

The Umbran Nerd

A warm day and clear sky had the people of the city coming out in droves to take care of their daily routines and enjoy the nice weather. It was on a beautiful day like this that one would expect people to be wearing their best outfits, either to find that special someone or just to show off. No one embodied this sentiment more than an Umbran witch that demanded everyone's attention with her mere presence.

Strolling down the sidewalk on a pair of designer heels, Bayonetta found she had yet to grow tired of the awestruck looks of the people she passed. She swung about her bag of recently bought clothes to allow the people to take in her impressive visage. Her tall, shapely figure wouldn't look out of place on a runway. The flowing white dress that she had been saving for a day like this perfectly complimented her curves and left a sizable window to show off her perky cleavage. Tossing aside her silky, long, black hair, she shot a knowing wink towards a group of bystanders, her bewitching eyes reflected behind her fashionable glasses. Letting a smile form on her red painted lips from their flustered expressions, she continued on her way towards the next store to further expand her wardrobe.

Bayonetta's one-woman fashion show came to an abrupt end as her phone started to ring. Pulling her cell from her purse, she recognized the number and immediately brought it to her ear. "Hello Jeanne. It's been ages since we last talked. How are you doing?"

"Cereza, didn't we meet up just yesterday for tea?"

Bayonetta let out a small giggle. "Well it feels longer. Especially after the lovely night I had out at that gala."

"Tell me, are you still out shopping?"

“Of course,” she replied, jostling about her recently purchased goods. “I have to make sure I have plenty of options for tomorrow’s party.”

“Be careful out there. Paradiso has been strangely quiet lately. They might be up to something.”

“You’re worrying too much,” Bayonetta said. “I’ve seen my fair share of what those naughty things can do and I’m more than capable of-“

Bayonetta lowered her phone as she caught a glimmer of something in her peripheral vision. Making an abrupt turn, she could see the faint silhouettes of a large gathering of angels approaching her. With a confident smirk, she brought the phone back to her ear.

“Jeanne, I’m afraid I’ll be coming home for dinner late. It looks like I’ll be dealing with our little angel problem myself.”

“Cereza wait-“

Hanging up her phone, Bayonetta put down her bags and started walking forward to meet the group of holy attackers head on. With a swish of her fingers, she stepped into limbo to see them in their full glory of misshapen figures covered in marble and wielding their gaudy weaponry. If any of the mortals had been able to see them in the world in-between, Bayonetta was sure they would be getting down on their knees to worship the vile things. Then again, she was slightly disappointed that no one would get to see her do what she did best.

As the angels came flying at her with weapons drawn, Bayonetta did a backflip to evade the coming danger. Twirling through the air, she ripped off her dress to momentarily reveal her nude form. From there her hair grew out to make up her usual angel slaying attire, creating a form-fitting, black jumpsuit that left little to the imagination. Catching one of her bags in mid-

air, she managed to pull out her trusty guns and slap them onto her hands and feet. Landing back on the ground, she struck a pose and took aim at the mob of angels.

“It’s quite rude to treat a lady like that you know,” Bayonetta said. “Here I am trying to enjoy a shopping trip in this lovely weather and you have the gall to ruin it with your ugly faces. Don’t worry, I’ll show you how you should behave when meeting a woman of class.”

“I beg your pardon, but I fail to see how that refers to you.”

Bayonetta looked towards the condescending voice to find a humanoid figure sitting atop a nearby awning. It looked similar to the numerous Joys she had put down before, down to the womanly curves and pure white skin. It was devoid of the usual glamour of the other angels, its only accessory a flowing lace shroud covered up her eyes. Jumping down from the awning, the strange angel dusted off her nun-like, black habit and bowed towards Bayonetta.

“Apologies for being so up front,” the angel said, “but it is the only way to teach you where you actually belong in this world.”

Bayonetta scoffed. “And who are you to judge a person’s worth?”

“You may call me Humility,” the angel said, placing her hand against her chest. “I have been tasked with punishing you for your affronts to Paradiso.”

“Well aren’t you special?” Bayonetta teased. “Tell me, how many accounts of angel murder do you have me down for? No matter what number you say, I doubt it will be anywhere close to the correct answer.”

“While your constant slaughter of my kind is deplorable, that is not why I am here. To me, the gravest sin etched into your soul is that sickening pride of yours that makes you believe you’re above everyone else.” Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a pair of small, silver

chains. “Come over here my child and I will put you on the path to a life of virtue and repentance by removing your less than desirable traits.”

Bayonetta adjusted her glasses with a small twitch of her finger. “Sorry to disappoint dear, but I’m quite content with the way I am. Besides, I think your jewelry would look positively dreadful on me.”

Humility shook her head. “How foolish of me to think you would simply accept your fate. If we must do it the hard way, then so be it.”

With a snap of her fingers, Humility ordered the angels to resume their attack. Easily dodging several spears aimed at her chest, Bayonetta returned the favor with a hailstorm of bullets to puncture her foes. Leaping over various angelic weapon attacks, she made sure her opponents had ample attention in the form of swift kicks and punches to teach them a lesson. One daring angel attempted to come slamming down on her head with an axe. For its efforts, it was gifted an enormous fist made out of Bayonetta’s hair sprouting forth from the ground to send it flying through the sky.

Effortlessly defeating one foe after another, Bayonetta reveled in the adrenaline pumping through her veins. Each close save from a blade and impact of her fist against an angel gave her an adrenaline rush that was usually reserved for the bedroom. She treated the battle as nothing more than entertainment, paying little mind to the growing frustration of her enemies.

Relishing in the feeling of crushing the last angel beneath her heel, Bayonetta was left completely off guard as Humility dashed forward at incredible speed. While she tried to dodge out of the way, Humility was just fast enough to reach her head. With a flick of her wrist, Humility managed to slap the silver chains along Bayonetta’s teeth.

Her cheerful mood quickly turned sour, Bayonetta sent a series of bullets flying in Humility's direction to push her back. Given a moment's rest, she let her fingers slide across the chains. Tracing the shiny metal, they felt less like chains and more like a cheap pair of braces. Though she tried to yank them off, it felt like they had been attached to her with superglue.

"Is this really it?" Bayonetta asked, pointing towards her metal mouth. "Your idea of reforming me is by realigning my teeth?"

"That is just one facet of your transformation," Humility replied, fixing her clothes from her encounter. "The chains of modesty shall take away the features you hold so dear and force you into a life of humility. Soon the changes will begin in full and you will be well on your way towards redemption."

"The only person getting a makeover is you. Let's see how high and mighty you are when my boot sends you flying."

Bayonetta froze as she watched spit fly from her mouth. Bringing her hand back to her braces, she could swear she felt her front teeth had extended. Pulling her fingers away from the mouth, she looked back at Humility to see a small, smug smile on the angel's face. Growing more concerned about the cursed braces, she aimed her guns at the angel to take care of her before she became a problem.

Just as she was about to pull the trigger, she was sent stumbling forward like someone had thrown a sack of flour at her gut. Nearly tripping over her own feet, she managed to upright herself again. Looking for the source of her imbalance brought her attention to a swollen orb of fat that had decided to take residence in her mid-section. Lifting up the unflattering stomach bulge, she became aware of a sudden tightness in various spots of her jumpsuit.

The breasts she had been so proud of went through a sudden growth spurt. Any positivity she had about going up a cup-size sunk alongside her breasts as they sagged downwards. In a vain attempt to keep her chest in-place, she tried to modify her suit to accommodate the growth. However, no matter how hard she focused, her hair seemed unable to keep her bosom aloft, as if they were filled with mercury.

Preoccupied with trying to support her chest, she almost didn't notice the extra padding layering onto her rear. A slight breeze going against a tear in her suit brought her attention to the gash her thicker rear had formed in the fabric. Swinging about the added heft of her butt was enough to send it sagging down like her chest and destroying any semblance of her perfect figure. Eyes filled with a burning fury, she turned away from her ruined curves to stare daggers at Humility.

"You're going to pay for this," Bayonetta said, her anger making her ignore her worsening speech impediment.

Rather than risk missing a shot, Bayonetta tried to use her magic to create a wicked weave. The power coursing through her body attempted to obey her commands, only to be disrupted by an unknown force. With nowhere else to go, the magical energy dispersed itself through her suit. The once slim-fitting outfit became a frayed mess of hair from feet up to her head. Wiping away the errant strands that fell in front of her face, Bayonetta grimaced at the line of grease her locks left against her forehead.

"Yes, things seem to be progressing wonderfully," Humility commented, putting a finger to her chin. "Although it still looks like you have a way to go before you completely--"

Humility was silenced by a pair of bullets whizzing by her head. Though her aim was off,

the anger welling up inside of Bayonetta was conveyed by the shot. If she couldn't use her hair to finish the job, she intended to do it the old-fashioned way.

"It appears you're still capable of fighting," Humility said as Bayonetta loaded up for her next attack. "I'll have to leave you for now. Don't worry, I'll catch up with you again once you've completed your lesson in modesty."

"Just where do you think you're going?" Bayonetta asked, punctuating with a hail of gunfire that missed Humility completely.

Leaping atop the buildings to avoid further attacks, Humility took off running. Bayonetta jumped up to follow the angel, only to come up a few inches short of reaching the roof. Crashing back down onto her chubby bottom, she let out a string of curses. It should have been an easy enough jump, having made much more impressive distances in the past. Getting back up, the reason became more evident as she realized she was a little closer to the ground. It appeared that in exchange for her added weight and plethora of hair issues, the curse had taken several feet off her height. Standing there in an attempt to get her bearings, she chewed her lips as she swore she saw herself shrink another inch.

"Once I get that angel, she's going to learn what it happens to those who get on my bad side," Bayonetta declared, breaking into a sprint through the city streets in an attempt to catch up with Humility.

The chub that had been layered onto her body proved more cumbersome than she thought. After running a single block, she could feel herself slowing down and becoming winded. Leaning up against a nearby building, she tried in vain to catch her breath. Sucking in air and grimacing at the feeling of her breath whistling by her extended front teeth, she realized she wasn't going to get anywhere like this.

Knowing that Humility was getting further away with each passing second, Bayonetta decided it was time to try using her magic again. Getting a running start, she focused her mind on the image of a panther. Channeling the magic needed to activate beast within, she felt the hair around her body begin to brim with energy.

Just as Bayonetta put on a confident smirk, her suit began to fluctuate wildly. A stray series of hair strands broke free from her legs to trip her up. Toppling onto the ground, her chubby body burst through parts of her suit one after another. Her precious guns were lost in the fall, the ones in her hands flying off down an alley and the ones attached to her heels snapping off to be lost in a nearby sewage grate. Rolling into the side of the building, Bayonetta watched as her suit lost all sense of form and changed back into locks of frayed hair.

Nothing left to keep her body hidden, she had to come face to face with her doughy potbelly and sagging breasts. Trying to get her hair to reform brought her attention to a series of unruly strands lining her belly button. Another attempt redress herself made her underarms bristle with bushels of body hair that weren't there before. Feeling the coarse strands continue their growth, Bayonetta ceased the flow of magic.

Clinging to the side of the building, she hauled herself up into a standing position. Not keen on trying to pursue her target in the nude, she hastily searched for something to wear. Scanning the area, her only option for clothes seemed to be a tacky shop in a strip mall called the Nerd Den. The various outfits and merchandise on display were the last things Bayonetta would ever be found in, but it wasn't like she had much choice. Short on time and lacking the energy to do a more thorough search of the area, she entered the shop.

Thankfully going unnoticed with her powers keeping her limbo, Bayonetta slipped past the few patrons and employees to make her way towards the clothing section. Surrounded by a

wide variety of geeky apparel, on instinct she grabbed the first shirt in her size that wasn't too displeasing to her eyes. Pulling it over her head, the fabric was caught by her breasts. Pulling away the undersized shirt, her attempt to slip into a similarly tiny set of panties was met with the same result with her hips snapping it apart. Muttering a curse under her breath, Bayonetta grabbed a set of clothes from the large section and went into an open dressing room to change.

Standing before the mirror, Bayonetta couldn't recall ever wearing a more ridiculous getup. The black sweatpants adorning her lower half were normal enough, save for the way the fabric dug into her hips and showed off each pound of her chunky rear. The shirt did the job of keeping her upper torso modest, even if she wasn't a fan of the red text written on the front. Stepping up close to the mirror, she stared the text "Certified Gamer Goddess" the same way someone would at a plate of rotten food.

As she stood there in a vain attempt to make the outfit more to her taste, she felt a strain on her eyes. Fixing her glasses, she still found herself struggling to see anything more than a few feet away. Chewing her lips, she realized that the cursed braces taking away her powers and figure weren't enough.

Stepping out of the booth and maneuvering through the store, she set her eyes on a woman with a pair of circular, thick-rimmed glasses perusing a collection of anime figurines. Slipping the glasses off of the woman, Bayonetta swapped them out for her own. As ridiculous as the new pair looked balanced upon her nose, at the very least it seemed to fix her vision. Just as she was about to make her escape, she felt someone's hand grab hold of her chubby wrist.

"What do you think you're doing?" the woman asked.

Bayonetta stood stunned, gradually realizing that the entire store was looking at her. Not done humiliating her, the braces had decided now was the best time to make her powers malfunction and take her out limbo. “I wash looking for the, uh, mugsh.”

“Then why do you have my glasses?” the girl accused.

“And are you going to pay for those?” the clerk asked.

Bayonetta turned back and forth between the growing number of angry people surrounding her. She felt trapped, walled in on all sides by strange knick knacks and people rightfully wanting their belongings returned. Closing her eyes and trying to ignore the irritated mob, she focused on what control she still had left of her powers. When she opened her eyes again, she was relieved to see the people turning their heads in confusion as to where she had gone. Feeling the grasp on her powers grow weaker by the second, Bayonetta took the opportunity to escape the shop with her ill-gotten goods in tow.

Stepping out into sun, she put a hand up to her head to wipe the sweat from her brow. She couldn’t recall if the weather had always been this humid or if it was merely her body further misbehaving under the influence of the braces. The remnants of her makeup washed away beneath her beads of sweat, her well-chewed lips losing their former, red luster. Her outfit began to lose what little dignity it had as it became drenched in sweat, unflattering stains forming around her armpits and belly. Rather than dwell on her sorry state, she pushed back her greasy locks and set off into town.

Still not used to carrying around her extra weight and burdened by the warm sun, her motivation to find Humility as fast as possible was lessened by her decision to walk at a leisurely pace. Each step she took made her grimace at the sensation of her thighs rubbing against one another. It was through her excessive chub rub that she was annoyed to discover the small

prickles of leg hair that had sprouted up. Holding her pudgy arm to her face, she chewed on her lip as she eyed similar strands that had made their home along her forearms.

Bringing her arm back down, she shuddered at the sound of fabric tearing apart. Looking back down at her gut, she saw her belly gradually slipping out further from her top. Halting her movement, she felt her added chub lurch forward, her breasts threatening to pop right out of her shirt. Daring to take another step further split the seams keeping her pants together to reveal the chubby thighs underneath.

Tired and mere moments away from ripping out of her clothes, Bayonetta took a seat on a nearby bench. Carefully spreading herself out along the seat, she tried to take in the various blemishes and imperfections the braces had put onto her. Letting her fingers graze against the hairs lining her pudgy belly, she wondered how she was going to have any chance of taking down Humility once she found her. Fanning herself with her hand helped to ease her exhaustion, at the cost of letting a few loose strands from her hair dangle near her face. Pushing aside the greasy locks, she considered trudging back to find her phone and calling Jeanne for back up.

A glimmer atop one of the roofs grabbed Bayonetta's attention. Adjusting her glasses, she saw Humility standing there with her veil blowing in the wind. She slowly turned her head surveying the area until she spotted Bayonetta's slouched over figure. Every moment Humility's vision dwindled on her made Bayonetta push back the notion of calling for help in favor of taking down the smug angel herself. Even if she wasn't at peak condition, she was still an Umbran witch. She was determined to take her down and get back what was rightfully hers.

Heaving herself off the bench and trying to ignore the added tears in her pants, she set off running in Humility's direction. More motivated than ever, she sent her chubby legs to full speed. The magic she used to keep herself hidden kept fading in and out, earning her a few

glances from the people she passed by as they caught glimpses of her jiggling body. Powering through the sweat beading down her face and whipping around her long mane of hair, she arrived at the building Humility was perched upon.

Despite the heavy breaths escaping her mouth creating an unflattering whistling noise, Bayonetta took up a stance that permeated with a confidence that had not waned during her transformation. “Shtop running and down here now, you inshufferable angel!” she demanded.

Humility gracefully leaped off the building and landed on the sidewalk a few feet away from Bayonetta. “Very well,” she replied, looming over the shortened Bayonetta by several feet, “but I fail to see any way you can change your current situation unless you learn some respect.”

“Shut up!” Bayonetta shouted, spit flying from her mouth and drizzling across the sidewalk. “You’re going to take theshe accurshed brashes off and turn me back or elshe you’ll learn what happensh when you fuck with a witch.”

Humility tilted her head. “Apologies, but I fail to understand how you can do anything in your current state. I don’t see any weapons, nor do I have any faith that you can properly control your magic.”

Grinding her teeth together, Bayonetta hated to admit to herself that the angel was right. Rather than accept defeat, she once again attempted to let her magic pour through her hair. Focusing harder than ever before, she felt her locks begin to vibrate with power. Daring to let a confident smile show off her buck teeth, she let the magic flow and attempted to shape it into a fist to smash Humility.

Bayonetta was sent stumbling backwards as a hand made out of the hair of her right armpit came bursting out to answer her call. Thrown off balance by the surprise, the attack went way off of its target. Undeterred, Bayonetta slammed her feet into the ground to keep balanced

and tried again. The left bushel of coarse hair beneath her arm launched the next attack.

Expecting the unorthodox fighting method, Bayonetta was able to direct it towards Humility.

The angel managed to dodge it, but not before earning a glancing blow to her side.

One after another, Bayonetta unleashed a barrage of wicked weaves at Humility from her unruly body hair. Dozens of fists came flying from the thickets of her armpits. The attacks grew in effectiveness at the cost of leaving her shirt as nothing more than an apron that barely hung off of her body. Seeing some success, Bayonetta dared to let the magic flow lower in her body and was granted the use of a giant pair of heels in exchange for letting her leg hair become shaggier. Lost in her attempts to bring Humility down, she took little notice of similar growth spurts of hair that engulfed her belly button and crept along her nether region. Even as the strands of her head hair slapped against her rear with their mangy, sweaty locks, it was all worth it as long as it meant defeating the angel.

“Enough of this!” Humility announced, her once calm demeanor faded away after one too many direct hits. “If you’re going to continue to misbehave, then I am left with no other option.”

Before Bayonetta could launch another attack, Humility reached into her pocket to produce an object similar to a silver pocket watch. Holding it up so Bayonetta could see it, the angel slowly turned the dial. A series of tremors halted Bayonetta’s attack, making her stumble about as her magic went wild. Looking back at Humility, she swore she saw a cruel smirk on her face.

What remained of Bayonetta’s ragged clothing was quickly torn to pieces by another load of fat depositing onto her body. Her belly sagged further down from her mid-section, the pudgy protrusion lined with thick, black hair that surrounded her belly button and enhanced the thicket of pubic hair peeking out from her groin. A boost was given to her breasts to help the sagging

mounds break free of what remained of her shirt, the letters of Nerd Queen getting blown away by the last few pounds of fat. The blubber around her arms forced her to hold them aloft, giving Humility a good look at the thick fur that lined her pits. Not quite done being stripped, Bayonetta's rear worked in tandem with her chunky thighs to tear off what was left of her sweatpants. As her changes settled, she was left with only a pair of overburdened pink panties around her hairy nether region that sunk deep inside the crevasse of her doughy ass.

"You can't be serious," Bayonetta commented, looking back and forth between the coarse hairs lining her arms and legs.

"I am," Humility answered. "And I'm not done." Holding up the pocket watch again, she opened it up and pressed a button.

Bayonetta shuddered as the last of her magic completely dissipated from her body. Any control she had left of her hair disappeared to allow her greasy locks to dangle down her back fat. Her body became overwhelmed with tremors that shook off any strength she had left. The tips of her hair skirting against the ground, she chewed her lip with her prominent buck teeth as she searched for a way to save herself. Unfortunately, all she found was more of Humility's sick idea of justice.

"Wait, when did that woman appear?" a passing man asked.

"Why is she naked?" asked another.

"Wow have you ever seen someone with so much body hair?"

"No, but I can't say I've seen teeth that big either."

"Forget about the teeth, what the hell is up with her hair?"

"I don't know, but she has a lot of nerve waltzing around naked with a body like that."

The comments and jeers at her sorry condition slowly chipped away at Bayonetta's confidence. For the first time in her life, a red blush spread across her cheeks as she desperately wished she could just disappear. She tried again and again to get back into limbo, hoping to find some escape from the social humiliation that had been thrust upon her.

"That'sh it!" Bayonetta demanded, trying to sound as intimidating as possible as spit flew from her mouth. "Come on out where I can shее you, coward. Shtop ushing underhanded tricksh and fight me."

"Why should I?" Humility asked, suddenly popping up behind Bayonetta to tower over her. "As far as I'm concerned, you've already lost. Although you seem quite stubborn. Even with your dignity and looks stripped of you, I can't seem to completely extinguish that rebellious spark of yours. Guess I should take matters into my own hands then."

Humility dove her hand between Bayonetta's butt cheeks. Pulling out the seat of her panties, she proceeded to lift them high above Bayonetta's head. Bayonetta let out an involuntary squeak, spit flying from her mouth as the wedgie went higher and higher. The people around her were confused at the sight, but did nothing to help. If anything, the growing number of eyes only served to add salt to the wound.

Effortlessly picking up Bayonetta's chubby body, Humility leaped into the air. Finding a nearby lamppost, she hung up the strained panties alongside her victim. Leaving Bayonetta to dangle several feet in the air, the angel watched the once proud Umbran witch flail around her chubby arms in an attempt to escape.

Bayonetta's constant struggling sent her borrowed glasses careening to the ground. The blurry glances she got at the crowd gathering around her made her feel like she had been thrown into her own personal hell. She could hear them examining every inch of her hairy, pudgy form,

each taking a turn to point out one of her unsavory features. Everything from the unflattering thicket of pubic hair peeking out from her nether region to the sweaty strands dangling from her armpits was on full display. She was nothing more than an overweight Christmas ornament, made to keep her in a constant state of humiliation to entertain the masses.

A malicious laugh echoed through the crowd, yet no one seemed to notice. Stepping out from the mass of people, Humility approached the compromised witch. The peace and tranquility the angel first exhibited was replaced with a wide grin that occasionally opened to let slip more of her sinister chuckling.

“This is just marvelous,” Humility announced, holding her arms aloft. “Finally justice has been served for all of the wrongs you have brought not only to my people, but the entire world.”

“Thish ishn’t jushtice,” Bayonetta yelled out. “You’re jusht torturing me for your own shick pleashure.”

“True, I do find enjoyment in giving the sinful what they deserve. However, I suppose I should bring this charade to an end.” With a flick of her wrist, Humility summoned a jeweled, golden dagger in her hands. “Farewell Umbran witch. May your last few moments on this plane be spent in repentance for what you have done.”

Showing off her wicked smile, Humility jabbed her dagger towards Bayonetta. Mere inches from the tip sinking into the Umbran nerd’s gut, a hailstorm of bullets pierced through the angel’s body. Dropping her dagger, the angel stumbled backwards. Too busy clutching the various bullet holes adorning her once pristine habit, she failed to notice the summoning circle behind her until it was too late. Hearing a low growl, Humility turned just in time to see the head of Gomorrah made out of white hair reach out to clamp its jaws around her body.

“Cereza!” Jeanne shouted, the white-haired witch running up to Bayonetta. “What on Earth happened to you?”

“It’s a long story,” Bayonetta replied, having to speak up over the sound of Humility getting devoured. “Just get me down.”

Opening up the door, Jeanne only saw darkness throughout the apartment. Her hand reached for the light switch on instinct, only to pull it back once she recalled what happened last time she abruptly turned them on. Making her way to the living room, she couldn’t help letting out a pitiful sigh as she looked upon Bayonetta’s sorry state.

Bayonetta was sitting with her legs spread out on the couch and her mouth hanging open, her eyes straining to see past her wide-rimmed glasses to remain transfixed on the laptop in front of her. The glow of the screen shimmered against the pair of cursed braces in her mouth, the metal doing little to correct the buck teeth that hindered her speech. Her mop of black hair was lazily hung behind her, the coarse strands never fully losing their greasiness no matter how often Bayonetta washed.

Passing her eyes over Bayonetta’s pudgy, 300-pound body, Jeanne couldn’t help wondering how it could belong to the same person. The extra-large tank top adorning her torso mitigated some of the sag of her breasts, although it still left her nipples visible through the fabric. Her hair riddled belly was left bare to hang between her thighs, the unruly strands nothing compared to the untamed forest that was her pubic hair. Still ignorant of Jeanne’s presence, Bayonetta reached her hairy, blubbery arm behind her to fix the pair of pink, granny panties clinging her chunky rear. Freeing herself of one of her constant wedgies, Bayonetta scratched her hairy legs before shoving a handful of cheese covered chips into her mouth.

“Cereza,” Jeaane announced, getting Bayonetta’s attention, “have you moved from that spot since the last time I saw you?”

“Yesh,” Bayonetta replied, spit flying from her mouth to splatter against her screen. “I shtop to ushe the reshtroom and get shome shnacksh”

“Have you tried shaving off your hair or doing any exercise?”

Bayonetta let out a laugh that turned into a piggish snort. “I’ve tried sho many timesh, but the hair growsh back in shecondsh. As for exercishe, I can’t shay I have much energy for that theshe daysh. You know how bad it ish shince I can’t even leave to buy clothesh myshelf.”

“Speaking of which...”

From behind her back, Jeanne produced a black bag with the Nerd Den’s logo plastered along the side. Graciously accepting the bag, Bayonetta searched through its contents. An eager look on her chubby face, she pulled out her new wardrobe. Examining the t-shirt, she stretched it out to fully appreciate the words, “Queen of the Interwebs” written in bright blue with a cute looking, cartoon spider with glasses below it.

“I have no idea why you sent me to such a place,” Jeanne commented, recalling the strange looks she got when she walked into the store. “The staff were nice enough, but I can’t see myself ever wanting to wear things like this.”

“It’sh moshtly becaushe I shtole from them,” Bayonetta answered as she began stripping out of her clothes. “That and thish shytle hash kind of grown on me.”

Bayonneta showed no shame for her hairy, chubby body as she got her new attire ready. Slipping on the shirt helped to cover up some of her gut, while still leaving enough room at the bottom to give her belly button room to breathe. Forgoing any form of lower clothing, she

swapped out her old panties for a new pair that had the words “Ultimate Gamer Chair” written across the backside.

Finished getting dressed, Bayonetta modeled her new outfit. “How do I look?” she asked, straining her overweight form to mimic one of her old poses.

“Why didn’t you put on pants?” Jeanne replied, not having the heart to tell her how she really felt about the outfit.

“Well, it’s not like I’m going out anytime soon,” Bayonetta replied, returning to sit in front of her laptop. “Any luck on the search for a cure?”

“Rodin has a lead on a pair of Umbran scissors that might do the trick,” Jeanne replied. “They should be able to remove the curse and undo some of the damage that angel did. Although, it might require cutting off most of your hair.”

“That’s fine with me,” Bayonetta said, running her hands along her hairy legs. “After this, I think I’ve had my fill of long hair for a while.”

As Bayonetta slouched over to continue browsing, Jeanne crept up behind her. Peeking over her shoulder, Jeanne could only summon an expression of blank confusion. “What is...fanfiction.net?”

“Oh it’s this awesome site where people post their stories,” Bayonetta replied, showing off a fire in her eyes that was usually reserved for battle. “I’ve mostly been reading other people’s work, but I’m going to try posting some of my own stuff soon.”

“Why on Earth would you do that?”

Bayonetta turned away from the screen and adjusted her glass. “Because it’s fun. Here, I’ll show you one of my favorites. It’s about this white-haired, demon shlyer.”

Curious about how her closest friend would waste away the day on a single website, Jeanne sat down beside her and got close. Pushing up against Bayonetta's pudgy, hairy form, she read along to get a better understanding of her new hobby. Even if this Bayonetta was a far cry from her old self, she was still more than willing to show off her passions, albeit in a more unorthodox way.