

“Are you comfortable?” Sophie asked, glancing at Antonella who was reclining against the sofa pillows with ease, her long legs stretched out and resting across the twins’ shared lap.

The conjoined sisters had their four arms busy—two supporting Antonella’s ankles and the other pair handling the console. Lucy, more concentrated than her sister, was furiously tapping the buttons, her head tilted toward the screen.

“Yeah, this is great,” Antonella replied. She let her tail head rest lazily over her abdomen while absentmindedly combing her red hair with four of her hands. The other two rested against her sides, as if she didn’t know what to do with so many at once while she watched Lucy play.

Jessica entered the room shortly after, carrying a tray balanced in her arms. With a practiced grace, both of her blonde heads kept their gaze on the girls as she set the drinks and snacks on the table, then lowered herself into an empty couch space and made herself comfortable. The four of them had gathered for a chill game night altogether.

“Ugh, noooo!” Lucy groaned, hanging her head as the screen showed her character reviving, “I had a bunch of rosaries...”

Sophie sighed and leaned toward Antonella. “Can you get them back for us?”

Antonella reached out with one of her lower arms, fingers curling around the controller she was holding. “Fine. But if I die again, don’t blame me.”

“If you do, it’ll be Sophie’s fault,” Jessica teased from her spot, sipping her juice with a grin.

“Hey!” Sophie protested, “Anto’s ahead of us, she’s had more practice.”

“That doesn’t make me invincible,” Antonella muttered, her tail-head glancing at the girls while her main head stayed focused on the screen, “You know how clumsy I can be.”

“I just want my rosaries baaaack,” Lucy whined, pouting as Sophie laughed softly.

Jessica tilted both her faces toward the twins. “I’m surprised you two haven’t cosplayed Hornet by now.”

The sisters exchanged a look. “Uh... yeah, we’ve started working on it,” Sophie said.

“We’ve got the nail and the masks already,” Lucy added.

“Oh? So you only need the suit and cape?” Antonella asked, not taking her main head’s eyes off the screen while talking with her tail head.

Lucy grinned. “We’ve actually got the suit almost ready. It already has six sleeves—just a few small adjustments left.”

Antonella’s eyes flicked toward them, her suspicion rising. “Wait... *six* sleeves? That’s a little too convenient.”

Sophie scratched her cheek with one finger, feigning innocence. "We accidentally added two more."

Lucy tried to look serious but failed, breaking into laughter. "Okay, maaaybe we had you in mind when we made it."

Antonella groaned and shook her tail head. "You two are unbelievable," she said with a sigh, but the corner of her mouth betrayed a smile.

Jessica leaned forward, both her faces nodding. "See? You fit perfectly! Hornet is a spider and you have eight limbs."

"Hornet's a wasp, her name says it," Lucy stated.

"Oh... then what about the webs?" Jessica asked.

"It's not webs. It's silk," Antonella noted flatly, "From larvae. You know... that's the name of the game too."

The girls giggled as Jessica pondered the response. "...Ohhhhh... yeah that makes sense."

Before she could say more, Sophie and Lucy tugged Antonella up by one hand, dragging her toward their workroom as they left the controller in Jessica's hands.

"W-Wait! Should I keep playing?" Jessica yelled to the trio, looking at the screen and her friends with each head.

"You can handle it!" Sophie replied.

"Just don't lose my rosaries," Lucy warned with a laugh. Antonella chuckled, letting herself be pulled away.

Jessica sat there with both her heads tilted toward the boss room on the screen. Her hands trembled around the controller before she sighed and braced herself.

In the other room, Antonella found herself surrounded by fabrics, tools, and sketches. The twins had already spread out their notebooks and were whispering to each other while they prepared the red cape. On the table laid a huge replica of Hornet's nail and two masks with smooth, dark lenses.

Antonella leaned closer, noticing a page with a tall sketch of herself—six arms, long tail, careful notes written on the sides, even the distances between each pair of breasts.

"I don't know whether to be worried or flattered that you have my body measurements in such detail," she said with a nervous laugh.

"We've got yours and Jessica's," Lucy admitted shamelessly.

"We'd have Maeve's too, but she refused last time," Sophie added, "She said her butt was too big."

Antonella smirked. "Well... objectively speaking, she's not wrong." She lifted one of the masks and slipped it over one of her faces. "Oh wow, this fits perfectly. You can see clearly from the inside even though it looks like solid black eyes outside."

"The trick's in the material," Sophie explained while adjusting the cape.

Antonella held the massive nail with all six arms, flexing them in a natural, elegant spread. "This is lighter than it looks."

"Of course," Lucy said, smiling, "It's hollow, just textured on the outside to look metallic."

Antonella turned the prop over in her six hands, a little grin slipping across her face as she posed. "You two really do go over the top... but I kind of love that."

Sophie smirked, tilting her head. "See? Even when you complain at first, you always end up enjoying yourself."

Antonella let out a mock sigh, though her smile betrayed her. "Fair enough. I might as well admit it."

With quick teamwork, the twins finished the cape and began pinning black silk fabric for the suit. Sophie gazed at Antonella and cocked an eyebrow curiously. "You haven't grown at all, right?"

Antonella looked herself over, running her hands along her waist. "Nope. Same size. ...I think?"

"Pfft. Mutant perks," Lucy remarked.

Sophie rolled her eyes. "It's not just genetics. It's mostly the result of training with Maeve."

Antonella grinned warmly. "I can't deny that I'm grateful for those workouts." She tilted her head as she noticed something. "Though... how's this suit supposed to work with underwear?"

Lucy looked at her innocently. "It doesn't."

"Huh?"

"It's a skin-tight suit. If you wear underwear, the seams will show," Lucy said.

Sophie added, "Thin panties might work, but bras definitely won't."

Antonella stared at them with suspicion. "I feel like that's just your excuse."

"Anto, you'll look better without bras. If I don't convince you, my sister will nag me for days, and I'm stuck to her," Sophie said, mock-pleading.

Antonella bursted out laughing. "Fiiine, fine. No bras then."

Lucy cheered with one hand while adjusting the fabric with the others. Soon, the final pieces were ready. Antonella slowly stripped down and stepped into the tight suit, letting the twins help her stretch it over her curves, the black silk clinging like a second skin. They secured the red cape, slipped the masks into place, and finally handed her the nail.

For a moment, Antonella caught her reflection in the mirror—her six arms spread confidently, her long tail swaying behind her, the suit framing her breasts and hips with sleek precision. She couldn't help but smile.

Minutes later, the twins guided Antonella back into the living room, her cape fluttering behind her as she carried the oversized nail.

They found Jessica lying face-down on the couch, both of her faces buried in the pillows, her arms dangling towards the floor. The controller had slipped from her fingers and was resting beside the sofa. On the screen, Hornet sat calmly on a bench, the unmistakable sign of yet another failed attempt.

"Jessica?" Sophie called to her.

"Mmmnh..." came a muffled response from Jessica.

Antonella tilted her head, her mask catching the light. "Looks like she didn't have a good time."

"That boss is impossibleeee...!" Jessica groaned, lifting both her heads at once, "I've tried ten times already."

"Yeah, I couldn't beat it either," Lucy admitted.

Before she could finish, Jessica's eyes widened—both sets at once—as she finally noticed Antonella in full cosplay. "W-Wow! You look *incredible!*" She shot upright, nearly tumbling over the table, and rushed toward her friend. "How does this fit that well? Is the nail heavy?"

Antonella stepped back, raising three of her left hands as a shield while the others kept the nail steady. "Woah, hold on!"

"How did they even do it so fast?" Jessica exclaimed, tugging gently at the cape before crouching to admire how the silk suit hugged Antonella's body and stretching it out with a finger.

"Hey! Don't pull on that...!" Antonella laughed nervously as her tail-head swayed shyly from side to side.

Sophie and Lucy exchanged a grin. "See? Sexy, right?" Sophie teased.

"And we told you—no bras was the right choice," Lucy added with a wicked smile.

"I definitely agree on that," Sophie chimed in.

Jessica finally stepped back, still staring in awe. "You really do look like a real life Hornet."

Antonella couldn't help but pose, spreading her six arms elegantly, the nail balanced with ease while her tail posed behind her, moving her mask away to show a wide smile.

The twins clapped together. "Perfect! Hold it like that—we need pictures."

For the next few minutes, laughter filled the room as Antonella tried different poses, the twins eagerly snapping photos and Jessica enjoying every second of it. Unlike past cosplays where she had resisted, Antonella was clearly enjoying herself, her grins widening behind her two masks.

Finally, Sophie and Lucy crossed their arms with playfully serious expressions. "We'll call it even—thirty rosaries for the suit."

Antonella chuckled, spinning the nail in one hand before pointing it at them. "I already made sure you didn't lose them before reaching that bench. If anything, you two owe *me*."

Sophie and Lucy giggled and raised their hands defeatedly. "Okaaaay, okay, Miss Hornet."

Jessica laughed, one of her heads nodding eagerly. "My view of Hornet has definitely changed."

"That won't magically help you defeat the boss," Lucy replied playfully.

Antonella tilted her head. "Couldn't you calculate the timing of the parries?"

The three girls blinked in confusion before looking at Antonella in unison. "PARRIES?!"

"Sure, you know... when the enemy attacks," Antonella explained, gesturing forward with the nail and mimicking the movement, "You strike in the same direction and block the blow. That's a parry."

The room fell silent for a moment until she added, "How did you even get this far without knowing you could deflect attacks?"

"With many attempts..." Lucy muttered, while Sophie facepalmed.

Antonella smirked. "I think you owe me rosaries now."

Jessica burst out laughing. "No, no—if anything, we owe you dinner."

Sophie and Lucy sighed dramatically, but both reached for their phones. "Fine, fine, we'll order," Sophie said.

"Only if Antonella answers the door dressed like that," Lucy added mischievously.

Antonella's tail curled as she shook her head, laughing. "Not a chance."

Still, she didn't take off the suit. The four of them ended up sprawled on the couches, gaming, chatting, and teasing each other long into the night. Antonella kept the mask propped up on her head, the cape covering her body. Every now and then she'd catch her

reflection in the mirrors of the room—six arms, sleek silk, and a smile she hadn't noticed from herself for a long time when cosplaying.