyed watching porn where girls pretend it hurts but gets sick at the sight of naked women, so she kind of avoids all porn after a point and relies on her own fantasies and hookups. She also relishes comments about looking too much like a girl or things to the effect of "I'll just pretend you're a girl." She begins to research makeup and skincare and steals money from Mama to spend on stuff to doll herself up.

She's heard of trans people but doesn't like the idea of being any more different, so she really holds onto the idea of it just being a fetish thing. Despite the fact that she doesn't actually get sexually excited wearing skirts, etc., if anything, it's a pure kind of elation to see how cute she is. After being propositioned by a girl and getting to touch and feel her body (despite being nervous and scared and a little bit sick), she miserably understands it's not a fetish; she just really wishes she was a girl. She still feels jealous and sad when around cis girls, but she engages in sex with them if only to understand intimately and up close what their bodies and parts are like, as well as how to better mimic them in mannerisms and stuff. She mostly prefers her dick because she generally likes rubbing it on stuff and sticking it into things, etc., but she really wishes she could know what it feels like to be penetrated vaginally.

Meanwhile, Mama's mental health is rapidly deteriorating. She deals with Akemi less, but when they do see each other, it's extremely volatile because the now older and more feminine Akemi feels even more like a threat to Mama. After a situation where Akemi, now bigger than her, beats the shit out of her for calling her a good-for-nothing, she begins to feel truly hopeless and empty about her life. No friends, no family, and a son that is cruel and vulgar. She takes no responsibility for how Akemi acts and thinks it's not her fault, that Akemi is just inherently bad. The money hasn't stopped, and generally speaking, she could use it to seek treatment, but she feels so hopeless it doesn't really cross her mind. She hates Akemi and, by extension, Papa (who she realizes raped her) so much that she'd rather be dead than exist in a world with them. Killing herself and forcing Akemi to bear the burden of being parentless is her final, ultimate fuck you to Akemi.

And so, Akemi finds her overdosed in their bathtub. Looking at her dead body, she finds a dark, fiery excitement swells in her stomach but doesn't hold on to the feeling because it scares her. Not horny, but something close to it. Pure elation and euphoria that she's dead, maybe. While she waits for the police to come, she just stares at her, wishing she could at least pretend to feel bad. She knows there's something deeply and inherently wrong with her, but she has no idea how to fix it and isn't sure she can. Inkings of delusional lines of thought begin here and start to convince her that she's evil and has such a horrible presence she poisons people around her. Or that she's some sort of demon and her birth made Mama evil and that she was nice beforehand, so Akemi shouldn't be so cruel about her. She basically tries to think of a thousand ways to understand why she feels so wrong.

The police collect Akemi and begin making arrangements to figure out where to put her when Akemi mentions she has a Papa and asks to contact him with his Mama's phone; she's tough, but the idea of foster care scares her because she's so used to being able to do whatever she'd like. Papa seems interested in speaking to her, so they video call, and he quickly relents to letting Akemi become his responsibility. They talk a little bit, and Akemi thinks he seems nice enough, if kind of annoyingly high energy and chipper. Akemi wonders why he reneges so quickly, especially with how often Mama would disparage him and call him a deadbeat (despite the millions of yen given to her over the years), but she's just happy to have another home and to not be shoveled into a shared home and gain the stigma of being an orphan.

Before Akemi is taken to go live with Papa, she's given Mama's ashes because she's the only real next of kin that the police are aware of. She goes back to the hotel room Papa got for her, dumps them into the toilet, masturbates to completion on top of the watery-ashy mixture, flushes the toilet, and makes herself repeatedly vomit until she bleeds. She spends most of the trip to Osaka sleeping.

Living With Papa

'So please, believe in me.'

Akemi waits a week in a cushy hotel's penthouse suite before finally meeting Papa. She's struck by how young he looks, and he's struck by how girly she looks. He's nice about it, though, and doesn't really acknowledge it in a derisive manner like most people tend to when seeing her. He basically tells Akemi that he's a pretty busy guy, but he'll make the time for her where he can. He explains (and overemphasizes) his importance to the local tech industry and that he's pretty much always off doing something, and Akemi doesn't really care because it just means she can continue to do whatever she wants. She has no real possessions besides her clothes and makeup, so the move into Papa's apartment is easy. He notices and gets her a 'welcome home' gift basket, and Akemi doesn't say thank you because she's confused by it.

Venturing out into the city, Akemi feels entirely out of her depth. Because she grew up in Shinjuku, she had a good idea of the area and where to avoid, but in a new place where no one knows her, she's nervous and scared. She worries about being murdered, whether it be randomly or for looking girly, so she starts to spend more time in the apartment, only really leaving to go to convenience stores. She misses her random anonymous cruising but figures it's probably for the best that she drops it as a hobby because, well, look at Mama.

Her hobbies instead mostly lie in watching porn, jacking off, and looking at online forums. She spends a lot of time on trans-focused forums but also looks at 2ch and other Japanese imageboard sites and enjoys being a general nuisance when allowed to be anonymous. It's here she discovers her enjoyment of superhero media and starts to delve into reading old Marvel stuff to discuss it online with people. She enjoys the companionship and ability to talk to people who don't treat her differently, but even then, she definitely gets called a lot of names because she's erratic and sometimes has her moments.

On one of his weekends at home, Papa notices that Akemi uses the same skincare product he does, and the two bond over it. He has an intense obsession with appearing young and continuing to look young despite his aging, so he's actually more well-versed in makeup and skincare than Akemi is, much to her surprise. She mentions some products she's been considering, and he buys her everything she mentions with zero hesitation. Again, the gifts confuse her, but she's grateful, and this time she thanks him. The two have many instances of interacting like this, and it makes her like him a lot more.

It's a strong divorce from Mama's treatment of her: positive, comfortable, and casual attention. Not too much commitment because he's not always home like she was, no fighting or bringing people over or looking to pick fights with her. Many would consider him an absent parent, but he's the perfect amount of "around" for Akemi. The gifts only help her grow more interested in and fond of him.

Sometimes he comes home drunk, and she finds it scary because of how Mama was drunk, but he mostly just stumbles off to his room or sleeps on the couch, so she becomes less cagey about it. His predictability is intensely comforting for her. With Mama, she was often hypervigilant and anxious about when her next blow-up would come. But Papa puts his keys in the same place, eats the same things, and stays comfortably at arm's length.

Akemi doesn't intend on coming out, but Papa asks her about it when he comes into her room to ask her something and sees an outfit laid out on her bed that's very girly. She tries to curse at him and call him a freak, but he shrugs and says he doesn't care and offers to buy her better-quality clothes that would fit/suit her better. She thinks he's fucking with her and says so, but he basically says that he figured she was meant to be a girl from the moment they'd video-called, and that's why he decided to adopt her instead of sticking to his initial promise to Mama and never involving himself in her life.

He explains to Akemi that he wanted to keep her safe from what may happen in foster care... but in actuality, he finds her attractive and doesn't mind adopting her and keeping her around because she's young and good to look at. Akemi's gratitude is too deep for her to sense any danger; she wonders what Mama would say if she were alive, and it only makes her love him more.

So, Papa buys her all the clothes she wants, and she's out to at least one person, and it makes her very happy. Even if she's too scared to leave the house dressed up, she parades around the house alone, giggling at mirrors. She settles for doing HRT and figuring out the legal stuff and possible surgeries when she's older.

She tries to convince Papa to let her do DIY to save herself the embarrassment of having to speak to doctors, but Papa drags her into a clinic anyway. She is initially very reserved and shy but opens up with time as she interacts with the doctors and nurses more. She assumes they must find her weird in some way, but even still, they call her 'Miss' and are kind about taking her blood, explaining her levels. It feels nice, even if she wishes she didn't have to go through this just to be a girl.

It kind of feels like things are too good to be true.

She offers to let Papa rename her because she's not sure what she'd like to be called. He suggests Akemi because, he says, were he to have had a girl, that's what name he'd use. And then he mentions that it can be written to include 'beauty,' which makes her blush and agree that it's a good name. In actuality, he pulls the name out of his ass; in the garage at his office, there's a maintenance closet behind a locked gate. Among the pile of random stuff that's there, there's a canister that reads 'AKEMI' in bold text, and he always glances at it when he walks by because it's the brightest thing in the cage. It comes to mind when she asks because he'd just come home from work and was reminding himself to Google what 'AKEMI' is by repeating it over and over again in his head. [It's a brand, and the canister was spray paint.](#)

At this point, Akemi is extremely grateful towards Papa and even feels she loves him, which isn't really a feeling she's felt before. He's still not home often, but when he is, they spend time together and talk about whatever. She doesn't really understand his work, but she googles him and sees he's evidently pretty important, so she's at the very least impressed. It's the first time she hasn't really been repulsed by someone's presence, so she sort of just sticks directly next to him when they're together. He offers to let her sleep in his bed, and she does, even if she kinda feels like it's a juvenile thing to do when she's 13, but she also has no basis for what's normal and what's not.

Even if she enjoys him, she's still deeply mentally ill and traumatized, so she has moments of cruelty or disillusionment. When Papa is particularly loud when drunk, she gets annoyed, or

when she wants to be alone and he comes home. He generally stays away when he can tell she's having a moment, but she gets lonely and sad when she imagines making him get upset, so she always crawls back into his bed or apologizes. He suggests that she maybe get therapy or something similar, but she doesn't want it because medication, in her mind, is a form of governmental control meant to sedate people. She doesn't believe there's a cure for what she believes is evil manifesting inside of her and forcing her to be mean or do bad things.

One day, Papa stumbles home drunk to find Akemi masturbating in the living room, and Akemi, in turn, just taunts him and laughs about it. Because of Mama's behavior and attitude towards sex in front of or around Akemi, she has never had an adequate concept of boundaries, so she would do the same to teachers or friends when young. At most, she's met with being screamed at, but in most situations, she finds people just uncomfortably gasp and turn away. She's not necessarily turned on by it (only a little, anyways) and mostly does it because when she was young, seeing sex made her uncomfortable and confused... and she wants to make others feel uncomfortable and confused as a way to exert power over them. And in this case, she didn't realize Papa would be coming home but also had no intention of stopping because of her aforementioned bad boundaries. She didn't mean for him to see her naked or hard, but she didn't really care about it happening.

What she doesn't count on is Papa touching her dick and initiating sex by caressing and kissing her. She's shocked to the point of freezing up, but she's also confused because it feels good. Even if anxiety starts making her sick, she leans into kisses on her neck and lets him pull up her shirt mostly because again, she's literally going into shock at the confusion of what's happening.

When he kneels down to blow her, she gets the courage to ask him what he's doing. He retorts that she started it, and he was simply finishing it and making good on her taunting. She cums within seconds and starts to sob because she's so overwhelmed and confused. Papa carries her to bed, still partially naked, and falls asleep holding her. She cries until she passes out.

Papa's Abuse

'I've drunk your wine; You have made your world mine.'

The morning after, while Papa is yawning and waking up, Akemi gathers the courage (and curiosity) to stroke him through his pants and finds she deeply enjoys hearing the sounds he makes and the way he clutches onto her. He tries to reciprocate and touch her after he's finished off, but she slips out of bed and goes to her shower without saying anything. She is deeply sick and nauseous but glad to make him happy. She's borderline dissociating with the stress of it, feeling floaty and strange and not herself. She tries to hide in her room, but he knocks and tells her to eat her breakfast, so she comes out.

She has trouble making eye contact with him, but miraculously he's even kinder, which she likes. He speaks to her normally and doesn't acknowledge anything that has happened. She entertains

his normality and doesn't entertain it either. In reality, this is Papa taking complete control of the situation and steering it into a direction where she doesn't construe it as abuse or rape, when it was both. He acted normal when he got Mama blackout and fucked her pregnant, and he's acting normal now in this situation. The whole time he was looking for an excuse to have sex with Akemi, and when given an opening, he used it. There was never any other intention for him taking her in.

Akemi rationalizes the relationship that occurs by saying that, even if they're blood-related, she wasn't raised as Papa's daughter. She has a hard time rationalizing the intense age difference, so she just tries to think of herself as very mature for her age. And, of course, Papa tells her that often even if he's lying. Papa doesn't want to fuck everything up and scare Akemi away, so he bides his time and treats her very gently; he only kisses her on the mouth as a greeting, holds her when they watch stuff together, and lets his hands rest in different places when they sleep together. He's grooming her into viewing it as a real relationship with the end goal of making it so she's easily accessible for sex at all times.

Akemi asks for advice on 2ch, but people think it's a troll and fuck with her over it. Papa is too important to even subtly imply, so she gets nervous about getting doxxed and tells everyone to kill themselves. She reads about similar situations online... but, unfortunately for her, she comes across erotic fiction that she construes as real counts of incest. People in these stories seem happy and content, so she figures it's probably a normal thing people don't really talk about, and they're writing about it online to encourage other people to do the same. These stories are fetish material, so they focus solely on sex, and she gets the impression her relationship should, then, be focused on making Papa feel good more than anything. She only finds a few actual real-life accounts of incest being painful and abusive, but she dismisses them because she doesn't want to believe she's being hurt by someone who's otherwise so kind towards her. She views the stories as real life and the real life as stories to protect herself.

And it doesn't take long for her to break down those barriers on her own and initiate sex or touching often with him. She's apprehensive at first, but being rewarded with words of praise and gifts makes her more confident. For a while, it's just handjobs and blowjobs, but she makes him promise to be gentle penetrating her, and they break down that barrier too. Papa also uses her transition to his advantage by being extremely generous with compliments and gender-affirming language. He likes to buy her expensive, lacy lingerie and comments often on how her chest is swelling up (even though it's not really that early on) and calls her his little girlfriend... things like that.

From there, their sex life devolves into straight-up debauchery because they both have intensely high sex drives. Casual sex happens often, Akemi being bent over the kitchen table, couch, or wherever. They don't use familial language anymore, but Papa tells Akemi that he can never, ever call him anything but 'Papa.' She wishes she could be on a first-name basis, but she figures it's just a quirk; he has many of them. In actuality, it's an intense incest fetish being realized.

Being able to see him naked for the first time, Akemi sees that Papa's body is almost fully covered in self-harm scars, some of them suspiciously fresh. They criss-cross his arms, legs, and most concerningly, his neck. These scars are always otherwise covered, with Papa tending towards turtlenecks and heavy coats. He readily rationalizes it as being because he is prone to being cold, which is true, but it's clear there's something else at play.

Akemi tries to approach him about it, but he is uncharacteristically quiet about it. He doesn't try to explain, just shrugs it off. Akemi doesn't push, not wanting to upset him, but it does a lot to humanize him in her eyes. Sometimes she absentmindedly traces her fingers along them when they're in bed, wondering how it feels to do something like that to yourself. She's always been too scared.

With Akemi successfully broken in, Papa gives her the privilege of being seen in public with him. Which is to say, Akemi gets a free pass to party with him. She's never drunk before, but Papa gets her quickly acquainted. At first, she's shy and reserved in party settings, especially the scary, booming nightclubs she's brought to, but she loosens up with liquor and generous compliments from Papa and his friends. She passes with ease and in part because Papa aggressively introduces her as his girlfriend to literally anyone who will listen. It doesn't really excite her to do that, though she likes being seen as a girlfriend and not just a sex object, but the fact that he's presenting his daughter as his girlfriend makes him insatiably excited and smug.

It's not every night they party, but it's whenever Papa has the chance and is in the mood, which is still often enough. When he's working or traveling, she mostly stays home and continues her usual shit-posting, but she has renewed confidence to at least leave the house to go shop or grab food. Everyone at this point refers to her as female because her hair has gotten longer, she's become skilled with makeup, and she's dressed explicitly feminine. Her boobs are still small, so she stuffs her bras at this point. She sometimes gets jeered at or creeped on for being a cute young girl dressed excessively revealing and just decides to view it as a compliment.

In public settings, he does get handsy, so she develops a taste for being watched while he kisses her and gropes her chest, and on one occasion even blows him while his friends watch in a private room. It's fun until Papa construes this as her being okay with group sex and arranges for her to be fucked by a handful of his friends while he watches, which in actuality is the exact opposite of what Akemi enjoys. She lets it happen and tries to stuff down her visible fear and apprehension, but afterwards is really disturbed and broken up about it. The sex isn't violent, but it's overwhelming and scary because so many people are looming over her and touching her at once. It was a fantasy she'd had at one point, but in practice, men she didn't love or find attractive fondling her made her feel like throwing up. Papa watching made it worse; she wanted him to jump in and save her, but he orchestrated and allowed it to happen.

Akemi didn't get a say, and having no say made her feel like an object to be used and not his girlfriend. She locks herself in her room and obsessively showers until her hair is straw and her skin is basically scrubbed raw. This is when she makes the commitment to never, ever let her hands touch anything ever again (because the feeling of strangers' penises on her fingers terrified her); from this moment onwards, she wears gloves, then covers those gloves with long sleeves. Originally she liked to have longer sleeves because she didn't like the texture of things on her fingertips, but she sees this as the motivating factor for her not to let anything touch her hands again. Even touching her own skin with her hands reminds her of the strangers, and it makes her extremely upset.

She develops gonorrhea from this encounter, and Papa has those friends all nearly beaten to death and actually apologizes to Akemi because he didn't mean for her to be hurt in that way specifically. And, also, it means he can't fuck her for a week or two, and that makes him sad. She feels sicker and sadder that she caught something, as well as generally disgusting, but Papa lovebombs her and gives her a bunch of gifts to make up for it, and she feels better. This is when she starts to wonder if it's an okay relationship for her to be in, but she tries to convince herself he was just horny and made a mistake. She purposefully tries to not view it as gang rape, despite it being explicitly that, and just weird group sex.

From then on, no one but him ever touches Akemi, and she reacts violently if they do. Very, very violently.

Akemi Spirals

'I don't know how to tell you all just how crazy this life feels.'

Eventually, at this point, Akemi's schizotypal symptoms and hallucinations worsen. Alone in the apartment, she begins to hear her name being called and opens the door every time to no one there. She learns to ignore it but then has to learn how to ignore the evolution of the things she hears. Never full sentences but greetings, or laughter, or strange unidentifiable chattering. Whispering that she can't make out, even if she strains to hear. It scares her, so she decides to pretend it's coming from her growing collection of plushies.

She personifies two of her plushies, a doll of Cookieann from Tokyo Disney, and a generic rabbit plushie she names Blackplaguechan. They don't speak to her, but she does have a voice in her head and pretends they do; basically, she creates two imaginary friends. She makes Cookieann nice and kind, and she makes Blackplaguechan cruel and biting. She pretends the giggling or chattering is coming from Cookieann, and the laughing is coming from Blackplaguechan, who hates her. She personifies one of them as cruel to punish herself, because otherwise, no one ever admonishes her anymore, and she begins to feel she should be beaten and killed or worse.

She feels like mostly everyone is out to get her or has some sort of ulterior motive except for Papa, who she believes genuinely cares for her and loves her. Nervous of snapping and going on

a killing spree but also nervous about being stalked and murdered by invisible forces, she stops leaving the house and just has everything she needs delivered to her. She cries when deliverymen knock on her door, because she assumes someone's coming to get her. She's nervous going out with Papa but just clings to him very closely and doesn't really talk to anyone else anymore. The sounds of a nightclub are overwhelming and make her skittish now. He notices her strange shift in behavior but doesn't really mind because she's still cute and fuckable, and that's really the only thing he needs out of her. Sex and affection with Papa are the only things that are able to distract her from her intense, growing paranoia and anxiety; but even then, it's not foolproof.

Spurred on by Papa's own self-harm-riddled body, she attempts to cut herself, but the mere idea nauseates her. She doesn't even know where to begin, and looking up videos online scares her out of trying. In terms of self-harm, she tends to smash her head into things when she is particularly stressed. Like Papa, she also relies on liquor to dampen the thoughts in her head that stress her out.

This is when her passing fascination with death, murder, and gore turns into a sort of obsession. She spends a lot of time watching Liveleak videos and reading articles describing horrible things. Part of it is a sexual fascination; she gets off on imagining herself both as victim and perpetrator and will frequently masturbate to pictures or fantasies where she imagines herself in videos and images. But part of it is her just wanting to steep herself in misery and mayhem to feel grounded and real. The sickness in her gut makes her remember she's still a person, and she relishes that.

She ends up feeling guilty every time and eventually puts a parental block on her own computer and makes the password a keysmash so she can't access gore sites even if she wants to and tries to limit herself to her comic book forums and SFW imageboards. It doesn't work well because she's sort of fixated on it, so she tries to drown out those thoughts by other means, specifically getting extremely drunk whether Papa is home or not. At this point, she's drunk more than 80% of the time; she doesn't really enjoy it, but she finds it's the only way to inhibit herself from hurting herself or others and the only way to "save" the world from having to deal with her. When drunk, she spends most of her time sleeping.

From when she's sixteen to seventeen, her life is basically an unidentifiable swirl of drunken days and nights. She doesn't do much besides let Papa use her, and her interests and hobbies online wane. She mostly sits in her room with all of the lights off and focuses on the noises she hears to see if she can extract any meaning out of them.

Papa Worsening

'I love you, baby, can I have some more?'

Papa then reaches a point where he's finally met his ultimate goal of being able to party more than he works. Having risen the ranks of pencil-pushing and data analysis, he's now more of a figurehead or supervisor who does nothing type than an actual employee who belongs to anyone. And with that comes parties even more intense and twice as much time spent with Akemi. Being with Papa nearly all the time makes her feel renewed and at least a little happier about her circumstances. They begin to travel together, and Akemi, in particular, takes a liking to Florida. She enjoys how balmy it is and likes seeing the colorful buildings where they vacation. She hates California and wishes it were more like how it is in the movies.

By this point, Akemi has trained herself not to think about hurting people unless she's extremely stressed, and there's no stress to be had. She feels like she's Papa's wife, and they're traveling the world together and living in high-end domestic bliss. Now when they go out, people recognize them, and it's strange, but not unwelcome. Papa kisses her for the cameras and holds her by the waist when he's talking to colleagues. Her brain feels like it's congealed and hazy, but she's pretty sure she's happy.

And after a few months, Papa is introduced to casual coke use. Papa had stayed away before but feels more on top of the world than ever, so he gives in and tries it out. For Papa, it doesn't affect his mental health too intensely but does tend to wind him up and make him a little more aggressive. His self-harm ebbs and flows, sometimes seemingly worse, other times halted for weeks at a time. Akemi notices that he is cutting himself deeper than before, scaring her.

He plays rougher with Akemi and treats her like a ragdoll and has a noticeably shorter fuse. He doesn't share with Akemi for a bit because he doesn't enjoy the thought of wasting it on her but eventually gives her some in small amounts just to make her feel included. Small is fine, but eventually, he becomes more heavy-handed with what he gives her, and this ends up causing problems when it otherwise wouldn't, because it causes Akemi to experience full-blown psychosis that makes her behave erratically and confusingly, and to Papa, annoyingly.

In small amounts, it just wires her and makes her heart beat fast. She doesn't enjoy it at all, because it feels like a panic attack, but she doesn't dare talk back to Papa while he's high. She notices the change and acts accordingly, allowing herself to become more pliable underneath him and passive. She's at the point where even being slapped across the face doesn't stir much

inside of her, just makes her hiccup and apologize. She wishes they could go back to kissing and cuddling like before, but she justifies it by believing she deserves it for hurting others and being a burden.

Akemi's psychosis while high focuses on her being the root of all evil in the world or the Devil himself. She begs Papa not to touch her because he'll die if she does and constantly ducks away from him, screams, and tries to run away. He tries to hold her down, but she kicks him in the face and locks herself in the bathroom and sits in the shower. The police come after neighbors call, and she's forced to explain to them that she was just overreacting because she saw a roach. After they leave, Papa asks her what the fuck she's doing, and by then she's coming down and is more aware of herself, and she apologizes, letting him fuck her while she sort of stares at the wall, confused herself. He just assumes it's a "bad trip" or coke psychosis and cuts her off.

Later on, he gives her more despite her protesting and reminding him that it makes her sick. That time, he just holds her down, stuffs her mouth so she can't get the cops called, and fucks her anyways while she thrashes and sobs, convinced that Papa's skin will be flayed off of his body or that he'll burst into flames for touching her. This is the first time that Akemi truly acknowledges and understands that she's being raped. She could explain it away in every other circumstance, but when her episode winds down after he's long gone, she wonders if she really cares about her at all. She cares about him; that's why she was trying to save him from getting hurt by touching her. In reality, Papa does it because he wants a fight and enjoys seeing her genuinely struggle and be terrified.

The third time is in public. A little while after forcing her to do a line off of his dick in front of his friends in a club bathroom, the two stumble out into an alleyway with the intention of calling a cab home. A psychotic episode again descends onto Akemi, and this time she's able to break free from Papa's grasp and makes a break for it. He chases her and eventually catches up when she stops to vomit, unable to keep all of the liquor sloshing around inside of her down, and he beats the ever-loving shit out of her. Using the umbrella he was carrying, he bludgeons her half to death with it and then violates her with the handle. She can't run or scream for help because she's too weak, losing consciousness, and only able to gurgle and moan. It feels like she's slipping in and out of reality, like she's lying somewhere in between. He leaves her there, in an alleyway, and she's found a little while later by two girls going clubbing.

In the hospital, she's informed that her eye has been irreparably damaged and later finds out via specialists that her cornea was scratched. She loses most of her vision in her left eye and never regains it. It stays permanently dilated, causing her pain when she's in particularly bright or sunny environments.

This is also when Akemi learns that she has genetically inherited cone-rod dystrophy from Papa. CRD is an eye disorder wherein the light-sensitive cells in your eye break down, eventually

leading to blindness. There is no cure. The eyesight in her intact eye is fine for the time being and will be for a long time, but eventually it will begin to break down. This is why Papa wears his blue light-blocking glasses basically all of the time, to protect his eyes from breaking down as quickly. She feels hopeless about her eyesight now, resigned to the fact that she's never going to see normally now.

Because of Papa shoving an umbrella handle inside of her, she develops a prolapse (alongside tearing) and is informed she has to receive extensive treatment for it. Police and nurses try to ask her who could have possibly done it, but she covers for Papa, partially because she's so shocked she can't properly process what's happening.

Papa doesn't visit her in the hospital.

Akemi Breaking

'It's just no good anymore since you went away.'

When she comes home, he treats her like normal, and Akemi tries to go along with it but is deeply disturbed. Because of her prolapse, she can't have anal sex for a while, and she hopes it means Papa will leave her alone, but he just goads her into oral and non-penetrative sex. She allows it to happen but can't even think about different scenarios to force herself to get hard; Papa notices and just comments that it's probably the antibiotics or something fucking with her libido. He feels... slightly bad, if only because he destroyed her eye and her use as an onahole, but otherwise, he doesn't feel responsible or torn up about it. Basically, he asserts that he was just disciplining her for being bad in public.

Her eye is something she is upset about but tries to make peace with. She can still see out of it, slightly, and has vision problems, but she figures she's just glad her face isn't scarred and that the only effect is her dilated pupil. However, having a prolapse and by extension incontinence at the age of 17 makes her feel disgusting and sexless. She feels like it's extra humiliating and gross, especially because of how it feels and affects her going to the bathroom and how it forces her to wear diapers just in case. She feels like she's been irreparably stripped of the only thing she's ever had: sex appeal. She knows it will heal, but she's deeply humiliated.

She spends a lot of time thinking and, with the help of her imaginary friends, decides that she needs to break her rule of never hurting anyone to get rid of Papa. Papa has categorically gotten worse and hurt her in unique ways. She hates Mama, but she begins to realize that even her abuse wasn't as vicious as his.

In a moment of clarity, she realizes his intention was probably always sex, and that he's just a pervert who wanted to take advantage of her while young and easily groomed. Their relationship could never end well, but he has never once cared for her in a genuine way. This is the only

reason he would hurt her like this. Maybe he's the one being possessed by something evil. Maybe it's her job to help him.

She also decides then that she misunderstood what the whispering voices and laughing meant; it's not her that was the root of evil, it's *Papa*, and it's always been her job to get rid of him. That's why the universe brought them together. The frantic terror wasn't because she was going to hurt Papa with physical touch, but because deep down she instinctively knew Papa would hurt her. She bemoans the fact that she didn't understand it sooner.

He comes home already wasted and high, and Akemi cajoles him with a blowjob into drinking even more, saying that they should celebrate her speedy recovery and Papa's continuing success. They take a shot, then she convinces him to drink more, then more, then more. When he's not able to speak anymore and is drifting in and out of consciousness, she funnels even more liquor down his throat and makes sure to keep him flat on his back. Every time he tries to get up, she plants a hand on his chest, and he lays back down, too unaware of what's happening to really fight or ask what she's doing.

She's not sure what she's doing. It's hard to tell. She'd like to think she's reclaiming something, but she's not sure what. She'd like to think she's fulfilling some sort of higher purpose, but would someone like her even have something like that? Maybe, in the end, she just wants to feel big. An entire lifetime of people making her feel small, stomping on her, making her hurt and cry. It feels nice to be big. It feels nice to be the one in control.

It's a necessary evil to help the both of them out. He's too far gone. Any further and it'd be her dying first. Any further and it would be more than her eye. She has always been good at surviving. She feels like she's watching herself, floating outside of her own body. She can't feel her fingers, or her face. There's a high-pitched noise in her ears that she barely hears. Her heart is beating so hard it's making her a little nauseous.

She watches as he aspirates on his own vomit, takes a single Polaroid of his body, tries to jerk off but can't get hard, then goes to bed. The following morning, she calls 911 with the best 'super scared' voice she can muster as someone who's staring at her dead pedophile rapist father. She can't feel her legs.

An intense media circus follows because, while of course no one suspects Akemi, one of the top techbros in all of Japan has just been found dead in a pile of his own vomit. Because Akemi is under 18, the press cannot mention her by name, and she's at least spared people commenting on her being obviously trans or exploiting her "grief." However, his closer friends and coworkers realize that she wasn't just his girlfriend of many years but his daughter... so she opts to avoid his funeral and any public outings to avoid conversations about that.

The entire process feels like a dream, like she's barely there. It feels like she's high, sort of like she's overdosing. She's barely aware of where she is, what she's being asked, or what she's signing. There's a persistent sickness deep in her belly, one that keeps her awake. Not guilt. She's not sure what it is. But it's not guilt. Their bed feels empty without him.

Her bed. There's a lot of 'us' and 'we' and 'he' that she has to unlearn. Every re-remembering is another wave of nausea. She feels dizzy and off-center and spends a lot of time curled up and looking at the wall. She doesn't know if she's thinking about anything. Sometimes she looks up, and hours have passed. She doesn't eat days at a time. The process for Papa is so much longer than it was for Mama.

He is cremated and left with the rest of his family in his hometown. Akemi is disappointed she doesn't get his ashes, but at the very least she gets... basically everything else.

Papa's inheritance does stipulate Akemi gets two things: all of his financial holdings when she turns 18 and his prestigious Gunpla collection, his most important belongings. His techno-whatever assets are left to his various business partners; Akemi doesn't care. She happily agrees to take the money and takes a lot of joy in individually smashing (and hot gluing, in a few cases) all of her father's stupid little models.

With his inheritance is a note to her, written under the pretense that he's killed himself. Looking at the date, it'd been written only a short while after they'd met, before his drug use and worsening abuse. It's heartfelt and explains that it's 'not her fault' that he 'did this to himself.' He explains his lifelong obsession with suicide, his disgust at himself for being a paraphile, and his misery at hurting Akemi so deeply and intimately, even if she doesn't think it's hurting.

The final words are an apology and an I love you. Akemi is glad she read it alone. It hurts, but in a strange way, it helps. It was fucked from the beginning, but she wants to hold on to the hope that he could have been a good person, maybe. Not in this lifetime, but maybe another one. Maybe he could have really loved her like a father does. Maybe they could have been happy. And he'd be alive, and here.

Or maybe she's just being manipulated from beyond the grave. She burns the letter so she can't agonize over it.

She keeps his glasses and never lets them get too far away from her. They're always with her, or in her bedside table, or on her desk. She doesn't think too hard about the implications of that. They're carefully tended to, red bug-eye lenses kept polished and clean.

She rationalizes it to herself with ease; anyone else would do the same. He was a terrible person. He hurt her innumerable. She had to do it to escape. If it wasn't going to be him, it'd be her, and she had to do it to survive. But it does little to really, truly help. Even dead, he controls

her. It feels like she's always being torn one way or another: the objective truth that he was the evil one, not her, and the feeling that she killed her only friend.

After about half a year, wherein she does turn 18, she's finally left alone with a giant pile of money and no one in the world who loves her.

Moving On

'I'm getting closer to my home.'

She moves to Sumida, Tokyo, and tries to live a quiet life but finds the past leaves her scarred and tormented. She rarely leaves the house for fear of being recognized or something similar, only going to the nearby convenience store for snacks and Monster Energy. She's on top of her hygiene and cleaning but feels like a robot, going through the motions. She feels little joy doing anything and just feels she's kind of alive to... be alive. Not for any reason.

Without Papa, what is she, exactly? She isn't sure. If she's not a victim, is she anything? Her whole life has focused on being on someone else's leash, and here she is, untethered and scared. Confused. It feels like floating alone, with space all around her but nowhere to go. She can't find anything to replace it with, so she leaves herself with a hole in her chest, gaping and sickening and cold. Emptiness that isn't soothed by anything.

In this time, she begins to read more about suicide and spend a lot of time on suicide-focused forums that offer instructions and encouragement to go through with it. It starts to consume her every thought, how she should die, and she eventually gives herself a date. She figures she has no goals or ambitions, no family, and no real purpose. Even trying to find or make one up, she comes up with nothing because she feels so hollow and soulless. In the meantime, before the date, she stocks up on random pills with the intention of overdosing.

When the date finally comes, she swallows all of them but gets scared and calls the police. Her liver nearly fails, but otherwise, she's saved from death and forced to be admitted to a ward. She has no idea why she got scared and feels like an idiot and a failure but most of all a coward. She's annoyed by the nurses pretending they care, thinking it's fake pity. She feels she can tell when people are just humoring her, and it feels like that's what everyone is doing. But when she was being transported from the hospital to the ward, one of the EMS comments that she was being selfish and stupid. Struck by how mean of a comment it is, she tries to fight with him and say it's not selfish because she has no one. He just shrugs and says she hasn't met that person yet, and killing herself now would ensure they never meet.

The stay in the ward itself is distasteful because she's treated like a man, but otherwise, she just tries to view it as a way to break into getting mental health treatment, which she does. She's given medication there and a ton of outpatient resources to use if she so chooses, and she

kinda throws darts to figure out what will work best for her. When the teenage clerk at the 7-Eleven she always goes to recognizes her, she reflects on how there probably is someone out there who will genuinely care for her and decides to find that person.

She still dislikes medication but takes it anyway and finds it aids tremendously in helping her feel less paranoid and generally stops the laughing and whispering that's always around her. It adds other side effects, but she figures it's worth it in the end to be at least a little more normal mentally. She goes to therapy but isn't forthcoming with information about Papa because it scares her to talk about; she mostly talks about Mama, her strange sexual fetishes/sex life, and how she wants to hurt people. It takes about four therapists and two or three years to find one she's actually comfortable telling the whole truth to.

She finds a job a few days a week to give her life structure and decides on working overnights at a grocery store stocking. That way, she doesn't have to see people and deal with them at the store itself, and she can be out at night, which is her favorite time of day. She's very quiet and avoids people at first but warms up to the crew when they're impressed by how quick she is throwing stock. She's spent so long being alone or just with Papa that she's kind of vulgar and awkward, but through mirroring how people act, she understands better how she should speak to others and finds it a very useful skill to have.

She flits through a few random hookups but is very careful because she has established friends and a job and doesn't want news of her being trans to get out and ruin her life. Every time she thinks she finds someone decent, she intrinsically feels it's not the person she's meant to find. Otherwise, though, her life has largely improved, and she's less plagued by nightmares and general terror seeping into every inch of her body. She has bad days and good days, but that comes with being alive.

She experiments a lot with how she presents, going through a whirlwind of different styles and trying to fit in with different scenes and subcultures. A lot of her understanding of how to socialize has been mimicry, and that never really changes. It can be fun to change her wardrobe and hang out with new people, but it still feels a little wrong. Like she isn't really committing to being herself. She's a little too traumatized to feel 'normal' and a little too antisocial to really understand how to authentically subliminate herself into a group of people. It's too hard to be genuine because the possibility of rejection scares her.

Her triggers, in particular, are incest/daddy kinks and sex involving more than two people. She luckily doesn't run into these things often (one of her hookups, however, does ask her to call him "daddy," and she freaks out), but even seeing mentions online makes her freak out. She's also uncomfortable around drunk people and so prefers to mostly hang out at sleepy bars where there's no real nightlife, just people sipping drinks quietly. She can let loose every once in a while but waking up, she feels deeply embarrassed and scared that she may have been taken

advantage of. Generally, she lives life a bit on the fearful, cautious side, but she tries not to let it totally ruin her life.

She also develops a newfound attraction and appreciation for being treated like a dog, both sexually and nonsexually. She is too embarrassed to straight-up ask strangers to do this, but with the people she's extremely close with, she likes to be treated like an animal to make her "brain hurt less." She particularly enjoys sleeping in dog beds or at people's feet.

It's pretty humiliating at first, but it really does help. Instead of spiraling she takes a lot of solace in taking a breath and indulging in letting herself go and laying down in her cage for a while.

Eventually abandoning her chameleon act, she gets the courage to branch out and be more social with people about the things she is genuinely interested in. And manages to make a few friends here and there through her renewed interest in comic books and newfound interest in the expanded MCU. She has a pretty terrible career at various TCGs and Marvel Rivals. But she has fun, and that's what matters, right? Mostly?

She has a lot of fun engaging in nonsexual hobbies and finds it helps her regain her humanity outside of being a sex object. She's not very talented at the things she picks up but she relishes the connection and community it gives her. She only gets into shouting matches or online flame wars about Marvel sometimes.

She still loves sex, don't get her wrong. **A lot.** She won't let anyone take that from her or ruin it, or make it uncomfortable. But it's nice to feel like people like her for her, not just for what she can give them sexually. It's a hard process trusting that people truly like her for her, but it's a journey she's slowly making progress on.

Reframing herself from being an object into a real person is hard. Convincing herself that she isn't evil and wasn't born wrong is hard. Really hard. But she's trying, at least. And from what she has been told, that's worth something. Some days that's easier to believe than others.

She sometimes likes posting online, but tries not to rely on it. Just know that some of the greentexts with outrageous stories you see are her bored attempts at drumming up some quick and easy online attention. And if you ever seen "愛してる! ANON!" that's her, too.

The End

'Summer breeze makes me feel fine, Blowin' through the Jasmine in my mind.'

Akemi, despite her struggles with relationships and the pain of what she went through in the past, is happy. She has an apartment that's hers, she has a job she likes, she's trying. She isn't

doing amazing things or changing the world, but she doesn't have to. She's content making her own little existence.

She has hard days, where she is triggered and haunted and not in control of herself. But after those hard days are ones where she is thankful she stuck around. It'll be the same for you, too, Anon.

She's still working on identifying everything, figuring herself out. That's just how it is. Sometimes she looks in the mirror and isn't exactly sure of what's looking back at her.

Sometimes the only reason she has to wake up is to watch a new Marvel movie. Sometimes she doesn't shower for a week. Sometimes all she can do is cry. It doesn't undo her progress or make her less of a person; she's a work in progress after all.

Fun Facts

- Her birthday is June 2nd 1998. She's a Gemini and was born in the Year of the Tiger.
- She is 5'10" (178cm).
- She is pansexual with no real preference.
- Her name's kanji is 朱美 (vermillion beauty).
- She works part-time (three days a week) at the Seiyu brand of supermarkets.
- Her interests are superhero comics and related media (especially Marvel; Loki is her fave), collecting cute things, wandering around outside and discovering new stuff and jerking off.
- She has a noted interest in trading card games even if she sucks at them. She'll try literally any of them until she gets frustrated. She loves watching, so it works out.
 - Her favorite Pokemon is Ditto and she often tries to force decks where he's the star of the show. She does the same for online play.
- Her favorite genre of music is soft rock (also sometimes called "yacht rock"); [a playlist of her favorite songs is here](#). Her favorite album is [deja vu by crosby, stills, nash and young](#). All of the chapter subtitles are lyrics from songs in this playlist.
- She lives in Sumida, Tokyo but vacations in America as often as she can because she finds the topography and culture interesting.
- She has a sugar intolerance and gets sick when eating too many sweets.
- She's an intense germaphobe and has many rituals and beliefs about cleanliness. She is not a neet/roach stereotype and bathes often and keeps herself clean. She is extremely anal about keeping her apartment clean as well and gets actually upset if you misplace things or don't clean up after yourself. Being in a dirty apartment/place reminds her of living with her mother too much, so she's obsessive about cleanliness.

- She prefers to drink water over everything else; she's okay with sparkling water but prefers non carbonated flavored waters as well. Soda makes her sick and she can have it like, once in a while, if she really wants to, but she doesn't.
- Generally she does not wear perfume and prefers to smell like clean clothes, but when she does, the perfume she uses is bath and body works' 'christmas cookie'; the scent is basically almond, cookie dough and caramel.
- Her favorite food is saltine crackers and she prefers dry, room temperature food to anything hot or cold but will generally eat anything she is given without too much complaint, even if it makes her sick.
- Is prone to lovebombing without realizing, a behavior she mirrors from papa.
- Starts to go blind around her mid thirties and is fully blind by the time she's mid sixties.
- Has intense voice dysphoria and sometimes is totally mute because of it. Her voice claim is [Toshika Masuda](#) (Rei Sakuma from Enstars).

Extra Design Notes

Basic design notes can be found on her reference sheet below.

- Akemi has uneven pupils; as a viewer looking at her, her left eye is normal/generally small and her right eye is permanently dilated (so, it's actually *her* left that is dilated). The vision in her dilated eye is muddy and she's basically blind in it; because of it, she's extremely sensitive to things that are too bright.
- Akemi wears nitrile gloves, usually in black or purple. She will wear latex if she has to, but prefers nitrile, and *never* wears any type of powdered glove. She also never wears fabric gloves closest to her skin and will layer them during the winter. I.e.: the layer touching her skin is nitrile, then she'll have a wool glove. She does not take her gloves off except to put new ones on.
 - That being said, she prefers to cover her hands with her sleeves because she's self-conscious about needing gloves and people asking about it. Very infrequently will she be seen with her gloves visible; she prefers to have some sort of garment covering her arms and hands at all times, even during sex, almost as a form of security blanket.
- She always needs to be wearing a choker or some sort of adornment or shirt that covers her neck because her biggest insecurity about her body is her Adam's apple and being clocked as trans that way. She prefers thick chokers that cover most of her neck vs tattoo or thin chokers. She also likes wearing long socks because she feels it makes her legs more attractive and distracts from her being tall-ish.

Thank You!

Thank you for reading this, if you have, and thank you for your continued support not only for Akemi, but for me, as well. It means the world to me and nothing could have ever prepared me for anyone besides myself caring so much for Akemi. She loves you, and I do too.

