

LET CLOTHES DEFINE

CHAPTER 05: BAND TOGETHER



“You’ve gotta be kidding me. This place isn’t my style at all.” Like the others, Uzu Sanageyama had ultimately gone awash within the crowds of the mall’s grand reopening. In a time filled with more strife he might have just bowled everyone down with his raw power, without pause for anything other than Satsuki’s own will, but times were different now. He hadn’t hung up his sword nor abandoned his pride as a warrior, but he didn’t flaunt it without a good cause.

Being pushed by a bunch of shoppers into a music shop certainly wasn’t one of those causes.

Shelves were lined with instruments, from brass to wind to keyboards to band drums, but none of them were *cool*. There weren’t any guitars nor drum sets, just the kind of geeky crap he’d seen Nonon go apeshit over time and time again. He’d never said that to her of course, at least not unprovoked. But the last time he’d tried he had definitely got an attempted baton up his butt.

Hands in his pockets, Uzu turned on his heel to leave. There was no point in dwelling in a place he had no interest in after all. But the door was shut. When had it done that? Right after he’d entered? And there didn’t seem to be any staff inside to boot. **“Just greaAAAAAH!?”** About to vocalize a complaint, a loud sound screamed from the back of the room. He’d thought it was a monster for about half a second, only settling once he saw the culprit. A trumpet on the shelf seemed to be playing by itself. That was weird... didn’t they need someone playing them? Unless it was some sort of fancy, high tech instrument. Sanageyama didn’t know the first thing about music so maybe this line of thinking was justified.

Or maybe someone was thinking he’d be just stupid enough to come to that conclusion.

With a groan he approached the bellowing instrument, not considering even for a moment that it might be a trap. That was the beauty of this entire mall setup: it wasn't easy to place suspicion on something so simple, so soon after such a big tragedy. When Uzu approached the object however it stopped... until it spat out when final cry, an object shooting from inside and hitting him square in the head. He squinted, trying to conceal his agitation as he looked around. Whatever it was it must have bounced off his skull and landed somewhere, right?

That was his *assumption*, but it was misguided. It had been a hair clip in the shape of a music note, and it had slid perfectly into his bands which already showed signs of change as blonde seeped into his skull from that very point. Even if the young man had noticed in time to remove it, he wouldn't have. There was something very enchanting about that hair pin, so enchanting that he would have been compelled to put it back on after giving it a moment's glance.

Too bad he wasn't still blind, huh?

With the trigger so close to his mind, the ones pulling the strings behind this whole fiasco already had the man right where they wanted him. It was no fun to just yoink his mind away all in one burst, but at the very least they could compel him to give into what would come. For example, that impulse to leave? He could say bye-bye to that. Instead he lingered, his gaze drawn to the trumpet that he'd found so annoying just a moment ago. He kind of wanted to touch it. To feel it's weight. ~~Play it?~~

The seemingly natural green of his hair had already succumbed entirely to a beautiful blond that carried a sheen quite unlike how dull his usual hair quality was. It had begun to lengthen at the tips, though since he already wore it at a level that was practically shoulder length it didn't really attract notice.

Change radiated from the top of his head and the transformation swept downwards without regard for time nor whether how silly thing might look in the interim. Eyes went wide and *very* Caucasian, their dullness colored with a brilliant blue that sparkled as the trombone reflected in their saucers. His nose wriggled a moment as it shrunk down, accompanied by a sneeze that was especially cute considering the gruff exterior he had in general. As the sneeze released, cheeks puffed up along with a pair of swollen lips that would have made any Japanese woman jealous... though of course it was becoming evident that the fate Sanageyama was succumbing to was not one that would see him ending as his current race.

Chin narrowed next, Adam's apple regressing before the reformation spread out to his shoulders. "**AOW!? WHAT THE FUCK HECK!?**" One of his eyes winced as shooting pain accompanied a crunch at the sides of his arms, shoulders not only pushing inward but pushing the envelope of Uzu's own voice, which had practically turned into a high pitched shriek. On an annoyance level it was fairly close to Nonon's own. Even his attempt to swear had, for some reason, been blurted out

with a less intense choice of word. Already the white jacket he'd chosen to wear was hanging loosely off of him, its ill fit made all the more obvious once the curvature of his torso began to cave next. Sides of his stomach pinched inward, and in tandem with the bulk of his arms the years of muscle he'd built practicing the blade for Satsuki's sake all began to wash away at once. The firmness of his biceps became long in a sea of fat that not only robbed each arm of their bulk, but gave them a healthy glow that one would imagine was very soft and cool to the touch. A pinch of each arm would easily show just the slightest bit of flab, any muscle remaining the product of marching around with an instrument as opposed to swinging around a sword.

It was the same around his abdominal muscles, which were no longer chiseled to perfection (*or as some of his admirers might put it: so firm you could chop a salad on them*), but a soft and very slightly pudgy surface that would more likely push inward with even the slightest poke of a finger. Though this was only the more minor of changes involving new fat upon his torso.

Fingers scratched at his nipples through shirt and jacket, Uzu not paying much mind to how fingers had narrowed nor that a proper manicure had spread across his nails complete with blue nail polish with a white star design on each. For some reason his nipples felt very swollen... *An allergic reaction?* He would only be so lucky. Both his jacket and the shirt beneath were suddenly yanked upward to reveal his supple navel as a pair of breasts ballooned beneath his clothing. Were they as ridiculous as Mako Mankanshoku's? Not quite, but as erect nipples rubbed against cloth and skin beneath became bulbous with added weight, he couldn't help but think they were pretty damn hot.

Everyone wanted her. An Honnoji exchange student that came from America. Even though she was the president of the band club of all things that didn't really stop people from looking at her, even if she was obsessed with music to the point that her own bedroom looked like it was ripped out of the set of Drumline.

Uzu stood dazed as one hand idly toyed with the zipper of his jacket and when struggled to reach up beneath his shirt to grope himself. He could feel the soft orbs knead beneath his touch, but this wasn't good. He was still in public after all. As his unzipped his jacket however, he found the shirt beneath was not what it normally was. Black in color with a baby blue treble clef on the front, deep deep cleavage left very little to the imagination, not to mention it was cut just above his tummy.

The very same crack that had accompanied his crunch of shoulders struck at a much lower area this time, though instead of crunching in some of his bones were being pulled *out*. Hips nearly doubled in size, the hem of his pants digging into skin and bone on the outskirts as additional padding bled in. This padding was no more prominent than in Sanageyama's ass, which went the way of his arms as muscles were made redundant under the pure volume of softness that poured in. Before he knew it his pants were full, round bubble butt just a little pudgier than a completely fit young woman might possess sticking out behind him. And as full as his pants

were, there quickly became an absence. Big dick quickly retreated just in time to avoid burgeoning thighs that pushed the envelope of what remained of her pants.

Accompanied by literal, sad trumpet noises, *of course*.

Wrapping both hands around a single of her thighs would prove impossible for fingers to touch as pants withdrew, clearly no longer retaining their usual form with so much hairless leg on display. Before Uzu knew what had happened she was sporting a pair of extremely short jean shorts to go with her geeky crop top and fluffy, light blue jacket she wore over top.

Even as her feet crunched to fit into a pair of rising heels, she didn't really mind. After all her mind had taken off before her dick had. Fingers laced around the trumpet before she brought it up to glossy lips, tongue probing the hole a moment before playing a simple melody.

Her name? Ulrica Samson, exchange student from California, USA. She'd come on a band scholarship even if the school wasn't quite fully built yet. Excitement had decorated her trip, but upon arrival she'd learned something depressing: the renowned Nonon Jakuzure she'd heard was the leading member was actually a dumb jock! It was disappointing, but it meant the band club was *all hers*. Sure, Ulrica wasn't the brightest and her hobbies were kind of lame (*she was even into stuff like watching anime*), but she had natural good looks so it didn't really matter in the end.

If she ended up as Honnoji's Queen of the Geeks, that'd be okay with her.