

Section 6's Spore Problem

An uncomfortable calm filled the meeting room as the members of Section 6 gathered to go over the latest mission debriefing. Coming in late when his usual excuses wouldn't apply, Harumasa had missed out on a majority of the rumors that had begun to swirl through the office. Though Soukaku had been a part of the mission herself, the young, blue-skinned oni was more preoccupied with digging into her bag of candy than recalling the strange events of the day. This left the actual debriefing down to the agents who had unfortunately become a key focus of the investigation.

Trying to keep up a semblance of the routine procedure, Chief Yanagi adjusted her glasses as she pulled up the video feed from the previous day. On the monitor, the group watched as the tip of her long ponytail of pink hair sway just beneath the hem of her black skirt. With a swing of her naginata, she ruffled the fabric of her white dress shirt and the black bow on her chest. Though it seemed similar to the version of Yanagi currently in the office, there was one stark difference.

As the footage continued to play, Yanagi set her eyes on the strange Ethereal that was thought to be the cause of the Companion Hollow. The creature's flower-like, bulbous body had been the main reason they had been the designated team to lead the investigation. Having participated in countless operations to push back Nineveh, the possibility of an Ethereal of equal power and devastation appearing was cause enough for Section 6 to send out their best to cut it off before it became a problem.

With a flicker of its vines, the Ethereal tried to swat Yanagi away. Parrying the blow, she closed in with her blade with the intention to deliver a swift and decisive strike. Using its petals as a makeshift shield, the creature managed to block the attack. The momentary pause that

Yanagi took to keep her balance from the counter appeared to be her downfall as another vine reached out to grab her by her heels.

Forced to drop her weapon as she was hoisted into the air, Yanagi could only watch as the Ethereal pulled her towards its maw. As she got closer to the creature, she was given an up close look at the singular, black and white eye that stared back at her. In the reflection of the person-sized iris, she spotted a glimmer of blue light. A moment later, the tendril holding her in place was sliced in half.

Nimble rolling across the ground, Yanagi could only spot flashes of the blade slashing through the Ethereal's limbs. Once all of the vines had been severed, the finishing blow came in the form of a young woman with black fox ears plunging her sword into the creature's eye. Retrieving her blade, Miyabi started the process of sheathing her sword. However impressive it was to watch the fox Thiren's blue cloak, black skirt, and long, black hair wave as the attack left its mark, it came moments before disaster struck.

With its final grasp on life, the creature spurted out a cloud of green dust. The surprise attack ended up engulfing the two agents. Running away from the miasma, the two looked over their bodies in an effort to see if there had been any lasting damage. At the time, they had assumed that the after effects would be nothing more than typical ether corruption that could be counteracted with some sedatives. It was only several hours later that they would understand the severity of the situation.

Ending the video playback, Yanagi adjusted her glasses and turned towards Harumasa and Soukaku. In turn, they tried to hide the way their gazes drifted toward her and Miyabi's mid-sections. Sticking out and distorting the women's once well-fitting shirts were rounded potbellies

the size of soccer balls. The glances were something that had become all too common amongst the other members of the agency ever since they had returned from the mission.

“The research team has been studying the footage along with any remains we were able to retrieve from the operation,” Yanagi said, hoping to keep the meeting on track even as her gut jostled around with each slight movement. “Our hope is that they are able to find a way to reverse the effects of the spores.”

“In the meantime,” Miyabi began, trying and failing to cover up her belly bulge with her coat. “The two of us will continue to participate in our usual operations.”

“Is that really wise?” Harumasa asked. “Fighting in the Hollows is already dangerous enough as it is. Can’t we just take a break until you two lose the extra weight?”

“We cannot sit idly by wild evil continues unhindered,” Miyabi replied, her stoic face doing little to help with the jiggling of her gut. “Yanagi and I are still more than capable of defending ourselves. Mark my words, we will still be able to do our duties as-“

A growl echoed through the room to interrupt Miyabi and bring a red tint to her cheeks. Moments later, a second rumbling noise emanated from Yanagi’s stomach. Though the bespectacled woman tried to hold onto her dignity, she found it hard to fight against the hunger pangs that had started to affect them ever since the incident. While the two agents rubbed at their spherical mid-sections in the hopes of calming them down, Soukaku got up from her seat and rushed towards them.

“Here, take these,” the oni said, offering up an armful of snacks. “You must be pretty hungry.”

“Thank you, Soukaku,” Yanagi replied, putting on a smile for the girl as she and Miyabi graciously accepted the food. “We’ll come up with a plan of attack in the morning,” she said

between bites. “For now, we’ll rest and recuperate. Something as small as spores won’t be enough to take down the best agents Section 6 has to offer.”

Saying that the mission had been a failure was a drastic understatement. Not long after Section 6 re-entered the Hollow to find more information, they were attacked by a group of Ethereals. Though the group had tried to hold back the creatures, it soon became clear that they lacked the capability to fight them off like they used to. With a high risk of being injured or worse, they had been forced to make a hasty retreat.

Trudging her way back into the office, Yanagi tried to ignore the glances the office workers gave her as she passed by. No doubt, they were concentrating on the various rips and tears that were spread across her outfit. Most of the time, these clothing mishaps could have been written off as nothing more than close calls made during combat. This time, it was plain to everyone the true reason for the fabric’s stress.

Reaching out towards the knob to her office, Yanagi shuddered at the feeling of her rounded belly pressing against the door. Chewing on her lips, she pushed forward and tried to ignore the way her bosom attempted to lurch free of her shirt’s buttons with every step she took. Hearing more rips in her clothes as she continued towards her desk, she carefully made her way to her desk to lower her bubble butt down into her seat.

Shifting back and forth in an effort to make her chair fit her larger backside, Yanagi heard another ripping noise echo through the room. Frantically looking over her body with the fear of seeing more of her fat sticking out, she instead drew attention towards the exhausted huffs she heard. Looking up from her belly, she spotted Miyabi’s own, bulbous gut sticking out through the

recently made hole in her shirt. The Thiren's bosom was being held back by only a single button, with several of them having been shot at the Ethereals over the course of their fight. Taking up a similarly cautious position, Miyabi carefully lowered her chubby buttocks into her seat and laid her sword across her desk.

"...I don't deserve to wield Tailless anymore," Miyabi spoke aloud, keeping her gaze solely on the blade. "I'm a complete disgrace to my family's name."

"Don't beat yourself up about the mission," Yanagi said, reaching out to comfort her fellow agent, only to stop upon hearing her sleeve strain against her arm's added heft. "If anything, it's my fault that we were attacked by a such a large group of enemies. I should have been more perceptive of our surrounding and anticipated the attack."

Miyabi shook her head. "No, that was due to my... unsightly growth. I should have been able to fend off the enemies in spite of the added weight. Or at the very least, control my--"

Right on cue, the pair of women were subjected to the hungry growls from their stomachs. No matter how much they ate, the rumbling from their bellies could only be sated for a short time. The efforts to satiate their out of control appetites were the main factor to their increasing mass. Though they had tried to resist the urges with the thought of how much worse their conditions would become if they gave in, even a moment of peace from the growls was enough to make up for their widening waistlines.

The recent memory of their failure kept Miyabi and Yanagi at their desks. Even if they did want to move, they were concerned that the mere act of getting up from their chairs would be enough to rip through what remained of their clothes. Stuck dealing with the same groans and hunger pangs that had drawn in the Ethereals during their mission, they clenched their fingers and hoped that their stomach would eventually settle on their own.

A pleasant aroma drifting in from the hallway momentarily satiated the women's worries. Unable to directly identify the smell, it still managed to make their mouths water and their stomach growls become more intense. The source of the aroma became clear as the door was opened up by what appeared to be a stack of moving doughnut boxes. Though mystified at first by the sentient packages of pastries, the truth became obvious once they spotted the familiar blue tail swinging behind the pile.

"Sorry I took so long," Soukaku said, dropping off the boxes haphazardly on Miyabi and Yanagi's desks. "I had to make sure I had enough for the three of us."

Miyabi reached out a shaky hand towards one of the packages, only to pause at the sensation of her belly pressing against her desk. "I appreciate it," she said, wiping the drool from her lips, "but I have to decline."

Soukaku tilted her head. "Why? Aren't you two hungry?"

"Yes, but it's because of those spores," Yanagi explained. "If we keep eating unhealthy food like this, we're only going to get bigger. What we need to do is focus on keeping weight off while they search for a way to suppress our conditions."

"But you need to eat something," Soukaku insisted. "I kept hearing your tummies rumbling. If you don't have any snacks, you'll get tired and cranky."

"Soukaku, please understand that we're trying to..."

Yanagi trailed off as she noticed the look in the oni's eyes. Unlike the many looks of disgust she had received from the other people at the office, what she saw was an expression of genuine concern. Soukaku's heartfelt act and the added duress of her hunger, gradually ate away at her resistance until she was left with no other choice.

Opening up the pink box, Yanagi took her time choosing which doughnut to start with. Beckoned by another growl, she made her decision as she hovered her hand over a ring covered in sprinkles and chocolate. Bringing the doughnut up to her mouth and taking a bite, she tried to savor it. Helping her ignore the side effects was the increased flavor brought about by her altered taste buds and the joy she saw in Soukaku's eyes as she swallowed.

As Yanagi ate her way through the box, she spotted Miyabi helping herself to her own, sweet feast. Undistracted by the oni, the Thiren was a bit speedier with her decision. Chowing down a simple glazed doughnut to start, she quickly moved on to a second and then a third. The display of gluttony and more of her coworker's belly peeking out from her shirt made Yanagi pause. However, another hopeful glance from Soukaku was enough to convince the haired woman to finish off the last bite before moving onto her next box.

Paperwork had never been the most glamorous part of Section 6's duties. However, it was all Yanagi could do at the moment to make herself feel useful to the agency. Due to the effects of the spores, it was deemed too dangerous to be sent out on any more missions. The operations were still being conducted with the remaining members, with a few members of PUBSEC lending a helping hand where necessary. Any progress that Yanagi heard about the ongoing investigation helped to mediate the everyday struggles her new body provided.

Finishing off a stack of paperwork, the pink haired woman leaned back in her seat to stretch out her chubby arms. As satisfying as it was to shake the numbness from her limbs, she was forced to stop once she felt her shirt strain to keep her rounded belly contained. Settling back into her seat, she scrunched up her thick chin as she looked down to check herself. She was

relieved to see that her extra-large dress shirt was doing its job keeping her head-sized boobs in place. Tugging at the wide skirt she had just ordered to keep her thickened thighs and chubby rear covered up, she leaned over to check on her co-worker.

As opposed to Yanagi's begrudging acceptance, Miyabi's disdain for her over 300 pound form being stuck at the office was shown in the gloomy look on her chubby cheeks. No longer able to excuse herself from paperwork to train her sword skills, the Thiren was taking her time using her pudgy fingers to fill out the forms. So focused on trying to get through the menial task, she didn't seem to mind or notice the way the cleavage of her meaty bosom was peeking out from the hole in the top of her dress shirt. While the tie around her thick neck managed to cover up a portion of her exposed torso, she couldn't prevent some of her globular gut from sticking out. Watching Miyabi struggle to comfortably shift her chubby backside within the confines of her skirt, Yanagi questioned whether or not she should mention the holes along her tights that exposed the fat around her legs.

A break from the monotonous office work came in the form of a knock at the door.

"Come in," Yanagi replied, doing her best to make her outfit look presentable.

Stepping into the room, Zhu Yuan stood at attention and gave her salute. The usual pride that came with the officer's pristine outfit and hair was undone slightly by the way her eyes wandered across the puffy shape of Yanagi and Miyabi's bodies. "We've returned from the mission," she reported.

"Did everything go smoothly?" Miyabi asked.

"A few bruises and scrapes, but no major injuries," the officer replied. "We were able to locate other creatures like the one you encountered during the incident."

Shooting up from her chair and incidentally bouncing her gut up against her desk, Miyabi tried to keep herself steady even as her body continued to jiggle. “Was anyone hit by the spores?” she inquired, meekly sitting back down as the buttons around her chest threatened to pop off.

“No, we were able to take the necessary precautions to avoid anyone breathing them in,” Zhu Yuan answered. “It’s only because of you two that we were able to come fully prepared with gas masks.”

“That’s a relief,” Yanagi commented. “At least our ballooned forms are good for something.”

Running straight past Zhu Yuan, Soukaku made a beeline towards Yanagi. Leaping forward, the oni landed on what little thigh space wasn’t taken up by the pink haired woman’s belly. Nestled up against her, Soukaku proceeded to show off a secondary use for the extra pudge by nuzzling against her.

“Yanagi, you’re so soft and warm,” Soukaku commented. “Just like a pillow.”

The less than graceful comment about Yanagi’s cushiony mid-section nonetheless worked in easing some of her nerves. “Thank you, Soukaku,” she said, running her fingers through the young oni’s hair. “Zhu Yuan, how is the progress with eliminating the Hollow altogether?”

“I am pleased to report that our missions have managed to slowly shrink the zone’s size,” the officer reported. “Our only concern is that if we take it out too fast, we may not be able to gain the necessary information to cure you.”

“Our conditions are a secondary concern to protecting the people of New Eridu,” Miyabi said, holding onto her sense of honor in spite of her softer appearance.

Zhu Yuan responded with a small smile. “That’s what I figured you would say, but we’ll still try and come up with a solution before the Hollow fully disappears. In the meantime, if there is anything we can get to make you more comfortable just-“

A series of growls echoed through the room.

“Sorry,” Miyabi excused, opening a desk drawer to pull out one of the many snack cakes she had stashed away. “It’s time for another feeding session.” Ripping off the outer packaging with a precision once reserved for her blade, she ate half of the cake in one bite. While this was supposed to be a means to keep her body satisfied, the pleased hums that left her lips as she chewed made it clear that she was enjoying her indulgence.

“That goes for me as well,” Yanagi added, gently lifting Soukaku off of her in order to access her own stash of rations. For her, that meant grabbing a handful of chips from a bag and scarfing them down. Pausing for a moment to lick her lips clean, she dug in for another helping as she turned back towards Zhu Yuan. “Some of the other workers will be coming by to give us a more substantial meal in about an hour. You’re free to join us if you’d like.”

“Sorry, but there is a lot of work still to do,” Zhu Yuan said as she made her way to the door. “I’ll check in with you later to provide you with a more detailed report.”

“Much appreciated,” Miyabi said through a mouth muffled with icing and cake.

“Just doing my duty,” Zhu Yuan replied as she took her leave.

Left with only Soukaku for company, Miyabi and Yanagi helped themselves to their miniature feasts. While Yanagi occupied herself with tearing open boxes of candy to counteract the lingering saltiness of the chips, she lost track of the oni. Pausing to brush the crumbs from her chest and lick up the cream around her lips, she surveyed around the room to find the blue

girl standing next to Miyabi. While the Thiren filled her mouth with a can of spray cheese, she seemed undisturbed by the way that Soukaku cuddled up to her curves.

Watching the oni's pleased expression filled Yanagi with a sense of yearning. Before the incident, she was no stranger to Soukaku's desire for hugs and cuddles. However, it appeared that the amount of weight she put on was directly proportional to a sense of comfort and warmth that came with every touch. The phenomenon was something that she had shrugged off as merely her depressed mood needing some form of levity. Connecting the feeling to their growth, she made a mental note to talk to the researchers about the strange side effect. After she finished off her snacks and had a hugging session with Soukaku beforehand of course.

Before the grumble could even ripple out from her belly, Yanagi was reaching into her desk drawer to pull out something from her stash. Expertly unwrapping a chocolate bar, she sunk her teeth in and reveled in the taste. The pleased hum that left her lips inadvertently sent a stray crumb bouncing down her rounded chins to get lost within the cleavage of her spherical breasts.

Swallowing her mouthful, the pink haired woman reached out with a pudgy limb to try and reclaim the misplaced chocolate. However, she only managed to rummage between her tits for a few seconds before the strained sounds of her dress shirt forced her to stop. Begrudgingly surrendering a bit of food in an effort to keep her bulging, 600 pound, blubbery belly contained within her dress shirt, she settled for picking up a packet of candy gummies in an effort to keep her appetite at bay.

Chewing through the stash of sweets, Yanagi found herself squirming around in her seat. Even after the office had given her a custom-made, double wide chair, she struggled to get it to

properly fit her girth. Whatever time she wasn't spending eating or doing very little paperwork seemed to be focused on adjusting the skirt around her wide hips in an effort to keep her bubble butt in a semblance of comfort.

Yanagi's adjustment left her open as a button flew across the room towards her head. Though the makeshift projectile hit her in the cheek, the padding around her face managed to flick it away without any damage. As she waited for the jiggling to stop, he shifted her glasses in place to stare at the pair of breasts just as large as hers that were the culprit of the attack.

Thanks to her own tremors going across her hefty form, Miyabi had put a hold on helping herself to her bag of caramel popcorn. As her movement gradually settled, Yanagi was able to the extra bit of skin that had been left exposed by the clothing malfunction. As disgraceful as it was to see the Thiren's prominent gut sinking between her legs, there was little that the superior officer could say considering she was in a similar situation.

"Do you have any more mints?" Miyabi asked, wobbling her rounded butt cheeks around to try and make herself comfortable. "I need something to help me focus on these reports."

"Sorry, but I tried them earlier," Yanagi answered, tossing one of her wrappers over the remnants of the mints. "They only made me hungrier. Maybe we should quite early and order some takeout?"

"As much as I would appreciate a break from office work," Miyabi replied, waving about the packet of papers with her plump fingers, "what do you think they'll say when they see how little we've done?"

"That I'm going to have to pick up the slack."

Shifting their thick necks towards the office entrance, Miyabi and Yanagi spotted Harumasa. The typical slacker looked about ready to collapse with deep, dark circles beneath his

eyes. Before the incident, they had assumed that this was merely his condition acting up again. Even the explanation that he was merely working his hardest to get the investigation completed in time to cure their weight problems would have sufficed. However, the poorly hidden ire in his eyes looking at the pile of unfinished paperwork partially obscured by numerous, empty fast food bags on the large ladies' desks told the true story.

"Didn't you two already have a snack break like an hour ago?" Harumasa asked, watching with distress as Miyabi tore open another bag of junk food.

"Sorry, but that's what our bodies desire," Miyabi replied as she shoved a handful of chips into her mouth.

"She's right," Yanagi added, before wolfing down a snack cake in a single bite. "Either we constantly eat to keep our appetites at bay or we're hit with crippling hunger pangs. This is the only way."

"You could at least look like you're suffering," Harumasa muttered as he watched them continue to contently indulge themselves.

"Yanagai!" Soukaku shouted as she pushed Harumasa aside. Leaping into the air, she landed on top the pink haired woman's swollen mid-section. "Woah, you're extra soft and squishy today," she commented as she rode out the jiggles.

"Well thank you," Yanagi said, finding strange comfort on how the oni cuddled up to her layers of chub. "You can sit there a little while longer, but I need to get up soon to grab lunch."

"Well, unless someone else wants to get it for us," Miyabi spoke up, flickering her ears as she turned towards Harumasa.

In response, Harumasa let out a defeated sigh. “Fine, but once you’re done eating, you better promise to take care of your work. I already have enough on my plate keeping those Ethereals at bay.

“Of course,” Miyabi said, leaning back in her seat just as Harumasa took his leave.

“Well at least that’s one piece of business taken care of,” Yanagi replied, pausing for a moment to guzzle down a bottle of soda. “Guess we should get started on the reports now.”

“Unnecessary.”

Reaching within the confines of her bosom, Miyabi retrieved her phone. Though she was a bit clumsy with her thick fingers, she eventually managed to type in a message. Chewing on her fat lip, she showed a sense of concentration in her eyes that had once only been reserved for fighting opponents. Hitting send, she put her phone back between her boobs before grabbing another snack bag.

“Harumasa should be occupied for a while with that order I just gave him,” Miyabi replied. “It should give us plenty of time to eat enough and still have the energy to do the work.”

“Really?” Yanagi replied, raising an eyebrow.

“You two keep talking about this boring stuff?” Soukaku asked as she held up the stack of papers. “There aren’t even any drawing or colors on them.”

“I’m not the biggest fan of them either,” Miyabi answered. “However, it’s the only way we can make ourselves useful at the moment.”

“That’s not true,” Soukaku proclaimed as she rolled off of Yanagi.

Making her way down to the floor, the oni sprinted over towards the Thiren. With a running leap, Soukaku brought herself crashing on to the middle of Miyabi’s belly. The impact had the adverse effect of ripping apart part of the fox woman’s clothes as her body was wracked

with tremors. Breathing a sigh of relief only once she was sure that her breasts were contained by the sole remaining button of her shirt, she tilted her head forward in an effort to scold her.

However, she was left in a strangely peaceful state as the oni proceeded cuddle up on her gut.

“You’re so warm and cuddly,” the oni said. “Why not let everyone sleep on your tummy like this? It feels really good.”

“Soukaku, we can’t do that,” Yanagi spoke up.

“Why YAAAAWWWN not?” the oni replied, her eyes already half-closed as she nestled against Miyabi’s rotund form.

“Because as agents of Section 6, it is our duty to uphold a certain level of dignity befitting our-“

Yanagi was caught off by the loud snore that filled the room. Leaning forward in her seat at the risk of tearing apart her skirt, she watched as the oni peacefully drifted off to sleep. Looking towards her coworker, she saw a similar expression as Miyabi helped herself to more snacks. Settling back down on her chair, the pink haired woman rubbed at her thick chin in thought.

Each step Zhu Yuan took down the hall put her closer to a very uncomfortable discussion. All of the effort that had been to preserve the Hollow for the sake of reversing Miyabi and Hanagi’s conditions were undone over the span of a single day. Under the threat of a rapid expansion taking out a large section of the city, they had been left with no other option to immediately eradicate any and all Ethereals they saw. While this did ensure the safety of the

citizens as the Hollow was brought down to a safe level, it also meant that any and all research on the spores had been forced to a slow crawl.

Getting closer and closer to Section 6's office, Zhu Yuan contemplated how he was going to break the news to the agents. She was certain that they would understand that the decision was made for the sake of New Eridu. But that didn't stop her mind from continuously picturing the sense of devastation that would overtake them once they realized that they would be stuck in their puffed up forms for the foreseeable future. Rather than leave her thoughts to wonder about the worst case scenario, the officer summoned her courage and knocked on the door.

"Come in," called out the husky voice of Yanagi.

Stepping into the office, Zhu Yuan's vision immediately focused on the mound of fat before her with the pair of tipped, black furred ears. The once svelte form of Miyabi had been encased by no less than 1000 pounds of fat. It was only through the use of an extra-large blanket wrapped around her form that she was able to hold onto a semblance of modesty. However, the fabric served to emphasize one of the more bizarre features of the fox Thiren's transformation.

In spite of the massive amount of weight baring down on Miyabi's breasts, they still managed to maintain a perky, rounded appearance. The same, puffball shape extended to the rounded belly currently keeping her legs spread apart. Merely glancing at the edges of the Thiren's double wide rear revealed how soft the spherical mounds appeared to be. Before Zhu Yuan could indulge in her curiosity and examine the pillowy backside, she was brought back to reality by the sound of a loud crunching noise.

Leaving Miyabi to help herself to a bottle of soda, Zhu Yuan turned her attention towards the woman taking up the other half of the room. Just like her teammate, Yanagi was a sight to behold with her massive form covered in a veil-like blanket. The same soft, spherical shapes

made up the set of ass cheeks and tits that jiggled about with every slight move. Watching as a trail of chip crumbs bounded down the pink haired woman's chin as she ate, Zhu Yuan witnessed the misplaced morsels rouse the sleeping Soukaku from atop Yanagi's globular gut.

"Mmm, what time is it?" the oni asked as she rubbed the sleepiness from her eyes. "Oh, hey there Zhu Yuan. Are you here for nap time too?"

"Nap time?" Zhu Yuan asked, only now noticing the passed out Harumasa lounging a top Miyabi's mid-section.

"It's something we started doing in the office to make the most out of our obese selves," Yanagi spoke up, adjusting her glasses with a slight nudge of her plump fingers. "It seemed like the least that we could do while we eat up both the office's food supply and open space."

"We're aware that it's not the most glamorous," Miyabi added, seemingly unaffected by Harumasa as he nuzzled his head up against her bosom. "But it will have to do for now until they find a way to reverse our conditions."

Zhu Yuan took a deep breath. "That's actually why I'm here. We had to eliminate the hollow earlier than expected. While we still have some samples from the previous operations, we are no longer able to collect data regarding your condition. There's...no timeframe of whether if or when they'll be able to reverse your conditions." Seeing the wide eyed looks on the obese women's faces, she hung her head low. "I am sorry that I couldn't do more."

At any moment, Zhu Yuan expected a wide range of reactions from the once most promising agents in the office. Anything from unbridled rage and even uncontrollable sobbing had been something she had mentally prepared for. However, all she heard at the time was a series of hushed whispers. Eventually, she felt a small hand grab onto hers and start leading her

along. Before she realized what was happening, she found herself pressed up against Yanagi's love handles.

"You're so...soft," Zhu Yuan commented as she looked up towards Yanagi's smiling face.

The pink haired woman let out a small laugh. "That's the usual reaction that most people have for their first time touching my extra blubber. Typically it's followed by a--"

Seemingly out of nowhere, Zhu Yuan's mouth was forced open by a yawn.

"Yes, one of those," Miyabi replied. "It's typically a sign that our bodies are taking well to their new roles as living cushions."

All at once, Zhu Yuan was hit with the exhaustion that she had typically been able to suppress with her work ethic and a little too much caffeine. As her eyes started to close, Yanagi used the opportunity to hoist her onto her bountiful belly bugle. Nestling the officer in the dead center of her body, she proceeded to run her fingers through the locks of red and black hair.

"I know how hard you tried to cure us," Yanagi said to the slumbering officer, "but you need some rest as well. Soukaku, would you mind getting me the usual supply refill?"

"You can count on me," the oni replied, leaping off of the pink haired commander's body to retrieve food from the snack stash.

"And get me some as well," Miyabi added. "I'd get Harumasa to do it, but he's having one of his rough days."

"Just five more minutes," he droned on, nearly tumbling off of the Thiren's gut in the process.

"Okay, anything specific you want?" Soukaku asked.

“I’m sure we’ll enjoy anything you bring us,” Yanagi replied, smiling at the sleeping Zhu Yuan resting on her puffed up belly. “Especially since it’s all going to the cause of ensuring our friends and co-workers are well rested to take on their duties.”