

Inaba's Hanako Havoc

It had been several years since the Midnight Channel last broadcasted in Inaba's late hours. Through sheer luck, three women who were well acquainted with the strange phenomenon had been around to witness it. Amongst the strange visions of yellow swirls and an imposing eye, they saw the visage of a former classmate. Albeit it was one that they had often tried to forget.

Leading the head of the pack, Chie remained vigilant for any signs of the missing woman. For the occasion of diving back into the TV world, she had outfitted herself with her favorite, green jacket and black skirt. While it had been a while since she had worn the outfit, the young woman with short brown hair found it more than suitable for allowing her to deliver swift kicks if she ran into any shadows that got in her way.

Following up behind her, Yukiko was uncertain why she had agreed to follow the same path of dressing in her old uniform. The red top and black skirt matched her headband and long, black hair, however she wasn't certain if they were the best option for combat. Keeping a tight grip on her fan and trying to keep herself attuned to her Persona, she took a deep breath and put trust in her two friends to keep them safe.

"It should be right this way," Rise commented, waving about her twin pigtails of dark brown hair in the process.

"Any idea why this place looks like our old high school?" Yukiko asked, the familiar building lacking any sense of nostalgia amongst the hazy, dream-like quality that permeated from its walls.

"No idea," Rise replied, fixing the wrinkles from her black school uniform and yellow ascot. "But at least we chose the right outfits for the mission. Should help with letting us blend in whenever we run into her."

“If that fails,” Chie said, pounding her fist into her open palm. “I’m sure we can take any problem that comes our way. Not like this is our first time after all.”

“I’d prefer not having to fight her,” Yukiko said, placing a hand on her friend’s shoulder as they entered the school and started walking down its halls. “I know we didn’t get along well, but she doesn’t deserve getting beaten up. Hopefully she’ll be a bit wiser than the last time we saw her.”

“Wait, I think I sense something this way,” Rise said, pointing towards the gymnasium doors.

With the three girls moving in unison, the group slowly crept their way inside. In the middle of the room, a collection of desks had been piled together to create a makeshift mountain. At the top of the peak was placed a gilded, couch-sized throne that glittered with a plethora of jewels. As astonishing as the gaudy chair was, it paled in comparison to the sheer sight of who was seated upon it adorned by a flowing, yellow cape.

“Oh,” Hanako said, her portly form emphasized by the undersized version of Rise’s uniform adorning her body. “Have my servants finally arrived to pay their respects?” she asked, adjusting the crown balanced atop her head of brown hair flanked by small, red ribbons. “It’s about time. I’m starving,” she shouted out, jiggling her thick chin and tossing spittle into the air in the process.

“No, we’re here to get you out of here,” Yukiko said. “Don’t you remember getting thrown into the TV?”

“Nonsense,” Hanako replied, trying and failing to cross her thick legs. “I was given a personal invitation to take my rightful title as the ruler of this place.”

“But, this is just our old school,” Rise pointed out.

“Yes,” she replied, a smug grin forming on her pudgy, freckled face. “It’s only right that I return to my old stomping grounds to resume ruling it with my beauty and grace.”

Hanako’s pleasant mood took a turn for the worse as she heard Chie’s mocking chuckle. Pursing her plump lips, she heaved herself into a standing position. “You dare mock the queen and all of her alluring body?” she asked, the gesture of her hands towards her meaty breasts and bulged out belly doing little to stem Chie’s laughter. “Perhaps you require a lesson on what a real woman should look and act like.”

“You want a fight?” Chie asked, getting herself into a battle position. “If that’s what it takes to get you out of here, then I’m happy to oblige, queen.”

“It won’t be a fight,” Hanako replied, grasping at a scepter topped with the same, black and white eye that had appeared on the television. “You three will merely accept your fate as heralds of the glorious, Queen Hanako’s perfect vision.”

With a wave of the scepter, Hanako sent a blustering whirlwind towards the young women. As the trio tried to withstand the overwhelming force, they felt something slither its way into their bodies. Forcing their eyes open, they managed to see crackles of yellow energy cascading down their skin. Trying and failing to look at the malicious grin of Hanako for answers was the last thing they could do before being swept off their feet and flung out the door.

Rather than crash into the hallway outside of the gym, Rise, Chie, and Yukiko landed in the room of the Amagi Inn they had used for their excursion. Landing amidst a pile of pillows, they took their time pulling away from each other. Examining their skin to see if there was any leftover damage, they eventually turned their attention back towards the TV. They only got a glimpse of Hanako’s smiling face before the program ended abruptly and was replaced with static.

“What was that all about?” Chie asked, slowly picking herself up off the ground.

“No idea,” Rise replied, fixing up her skirt. “I don’t feel any different. Do you?”

The response that echoed through the room was a growl emanating from Yukiko’s stomach.

“Sorry,” Yukiko said, rubbing her mid-section. “I guess I’m a little hungry.”

A moment later, the same rumblings were heard coming from Chie and Rise’s bodies.

“Guess that took a lot more out of us than I thought,” Chie commented. “Let’s grab a late night snack and head to bed. We’ll talk again in the morning to figure out what to do next.”

Agreeing wholeheartedly, Rise and Yukiko followed after Chie in search of something to nibble on in order to quell their ravenous stomachs.

There was a strange air amongst the group of women as they gathered in Yukiko’s room. It was the morning after their disastrous trip into the Midnight Channel and they had yet to fully recover. The taste of defeat was as strong as ever, with the memory of Hanako’s haughty face adding salt to their mental wounds. This was on top of the unsightly additions that had been thrust upon them the morning after.

“How is this even possible?” Chie asked, tapping her fingers against the sizable potbelly sticking out from her mid-section. “I haven’t looked this stuffed even after an all you can eat steak buffet.”

“These are obviously a side effect of our trip,” Yukiko answered, adjusting her shirt in a poor attempt to cover up her own rounded gut.

“It’s easy to explain,” Rise began, trying and failing to push back the pocket of pudge around her mid-section, “but I wish it was just as simple to reverse. How am I supposed to do my photo shoot next month?”

“I think that’s the least of our worries right now,” Yukiko dismissed.

With a huff, Chie lifted herself up off her seat. “Us gaining extra weight over the course of a single night isn’t a worry to you?”

Before Chie could get any closer, Rise begrudgingly used her extra belly fat to slip between her and Yukiko. “I think what she means is that we should be more concerned about Hanako. We might not like her, but we still have the duty of saving her from that place.”

“Save is a strong word,” Yukiko commented, flipping around her hair as she let her fingers tap against her potbelly. “She seemed to be in the lap of luxury.”

“Yeah and it’s not like she did anything to deserve it,” Chie added, sitting back down on the couch and letting her belly bulge sink between her legs. “If the queen wants to reign over her kingdom of nothing, maybe we should let her.”

“I’ll admit that she is far from deserving her title,” Rise began, curling a lock of her hair between her fingers, “but we still have to rescue her.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Chie said with begrudging acceptance. “But before that, we’re going to need to come up with a better plan. Yukiko, have you had any luck contacting Yu and the others? I think we’re going to need the back up.”

Yukiko opened up her mouth to respond, but she was stopped by a hungry growl emanating from her stomach. A moment later, a pair of similar noises were heard from Yukiko and Chie’s bellies. The rumblings brought a tint of red to their cheeks as the trio waited for a chance to speak up.

“Let’s get some breakfast first,” Rise spoke up. “It’ll be a lot easier to plan out our next move when we’re properly fed.”

“She’s right,” Chie said. “Yukiko, can you get us some room service?”

Yukiko let out a huff. “I’m already tired from last night’s mission. Why don’t you two take care of it?”

“Um, because you’re the owner’s daughter?” Rise asked, she and Chie left confused by the sudden outburst.

“Oh, right,” Yukiko replied, quickly regaining her old mannerisms. “I’ll be right back,” she said, quickly rushing out of the room before the thoughts of her strange reaction could weigh too heavily on her mind.

The intention had been for the group of women to spend a week recuperating from their failed mission in the TV world and head back in for the rescue mission. This consisted of gathering up as much supplies as they thought was necessary for taking on Queen Hanako once more. However, the items they had purchased were a questionable mix of things that strayed far from their usual gear. Despite the obvious lack of use, the supplies were thought of as invaluable for dealing with their strange conditions.

Yukiko’s stroll the halls of the Amagi Inn hit a snag as she heard the rip. With an annoyed huff, she shuffled her shopping bags to the side to find the source of her discomfort. She found the obvious culprit in the form of the ripped hole at the center of her pink blouse that showed off her chubby belly. Pulling on the hem of her top helped to cover up her mid-section but threatened

to pop her heftier bosom straight out. Just hoping that her skirt would keep her bubble butt hidden long enough for her to get changed, she continued on her way towards her personal suite.

Sliding open the door, Yukiko was expecting to drop off her bags and collapse on her couch. That expectation was replaced with confusion as she spotted Chie and Rise sitting on the cushions. The duo had promised that they would go out and collect supplies while Yukiko got new clothes for them. Instead, it looked like all they had accomplished was working through their last collection of purchases.

For Chie, the stress her pudgy gut was putting on her tank top was a secondary concern to pulling out the last few bits of jerky from her bag. Eagerly chowing down on the dried meat shook her thick chin and jostled about her enhanced bosom in the process. Too concerned with pouring the remaining crumbs into her mouth, she didn't pay attention to either Yukiko's presence or the tear in the seat of her pants showing off her chubby rear.

Rise's reaction to the extra meat piled around her breasts nearly popping apart the buttons of her blouse was to find more food. Her unwillingness to leave the comfort of her couch meant that she had to abandon reaching for the bag on the other side of the room. Scrunching up her belly fat, she attempted to snatch up one of the bags of jerky Chie has set aside. Unfortunately, she only managed to grab one for herself before a bump from her friend's bosom sent her flailing back into her seat. Though there was no friction between the cushion and her soft rear, Rise still took offense when the interaction popped off the top portion of her blouse's buttons.

"What was that for?" Rise asked, seemingly unconcerned that her lacey, pink D-cup bra was fully visible.

"It's what you get for trying to steal my food," Chie shot back before shoveling a handful of jerky into her mouth.

“What are you two still doing here?” Yukiko asked, moving carefully to avoid tearing her outfit any further.

Rise tilted her head up. “You didn’t really think that we would go out in public without proper clothing, did you?”

“Yeah, can’t get much done when people are gawking at my fat,” Chie added while she continued to chew on her meat. “Were you able to find something good for us?”

“People gave me a few weird looks going into the plus-sized section,” Yukiko replied as she dug through her bag. “I got so nervous that I just grabbed whatever I thought would fit us.”

While Yukiko was still searching through it, Chie snatched the bag out of her hands. Peeking through the collection of clothing, she failed to hide her look of discontent. Shoving up against Chie and glancing down at the recent purchase, Rise made a similar expression as she glared at Yukiko.

“Is this really the best the stores had to offer?” Rise asked.

“It doesn’t even fully show off my beautiful form,” Chie added. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

“I-I’m sorry,” Yukiko said, wincing more at the words than at her own clothes coming apart at the seams. “Those were all that I could find. The store didn’t have much of a variety for larger women.”

Yukiko’s excuse did little to dissuade the other’s annoyance. As they stepped towards her, forming more tears in their clothing, the anger in their eyes made it appear like they were about to ignite her where she stood. Overwhelmed by their pressure, Yukiko began to shake in place. The shudders going through Yukiko’s form and popping off buttons from her blouse made the others come back to their senses.

“Sorry,” Chie said, scratching her head. “I didn’t mean to scare you like that.”

“It’s fine,” Yukiko said, carefully sitting herself down on the couch to help herself calm down. “These outbursts aren’t our fault. It’s whatever Hanako did to us.”

“All the more reason we need to stay together to work through this, right?” Rise asked, receiving nods of approval in response. “Then let’s try to focus on our next move... after we get dressed of course. Now hand me that yellow skirt.”

“Hey, I wanted that one!” Chie said, struggling with Rise to claim the clothes for herself.

Faced with the sight of the two girls fighting with each other, Yukiko could only let out a sigh. At the tail end of the exasperated breath, she heard a familiar rumble from her stomach. Figuring that she had more than earned a snack for her trip, she ripped into one of the abandoned jerky bags. As she helped herself to the dried meat, she flipped on the TV. Mindlessly chewing on the savory snack, she didn’t pay much attention to the news report. Over the sound of the others straining to fit into their new outfits, she completely missed the reporter talking about an abnormal fog predicted to roll in during the coming week.

“Yukiko, your turn!” Chie shouted out.

“Yeah, yeah,” Yukiko said, finishing off the bag before heaving herself up off the couch. “I just hope you saved something worthy of my glorious figure.”

The fog that blew past Chie’s body as she strolled through Inaba was of little help to her strenuous task. She had seen the strange phenomenon before many times in the past. Before her visit to Hanako’s palace, the sight of the mist enveloping the town would have filled her with an

intense sense of dread. Now all it did was make traveling along the streets more difficult as her vision was hindered by the fog.

Coming to a stop on a corner, Chie leaned herself up against a wall to take a break. Relief flooded through her form as she pressed her pudgy face up against her doughy arm. Taking in deep, husky breaths, she let her other hand lift up her skirt to massage her aching, thick thighs. Without much hesitation, she let her fingers reach back to dig the fabric of her panties out from between her chunky butt cheeks. For a moment her hand hovered over the doughy gut making up her nearly 300 pound form with the idea of tugging down her jacket to cover it up. However, she was well aware that trying to do so would likely plop her boobs out to show anyone that passed their hefty, E-cup size.

Finally having regained a portion of her stamina, Chie slowly raised her head up. Blowing the stray strands of hair from her face revealed the extra plumpness on her lips. Though at first she had been concerned about the modified mouth when she had seen it in her bathroom mirror, it quickly showed its worth when it came to scarfing down breakfast. The unhinged gluttony she had experienced had managed to keep her belly at bay for the time being, but that all fell apart as she set her eyes on the tell tale glow of a vending machine.

As Chie shuffled her way towards the sanctuary of junk food, she began to take notice of a figure similar to her own. Like her, the woman's clothes were dangerously close to being broken apart by her heavy breasts and belly. Though the black blouse around her torso seemed to be attempting to do its job, the undersized skirt around her wide hips hid little of her lower body. The fact that her doughy rear and her pink, thong-like panties were on display were of a secondary concern to her current goal.

Reaching a pudgy hand into the machine's opening, the woman tore open a candy bar and shoved it in her mouth. Each repetition of her chews jiggled about her chubby cheeks and smacked her thick lips. As the woman went back down to get another bag of chips, Chie finally realized who she was by the pair of pigtails cradling her fat face.

Before Chie could call out to Rise, the idol was shoved aside by a belly flanked by an obese woman, adorned in a flowery, pink kimono. Recognizing the outfit as being taken from the Amagi Inn helped to identify the aggressor as Yukiko. However, the look of arrogance on her thick lips was unlike anything the young woman had shown before. Not waiting to see if Rise was okay or even for the jiggles to stop threatening to slip her pudgy form out of the fabric, Yukiko swiveled herself around and started slapping her hand against the vending machine's controls.

"What was that for?" Rise called out, slowly picking herself up off the ground.

"You were in my way," Yukiko replied, not even looking at her supposed friend. Scrunching up her belly folds, she reached into the machine to pull out a bag of pretzels. "And I was hungry."

Moments after Yukiko finished off her salty snack, her attempt to retrieve another treat from the device was hindered by Rise charging right into her thick rear. Though Yukiko was slammed against the machine, the bulk of the impact was absorbed by her belly fat. The machine didn't end up so lucky as she ended up slamming her tits against it in an effort to knock Rise away with a retaliatory butt bump. Flailing around her flabby arms to stop herself from falling over, Rise stared down Yukiko's haughty, smug expression before charging in once more.

"Girls cut it out!" Chie shouted out, straining her aching thighs to run over and bring about a momentary peace.

With a huff, Rise pulled away from the machine. “She started it.”

“It’s your fault for hogging it to yourself,” Yukiko shot back with her lips in an incredulous pout.

“Because I wasn’t done yet,” Rise replied, rubbing her hand along the exposed part of her gut. “You know how much we need to eat to keep this curse at bay.”

“All the more reason that we need to work together with one another,” Chie said as she stomped over to them. “Otherwise you’re no better than that woman I ran into at the bakery earlier.”

“What woman?” Yukiko asked.

“Some self-righteous woman that thought was more deserving of a croissant than me,” Chie replied as she started tapping her fingers against the machine’s buttons. “Just one of the many others that think they can start copying my body’s beauty.” Retrieving a can of soda and bag of jerky from the machine, she began to stuff her face. “One more reason to figure out how to rescue Hanako.”

“Give me some of that,” Rise demanded, only for Chie to hold the soda higher above her head.

“Yeah, you have to share,” Yukiko added, reaching out for the bag of dried meat.

As the trio continued to struggle against each other’s girth to try and satisfy their gluttony, they paid little attention to their clothes coming apart at the seams. The feeling of their chub sticking out from various holes had become more common over the course of the last few two weeks. In spite of the threat that they would be left completely exposed, their need to stuff themselves was only stopped by the loud creak and clang of the vending machine as their combined weight pushed it over.

In the wake of the device smashing against the concrete, the three women looked about ready to wrap their hands around each other's thick necks. Thankfully, their throats were saved as the defeated machine started to spew out the rest of its treasure. Flopping to the ground, the girls began to gather up as many snacks as possible in order to keep themselves fed until they arrived back at the Amagi Inn for lunch.

Coming in from the pouring rain outside, Rise was forced to abandon the water-slicked jacket over her shoulders. Carelessly tossing the garment to the floor, she took her time attempting to use her plump fingers to strain her hair of any moisture. Any progress she made came at the cost of droplets finding their way onto her white blouse to let the image of her meaty bosom show through. Looking past her thick chin to see her F-cup, black bra was visible through the fabric, she merely continued to dry out her follicles.

Waddling her way through Aiya, she greeted anyone that dared to get in her way by bumping them aside with her gut. Those daring enough to say something would receive a secondary assault in the form of a hit from her wide hips. Satisfied with ridding herself of people who didn't properly respect her beautiful form, she took a moment to pull her skirt out from between her fat ass cheeks before continuing to push her thick legs to continue carrying her over 400 pound-self forward.

Rise's goal was a special table that had been reserved ahead of time for the event. Sitting at a booth with their belly folds sucking up the edges of table were Yukiko and Chie. Like Rise, they didn't seem to care about the moisture clinging to their clothes that showed off the undergarments through their sheer, white clothing. While they busied themselves with constantly

smacking their thick lips in conversation, Rise couldn't help noticing that they were bigger than her. It was by miniscule amount discernable only to her, but the mere fact that their bodies outshone her own made her grind her teeth.

"Rise?" Chie called out, getting the idol to quickly put a false smile on her newly freckled face.

"What took you so long?" Yukiko added, gesturing towards the pair of chairs that had been placed on the edge of the table.

"It's this awful weather," Rise replied, carefully balancing her large backside on the set of the chairs. "Makes you wonder why the owner is so insistent on selling their only good item on a rainy day like this."

Crossing her arms, Yukiko let out a huff as she incidentally showed off her bosom. "Probably just an excuse to get people to ignore the typically disappointing meals here."

"Yeah, those appetizers barely kept our stomachs at bay while we waited for you," Chie added, gesturing towards the pile of empty plates she had stacked on another table. "Thankfully, it doesn't look like we have to wait much longer."

Several employees made their way towards the girls' table, each of them pushing along with them a serving cart. With a bit of a strain, the servers placed three enormous bowls on the table. The seemingly bottomless dishes contained the legendary, Rainy Day Mega Beef Bowl. It was like a black hole of meat that seemed to be an endless source of excellent flavors mixed with an unfathomable size. The impressive meal was intended to be a challenge many attempted but very few had overcome. This daunting legacy did not prevent the women from picking up their forks to dig in.

Conversation amongst the trio became impossible as they focused solely on stuffing their faces like pigs. In the process, more than a few stray droplets of broth escaped from their plump lips to further stain their clothes. The mess trailing down their thick chins was further spread across the room with each shift of their bellies as they dove deeper and deeper into the bowls. Making their seats creak as they continued to adjust themselves to remain comfortable, created a cacophony of concern for those around them. However, they didn't even bother to acknowledge the strained pleas of their chairs as they slurped up the last few bits of the meaty meal.

"That wasn't half bad," Chie said, wiping her mouth clean with the back of her hand.

"Shame they gave us so little of it," Yukiko said, haphazardly stacking her empty bowl on the other table along with the other plates.

"Well, the deal is we get it for free if we finish it off," Rise commented as she turned her attention towards the servers. "Come on then. Bring another round of Mega Beef Bowl Challenges."

The server's moment of hesitation proved to be their undoing.

"What you want your customers to starve?" Rise asked, splattering the poor employees with spit in the process. "Unless you want us to leave a nasty review, you'll get us more food on the double."

Keeping their smiles up for a bit longer, the servers collected the empty plates. With the employees muttering under their breaths about the women's lack of manners, the trio leaned back in their chairs. In full disregard of the mess they had made of their clothes or the way they disgracefully showed off their fat, they let their fingers rub at their bellies.

"So, what took you so long to get here?" Yukiko asked as she sucked her fingers clean of any leftover drops.

A beaming, prideful smile appeared on Rise's thick lips. "I just came back from my photoshoot."

"Really?" Chie asked, leaning forward in her seat. "How did it go?"

Rise smirked. "See for yourself," she replied, reaching between her bosom to pull out a number of pictures.

The images that were tossed onto the table depicted the pudgy pop idol in a skimpy, two-piece swimsuit. The various poses she had taken to show off the benefits of her heftier form harkened back to her old self's usual style. There were obviously some limitations to what could be done without making her too tired or still fit in camera, but the photo set managed to properly convey her so-proclaimed beauty.

"These came out amazing," Yukiko said, clutching a photo between her fingers and trying to hide her envy.

Rise let out a pleased huff. "Well, at least someone knows what true beauty looks like," she said as she waved about her hair. "I just wish my producers could see that my body is the peak that all women should strive for."

Amidst the trio sharing a set of confirming nods with their thick chins, the door to the shop opened up once more. Though the women didn't pay any attention to the new arrivals at first, they were forced to acknowledge the heavy thuds of the various footfalls. Following the sounds of wheezing breaths they found the group of obese ladies that looked all too familiar.

Each of the new arrivals boasted bellies and curves similar to their own. While they weren't nearly as large as the trio, they were sporting undersized clothing, freckled faces, and plump lips shaped into smug smiles. The new arrivals' intentions became clear as they raised their pudgy arms in unison and called out for orders of the Mega Beef Bowl Challenge.

One after another, the trio of Yukiko, Chie, and Rise squeezed their way through the widescreen TV. Waiting for them on the other side was the same copy of their old High School looming over them. In the weeks that had passed since they had last visited the Midnight Channel, the main difference seemed to be the number of shadows lurking around. All of them were wearing sashes claiming their undying devotion to Queen Hanako. Considering everything they had been through, the three women had learned to understand why it was so easy to put such a woman on a pedestal.

“Let’s just get this over with,” Rise said, with a huff from her plump lips. Striking a pose, she waved about her twin pigtails of brown hair. The pose she had done multiple times before threatened to pop apart the white tank top and pink skirt she had worn. However, the bits of her flabby belly and heaving, H-cup bosom that peeked out were considered more of a flaunt of pride rather than a shameful act.

As impressive as Rise’s wide backside was, Yukiko merely let out an unimpressed huff. After all, her gloriously doughy butt cheeks were just as perfectly plump, if not more. As she sauntered alongside Rise, she made sure to make this fact clear by slamming her hips against the idol. The threat of her pudgy form breaking out of her red top and matching black skirt once more were of little concern. Especially considering it allowed her to hoist up her thick neck with a sense of superiority.

“That’s enough you two,” Chie said, stomping her way forward, her pants doing little to prevent her thick thighs from rubbing against each other. Pulling at her jacket to keep it on her

chunky form, she placed a free hand on her gut. “Let’s get this over with so we can get back to Yukiko’s place.”

With a grimace, Yukiko stomped up to bump her gut against Chie’s. “What, just so you can eat all of my snacks again?”

Chie placed her fingers along her bosom. “Those snacks were for all of us,” she shot back.

“Stop it,” Rise said, stepping in just as Chie’s heavy strides wreaked havoc on her pantyhose. “Let’s focus on what we’re here for.” With the other women nodding in agreement, she took the lead. “Come on. We need this problem fixed before my next photo shoot.”

Sinking a hand between her meaty tits, Yukiko pulled out her fan. “Not like they’re going to make things easy for us,” she commented as the group approached the shadows.

With their Personas at the ready, each woman prepared themselves for combat. Upon seeing the group approach the front doors of the school, the shadows stopped their mindless wandering to stare at them. Rather than launch into an attack, they moved robotically into position. Creating two parallel lines, the creatures bowed their heads and gestured towards the entrance.

“All hail, our glorious Queen Hanako,” the shadowy figures praised in unison. “Long may she reign.”

“Good to see that they know when true beauty is amongst them at least,” Rise commented, using the wave and smile she had practiced multiple times with her fans.

“That or they just think we’re Hanako,” Yukiko commented as the group put away their weapons.

“Whatever gets us in faster I guess,” Chie added, forcing open the front doors with a belly bump.

The girls received a similar treatment from the shadows as they made their way through the halls. A few of the creatures were even kind enough to offer them snacks as tribute. Rather than waste time wondering if the food was edible or even to thank the shadows, they each snatched up the offerings and moved on. Leaving behind a trail of empty wrappers in their wake, they eventually arrived back at the gym. Recognizing the husky laugh from the other side, they re-drew their weapons and prepared themselves for the final showdown.

Hanako stopped mid-bite into a pie as she watched the group approach her. Flourishing her cape, she pointed out her scepter with the intention of blowing away her latest intruders. She paused mid-swipe as she took in the visage of the trio. With a chuckle, her scowl shifted into a pleased grin.

“I see that you have bettered yourselves by taking on much more pleasing figures,” Hanako replied as she waved her scepter through the air. “Shame that you would come here just to spit in the face of my generosity. I had hoped you would have learned your lesson rather than fight me over simply returning to your former, unappealing selves.”

“We’re not here to change back,” Chie explained.

Hanako narrowed eyes on her doppelgangers. “Oh, then why are you here?”

“Because Inaba is getting cramped,” Yukiko answered. “Everywhere we go, the stores are running out of food, all the properly sized, cute outfits are getting snatched up, and we have to squeeze through doors that are already too small for our bodies.”

“Not to mention,” Chie added. “Everyone thinks they’re better than us. Can you believe that?”

“Besides,” Rise began as she stepped ahead of the others. “How am I supposed to wow the world with my new look if everyone else is exactly the same?”

“Hmm, indeed,” Hanako said, easing her blubber a bit. “But to reverse the effects, I would have to leave my kingdom behind. What could you possibly offer that would convince me to leave my sanctuary?”

Looking away from Hanako, Chie and Rise turned their attention to Yukiko. Though she attempted to feign ignorance, there was only so much that she could withstand their gaze. “Fine,” she relented, stepping forward to make her proposal to the queen.

Upon Yu’s return to Inaba, his eyes were wary of the lingering fog he saw slowly dissipating from the town. The sight of the mystery haze going away should have given the grey haired, young man a sense of relief. It was a sign that whatever the girls had done on the Midnight Channel had managed to take care of the issue. The only problem was that none of them had replied to his messages since his arrival.

Making his way through town, Yu took note of several strange sights. Every clothing store had women out the door holding oversized clothing to return. Many of the restaurants were closed down with signs posted saying that they were out of food. Regardless of where he wandered, he kept seeing traces of the Hanako Havoc in the form lingering pockets of fat on ladies’ bodies, freckles on their faces, and the odd occasion of pride making them act out. Carefully avoiding the scenes of public distress and the chubby figures, he combed the town for any sign of the others.

Eventually, Yu arrived at the front entrance of the Amagi Inn. Cursing himself for not checking in on the obvious location first, he made his way inside. Finding it strange that Yukiko wasn't working the reception desk, he strolled up to the woman and asked if she had seen her or his other companions.

"Oh, Miss Amagi is here," the receptionist answered. "She's entertaining three guests at the moment. Although, I wouldn't really advise bothering her."

Explaining his connection to Yukiko, Yu managed to get a general direction to her room. Arriving at the luxurious suite, he was almost knocked out by the smell of perfume that greeted him. Stumbling in, he nearly tripped over the many empty food packages that littered the ground. Looking through the mess of a room, he got his clue to the owners of the mess as he spotted a collection of bath robes hanging over the couch.

Yu's path to the hot springs was hurried by a series of husky laughs. Though the chuckles brought with them a sense of unknown smugness, behind it he could hear parts of his friend's voices. Hurried along by a concern for what they had become, he rushed past the changing room without noticing the XXXL clothes he passed along the way. Flinging open the door, he opened his mouth to call out to his friends, only to have a rag thrown at his face.

Pulling the cloth off of him, Yu attempted to peek through the steam to see four, similarly shaped and sized figures submerged in the water. The one who had thrown the cloth was only identifiable as Chie thanks to her short, brown hair. Similarly, Yukiko and Rise were only recognizable by their own locks currently caressing their pudgy faces. Staring out at the final member of the group, it took him a moment to figure out who it was. His epiphany that he was staring at the original Hanako came moments before he was hit with another cloth to the face.

"Hold on," Yukiko called out, waving a pudgy hand towards Chie. "It's Yu."

Chie let out a huff as she crossed her arms, doing a poor job of hiding her meaty mammaries. “Well, he should have knocked first.”

“Maybe he did it on purpose,” Rise said, pushing her gut up against the edge to get a better look. “Not everyday you get to see an idol in the flesh. Especially one who’s about to take the world by storm with her new style and grace.”

“Didn’t your manager put you on indefinite leave?” Hanako asked, shamelessly scratching at her thick rear.

“It’s just until they realize what true beauty is,” Rise answered, flinging about her pigtailed and wobbling about her thick chin. “All I need is a bit more cultivating.”

“You heard her,” Chie said, getting Yu moving with a push of her belly. “Go grab us some snacks if you want to hang out with us.”

Rather than try and stand his ground, Yu wisely retreated back into the inn to find more food. With a satisfied grin, Chie waddled her way back into the water. The impact of her chunky rear hitting the surface created a series of waves that splashed across the others’ stomach rolls. Before she could fully relax, she felt a series of pokes into her blubbery arm. With a snort, she turned her angry eyes towards the source. “What?”

“Can I have a turn with the back scratcher?” Yukiko asked. “I could really use it.”

With a sigh, Chie reached into her fat folds to retrieve Hanako’s scepter. “Fine,” she said, handing it over to allow Yukiko to refresh the object’s influence. “But make sure you share with the others. How else are we going to show people what real women are supposed to look like?”

“Yeah,” Hanako cheered, settling back into her spot, content in knowing she was surrounded by people that finally understood her true beauty.