

LET CLOTHES DEFINE

CHAPTER 06: GAL GAME



"An arcade? How quaint." Houka Inumuta mused as he arrived at a destination he hadn't quite intended on. He'd come to this mall grand opening upon invitation from Satsuki, and while he had next to no interest in shopping nor the setting (*not when he could do it online*), he'd hesitantly come along. It had been so crowded that he'd gotten separated, and before he knew it he was here.

Games were lined up across every wall. Some he recognized, some he didn't. Inumuta *looked* like the type, but he wasn't really a huge gamer. He dabbled in them on and off when he felt like it, but he was really mostly a fan of the classics. In an age where games were getting more and more realistic and VR was becoming widespread he didn't really buy into it, so an arcade was rather refreshing.

But he had no intention of lingering there. Returning to the others was a priority, he couldn't disappoint Satsuki by disappearing just to play some games. Or so he'd originally intended but a certain game gave his plans pause. Not because it was a game he loved, or even had heard of, but there was just something about the way it flickered. *Hypnotically*.

Legs moved on their own, and eventually he stopped before the machine. It was bright pink, from the unit to the gigantic, luxurious chair with leopard print mesh. A name hung in neon lights above. '**GAL GAME**'. Incidentally it looked like a life simulator. You took control of a woman and... played through her life? Picked her clothes, decided her career. Stuff he wouldn't normally be interested in.

Yet Inumuta sat down, taking the 'controller' (*which was little more than a black glove that allowed you to interact with the screen*) and placing it on his hand. His thoughts and actions had so quickly been seized by the game with no chance for

him to escape. He was still himself, to clarify, but the impulse to play the game outweighed any rational desire to leave and his disinterest in the genre.

ARE YOU A GIRL OR A WOMAN?

The screen posed a most curious question from the get go. This was clearly a game aimed at women, so why offer up a query like this? Was it merely to choose your character's age? If so, choosing the option closest to his own age made more sense. He clicked *woman*.

An electric spark shot through his body from the glove on his hand, the choices he made in the game unfortunately having very real effects on the young man's body. Almost immediately he felt a strange weight upon his head as his blue hair fluttered out, stopping just short of her shoulders while retaining its straight nature. The angular shape of his eyes softened to become more feminine in nature as the skin across his cheeks took on a rounder, softer glow. Exhaling through his mouth, he had to adjust how open he left his lips as they thickened noticeably, fitting neatly across a smaller chin.

Adam's apple washed away, the inevitable "What?" that was spoken through new lips sounding cooed with an enticing femininity. Shoulders narrowed, but with them his white jacket adjusted as change swept down his arms and torso at the same time. He'd never been muscular, but any hopes of looking 'swole' were gone as fat slipped in to make his build look a little gentler, his fingers daintier and properly clipped.

Inumuta's torso? The hacker's chest throbbed as his jacket struggled to accommodate a pair of breasts that swelled to an unimpressive size, and his already strangely curved sides became more rounded. Navel deepened as the skin around his stomach cushioned in just the slightest. Hips grew wide with womanly girth as Inumuta ceased to even be a man at all, her boxers shifting to a plain pair of panties beneath, wedging slightly in an average but clearly bubbling ass. Thighs thickened to, and pants swelled slightly to accommodate as knees buckled inward. Shoes shrunk along with his feet, rounding out the transformation.

Essentially she looked as if she might if she'd been born a woman, and the game afforded her only a single opportunity to be shocked by this fact before the next prompt popped up. "**This is quite peculiar. I can only imagine I've wandered into some kind of trap...**", she mused before her attention was pulled back to the next game prompt.

SMALL? MEDIUM? OR LARGE?

A peculiar question given without context. Was this in reference to monetary funds? Size of her house? Logically bigger was always better when it came to games like these, so she went with 'LARGE'. Another shock rippled through Inumuta's form from the glove he'd selected the option with.

A peculiar warmth began to gather not only in her chest but around her butt and thighs as the glove's power began to work its magic. She lurched forward in her comfy seat suddenly as the zipper of her jacket was forced downward by surging mass. Not wearing a bra, the white undershirt she'd been wearing was strained and pulled upward as breasts ballooned large and larger, eventually peaking up beneath her neckline before the shirt inevitably tore. Flesh continued to build however, and she was forced to unzip her jacket completely as they entirely obscured her view of her lap. They were far bigger than Satsuki's or even Mako's, heavy and round as they peaked at a J cup. Fingers felt their weight for only a moment, Inumuta shocked at how she could even accommodate them with such a small body. This was, of course, because her muscles had strengthened in her back.

Down below she was no better off. Fat began to peek out from the back of her pants as her position on the game chair was forcibly adjusted. Ass cheeks swelled, her panties wedging deep within as they swelled to almost three times their usual size. Her white pants could barely contain them (*though her seated position was no much comfier*), and thighs fared no better. Rips tore across the surface of her legs as fat became ample but firm, and they too were several times thicker than they had been previously.

But unlike when her sex changed, Inumuta didn't seem to register these changes as unusual once they'd been completed. She'd merely wondered why one hand had been groping her own breast in public and while the other had been between her legs. Was she aroused? In an arcade?

WHAT IS YOUR PREFERRED FASHION CHOICE? (WARNING: MAY AFFECT PERCEPTION)

Inumuta's mind whipped back to the game as another question popped up along with a number of fashion options. There were countless choices, but one really stuck out to her. She'd always wondered what made gyaru chicks the way they were, so playing one in a game might not be so bad? If only it was contained solely to the game.

Almost immediately her skin began to darken. It was more prominent around her face and cleavage, which contrasted the white shirt and jacket around it. It wasn't a natural tan however, but a fake spray tan that smelled as if it had just been applied. Her shoulder length hair began to grow once more, locks of blonde seeping into her usual blue as they stopped just above her ass, which had also taken on the same copper tone as the rest of her body.

With these changes came another surge of arousal, and Inumuta couldn't help but bring a spray tanned hand to massage one of her gigantic tits again. Her nails grew longer with extensions as hot pink gloss spread across them, and beneath her shirt a

sharp poking feeling stabbed her nipples as piercings appeared along with a third in her navel.

Her torn undershirt began to amend itself, pulling tighter against her body as a pattern began to emerge against the white. Pink dye set in along with leopard print as it hugged her huge titties tight, accented by her jacket which had also shrunk into a plain white shirt that she tied beneath her bra, leaving her huge breasts on full display. White pants dyed a dark crimson as they slid up her legs, eventually flowering outward into a microskirt, pleated by design, that showed off her thick thighs and bubbling ass, pink leopard thong beneath nor left to the imagination.

Her shoes? They pulled up into black heels that wrapped around a pair of black fishnet stockings that reached up to those sexy thighs of hers.

Inumuta blinked as thick eyeliner and mascara spread around her eyes, blush dancing around tanned cheeks. She stuck her tongue out a moment as something felt strange in her mouth -- an opal piercing right in the center of her tongue, and as it darted back in she could taste the hot pink, cherry lip gloss on her lips. The bridge of her glasses cracked, and they split into two halves that fell to the sides of her head. Gold painted across them and what had once been accessories to help her see became a pair of hoop earrings.

"The hell? Why am I playin' a shitty game like this?" She finally pulled the glove off just as a warning popped up on the screen. *'Warning, leaving now will automatically save the changes'*. But the gal girl didn't care. She didn't even understand why she was in this lame ass place.

Sliding fingers into her cleavage, she removed a single cigarette that she lit up despite the no smoking warning on shop's exterior. She inhaled and exhaled, fingers beginning to tease herself once more. **"Why's this place makin' me so fucking hot? Wonder if I can pick some asshole up outside..."** With a sexy sway to her walk, she eventually made her way towards the door. She just wanted to rub her sultry self up against someone's dick for a little fun before she met up with the other girls later.

Being a gyaru was so fucking awesome.