

# LET CLOTHES DEFINE

## CHAPTER 03: ELF ON A SHELF



“Huh? Huh? HUUUUUH?” The head of Mako Mankanshoku bobbed up and down throughout the entirety of the crowd after being swept away a long time ago. When was the last time she’d seen her dearest Ryuuko? Months? YEARS? No, about five minutes. With the shortest attention span it was only natural she would have been first to be whisked away, and without much of a head for critical thinking she hadn’t even considered the possibility that this might be a trap. Not that Ryuuko nor Satsuki had been sharp enough to realize until it had been too late.

The bottom line was this: Mako Mankanshoku wasn’t anyone special. She recognized this, her wannabe captors recognized this, and yet it would be sloppy to leave her untouched while transforming all of her friends. Ryuuko in particular still retained her name and core sense of self, which was a fragile loose end to leave untied in the case that Mako ever met her as she was now.

Yes, it was more ideal to simply take her out of the picture complete. Turn her into something that didn’t belong, something that had no place alongside the students of Honnoji. An adult? That made the most sense, but it might be fun to go a little deeper.

...And *that* was why Mako suddenly found herself in a fantasy costume shop.

The best thing about changing this one was there didn’t need to be an elaborate trap nor any pretense for what would come next. Putting it plainly: Mako Mankanshoku was one hundred percent the type of girl that would walk into a sloppily laid trap. A trap like, say, a rack of rings with the label ‘FREE SAMPLES’ hanging high above it. “Oh!? Free!?” Of course, it was just that simple.

Mako, ever the free thinker, didn't take and adorn just a single ring. Before long each of her fingers has one fitting snugly -- she was going for a kind of 'fantasy brass knuckle' appeal. Each ring was decorated with some words in elvish, but she didn't really know how to read them. If she had, maybe she would have thought it through, because the eight inscriptions spelled out what was to come.

**DARK.**

**ELF.**

**HUNTRESS.**

**NEEDY.**

**SLUT.**

**DOCILE.**

**ADULT.**

**BUXOM.**

**"Uwawawa! Hot! They're hot!"** All signs of a trap gone unseen, Mako suddenly started to wave hands around as the rings began to scald her. Had she been a little more attentive maybe she'd taken note of the absence of people in the store, or the fact that the door had closed behind her, but alas. She was far too rambunctious, and as the silver from the rings melded with her skin and left the inscriptions on dark bands around her fingers, she would come to pay for this absence of awareness.

Brown eyes blinked at her fingers in surprise, body rocking restlessly from side to side as she tried to comprehend what had just happened. Wait, wasn't this a chance... **"Um! Owner! Owner! Your merchandise injured me so I'd like to collect reparations? Just make it out to the Mankanshoku family-- THERE'S NO ONE HERE!?"** Drat, and it had seemed like such a perfect opportunity to collect some free money too!

The bands around her fingers where the rings had once been begun to burn once more, drawing the teenager's gaze downward frantically. At first she'd thought the darkness of the skin beneath the inscriptions to be burns, but that assumption was quickly challenged once she realized the patches of dark began to spread. Was it a tan? She waved her hands once more, wondering if it was a trick of the mind, but when she stilled them once more she found the skin across the entirety of each finger decorated with dark, tanned skin -- and it continued to etch itself across her palms and the backs of her hands. And that wasn't all. Rubbing the pad of her index finger with her thumb, she could feel that her skin had become rougher, obvious wear and cuts coming to light across their surfaces. But she hadn't cut herself!

*Well... These kinds of wounds are typical using bows and knives.*

Her energy felt somewhat calmed in response to a rather peculiar impulse. It wasn't like Mako to take a moment to reflect calmly, but as she stroked the back of one of her hands as the darkness spread, with slender fingers of the opposing hand, she

couldn't help but give pause. The tan slipped up past her wrists and towards her sleeves. For some reason Mako had chosen to continue to wear the Honnoji uniform even after the school's closure, citing comfort or something like that, but the white of the sleeves really contrasted with her changing skin tone as it slid beneath her clothing. But said clothing didn't look... right. **"Huh? Why would I wear something like this? It doesn't suit me at all!?"** A burst of renewed hyperactivity shot from Mako's lips as she tugged at her top. This was what she normally wore, but it just didn't feel... *right*. It covered too much.

A quick tug of her collar was enough to pull her top over her head, brown locks spilling every so slightly longer in length around her as abundant tits bounced in her white bra from the sudden lift. Air conditioning from the store tickled arms and navel, tan obviously having reached her shoulders as a ripple of strength flickered through her arms. Her muscles certainly seemed to possess more mass, giving them a firmer and stronger look that glistened with faint beads of sweat.

Brown eyes turned to the racks of nearby fantasy clothing, thoughts of finding something more appropriate within spurred to mind. Mocha spread throughout her collarbone and around her back next, the need for a new set of clothing a more pressing need once it spread into the creamy color of her breasts. Bra was immediately strained as her tits heaved, flesh becoming more gratuitous as they pressed up against the paltry material of her white brassiere, threatening to remove it by force. Thankfully that wasn't necessary as Mako unclipped her bra before it was too late, tossing it off with strong arms to allow puffy nipples to bounce free in the air.

People were watching from outside the store, she just noticed. The gazes of men and woman staring inward, watching a girl rip off her bra and show her gigantic tits to the world. Had this been the old Mako she might have gone off on a tangent about how a woman's dignity had to be protected! ...or something like that, but in this instance? It just made her aroused. She felt like this was normal. Flaunting her body, drinking in the lustful gazes of others.

*Sometimes the hunt isn't enough. Sometimes you need to use your body to make money.*

Another thought, idle as it was, popped into her mind. Yeah, that was how it started, wasn't it? A way to make money. But then it kind of became a kink of hers. Thinking about it, fingers began to dance across the surface of her spongy tits, tips sinking into their mass as she kneaded them in the public eye. A quick flick of each nipple provoked a well-deserved moan from a voice that had deepened subtly. Eyes rolled into the back of her head a moment before a familiar wetness in her loins drove her back to reality.

The curse had taken its chance while she'd been at the peak of arousal to spread farther downward. Her tummy had become as shadowed as the rest of her skin, the muscles firming as they had in her arms. Unlike her top, which Mako had managed

to free in time, the sharp sound of her skirt ripping after an extended moment of its band digging into her growing hips rung through the air. The gait of her waist had become incredibly impressive, not one of a high school girl but of a woman that hailed from a bloodline of waifs that were expected to bear a number of children. "Ah..." She was shocked by this new wardrobe malfunction, but her usual energy didn't manifest in her surprise. She sounded much calmer, more mature, and using her new found strength she merely tore the band of white panties that still desperately hugged her hips, allowing them to tumble to the ground with her skirt to allow her shaved pussy on display.

It seemed a crowd had gathered around the windows of the fantasy store now. The audience did little to dissuade Mako's nudity, even as the tan took claim of thighs that grew stronger and thicker with the passing moments. Thinking to put on a show, she knelt forward so that her tits swayed, hands groping the burgeoning flesh that lined her legs in the process as a crimson tattoo spread across her left leg. It was large, taking up the entire length of her thigh, and its draconic nature was merely reflective of the teachings of what she was now perceiving as her 'tribe'.

The women of her tribe hunted, be it food or partners, to spread their kind throughout human society. In a way, that tattoo just signified how readily she took to the latter task. A slut of her people, but in their eyes that wasn't a bad thing. Mako's cheek bones had grown ever higher as the paleness of her facial skin was erased. At some point in time her brown hair had begun to lighten to match its growing length, and lilac locks now spilled down to contrast against dark skin, tips curling inward femininely.

Still basking in the attention but torn by the idea that she needed to find an outfit to wear, the woman turned her back to the window as she wandered over to the nearby aisle. Each step she took held a far sexier sway than it had before, every twitch of tanned ass cheeks making their growing size all the more evident. She had a juicy pair of cheeks before it was all said and done, rounding out her new figure perfectly.

Muscles in her lower legs hardened, legs that would provide the agility needed for the hunt. There were a lot of forested areas in Japan that were perfect for such things, where she'd string her bow and carve up animal corpses. Her tribe lived in these forests after all, ever elusive aside from the women that mingled with humans like herself.

What was she exactly? An elf. A dark elf to be exact. As if to make this clear, round ears abruptly pulled outward, cartilage strained temporarily as she reached six inches in length each. With their new shape came better hearing, and as brown eyes turned red her vision grew sharper as well. All tools needed to properly hunt.

She set aside an outfit. Something fitting for a huntress that would leave very little of her skin covered. Leather gloves, a black thong, a cape... *But she had no money.* *Maeralya* turned her attention to the door and the crowd that had taken shape there.

With sultry step she wandered over, pushing the door free with little effort and beckoning in two. A man and a woman, both attractive, that seemed interested in her body. "**Buy that for me?**", she asked calmly, worn fingers pointing to the clothing she gathered with one hand as another hand guided the woman's own hand to her bare breast. They both seemed to readily agree.

And so the elf led the two into the racks of clothes, only the sounds of their lovemaking indicative of what was happening.

Surely Mako Mankanshoku wouldn't get in the way of anyone's plans now.