

EXISTENCE REWRITE III

The Faithful Widow Remade as a Man-Hungry Temptress

SAMPLE

Adults-Only English Edition

MINDRAPE

ADULT CONTENT NOTICE

All characters depicted in this edition are adults.

This work contains explicit sexual themes, coercive fantasy, and supernatural mind-control fiction.

My power is fundamentally different from hypnosis.

Hypnosis influences a mind. I alter the definition of existence itself. I reach the roots from which a person is assembled and reconstruct them there.

Unless I deliberately edit a memory, the past remains intact. Yet when I change one of the truths at the center of a person's being, that person can transform as completely as someone struck by revelation or converted to a new faith.

More importantly, no alteration can ever be perfectly undone - not even by me. Clay that has been kneaded into a new shape may be made to resemble what it once was, but it can never be restored molecule for molecule.

That was why I had resolved to use my ability carefully.

At least, that was what I told myself.

I stood outside a neighborhood café and looked through the window.

Its owner, Yuna Kisaragi, had lost her husband several years earlier. Since then, she had run the little shop alone. She was still in her late twenties and had no children, yet she seemed determined to spend the rest of her life as a faithful widow.

It struck me as lonely - and wasteful.

So, during an earlier visit, I had entered the world at the root of her existence and added two simple truths:

Yuna Kisaragi trusts Rento Shido deeply.

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Yuna Kisaragi listens sincerely to Rento's advice and believes that following it is right.

I had then asked her to close the café for a private conversation.

When I entered, Yuna was waiting in an outfit I had suggested. It was more flattering than her usual modest clothes, though still tasteful enough to suit her reserved nature.

"It looks wonderful on you."

"Thank you." She blushed. "I felt a little self-conscious."

The outfit revealed more of her shoulders and legs than the clothes she usually wore behind the counter. It was not outrageous, but on Yuna it felt daring. She kept smoothing the fabric across her knees, as though modest gestures could compensate for agreeing to wear something I had chosen.

The café's sign had been turned to CLOSED. Chairs rested neatly beneath the tables, and the familiar smell of roasted coffee remained in the quiet room. By obeying my request, Yuna had already placed our conversation above the customers and routine that normally structured her day.

I sat and invited her to take the chair beside me.

"You said there was something you wanted to discuss," she said.

"Forgive me for being direct, but have you never considered remarrying?"

Surprise crossed her face.

"No. I don't think I have."

"You're young, and you have no children. Do you truly intend to remain alone in this café forever?"

"You really don't hold back, do you?"

Her smile was strained, but the rewrite compelled her to treat my intrusion as sincere concern.

"I loved my husband," she continued. "I still do."

"But are you living for that love - or hiding inside it?"

Yuna looked away.

I moved closer and placed a hand on her shoulder.

"I'm worried that you're wasting your life. I came here to test what you truly feel."

"Test me? How?"

"I'm going to take you."

Yuna laughed once because the statement was too outrageous to accept at once. When she saw that I was serious, the sound died.

END OF SAMPLE

You have witnessed only the beginning of the rewrite.

What happens next—and what she becomes once her new existence fully takes hold—continues in the complete edition.

Continue reading in the complete edition of Existence Rewrite III.