

JUSTICE BRAINROT

COMMISSION STORY

BY CHALDEACHANGE



Kurara Oosuzuki *hated* her present living arrangements.

It had only been a few days since she had been *forced* to move to the Last Defense Academy from the Second-to-Last Defense Academy after her previous school had been invaded and... *exploded*. She hadn't adjusted at all, but it wasn't the change of scenery that she didn't like. After all, in terms of interior design and locations, Last Defense Academy was almost a 1:1 recreation of the school she *had* been staying at. Well, considering its purpose, it was likely the other way around?

Rather, it was the *people* that Kurara struggled with. Second-to-Last just had a handful of students, and while they were all quirky in their own ways? They were relatively *quiet*; at least compared to this lot. Her peers from Second-to-Last also treated her with *respect* regardless of how high and mighty she acted, or how verbally abusive she might have been at times. The Last Defense kids were *rude* and it *pissed her off*!

As the scion of one of the wealthiest families the world has ever known, the girl *demand*ed respect. It was certainly no secret that she thought she was better than everyone else with how she talked, but while it was easy to think she was a terrible person *because* of how haughty she acted, her behavior didn't exactly paint the full picture. She did care about people. On some level she cared about her peers from Second-to-Last. But when it came to the newbies? She hadn't warmed up to them at *all* just yet.

"...Good. No one is here." *Because* she was so proud, it almost seemed a little strange to see Kurara sneaking around the way she had been. Still wearing the big, green tomato mask, she probably would have

given someone a fright since it was after the bed time message that was scheduled every night. In fact, it was after 11pm by the time she quietly slipped into the cafeteria. It had been a trip from the rooftop dorms where she could have been as quiet as a dormouse... if not for the loud and embarrassing rumblings her stomach had been sounding.



The teenager hadn't been *eating* with the others since she arrived. She had attempted it on the first day, but that poor looking Gaku guy kept butting heads with her, and it was generally too noisy overall. If she was going to enjoy a plate of her favorite curry? Then she wanted to do so in peace and quiet. But she also refused to get caught sneaking out of the cafeteria with her meal like some common raccoon.

...So, she was sneaking around like one instead. She had purposely waited for everyone to go to bed so that she could have the cafeteria to herself. She wanted to sit down and have a nice, quiet meal as opposed to grabbing quick snacks throughout the day so that she could get in and out as quickly as possible. The only issue was that it wasn't as *bright* as she would have liked. **“Why does the whole academy go into a *power saving* mode the second everyone is supposed to go to sleep?”**

Only the bare minimum lighting was available after dark, and there wasn't enough in the cafeteria to navigate the terminal that allowed them to customize the meals that the food-o-matic would spew out for consumption. **“*Ugh...*”** Kurara grumbled as she removed her tomato mask and set it aside, revealing her bright, blue eyes and a cute face that betrayed how strong and intimidating she liked to seem. It was a little hard to see when it was dark *and* her vision was obscured by the mask.

Well, she wasn't worried about someone coming in and seeing her real face.

“That's the button for the curry, and the infusers...? They said that our personalized flavors were brought over from Second-to-Last too, right? Is this one mine...?” You could order whichever meal you wanted and then add a flavor infuser, something each student could customize and save according to their tastes. There were a number at the end that weren't fully named, but she stopped at the first one that

just said 'K'. It must have been K for the romanized 'Kurara', right? ...But there was another student from her school whose name started with the same letter.

It didn't take long for her meal of choice to be made and come across the conveyer belt, and the girl grabbed both the tray and her mask and wandered over to the nearest table where she plopped down. She could see well enough to tell that the food at least *looked* correct. And honestly? Even if she *had* accidentally picked the wrong infuser, that wasn't going to stop her from wolfing that plate of curry and rice down. She was *way* too hungry.

...Which was made evident by how quickly she scarfed down the first half of the plate. She certainly couldn't let someone see her eating in such a *barbaric* manner, so she probably would have knocked anyone out if they'd walked in. Fortunately for any prospective victims, they didn't. The fact that she'd slowed down at the halfway point was significant, though. It was around that point she began to feel a little... funny? "**Did I eat too fast...?**" She didn't *normally* have that sort of reaction upon eating quickly, however.

But signs that this wasn't merely some sort of hunger-induced side effect were already beginning to surface, just not in ways that were immediately obvious to Kurara. Take her *complexion*, for example. The girl's skin was already pretty pale, and it was obvious enough as to why that was. Her outfit provided what was essentially full coverage of her skin, preventing any UV rays from even touching her face considering the tomato mask she always wore. Well, and she didn't really make a point to go outside unless she *had* to regardless.

And yet, curiously her already pale complexion paled further. It spread from her fingertips to her toes, and even into her face – a shade of milky white that didn't really *look* healthy, but it wasn't actually indicative of anything like illness nor malnourishment. Even though that might have been believable considering the girl's short stature and lacking physique. Well, the only reason that didn't seem to be the case was that these aspects of her body were what changed *next*.

"...Eh?" Kurara was quick to notice it. Well, she was quick to notice a *few* things. She was still sitting at once of the cafeteria tables, of course, and normally she had plenty of room to sit there with her legs dangling over the edge of the chair since she was only 5'3" and the seats were designed for someone with a slightly taller median height. She didn't initially notice that her feet had begun to rest comfortably *on* the floor without her needing to lean forward or anything like that.

She only noticed when she found herself idly adjusting her posture because her knees were pointed up so high that she was leaning back in her seat. “**Wait, why are my legs...?**” It was at that moment that a few more things began to click. Her uniform felt tight and disheveled. While her sleeves normally were so oversized that they hung about six inches past her fingertips, those fingers were now close to peeking out from within them. And a skirt that reached her shins now only reached just past her knees.

“**A-Am I taller!? That couldn’t be...**” That *was* part of it, but when it came to what she’d noticed? It was only a smaller piece of the puzzle. Realistically, her height had only grown a *single* inch. She’d *only* jumped up from 5’3” to 5’4”, and that didn’t exactly account for how poorly her uniform fit all of a sudden, did it? But there was more than one way to make an outfit seem like it was shrinking. Adding length to one’s silhouette was one method. The other... was *filling* that outfit with *mass*.

Kurara blinked almost with *excitement*. She should have been shocked and concerned, right? Especially when this was so *abnormal*. But she felt like she was getting *stronger*? And that strength infused her with an energy that resonated with her *personality* at the same time. The girl she had been before would have taken any change of strength and used it as a means of making others listen to her. That *wasn’t* what was on her mind in that moment.

It had crossed her mind that she could use this strength to *protect* others. Because doing so would be *righteous*.

For all that was happening, the girl couldn’t stop looking at the curry for some reason. She was *still* hungry, and it smelled delicious. It pulled her attention away from fixating on what this strength meant for her uniform and build. More power had meant more muscle, and that muscle naturally occupied the space within her uniform’s folds. The width of either arm swelled several inches, which helped pull the length of her sleeves back, but her fingers also managed to peek out from beneath those terribly long sleeves because her hands had grown wider, and her finger had inched slightly longer as *severe* callouses spread across their tips.

This strength tightened Kurara’s core and even pushed her small chest forward as her pecs bulged with muscle too. Her legs were padded with muscle too, but those gains were quickly disguised by the next round of ‘gains’. Though in their case? It *wasn’t* muscle. It was the opposite. “**I NEED TO EAT MY FILL TO DOLE OUT JUSTICE, JUST AS THE CHARACTER IN ANIME AND MANGA D—!?**” Though, the

woman herself wasn't thinking about *any* of that. “**Wh-What the heck am I saying!**”

Kurara Oosuzuki was *definitely* the kind of girl that would have and should have said ‘fuck’ there. The fact that she chose not to spoke to the ‘purity’ that was being forced upon her persona. Still, continued to stare at the curry despite her supposed misgivings with how she was acting, not sparing a thought for how tight her uniform was beginning to feel in *certain regions*. Her body responded accordingly, wriggling her ass in place on the seat to try and find a more comfortable position as her *hips widened*.

But any of those adjustments would have been in vain. Her lower body was *burgeoning* with a meat that drowned out the new muscle that had been established there. Every time she found a comfortable position, her posture was altered because the thighs and buttocks she was resting on grew *fuller*. Where she once had little mass to these regions at all? Her panties dug into the swollen heart-shaped cheeks that lifted her seat nearly *four inches*, while her plump thighs lipped over the edge of her chair.

“**Mmn... Why does the fit of my attire feel so... inauthente... inauthenter... wrong!**” Kurara had prided herself in her intelligence, but now she couldn't even remember ‘smarter’ sounding words? Her IQ as a whole had taken a sharp hit. Most of her knowledge of the world and things she'd learned at school were just *gone*, but her empty head was filling with knowledge of wielding a sword, anime, and a strong desire to *protect* that she had quickly abandoned the idea of fighting against. In fact, she had begun to *embrace* it.

Just like her uniform top was *embracing* her chest? Well, perhaps not in the exact same way. Nonetheless, the bra that was supposed to cradle her A-cups comfortably was becoming anything *but* comfortable as the assets it was fit around bloated to outgrow their container. At this point it was evident that the young woman must have been wired to *ignore* what was happening to a point. She groaned at the sensation of her bra strap digging into her back, and did spout out an “**Ah!?**” in a deeper tone when the clasp finally broke, allowing the *E-cup* tits that had grown in to breathe a little, but she didn't draw the conclusion that her tits were *much* fuller.

The deepening of Kurara's voice hadn't come without any additional changes in the meantime, either. It was clear in the girl's face that she looked increasingly *older*, speeding into *young adulthood* as her features matured to better match the maturity of the rest of her body. Fuller lips led the charge beneath a lengthier nose, while raised

cheekbones saw her cheeks thin and eyes... *narrow*? As the color of her irises dulled to an ashen grey, something else became quite apparent.

She didn't just look *older*, she looked like *one of her classmates*.

Her lengthier fingers tapped on the table as, despite everything, she was prepared to forsake any discomfort and go ham on the plate of curry in front of her. The last of her changes took place as the last of her apprehension dried up, and her short, blonde hair soon snaked out longer and longer behind her while it all darkened to a pitch black. Her brows thinned and were dyed in the same shade, while a shaved patch of pubes erupted into an unkempt mess of black within ill-fitted panties.

While the young woman almost looked like the perfect clone of the virtuous samurai, Kyoshika Magadori, that *wasn't* how the woman viewed herself. Her name was *Kyouka Magadori*, and she was Kyoshika's twin sister. How fortunate for the Last Defense Academy that it had *two* chivalrous swordswomen around to help keep everyone safe! Without the feeling that something was amiss still weighing her down, she scarfed the rest of the curry into her maw without much fanfare, only making a satisfied "**HAAAAAH!**" when she finally slammed the dish back onto the table.

"How strange, though. Is it just to eat alone amidst the shadows? For what reason did I decide to eat at such an hour? Could it be the dreaded... SLEEPEATING!?" Was that even a thing? Was it like sleepwalking? Considering the very notable gap in her memories between going to bed and suddenly finding herself before a half-eaten plate of curry with her *sister's* infuser mixed in, she supposed that was the only logical explanation. **"Did I get sleepchanged as well? These clothes clearly do not fit..."**



Of course, the truth of the matter was both wildly different and almost impossible to believe. The transfer process of the infusers from Second-to-Last to Last Defense Academy had led to the concoctions being tampered with by the enemy as a means of sewing confusion within the ranks of the human forces. While that would surely work to a point as the others would have no idea who Kyouka *was* despite the woman

herself having memories of this new life, there was an issue if this was meant to weaken them. Kyoshika was extremely strong.

...Which meant Kyouka was as well. Stronger than Kurara had ever been.

With a little *too* much energy, Kyouka jumped up and practically *threw* her plate into the dishwashing slot before letting loose a mighty yawn. **“Well! My justice bar is full now! I must return to bed and get my beauty sleep, so that sister and I can have a fruitful training session in the morning! And, er... Perhaps find something else to wear?”** Why was her uniform so *small*? It would have been extremely embarrassing if anyone caught her like that!

...Everyone was in for a *very* weird morning. And hopefully no one else used any of the infusers from Second-to-Last Defense Academy, lest this incident be repeated.