

The holidays in the city were always something special. The street gangs treated it with some respect, which was to say no official gang wars or rumbles. If you ran into somebody by coincidence, it was your call, but considered in poor taste even among the bunch of thugs.

Christmas was heavily romanticized in Japan, treated as an excuse to finally relax and encourage couples to spend time together. The Kutakori Nightmare Girls had spent Christmas with their families and partners before meeting up for a light gift exchange. They traded sweaters, candy, and brass knuckles before arranging to meet up again on New Year's Day. Ayami and Kumatake went off to have some more alone time together while Setsuna slinked away to track down her latest boyfriend. Azuka offered to bring the rest of the crew back to her place.

"It's all bullshit, y'know what I'm sayin!?" Azuka ranted as they sat around her room.

By now, even the newest members knew that Azuka was part of a well-off family. She had a bunch of brothers packed into a sizeable house, so she organized them into hoarding all the snacks they could before turtling in her upstairs bedroom.

<You mean the reach on Funky Kong's super move?> Ichiru signed out, frowning as she slammed her controller down into her lap on another death in the game.

"Of course I mean fuckin' holidays!" Azuka blurted, still struggling to actually understand the sign language. Not that she'd ever stop to consider if she was wrong.

"You think the government makes it a holiday cuz they like us?! They just want us breeding like crazy while staying complacent. Like some kinda rabbit-sheep hybrid."

"That does sound like a cute animal," Chihiro noted.

The chubby, blue-banged girl was helping Naho sort and set out the snacks and drinks on Azuka's bedside table while the other two warmed up on their fighting games. It was technically the duty of Naho as the junior of the gang, but Chiyo couldn't help but help her out.

"Ain't the point! I'm sayin' the pressure to settle down and get hitched is just some propaganda they push all over us while the world's populated as shit! There's no reason for us to have any kinda obligations like that!"

The short, purple-haired punk frowned as she entered another quick combo, ending her match with Ichiru in a hurry. It was only in the comfort of her room with her close friends that she had her facemask off, but the usual huge stack of them remained piled high by her nightstand.

<There's no reason for you to be this good as Ada Wong either,> Ichiru signed out. <It's even better than your Waluigi.>

“See? Ichiru gets my hot and single girl vibe perfectly. But man, do you suck at Super Smash Extended Family...”

The towering goth girl rose to her feet and the peak of her nearly seven-foot tall height. Her painted eyes and full lips grimaced furiously at Azuka until a vein popped out of her forehead. The giant def girl gestured rapidly at her.

<You’re not even trying! I don’t care if it’s a boy or a girl so long as I have some hard pecs and rippling abs to lean on, you dumb little psycho! I’m trying to play this game while I talk using my hands and I can’t read your fucking lips unless I’m looking right at you! I’m at a huge fucking disadvantage here you’re not even considering! Learn some fucking sign already! Or at least use the translation app!>

“H-hey! You can’t just yell at our sempai like that!” Naho tried to stick up while still adjusting her carefully arranged tray of cookies.

“Maybe it’s best Azuka-san doesn’t understand that last part,” Chiyo assured her, resting a meaty hand on the redhead’s shoulder.

The shark-toothed girl frowned but let it slide. She finished up her arrangement before hurrying over with a few sample plates balanced on her muscular arms. She set them out humbly, as the newest hotheaded girl had the pecking order quickly pounded into her upon her arrival at the school and within the gang. Even the lean and shaggy-haired scrapper had her work cut out for her keeping up with thugs like these.

“Well here’s your snacks, Zook! Let me know if ya need anything and I’ll get it for ya lickity split,” Naho assured her.

Azuka shoved some chips in her mouth and shook her head.

“Dumbash! Grab a contror!” She gulped down her mouthful. “Ichi here needs all the help she can get.”

“You’ll really let me play!? With the likes of youse!? You’re too kind, chief!” Naho blurted, bowing her head to the floor before grabbing her controller.

<The fuck I need help! That’s it. I’m going silent mode this round... sign wise. You know what I mean!>

“I get the idea! Yes,” Chiyo assured her, her veiled eyes darting between her phone and the big goth’s face. She dutifully kept her sign language translation app open like most of the gang, ever since she had joined up with them.

“In fact, why don’t we make this interesting!? Truth or dare style Smash Fam!”

“Did you just make that up?” Chiyo asked as she went over the roster.

“Nah, I saw it online. Some chumps tried to talk me into it during a stream once. It’s kinda like strip poker but in Smash. Losers lose a thingy.”

“Can’t say I’m surprised,” Naho sighed. “But I’m in! I ain’t scared, and just cuz you could all pound me through a building don’t mean you can’t do the same in some vidya game!”

“Ha! That’s what you think, new meat! My Tom Nook’s untouchable!”

<Hey, get off Pangoro! I call dibs!>

“It’s been a while... uh, I think I’m tough to beat as Angry Bird...”

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TOM NOOK WINS!

“Boom! Pay up, bitches! Let’s see some skin!”

Ichiru rolled her eyes and unspooled her long red scarf, tossing it aside.

“Nah, that’s bullshit. Gotta be like a real clothes!” Azuka insisted.

Ichiru locked eyes with Azuka. She made a fist and stuck her tongue into her cheek, pumping her fist and moving the tongue in sync to mime out sucking a dick.

“See, that one I get. Why don’t you just spell it out with REAL sign language more often?” Azuka asked.

Ichiru cracked her knuckles and stood up when Chihrio took her by the sleeve to hold her back. The spectacled bruiser had already ditched her skirt.

“Come on, Ichi. Save it for the game,” she urged her patiently. She blushed beneath her blinding bangs.

“And besides, you could probably lose something more than that...”

<Y’all horny as hell,> Ichiru signed as she tugged off her studded bracelets along with her scarf.

“Dang, senpai. You came ready as hell with all those accessories,” Naho noticed. “Pro strats, dude!”

<You act like this was my dumb idea.>

“Alright, alright. Round two, go!”

“Ok, but dibs on Captain N...”

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The girls went round after round, pitting obscure video game characters against each other. Digital fists flew and clothes were thrown off again and again as the chaos between them led to there being no consistent winner. Several rounds in and they were all sitting in their underwear.

“Yeaaa! Comeback!” Naho gloated.

The others groaned and started unclasping their bras. It left a room full of the girls in just their panties fiddling with their controllers. Chihiro gave a firm sigh, collecting herself before she spoke up.

“As the second most senior member of the gang, I’d like to propose that Captain Syrup be banned from competitive play within the group!” she blurted out.

“Oh come on! Seriously?” Naho griped back.

“That’s one too many matches I lost cuz of a cheap kamikaze move!” Azuka snapped.

<Not as cheap as Knuckles’ shitty glide combo,> Ichiru added.

“Shitty enough to beat your ass!” Azuka snarled, hopping up to her feet. Her breasts settled down from their jiggling a moment later.

“Of course she knows the sign for ‘shitty’,” Naho muttered.

Chihiro gave a placating gesture.

“Everyone, we should try to calm down. It’s just a game. Azuka, your Knuckles combo is a little... overly aggressive.”

The spectacled girl was normally stiff and polite, but she hissed through her teeth at the mention.

“And Ichiru, I’m not sure what the computer thought when you survived that Metal Slug rocket. It’s just a game for us friends to enjoy and... bicker over who was the cheapest in each match because it’s clearly pretty poorly programmed and it feels like every single character has been cheating somehow. Especially when Ichi bounced off Azuka’s head in that weird blocking move...”

“THAT’S IT!”

Azuka launched herself onto Ichiru, the smallest of the friends easily taking down the tall but lean goth. Ichiru’s eyes went wide before glaring back as the purple-haired punk pulled on her hair. Ichiru threw out a double palm strike at the biggest target in front of her, clapping her palms against Azuka’s tits and knocking her back on her ass.

“Yow! Watch the jugs, you overgrown weed!” Azuka shouted as they both scrambled back to their feet.

“Girls! Hang on!” Chihiro warned, rushing between the two of them.

It was just in time as the naked chubby girl caught a strike from either side of her. Azuka’s fist buried deep in her plump belly and Ichiru’s kick connected with her back. Chihiro was famously nigh-unbreakable, splitting bats in half when they tried to strike her, but two of the tougher Nightmare Girls striking at once made even her waver for a moment.

Azuka scowled to see their brawl interrupted. She moved with her usual aggressive and startling speed, hopping onto the bed and springing off it to get onto Ichiru’s shoulders. The towering delinquent grunted and grabbed at her but couldn’t reach as Azuka got a sleeperhold on her.

“Trouble breathin’, stretch!? Bet you’re not talking shit now, are ya!?” Azuka snarled as her big breasts settled on either side of Ichiru’s head.

<I don’t talk at all, you dumb ass!> Ichiru signed out quickly.

With her fingers still extended from her last sign, she poked over her shoulder to get Azuka in the eye. She gave a startled yelp and Ichiru reached out a long arm, snatching up one of the discarded bras from earlier. Chihiro’s happened to be the biggest, so the goth gave it a quick flourish before snapping it back over her shoulder. It wasn’t as precise as her usual weighted chain weapon, but it wrapped neatly around Azuka’s neck and the hooks caught on the sturdy cups. Azuka gagged as it caught her like a leash and Ichiru pulled firmly, flipping her off over her head and onto the bed.

“Alright, that’s ENOUGH!”

Chihiro stepped in again, pressing two thick arms into her teammates. Azuka was pinned down to the bed while Ichiru was held against the wall with a firm thud. When “The Iron Enforcer” wanted you stuck in place, she was usually stuck there for good.

“You two are going to apollo-oh heck.”

As outlandishly durable as Chihiro was, Azuka was just as famously capable in a fight. The shortstack planted her feet against Chihiro’s boob and side, pulling on her arm as she twisted to

one side. It didn't release Chiyo's grip on her but flipped the bigger girl around like she was her weapon rather than her captor.

Ichiru could only go wide-eyed again as her chubby friend slammed into her, squashing her against the wall. The def girl shoved her back off a moment later but Azuka was already charging her. She slammed a deep punch into Ichiru's pale stomach, doubling her over from her impressive height. She grimaced but grabbed her discarded scarf from the floor, whirling around and getting behind Azuka as she wrapped it tightly around the short girl's neck. Even being choked out, Azuka was a frenzy of elbows and kicks pelting Ichiru everywhere she could like a badger on an unwanted leash. Azuka grabbed and flipped over the scarf as they both kicked at each other, their legs connected and recoiled off each other.

"That's it! I ain't watchin' my senpai beat up my other senpai with my OTHER senpai!" Naho finally shouted.

She rushed in while Chihiro was still staggered. The chubby enforcer was still rubbing her boobs where they'd collided with the wall as the redhead dashed in between the remaining brawlers. Naho threw out her arms dramatically.

"You two ain't sisters by bloodshed for-!" Naho announced.

Her sentiment was interrupted as Azuka and Ichiru both struck out, slamming her in the face with both an elbow and a palm strike with the fingers posed into a subtly vulgar hand sign. Her face warped in a few different directions at once before flying across the room. The muscular tomboy flattened against the far wall before flopping back to the floor.

"Ah shit," Azuka muttered. "Forgot the rookie's still weak as hell."

"Statistically speaking, she's in the top percentile of the city. It's more that we're each freaks," Chiyo added politely, not wanting to rile the pair up again.

<Yea... guess she's just barely a freak,> Ichiru gestured.

She walked over and poked Naho with her toes. The naked and musclebound girl twitched enough for her to nod.

<Yea, she's still alive. So that's cool. Sorry if I fucked up your room,> the goth signed out.

"Her room's fine! What about her ribs!?" Chiyo blurted.

Azuka sniffed dismissively.

"Oh that? Nah, don't worry. I was just startin' to get wet from it."

Ichiru sniffed a muffled laugh.

<Right. Forgot you're a freak.>

"Says the giant mute goth with the muscle fetish," Azuka scoffed.

Ichiru raised an eyebrow and smirked. Azuka still refused to learn full sign language, but she seemed to always pick up on the more insulting and rude ones.

<Or the dorky student treasurer who could politely stop a charging rhino.>

"And the dumbass kissass who switches up her fighting style based on her horoscope! Heh... freaks gotta hang with freaks, yea?"

Azuka clenched a tight little fist just as Ichiru did the same. Chihiro immediately panicked and flailed her hands at them.

"No! Wait! I'm sure we can talk this out! Juist need to think back to those teambuilding exercises..."

The shortest and taller members lashed out at the same time, bumping their fists together with a firm enough impact to give off a tiny shockwave. Azuka switched up her grip and squeezing Ichiru's hand and she squeezed it right back.

"Ha! You even know the muscle handshake! You even got a grip to match those kicks!"

<Finger strength and dexterity are specialties, you know. Some of us are a little fancier than just punching everybody like a runaway bus.>

She itched at a few bruises starting on her sides as they finally broke off the squeezing handshake.

"Yea, that's how I roll. You're never alone when you're in the right gang."

Ichiru suddenly snatched up her phone from the pile of nearby clothes. She rapidly typed away and showed it to Azuka.

"For the love of god," Azuka read aloud.

"Either learn sign language, use the app, or stop wearing those fucking masks all the time so I can read your goddamn lips easier."

Azuka glared up at the towering goth and Chihiro braced herself for another barely-dressed brawl.

“You wanna read lips, huh? Can you tell what I’m sayin’ now?!”

Azuka grabbed the back of Ichiru’s knees, tipping her over backward. The goth landed flat on her back on the bed, her legs falling open in her off-balance state. Azuka yanked down her panties and buried her face into her crotch, thrusting her tongue and lips into her folds. Ichiru gave a sharp squeak and jerked up upright, but she only braced her hands on the back of Azuka’s head. She struggled to make a few signs but she could only manage to emit a few soft moans and mumbles.

“See? Don’t even need my fists to take you down,” Azuka chuckled, smirking as she looked up from Ichiru’s pussy.

Ichiru gave a quick sign for “Please” just for Azuka to dive back in, making her gasp sharply.

“I... well, I suppose you two have made up,” Chihiro muttered, blushing heavily over any part of her face that was still visible.

“For whatever reason. I guess I’ll just...”

“AHNNNNH~!”

“I’llllll go wake up Naho-san then! Give you a moment or two alone! Good... good luck!”

Chiyo hastily threw the listless redhead over her shoulder and hurried out of the room, shutting it behind her firmly. She sighed in relief and started to walk down the hall, ignoring the thumps and moans from the bedroom.

“Ugh... what hit me?” Naho muttered as she started to come to. She clicked her tongue against her sharp teeth.

“Nevermind. Only the other girls hit like that.”

“Exactly. They got over it, though,” Chiyo explained to her as she carried her towards the bathroom.

“No thanks to my KOed ass. Still can’t take a clean hit from any of youse...” Naho sighed dejectedly.

“Oh I was quite proud of you! You handled that more maturely than most of the other Nightmare Girls, and it was your intervention that distracted them long enough to remember what they mean to each other. ‘Sisters by bloodshed,’ was it? I thought that was very poetic.”

Naho blushed a little but smiled behind Chiyo’s shoulder.



“I mean, my lucky color for the day was red... musta been on my mind,” she excused.

“Well whatever you’re doing, keep at it. I’m sure you’ll be a full fledged and respected member of the KNG before...”

“Hey, Azu-chan? Are you done with the...?”

Azuka’s younger brother Taichi reached the top of the stairs. He froze and gawked down the hall at the chubby naked girl carrying the muscular one over her shoulder. Chiyo went bright red again as she remembered she was still in nothing but her glasses and underwear from their rowdy series of bets.

“TERRIBLY SORRY! THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY!” Chihiro shrieked in her most polite panic, bolting into the bathroom and slamming the door shut behind her.

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“There’s my favorite knuckleheads! How you numbskulls been?”

Kumatake wore her usual leather jacket over the shoulders of her winter kimono. The gang met up at the local shrine, the first time they’d all been together since their clubhouse Christmas. It quickly broke into a series of hugs, hand squeezes, noogies, and punches in the arms depending on their comfort level with each other.

“You absolutely have to tell me about your sorry singles sleepover!” Setsuna insisted, her hairdrills freshly curled and nails newly painted from her time with her family.

“Was it all ouija boards and pocky games? Or did you just devolve into grunting and throwing banana peels at each other?”

<Banana peels,> Ichiru signed out without even blinking.

“She means we were playing Smash,” Naho corrected. “We got kinda rowdy until we decided to try a co-op game.”

“Ha! So you survived game night with Azuka, huh? Toughening up already, I see,” Kumatake praised.

She gave the redhead a light jab in the arm. Naho beamed proudly, even as she tried to hide the tears that came to her eyes from the jolt of pain running down her arm. At least one or two of the tears were probably pride, at least.

Ayami beamed at the group while hanging off of Kumatake’s arm.

"I really want to hear about everyone's breaks, but let's go take care of things before the temple gets too crowded."

"Yea! Then we can snatch some cash from the donation boxes and buy some of those snacks they're sellin'!" Azuka laughed excitedly.

"So you're just giving it back to them," Chihiro muttered, shaking her head in disbelief.

"B-but Azu-sempai! Stealin' from a temple's bad luck as hell, girl!" Naho shuddered.

"Who cares!? I could beat the piss outta any curse that came my way!" she ranted, clenching her fists readily.

"Lemme know if you end up getting two curses so I can handle the other," Kumatake chuckled as they walked off, back to scheming and boasting already.

The girls went to the head of the shrine, tossing in some loose change and ringing the bell at variously obnoxious amounts. They all had their own levels of donation and enthusiasm about it, but it was tradition to make your wishes to the gods on New Years. The scrappy girls were never ones to pass up on a free meal let alone a cheap wish. As they shut their eyes, they all shared the same wish without speaking a word of it. If they gave it a moment's thought, they would know the others shared the same one, but thinking wasn't often their style.

"I wish the Kutakori Nightmare Girls stayed together forever."

They left with more joking, jabbing and threatening, but they couldn't help but feel like things were a bit more natural for them now. The long break seemed to have done them good, and things always seemed to go their way when they were among the strongest teenagers in the country that had proven too wild for the other gangs, teachers, cops and even the yakuza to want to bother with taking them down.

It felt like when they made their wish together, even the forgotten god of delinquents smiled down on them, lit a cigarette and muttered "Yea... why the hell not?"

Chihiro, Ichiru, Azuka, Naho

Super Smash Extended Family: Funky Kong, Pangoro, Tom Nook, Angry Bird, Waluigi, -Knuckle Joe, Crash Bandicoot, Spyro, Urbosa, Captain N