

Midoriya rose up from his bed, his eyes wide and his hand over his tightened chest; sweat beading off his forehead. His head swerved in every direction as he scanned the familiar sights of his bedroom and counted whatever trinkets of his he could find one after the other. The miniature figurines of All-Might were aligned in single file and standing on his desk as he remembered, his massive red, white, and blue star-spangled flag clung to the drywall adding color to his otherwise beige palette. Above his desk stood his assortment of books that were neatly stacked in single file, with not a missing gap to be found or an inch moved off where they sat, down to the spotless shelf they stood upon having recently been polished.

Breath evened out, and Midoriya collapsed back on his pillow as a sense of relief eased the nerves dancing in his stomach. He couldn't risk getting up so soon unless he were to jumpstart his anxiety again. Torturing himself as always came too commonly for him, something pointed out even by those who knew him for less than a single day. Not that anyone could blame especially in his new circumstances. The entirety of last week played on loop as if it were happening nonstop. He wiggled onto his side before swiping for his phone and instantly turning it on, scrolling past his list of contacts until he stopped on the one name that he could trust above all others, not hesitating to call their number.

As the phone dial rang, Midoriya's fingers trembled on the edge of the phone screen with the intense pressure in his head throbbing. The incidents that transpired started fairly small, be it Mina's insistence on wearing mini-skirts too short for her or Hagakure bumping crowds of people just by walking. Ochako would occasionally walk the halls of the university refusing to look at anyone let alone speak and of course Midoriya immediately went south whenever Mei happened to be in the same room as him. Then it reached the point where the intercoms were hacked into to play the famed country singer Trace Adkins' song 'Honky Tonk Badonkadonk' that he could no longer deny last week's encounter as a coincidence. This was-

"Uh, hello? Midoriya? Is this about that twerking stuff again?"

Midoriya's shoulders hunched as the tone dials on the phone were replaced by a soft-spoken woman whose shaky voice sounded no less confident than his. He rose from his bed and gingerly strolled to the window outside, scanning those walking through the university's main plaza while his mind snapped back to reality.

"Hhhheeeey..." Midoriya yawned and wiped his face with his sleeve, unable to find Mei or any of the other girls in sight, clapping be damned.

"Are you doing okay?" Midoriya's friend continued. "You sound like you woke up from a hangover."

“Haha, uh, yeah...” Midoriya tapped his foot and drew a long breath. The giggling on the other end failed to chip at Midoriya’s gloom, but he nodded along as if she were in the same room as him. Of all the girls Midoriya met, she always knew what to say even when all hell broke loose. Being older than him certainly helped. The newly graduated blonde and Midoriya were of the few quirkless people in a world filled of heroes and villains, yet she never hesitated to step up alongside him or his friends when the time called for her. If she were to stand aside girls like Ochako or Tsuyu however, Midoriya wouldn’t have any trouble believing she was a hero on par with them. She always ran across the room, offering scientific advice and anything her father made to help others in a pinch. Who else could be better to help solve a strange epidemic that affected the girls alone at school?

Of course, she graduated first so she wouldn’t know the problems firsthand, Midoriya thought. But given that most of his male friends were either using their time to be alone and he refused to tell a teacher at the risk that his girl friends could be humiliated, his options were rapidly shrinking every day, whether he were acting on trying to uncover a solution or not. In times like these, an outsider’s perspective would be a blessing, especially if they were in the same demographic as Mei and the others.

“But seriously, don’t worry, I already spoke to Mei yesterday,” confirmed the woman on the phone. “She actually said she came up with something that she thinks will help and wanted to ask if I might come along to help her.”

“What did you say?” Midoriya’s knuckles whitened as he held his phone. It lasted for a second, but the image of her squatting next to Ochako in little else than shorts appeared in his mind like a leper leaping out at him. He shook his head to relinquish his thoughts and crossed his legs together for extra insurance while she kept speaking.

“I said yes, because well, I don’t see why not?” Midoriya’s friend’s voice rose in pitch before relaxing soon after. “This is gonna sound really silly, but I think you and the others might be overreacting. Japan isn’t *too* far off when it comes to bigger girls. Maybe Mei and Ochako just need to compare themselves less to people from America?”

Midoriya turned on his heel and marched to his closet. “No way, they’re like... really huge,” he said, “Like, the kind of bodies you’d see on fetish websites. I didn’t want to believe it until Mei started coming on to me and complaining about how big she had gotten, and then she-”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, that’s a little too much information!” Midoriya’s cheeks glowed red while his friend collected herself, sensing his embarrassment on the other end. “Look, I’m not gonna say that girls don’t focus on their bodies, but they don’t willingly flaunt their asses to boys unless it’s their... ‘job’. That’s not how most of us work, okay?”

“But that’s the thing, she said she couldn’t control herself.” Midoriya explained. “I’m sorry I started off like that, I really can’t think of what else to do.”

“It’s okay, Midoriya. I promise I’m gonna help you,” his friend assured, “just let me make sure my dogs aren’t trying to kill each other, and I’ll grab my pogo stick and get going.”

“You promise?”

“Of course! That’s what friends do.”

Midoriya set his phone aside and pulled a loose-fitting golden t-shirt adorned by a small child sleeping with his pet dog in a field of sunflowers shaped like a heart. He threw it over his head as a smile blossomed on his face, the fear of the moment melting at least.

“Thanks Melissa. I can’t tell you how much this means to me,” he said.

Melissa chuckled. “Hey, what are friends for, huh? Just come to the break room in a couple of hours and things will be fine.”

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Her thighs wobbling the faster she marched back and forth, Ochako couldn’t bear to look away from the floor as she counted the seconds in her head. The rest of her friends should have arrived half an hour ago, yet only Mei made her way to the underground break room, twiddling her thumbs behind her desk, having finished what she declared to be her latest invention. Ochako squeaked faintly listening in on the clatter outside the underground room, the shoes occasionally clomping like soldiers marching off to battle coupled with the faint hint of pop music that had her hips swinging as she strolled. The array of tools and scraps of leather surrounding Mei blurred and shimmered as Ochako squinted her eyes, already squatting down to stave off the inevitable to no avail. If anything, arching her back out had her hips swaying behind her, and she bounced her ass at the door until the music in the hallway grew softer before coming to a merciful end.

This was every day for her throughout the past week - both Ochako, Mei, *and* the rest of their friends. None of the girls could rest unless they were completely alone with the doors locked at night, where only then could they be free from a world of needle drops and cute boys who threatened to invade their existence by existing on their own. Some of the girls were able to breathe fine at first, their new big butts made life interesting compared to before. Others weren’t

as lucky, let alone as clever. Mei herself had stayed isolated in her room until that very morning, yet couldn't help hiding in her chair wondering when trouble might strike her.

But before she could dwell on the thought for another second, the footsteps outside the break room grew louder and harder, all the while accompanied by a familiar round of applause that saw every hair on her neck standing tall. Mei wouldn't realize who they were until the door flew open and Mei fell back in her seat, cushioned by her doughy hip squishing against the cold floor.

Scampering on the floor with Ochako rolling on her chest as she fell on her own backside, Mei's chest heaved and shrank, taking each breath deeply until she could recognize Jiro's sullen eyes on the opposite end. Behind her stood Mina holding a cardboard box in her arms and Hagakure fidgeting her hands together. The two of them followed Jiro from behind in single file, squirming to themselves as they passed the doorway, unable to take their eyes off of it until they were actually in the room. Only then did the three girls turn to see Ochako with heavy bags under her eyes and Mei looking no worse for wear, feverishly gnawing her lip as she staggered beside her friend.

"Sorry we're late," Jiro gestured her ass to Ochako, her hand twitching as it hovered above the cheeks far enough so that it wouldn't touch them. "We had to drag Mina here because otherwise she would fight."

"You're damn right I would!" Mina retorted. "Walking hasn't been so good for us, and I'm not talking about the guys who keep staring when we pass by."

"Although that has been a problem too," Jiro hung her head until Ochako lifted it back. Their sleepy gazes met at last.

"Hey... don't worry about it," Ochako groaned, holding back a yawn, "You didn't happen to get stuck in the halls or the lunch room, did you?"

Now came Hagakure's turn to whimper. The hairs on the back of Ochako's neck turned to needles seeing her stretched leggings wobble across each end of the room. The seams across Hagakure's right thigh were splitting by a few inches, leading the eye to a sliver of mossy green that reached across her hip and shrank when she stopped squirming.

"B-both?" Hagakure swallowed hard as fire roared in her cheeks. Even with her skin being invisible to the naked eye, her body flared up to those who stood around her, prompting them to step back while she spoke. "Someone dropped a little yen on the ground when we went to lunch, so I bent over to grab it, and-"

“Your pants split by accident?”

Shoulders hunched as Hagakure hitched her breath, flinching when Mei sauntered to her then leaned to her thigh, pointing a finger to the patch of gray that had been opened. She gazed ahead to find the pink string that hid behind Hagakure’s leggings and disappeared around the corner where her perfect ass met her. Each cheek clenched together as the tip of Mei’s finger followed along the string that started in the hole, leading her to the center of Hagakure’s big butt.

“Is this,” Mei muttered, “a thong?”

Hagakure’s throat clogged, and she gagged on the lump silencing her. Ochako sounded so far away that Hagakure clutched her head in her hands, the world spinning in circles around her. “Where did you get this from?” Mei asked in a hushed tone.

Hearing those words brought Hagakure’s brain to a screeching halt. She glanced at her feet as she stumbled over her words, unable to compose herself. Even when Jiro rubbed her back with a gentle look in her deadpan eyes, she couldn’t stay steady. The time she spent dwelling in misery could only help her for so long, especially when nobody had any answers. She wanted to scream, but all that escaped her lips was one word that every girl nearby knew - that nearly girl dreaded hearing her whisper under her breath.

“B-Bev...” Hagakure struggled to bring her voice to a higher pitch with Mei’s blood turning to ice listening to her stumble over her words. “Bev, B-bev... uh, Bev-”

“Bev gave us these stupid thongs yesterday with a note saying we should meet her!” Jiro threw her arms in the air, the anger in her voice drawing the girls to her; a commander among the weakened. “She called us earlier in the week and said she can make this go away if we do some commercials and shake our asses for her! I can’t stand it!”

Ochako’s eyes bulged. The sternness in Jiro’s face told her everything she needed. The toothy grin that Mina gave as she shoved her beside Hagakure said what she *didn’t* want to hear, yet when she hiked her shorts above her waist, dragging her nylon pants up her crack, the walls caved in around Ochako further, and Hagakure’s shivering failed to ease the mood.

“You can thank me for setting that deal up,” Mina enthusiastically proclaimed. “And really, you girls shouldn’t be complaining. I think this might be that shot in the arm we always needed, ain’t it Jiro?”

The edges of Mina’s lips twisted into a devilish, albeit playful, grin as she nudged Jiro’s forearm. She rubbed her hip alongside hers, their asses squishing in tandem to one another, revealing more

of Mina's fair pink skin. If she were to keep pushing any further, her own thong hidden beneath her shorts would have rode up her crotch. Jiro, however, spared Mina by swinging her ass towards her, sending her falling to the ground. The cold steel flooring cushioned her on impact, and she giggled like a maniac while Jiro shook her head, relieved to finally shut her up to some small extent.

"First off: I said I wanted to have a little less thin and be more built," Jiro bent her legs and wiggled her ass side-to-side above Mina's head as her own shorts bounced in tandem to her movements. "That does *not* mean I want to look like some sort of bimbo for guys like Mineta to ogle at all day."

"Or girls," Ochako grumbled quietly, giving her own ass a self-conscious pat.

"Second: just because you're happy with wearing whatever Bev sends you isn't an excuse to pester us to join in," Jiro waved to Hagakure as Mina heaved her body up, her arms shaking and her head pounding listening to her constant complaining, ending the laughing fit that fell onto her. "Getting Hagakure's permission to do something does not mean you can do it. And swapping out her underwear isn't going to help either."

"So what?" Mina shrugged. "She never wore real panties until we went exercising anyway. And at least the ones Bev got her are camouflage!"

Removing the flap on the box, Mina opened it in front of Ochako and Mei, revealing a rainbow of differently-colored thongs and miniskirts each folded neatly atop one another, securely separated in each section. With her throat growing dry, Ochako pushed apart pairs of panties and pulled back when other similar 'gifts' were found; all of them brandished with the same giraffe logo that Bev showed in her commercials, be it panties or booty shorts that left her mark on the back of their seats. The intentions couldn't have been any less creepy unless there might have been a severed head inside, which Ochako flinched at the thought.

The color in her face vanished as Mina casually brought the box to herself, then dropped it to the ground, dusting her hands off. Unlike her friends, Mina's optimism remained ever-present as she pulled her own shorts down by a few inches, showing enough of her hips so that the girls could see her own emerald thong snuggling hidden within the crevice of her crack. Her actual waistband wasn't any less thin than her regular panties, but since the palm of Mina's hand failed to cup even one of her ass cheeks alone, Bev's offering slipped past undetected, even if her crotch itched as the soft fabric grinded against her.

"And besides, Bev says these thongs can quell our dancing," Mina added as she pulled her shorts up to her hips, "isn't that alone worth toughing out a little longer?"

“No,” Jiro narrowed her brow and folded her arms. The emotion on her face faded, with Mei rushing to her desk immediately. She wanted to wait until the girls talked more or even wait for whenever the extra help might arrive, but if Mina were already that desperate, she couldn’t wait any longer.

Not that it bothered Mina, who simply pouted at Jiro before folding her arms in retort. “You’re no fun,” she remarked, “you know that?”

“If your idea of fun is being fake to ourselves, then count me out!” Ochako snapped a finger at Mina, who fired back with a wry grin before a sharp whistle snapped the girls to their senses.

“Well fun and games are over, ‘cause I got the secret to saving ourselves right here!”

Mei’s booming tone brought everyone to her desk, where she leaned from behind the counter holding a girthy, orange belt high above her head. The beaming grin was where the four were rendered mute, as Mei hadn’t so much as smiled since the incident with Midoriya, yet she ran to her friends undaunted by the constant clapping of her ass cheeks that taunted her otherwise. She stopped before Jiro, then dropped to her knee; pulses ringing in her ears, a prayer sitting on her tongue.

Jiro took the belt as her lips perked while flipping the belt around the opposite side. There were no holes nor a buckle to keep it in place unlike a regular belt. Tying it onto her hips had Jiro literally wrapping it around below the waist before crossing each end underneath the other, then flipping the right end into the gap left behind, and holding it in a loop as she brought the left end back to tighten the knot. The Americans called it the ‘bunny-eared’, but she couldn’t help thinking of Midoriya when the knot bounced gently. Fitting since Mei kept her eyes on her the entire time.

“Is... that gonna be what cures us?” Hagakure rubbed her chin with her head craned towards Mei, still overwhelmed by the hopes of what Jiro’s new support system could bring. “Because I’m pretty sure we could maybe buy some jeans and real belts at a store.”

“This isn’t an ordinary belt, Hagakure!” Mei grinned like a gremlin as she grit her teeth. Although she failed to stifle her excitement, she nonetheless strolled ahead happily shaking her new prize in hand before stretching it past her puny waist. “I managed to snag the music CD Bev played when we were exercising after our first session, and I think Jiro’s quirk is gonna be what flattens the curve.”

Instinctively, Mina turned to her hips and rubbed them in slow, circular motions with a motherly

frown on her face. She doted over her shape while Hagakure gulped. “Wh-what do you mean?” she murmured.

“Do you know how Jiro can use her earlobes to listen in on certain things we can’t?” Mei asked. “I think whatever’s in Bev’s song might be affecting us with some quirk that she has! If we can dismantle it, then we can return to normal!”

“It’s a bit of a stretch, I’ll admit,” Jiro shrugged, happy to have someone besides Mina speaking, “but if it means I’m not gonna be... rubbing up Kaminari’s lap during calculus, it’s worth a shot.”

Mei hung her head to her chest hearing Jiro groan. “You too, huh?”

“Unfortunately.”

“Wait, hold on, how do we know this is what triggered us?” Ochako retorted. Maybe the lack of rest had gotten to her, but the excitement that Mei showed before began to wane fast, especially as she talked faster than when they met that morning.

“What other ideas did you have, Ochako?” Mei balled her hands into fists and pressed them by her hips as gradually sank up to her knuckles. She cocked her brow then jittered when Hagakure turned to her in a much clearer voice.

“Uh... I’m sorry to interrupt, but maybe it’s not worth losing so much sleep?” she suggested. “Having a big butt isn’t so bad. It can be a good conversation starter, even. This one book I read recently from my favorite fanfic writer told me tha-”

“Did it tell you that I grinded on Kaminari and got him screaming because another guy’s MP3 player went off?” Jiro retorted. “Everyone in the classroom just laughed or stared at me for three minutes until the song stopped and the teacher pried me from him. I’ve gotten called ‘Jiggly Jiro’ in the locker room, and it’s not fun.”

“For me, I keep getting called ‘Ulala Ochako’...” Ochako crossed her legs over her crotch and gulped. Her dimples glowed as she blushed, recounting the incidents in her head to everyone around her. “I ruined two pairs of shorts at the mall trying to fit them past my butt and had to pay out of pocket.”

“I started twerking outside Midnight’s classroom yesterday when I was on my way to lunch, but I don’t care,” Mina cackled with nobody bothering to smirk or giggle at her joke. As they shouldn’t. As she expected.



Hagakure poked the part of her thigh that the hole in her pants dared to show, picking at the tear and extending it further.

“Can’t we just find something to use while we sleep so it can go away naturally?” Hagakure mumbled. “I’ve spent so much time exercising and dancing without going to bed.”

“Sorry, but this is our best bet for now,” Jiro shook her head then brought a hand to her ear as the sound of heels clacking echoed. “Whether we like it or not, we gotta try this, and I think Mei’s friend might have to agree.”

Jiro ran from the group, her heartbeat thumping as she listened to the clacking rising outside. It didn’t come from any of the girls, that much she could trust. Only one student would decide to wear high heels to a school of superheroes, and they weren’t anyone in their age group. Which was why Jiro quickly jolted to the door and opened it for Melissa Powers, whose jaw went slack seeing the bottom of Ocahko’s bare ass tightening around her shorts and creasing when she craned her head over her shoulder.

For a moment, Melissa went still, unable to process the unrealistic curves that the once modestly petite students of U.A. University when she last met them two years ago. A quick glance at her own slender legs and she shuddered already imagining Hagakure’s thighs stretching her leggings to their ends. Nevertheless, she drew a small breath then brought her heel to the door, where she shut it at once before marching ahead of the girls, accompanied on each side by Mei and Jiro, smiling among their friends, awash with a sense of relief, even if Melissa couldn’t help taking glances at their hips every so often.

*This is what I get for underselling Midoriya, huh?* Melissa thought. Minding the girls’ space (as well as her own), she waved her hand only for Mei and Jiro to wave back, with Mina, Hagakure, and especially Ochako unable to look their new friend in the face.

“Girls... it’s good to see you’ve grown since we last met,” Melissa gave an awkward chuckle at her own corny joke. Nobody laughed. She hitched her breath, offering the fakest smile she could until Mei unwrapped the belt around her hips, and beckoned Jiro to come forward.

“Don’t worry,” Mei grumbled, “this won’t last much longer. And don’t think I’m being rhetorical either! ‘Cuz what I got here is how we’re gonna get all our money, and time, back!”

Mei squatted to the ground when Jiro stopped and turned her ass towards her, her cheeks hovering inches apart from where Mei stood. The little light that flickered in the room glowed against Jiro’s skin as it illuminated her leggings with a lush peach tint glowing through her

clothing. It had Mei pinching one eye shut; a harsh blush spreading across her face while she gave the belt a firm tug, where it clung below Jiro's waist for dear life.

Once she ensured the knot had been doubled, Mei waddled backward as her feet dragged along the ground, then rose when her back laid against the wall. It was a matter of her skirting to her desk before bending to her knees once more. Her ass wobbled above the edge and shook like a plate of flan for her friends before disappearing the moment it arrived, replaced instead by Mei's ever-haughty face alongside her trusty portable CD player.

"Thanks again for lending the CD, Jiro!" Mei chirped. "Who did you say was the artist again?"

"Mariya Takeuchi!" Jiro took the center stage with her arms pumped to her chest, her eyes scanning her friends quickly, from Hagakure's shivering posture to the uncomfortable frown on Ochako's face. "Switch the player to track three and I'll start the dance, alright?"

"You got it,"

Mei's index finger shifted in a blur while Melissa reached into her pocket and brandished her phone, placing it sideways on the nearest desk, adjusting it until Jiro's hips no longer swallowed the frame. It was a matter of shooing Mei away as she ran off screen while Jiro raised her arms to the roof, her white earlobes following suit, before she brought her arms back behind her, with the tips of the lobes connecting into the CD player's headjack, unleashing a scrambled array of white noise into her ears.

Playing the song backwards, Jiro kept her foot tapping in search of when the rhythm she needed might start amidst the jumbled screams of the music. She squatted to her knees then arched her back and gulped when she heard 'CITSALP', bucking her ass on cue. From then on, the song restarted, and it rewound to the beginning with Jiro bobbing her backend as if she were dribbling a basketball.

"Anyway, I'm just here to keep an eye on you five so that I can tell everyone you're all good. I've settled a deal with the newspaper committee as well as the social media guys, and they're more than happy to delete any accidental pictures they took over the last--"

"I'm sorry, I can't do this."

All eyes turned to Hagakure as she marched to the front door, her chest lurching up-and-down until she placed her hand on the knob. Air seeped through her teeth as she gave a hiss, then exhaled sharply, freeing herself of her pre-existing nerves. She whimpered at her own nonexistent reflection shaking in the glass sleeve of the door. Her throat clogged when her fellow

classmates appeared behind her head momentarily, as if they were hovering around her, taunting her every move.

“Hagakure?” Mei’s voice cut through Hagakure like knives. If she were unable to move before, she wouldn’t now. That hushed tone of hers only came whenever she wanted something, even if it were maybe good for everyone. In spite of her fears, however, she brought her attention back to Mei, then hung her head to the ground, defeated.

“We don’t know if this is gonna work, Mei,” she said. “Just because Jiro can listen in on frequencies doesn’t mean we can just play a pop song and have things go back to normal.”

“Hey, it’s not just any pop song,” Mei started, “it’s something specific enough so that it can work with our genes. If my theories are right, finding a track that’s about being skinny or slim-”

“Isn’t going to do anything!” Hagakure stomped her foot in retaliation. She would have maybe apologized under different circumstances, but the tension in her chest lifted and in turn, she shook with frustration at those who brought her current predicament onto her. “I-I only have this ass because you needed someone to get a st-stupid discount! Now I wish I never came back for that magazine, I was happy enough as is!”

Hagakure exhaled as Mei, Melissa and Ochako’s eyes swelled in the reflection. Jiro didn’t bother to stop, content to keep twerking with her shorts riding past her hips, and for that Hagakure couldn’t be more grateful. It made what she needed to say all the more digestible. She knew better than to assume they were staring at her ass when she passed by, the girls would have admitted otherwise. But risking everything on an unproven belt to combat something that could be bigger than herself?

She didn’t see the point, if any.

Which was why Hagakure threw the door open then stepped outside, offering one final look to Mei alone. In the span of a single second, she spied on her belt, confirming in her head that it slipped an inch after Mei moved. That alone gave her the strength to swallow her pride with her throat no longer as dry as when woke up.

“Hate me if you want, I get it,” Hagakure said, “I just don’t think there’s anything we can do to change ‘us’ if this is what we really want.”

“None of us are mad,” Ochako attested, “we just want you to take a chance on this.”

“And go from bad to worse? If you wanna try... you can if you want to. And if it does work out, then that’s great. But for now, I gotta clear my head ...and find another solution myself.”

Although Hagakure closed the door as gently as she could (her foot being what closed it as opposed to her ass shifting sideways), Melissa nonetheless bolted forward, her legs skipping across the floor as if she were walking on air. She didn’t make it to the other side of the room before Mei grabbed her by the wrist and reared her back. The atmosphere in the room went dead quiet.

While Melissa stomped her feet to no avail, Mina brought her phone to her face with Ochako huddling behind her. The hushed color blue illuminated the edge of Mina’s invisible cheek bones only to disappear just as quickly. Mina gave her big butt a motherly pat, then pursed her lip as she let her hand rest on the cheek. Feeling the curvy shape of her body jutting through her shorts had her palms sweating, yet she couldn’t shake the pathos away. She couldn’t run off like Hagakure; any attempt to resist would have the girls swarm her like a pack of vultures and her powers were worthless if they all teamed up. Times like these were where she wished Midoriya called her instead of the others.

“H-hey! What are you doing?!” Melissa yelled. She grinded her heels beneath her, then yelped when Mei pulled her to her chest, cushioning the blow.

“Don’t worry about her,” Mei protested, “she’ll come around. Until then, we need someone else as a witness when the belt works.”

“But Mei-”

“Pleeeeeease... just stick with us for a bit,” Mei begged. “We need to make sure the last has been worth it, me and everyone else. Hagakure will give in later, trust me.”

Melissa budged twice before sagging against Mei’s breasts, a hushed growl escaping her lips. The youth of today were impossible to deal with at times. Even as Mei released her grip, Melissa kept her focus on the door, plagued by the thought of where Hagakure could be wandering off to. The expected applause of resistance rang behind the thin walls, then crescendoed into silence, leaving her behind to listen to the wailing cheers of Jiro’s ass, already gracing the floor the further she dropped.

She kept her head craned over her shoulder and watched her ass cheeks smack one another to every beat of the otherwise moody tune. Legs flexed and tensed as she went along, wincing at the familiar flames that returned to lick her inner thigh once more. Although as Jiro danced, the fire ran to her calves then simmered when it extended to her soles, the cold feeling returning to

her crotch again. She took a shuddering gulp with her fingers dragging along her kneecaps. To be burning alive would be hell enough, yet now it felt as though she were submerged in cold water while her skin was singed. No drops of sweat dared to beat off her brow, even as her dancing slowed to a crawl. Having achieved her rhythm, Jiro allowed the cold fire inside to fester while her shorts loosened around her hips.

Everytime the chorus dropped, she wiggled her ass in the air, swaying side-to-side so that her friends were in her attendance. All of them watched in awe except for Mina, who disappeared from the crowd and returned to the box she left behind by the front door. She didn't waste a beat as Mina helped huddle Melissa and Hagakure together when Jiro's bulky thighs shrank. The fat within dissolved at the slightest motion; hips narrowing to her shoulders as they should. Once Jiro squatted and bucked her hips like how Bev 'taught' her, the cottony touch of her panties returned to grace her burning backside.

Her shorts were shaking frantically, faster than any muscle or part of her body had at that moment. The song reached its instrumental and Jiro administered another smack from behind. In turn, a jolt shot up her back, with her biting back a pained cry rather than a sexy moan. She failed to hit anything soft, rather striking at what felt like solid bone hidden behind her clothes. Nevertheless, she continued to shake what little ass she possessed before Mei pumped her fist in the air, cheering for her beside Melissa.

"WHOOO-HOOOO!! I knew it would freakin' work!!" Mei continued to swing her arms above her until she stopped by Jiro, who despite being soaked in sweat, nonetheless gasped for joy both from the reduction in her ass and the burn that followed. There were white oxygen dots speckled across her cheeks where a smile broke loose. She hated to admit, but the few minutes she spent twerking did more for her than any night she spent with the girls before.

As Mei untied the belt for Jiro, her own arms throbbing madly so that she couldn't do the work, the song stopped at one last piano strike. Melissa clamped her thumb on the recording button to her phone. It was a matter of scouring her messages until Midoriya's precious baby face appeared at the top of her contacts.

"And Hagakure doubted you?" Melissa asked as she shook her head.

Mei couldn't help but shrug. The belt clung to her shapely hips as she hovered by the radio, her thighs guiding Melissa to the faint hint of her cheeks that protruded from her shorts.

"Tell me about it," Mei snarked. "But really, I'm sure she'll be fine. Me and Ochako can go fetch her, while you and Jiro hold down Mina once we're ready for h-"

Before Mei could finish her sentence, a lo-fi beat rang not out of the radio, but rather Melissa's pocket, which buzzed and sputtered begging for her attention. Midoriya's name appeared on her phone and her blood turned to ice, hesitant to answer. Mei took one look behind Melissa as she gave a staggering groan that the other girls were quick to notice.

"Seriously?" Mei grumbled to Melissa, who's head spun back-and-forth between her phone and her friends, all leering at once.

"S-sorry!" Melissa gulped. "This will only take a second, I promise."

Melissa balanced her phone on her shoulder as she strolled to the corner of the room closest to the door. Mei and Jiro followed behind in a pack, leaving Ochako pinching at the back of her pants. She bit her lip as her hand spread her ass cheek apart; fingers desperately prying at the thin outline stretched to each end of her hips that kept shrinking whenever she touched it. The wedgie that took hold of her returned with a fierce vengeance and come hell or high water, she needed to get it fixed since Mei had their only belt.

Mina, however, couldn't have been more grateful, as while Melissa spoke to Midoriya, she pulled a blank CD case free from the sea of panties that Bev gifted to her. When she flipped it on its back, there were no names to be found, let alone a message anywhere. So she opened the case where an otherwise plain disc no different than those she could buy at a store to burn songs on greeted her, except scrawled on the front were two words that left Mina sweating reading them aloud.

"For Special Occasions Only: Ass... Hypnotized?"

She reread them again, chewing her lip tenderly, unsure if it may have been some sort of joke considering how straight Bev acted until now. The music player taunted her as Mina swapped Mariya's CD with Bev's. If Bev meant to include a workout list to get the girls energized, why put maybe a single song at most and call it a day, let alone give them *any* music knowing that they were going to lose control? None of it made any sense. But there must be some method to the madness that escaped her, otherwise...

*"I managed to snag the music CD Bev played when we were exercising after our first session,"*

Think, Mina, think!

*"Finding a track that's about being skinny or slim..."*

There must be an answer of some kind...

*“I think whatever’s in Bev’s song might be affecting us with some quirk that she has!”*

And it might have been staring her right in the face.

Mina swallowed hard and ran to Ochako to pull at her thong. Her nerves simmered when she groped her warm, supple flesh just as Melissa, Mei, and Jiro returned to the radio, with Melissa offering a nervous smile to her friends.

“O-okay, I’ll see you soon, Midoriya! Ciao!” Melissa hung up and exhaled sharply, her lips now stretched into a feverish frown. “We’re gonna need to get through these dances, fast! He’ll be here in five minutes.”

“Five minutes should be plenty,” Mei pressed the play button as the radio sprang to life. “Now give me some space, ‘cuz I’ve got some new moves to share.”