

LET CLOTHES DEFINE

FINAL CHAPTER: BRAWN 2 BOOBIES



“SATSUKI-SAMAAAAAA!” It had already been an hour since their mall adventuring group had been split up by unforeseen circumstances. Surely they’d expected crowds, but the intensity and aggressiveness of the ones they’d been wading through far surpassed what one might consider normal. Ira Gamagoori was no scholar, but he’d become immediately suspicious the moment the crowding seemed to subside. He was much too large of a fellow to be bullied around by the little people, and because he was so tall he’d been able to generally track everyone up until they were removed from his sight.

But he had nothing other than paranoia to go off of. He couldn’t make any bold accusations about the true nature of the labyrinth mall nor the motivations of those behind it; it just seemed like there was reason for splitting up their very powerful group. His suspicions weren’t confirmed until that hour later, when they’d announced a *‘Honnoji Academy Re-opening Ceremony’* over the PA system. That wasn’t good nor right, and it was even more suspicious that they’d followed up with *‘hosted by Student Council President, Ryuuko Matoi’*.

And so Gamagoori barreled through the crowds, screaming the name of his precious Satsuki-sama as he knocked people over. People, no, *they weren’t*. They’d all gotten too comfortable with the normal life and hadn’t been able to see things for what they were. Humans? They’d been foolish. These were machines fancied up to *look* like people.

“What do you think you’re doing making a mess, Gamagoori-*chan*?” The moment he’d crashed into the mall’s main hallway, a familiar voice mocked him almost immediately. Familiar, and yet its manner of speech was wrong. It was too sultry, too enticing. On the main stage in the center of the room was a young woman with glasses and blonde hair, sitting upon a chair made of... boys? She was

half naked and seemed to be getting pleased then and there by another pair, and above her seat hung a title. '*Honnoji Student Council President: Ryuuko Matoi*'. While that was certainly her voice buried under thick honey, her appearance nor mannerisms seemed to match the plucky young woman he knew.

"MAT--"

"**Let me guess. 'Matoi, stop this indecent behavior at once'?**" She predicted his statement with ease. That was definitely Ryuuko, which begged the question: where were the others? Satsuki, Mako, Nonon, Inumuta, Sanageyama... Little did he know that most of them were in the crowd that was focused on him. He just couldn't recognize them. "**Actually we don't have time to split hairs with you right now, so...**" The moment she said 'we' the stage opened up, a number of shadowy figures rising on platforms. He didn't recognize most of them, but there was one. Ragyo Kiryuuin? How?

"**How dare you--**" Ira had so many questions that he wanted answered, but mid-sentence he felt something latch onto his forehead. It had been thrown from one of the silhouettes on the stage, and the moment it made contact with him his thoughts scrambled. He couldn't make any sense of his surroundings? Who? Where?

Ryuuko smirked. "**There's a good girl. You're too big to have flailing around even as you conform, so lets just make it so you, like, can't.**" She smacked her lips together as a boy suckled her exposed tit. "**The new Honnoji still needs another piece. An idol that can bring everyone together. A totally slutty and dumb princess. And I think you'll make a perfect one with that masochistic streak of yours!**" Ryuuko laughed, but as she did so did the audience in absolute tandem.

A lot of the words the student council president was saying didn't make sense to the hulking man. Not because he was confused, but because knowledge was being knocked right out of his noggin. Words fell away as soon as he conjured them, lip quivering as he struggled to find a rebuttal for what the blonde had said to him. But instead he ended up fixating on one particular part: '*A totally dumb and slutty princess*'. A big hand rose to touch the thing that had latched onto his head. His most prized, pink *tiara*.

Was he... the *princess* of Honnoji like Ryuuko had implied? And from that realization a new wish was born: *I want to look like a princess. A slutty and dumb princess, just like Ryuuko had said.* The tiara was happy to see to it that his wish be fulfilled.

"**Dumb and slutty...**", he repeated those words almost as if they were like a chant. Once, twice, it seemed it was all he could focus on. But each time triggered a change, and his body would gradually succumb to the title he'd been bestowed as he muttered it. He certainly didn't have the body to suit such a gracious title. Looking down at his hulk and bulk, an ugly man's form was not ideal for the label he'd been given.

Every time he repeated the description his bulk collapsed more and more. Muscle mass swelled and then shrunk in tandem with the man's beating heart, quickly bringing the man's gigantic size down to a more respectable weight after roughly ten sets of the phrase '*dumb and slutty*'.

The work being done to the behemoth wasn't merely aesthetic. Deeply rooted mental changes had begun to take effect, ultimately making his old memories obsolete. The first to go were those of Satsuki, something that he'd have in common with the rest of the victims. Satsuki Kiryuuin was a traitor to Honnoji's cause and she'd been killed-- "**NO! SATSUKI-SAMA...!**" But tampering with the memories regarding his most important person was enough to allow him a moment of clarity. His name was... Ira...? Ik... *Ikuyo*? What was Satsuki Kiryuuin to *Ikuyo*? The tiara atop his head began to work overtime, forcing him to conform to a preset reality.

Satsuki Kiryuuin was... *a stranger*? No, he'd met her and she'd changed the course of his life forever. He'd been on the wrong track...

It wasn't long before his body had slimmed down to a frame comparable to Inumuta's; or at least what Inumuta had used to look like. With a little time however he'd *definitely* look more like Inumuta's *current* form as well. Gamagoori was no longer a physical threat, and new fragile stature merely blended into the crowd observing his changes with giddy and glee. His clothes, suited for a gigantic man, had all but slid off and left his body bare before this huge audience.

The chiseled look of his face had been gradually rounding, its rough aesthetic surely running the risk of looking tragically out of place on a body that was shifting to something more and more feminine with each passing moment. A resting expression that would usually be seen as terrifying by Gamagoori's foes looked to be nothing of the sort now, not after his jaw cracked to become short and round, or after his cheeks had puffed up with volume. His eyes? They widened and became rounder and rounder, a radiant turquoise dropping in to brighten up their dullness.

"**IKUYO-HIME! IKUYO-HIME!**" Eyes went louder as the name he had been tricked into recognizing as his own was sung in a chant by the crowd. The more they called him '*princess*' the more it felt right. Satsuki Kiryuuin? Why would a princess have anything to do with that failure?

But the more his name was chanted, the more Gamagoori also felt, well... aroused. It wasn't merely the chanting, but the awareness that everyone was watching him. Their gazes brought shame, but that shame was also lighting a fire in his crotch. But despite that there was no boner propping up. The crowd clapped suddenly, related to this strange phenomenon. They were giving applause to... *her bare pussy*? Of course they were, she was Honnoji's dumb and slutty princess after all.

Her body though... *Ikuyo's* body still don't quite match. She had the equipment, but she looked more like a very masculine woman than the sweet and sexy princess she

was supposed to be. Tongue tasted her own lips as she resisted touching herself in public for now. She savored them as they throbbed and thickened, sweet cherry flavor dancing across them as lip balm applied itself. Her hair, which had been a short blonde cut, saw rapid growth as it fluttered down to her shoulders and darkened every so slightly. Little pause was shown for this growth however, and before long she could feel it tickling her back and then her ass.

While Gamagoori had resisted touching her own pussy, she was unable to stop herself as one hand stroked the skin of her but and the other stroked a masculine nipple. She could feel change coming, change that would free her from a form that she was seeing as something more and more hideous.

Ripples vibrated beneath her touch in her butt cheek as change reverberated. Volume gathered within a cheek that shapeless, but shape sought to arrive. It swelled along with its partner, the two rising like cake in an oven as the touch of her fingers pressed into the soft dough a little at first, but before long their girth was undeniably excessive. Playfully she gave each cheek a slap, their mass jiggling in waves as they welcomed the eventual hands of others.

Memory of her past life was all but history now. She was overwhelmed with thoughts of lust that buried all that. The people laughed and cheered at her even as bosom swelled between the fingers of her second hand, not long before a proper pair of breasts had taken shape. But *'proper'* wasn't what she wanted. Ikuyo need a huge pair of tits that would turn heads and lend credence to her reputation, and before long she had just the thing. They hung gratuitously from her chest, the new-found weight pulling her down to her knees within the pile of her old clothing. F cup? No, even larger.

Ikuyo Gamagoori's body was sore. She ached everywhere. Her body was so unlikely the big, firm form she'd once held. Instead she was small, soft, fragile. But the pain wasn't from that, it was a response to the memory of being fucked day and night, all while accepting money for Honnoji's restoration. She'd been tanned once, but her skin was now pale as a ghost from the many days she spent inside doing just that. She was an idiot, a weakling, but she'd found worth in her body. She didn't care if people thought it was inappropriate. She was okay being filthy. She wanted everyone to *know* she was filthy.

Meaty thighs rubbed together as one final cry of resistance bellowed out in a shrill, sensual voice. "**I'M GOING TO...**" Almost like someone had pressed pause on her brain, she stopped mid-sentence. She was going to kill everyone? Just why would she do that? "**I mean, like, I'm going to totally fuck all of your brains tonight! Starting with student council prez up there!**" Her declaration was met with the audience's cheers.

People moved in to crowd their princess, maybe get an early service call, but on stage the shadowy figures merely cackled to themselves. "**And that's it then. All of the problems have been dealt with.**" A young boy with glasses walked up beside

Ryuuko before suddenly yanking at his own face. It was a mask, and it came over to reveal a second face with an eyepatch across one eyes. **"Isn't this the perfect revenge, Ryuuko-chan~? And this is only phase one! With you all on my side, it'll only be a matter of time before we make the rest of the world fall in line!"**

"Of course, Nui-onee-san. But before that... What should we do with Ikuyo-hime?"

"Oh, you know! Make her your pet, make anybody's pet! I don't caaaare! I only really care about you, you know? After all, you're much cuter now! Everyone is! And everyone... will continue to be."