

PSYCHIC SISTERS



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SHONENJUMP MANGA

The following material is rated

X

Mature Readers

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Eyes. Intense eyes, staring, the pupils dilated. Reflected on the dark, glassy surface, a rectangle, and inside that rectangle, a bald man in a yellow costume and red gloves. He was standing on a smoking pile of defeated enemies, looking off into the distance as he said, “Having overwhelming power is... boring as hell.”

Chris laughed but shook his head. “Maybe for you, but not for us.” He took a sip from a bottle of Kimura Musk Melon Cider, and then he leaned forward, eyes growing even wider as Tatsumaki entered the scene. With curly green hair that matched her big green eyes and a permanent scowl on her face, Tatsumaki was Chris’ favorite character in the One Punch Man universe. Indeed, even as she strode across the screen of his flat screen television, her images surrounded Chris in the form of no less than five framed posters that hung on the walls of his little apartment.

“Overwhelming power may be boring,” Tatsumaki sneered at Saitama. “But how would someone like you know?”

Rude as she was pretty, with pale skin and a gorgeous body, Tatsumaki fascinated Chris, and as he watched the show, he ached with desire not for that body, but to have that body. Drawn into the action, Chris imagined he was her and in that universe, enjoying the thought of being so beautiful, so powerful.

The episode came to an end, and as much as Chris wanted to just keep watching, he looked at the clock and saw it was after 2 am. He sighed. He had an economics test the next day. So boring, but what could he do? Crawling into bed still fully dressed, he folded his pillow in two and wedged it under his head. “I wish I was Tatsumaki,” he thought as he drifted off the sleep.

Behind Chris, an inky night sky crusted with flickering stars. And then, arcing across that same sky, a bright, blazing shooting star, as swift as it was silent.

Chapter Two

The next morning, Chris found himself slowly rising to consciousness as if emerging from a soft, warm cocoon. As he woke, he became aware that his whole body almost seemed— more alive? It was like it was humming. Hmmm? As he rose closer to full consciousness, though, Chris squirmed uneasily. He felt like somehow he'd ended up sleeping with a pillow jammed under his butt, and rolled side to side, reaching down but instead of finding a pillow his hand just planted under a squishy, jiggly feeling bottom. Hunh. Confused but not fully awake, Chris lost focus on his booty as he became aware of some sort of weight, or pair of weights, pressing on his chest. They actually made it a little hard to breath.

Reaching up, wondering what was happening, he placed his hands on his chest and felt two large, soft mounds, which might not have freaked him out, but for the fact that he also felt his hands on those two soft mounds, as if they were a part of him.

Still cupping his chest, Chris finally sat up, looked down and shrieked as he found himself staring down at the crescents of his abundant cleavage, the heft of large, gorgeous breasts cupped in dainty hands. “Eeeeeee!” Chris screamed, leaping from the bed, landing on the floor, feeling his boobs and butt jiggle.

“What the hell?” Looking around, he realized this was not his room. It didn't even look like anything from the real world, but more like some kind

of science fiction bedroom of the future. There was, however, a mirror, and hurrying over, body jiggling, he stopped in front of the mirror and his eyes went wide: “Tatsumaki!”

Staring back at him was, indeed, the very image of Tatsumaki, with her green hair and eyes. How was this possible? Was it real? Chris raised his hand. The woman in the mirror raised her hand. Chris waved. She waved. “Chikuso,” Chris whispered. She— he— wore a night shirt, and her full, heavy breasts strained against the material. It felt so weird to Chris to have his chest out to *here*. It felt like his nipples were floating a foot away from his ribcage.

Curious and even a little afraid, Chris grabbed the hem of the night shirt and yanked it up and over his head, once more sending quivers through his bouncy chest. Tossing the night shirt aside, he let his eyes roam, starting with his new face- he looked like a 16year old girl, despite the fact that Tatsumaki was actually in her 20s, and his drifted down to his long, slender neck, arrow shoulders and then— Omigod!--the dramatic swelling of those hug breasts, the full nipples! These are mine? He thought, letting himself cup them one more time, sending shivers through his whole body.

Beneath his pendulous breasts, a tiny waist, full, round hips... and there, between his legs, partially visible inside the V of his black panties— his vagina?

“Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit,” Chris whispered in his now high, anime girl voice. It was too insane. He was a girl, and not just any girl but—

“Tornado,” he heard a woman’s voice call over an intercom. “We have a Tiger level threat in A-City. Will you respond?”

Wait. This is all just like in One Punch Man? Chris thought. Hmmm. A Tiger Level threat might be a little beneath Tatsumaki, but then, again, he

had never fought anything and really had no ideas how to use his powers. "Hai!" He said. "I am on my way."

"Wait. Really? That easy?" The voice on the other end seemed shocked, and Chris realized he'd just been very much out of character.

"I pity you!" He said. "So, I agree because I do not want to make you fall even lower!"

"Oh, Okay," the woman, seemingly unphased by the insults. "I was worried there for a moment."

Chris dragged his eyes away from the gorgeous woman in the mirror. He'd just have to wait until later to explore this new body, he decided as he went to the closet and found one of Tatsumaki's signature black dresses. He squeezed himself into it, and headed out on his first mission, thinking, "I'm a hero!"

Chapter Three

As Chris flew above A-city, he spotted the threat as a Giant Monster with a cellphone for a head and flip phones for hands had cornered a crowd of people in a courtyard. "Dance!" The Monster shouted. "Dance!"

"We are exhausted!" A man shouted, sweat pouring down his face.

"You're killing us!" A young girl in a school uniform screamed.

"And it's going to go viral on my social media," the monster bellowed. "So, you should thank me. You will die famous!"

Chris landed in front of the monster. He didn't recall ever having seen this creature in any of the manga or anime. Now that he was on the street, he could see the face of a teen-age girl on the screen of the cellphone head, which also read "REC."

“Tornado!” The creature shouted, smiling. “This video is going to be a sensation! I am TockyTics! I spent far too much time on social media, so I became a monster! Now, I lay waste to all as I seek more followers, more Likes, more.... attention!”

“Okay,” Chris said. Not sure how to proceed, he fell back on social custom. “Nice to meet you.” He immediately regretted the awkward and inappropriate comment as the crowd of dancers groaned and shouted, “Save us!”

Realizing he’d once more broken character, Chris planted a hand on one hip and then pointed at TockyTics, scowling. “Release these people and surrender or face my wrath you desperate, needy little cretin!”

“Hahaha!” TockyTics responded, and a spiraling, hypnotic image replaced her face and began to swirl. Chris realized the danger too late as he found himself staring at the spiraling image, his mind going blank. “Time for Tornado to jump on the latest dance craze sensation!” TockyTics laughed. “Dance the Loopy Jump!”

“Never! I— I—” Yet, struggle as he would, Chris found himself starting to dance, lifting his arms, his legs, stiff, awkward as he strained to fight the new urges.

Suddenly, a storm of small boulders rose into the air and crashed into TockyTics, he stumbled backward. Freed from the hypnotic trance, Chris turned. “Blizzard!” He shouted as he recognized Tatsumaki’s sister.

“Let’s take this monster down!” Blizzard called.

Chris wasn’t sure how to use his powers, so he just thought, willed the rubble to rise into the air. “Cool!” He chirped, excited as he felt energy surge through his body and the boulders rose. His were much bigger than Blizzard’s.

Blizzard sent another flurry of the smaller builders hurtling toward TockyTics, who this time batted them away with her flip phone hands. Chris struck while she was distracted, hurling a barrage of big, jagged boulders right into the center of her cellphone head.

A small crack formed in the middle of the screen. “No!” TockyTics cried. “No!” But the small crack spread, grew larger until a jagged web of cracks had covered the entire screen, which then shattered and fell to the earth, followed by TockyTic’s entire body, a cloud of dust rising all around her.

Chris, remembering that Tatsumaki was always very caring and protective of her little sister, said, “Are you okay?”

“I am unharmed,” Blizzard, whose real name was Fubuki, responded. “However, I do not wish to be rude, but there is no time for reminiscing. I do not want to be late for the meeting of the Hero Association.”

“Hero Association?” Chris said, geeking out. So many amazing heroes would be there! “Meeting?” He rose in the air, body surrounded by sparkling green energy. ‘Let’s go!’

Chapter Four

Legs crossed, Chris floated in the air struggling with all his might to keep a bored, disdainful look on his face. Inside, he was freaking out as his life seemed to have become even more impossibly awesome! Some of his favorite heroes, characters he’d loved for so long, were right here in the room! There was Super Alloy Darkshine, his impossible muscles on muscles glinting in the light. There was Sweet Mask, with his light blue hair and yellow eyes. There were a few members of the Blizzard Group as well: Eyelashes, with his business suit and brown hair tied back in a Ponytail,

and, of course, his unusually long lower eyelashes. Liy was there, with her long black hair in a high ponytail, bangs with a light blue streak falling across one eye.

Chris actually wanted to rush up to them all, ask for their autographs and, in a couple of cases, maybe a kiss. It was so insane that he was here, in a meeting of the Hero Association, and it was all real! He wanted to scream.

But, no. Tatsumaki would never act like that, so he kept his air of disdain and contempt, floating above them as if so very bored. He wondered what they were meeting to discuss. Some sort of threat from outer space? The return of an archenemy?

“We are here today,” Fubuki announced, “to discuss the switching from Styrofoam cups to paper cups in the breakroom!”

The room erupted into heated debate.

Chris smiled. It was just like every other workplace, only so much more cool because— heroes!

When the meeting ended, Chris flew down and landed next to Fubuki. “You look exhausted.”

“Being a leader can be a burden,” Fubuki said.

“I know what you need,” Chris said, drawing on his memory of one of Tatsumaki’s favorite things. “A candy apple!”

Fubuki regarded him for a time, thinking, then said, “very well.”

Chris found himself walking through the heart of A-city along with Fubuki, the two of them nibbling on their candy apples. Chris had had a candy apple before in the real world, but it was nothing compared to the one he ate now. The candy was so tasty, and the apple more juicy and delicious than any he’d ever tasted. Meanwhile, even just walking was a

totally new experience in Tatsumaki's body. He felt the tendrils of his dress brushing against his long legs with each step, and his wide round hips just needed to swivel. Meanwhile, he was hyper-conscious of the swell of his bust, the breasts thrusting out in front of him and seeming to jiggle as he walked. Of course, there were eyes on him— the appreciative eyes of men, who were enjoying the sight of the beautiful woman he'd become.

“I must find some way to recruit Saitama to the Blizzard Group,” Fubuki was saying. “I do not understand why he has been so reluctant! It would benefit him to be part of my group.”

“Hmmm.” So, this is where we are in the storyline, Chris mused. He knew what was going to happen, but decided he should not reveal the outcomes of future stories. Yet, in his never-ending desire to play his role, he felt he should offer some sisterly advice. “Just do your best,” he said, “and things will work out as they were meant to be.”

“Yes,” Fubuki agreed. “Well, I have errands to run.”

“Of course.”

Chris finished his apple, then rose into the air, high, high above A-city. Well, well. Looking out, he could see a giant, Godzilla-like monster roaming through the streets of B-city, so tall it rose above the skyscrapers. “Cool,” Chris said, shooting off toward B-city. Another monster to defeat!

As Chris approached, the monster saw him and laughed. “Tiny female!” He shouted. “Do you dare challenge me? I am Protozilla! Humans have wounded the earth with their careless use of nuclear energy, so the Earth created me to stop you!”

Now that he was close, Chris could see the creature had what looked like protons and electrons spinning in his eyes. Chris put his nose in the air and attempted to cross his arms, but his breasts were too big, so he

realized he needed to cross them under his breasts. He did, and the feeling of his full, soft breasts resting on his arms was a slight turn on, and reminded him he would have to find some time to explore his new body. He proceeded to float in the sky across from the monster, an arrogant look on his face.

“You are nothing!” Protozilla shouted. “Just a tiny creature of soft flesh! I am made of boundless energy! I will fry you to a crisp!”

“Hmmpf,” Chris said with a shrug of his round shoulders, tossing his hair.

“I could crush you with my little toe!” Protozilla continued. “I could smash you with a flick of my pinky!”

Far below, cowering in the street, the people watched. “He’s right,” an elderly man said. “We are all doomed!”

“I would not be so certain a young man said, pushing his glasses up from the tip of his nose. “She is a hero.”

“Help! Help!” A little girl screamed as Protozilla took a step forward, his shadow falling across her tiny frame.

“Would you care to bet?” The old man said, leering.

“I do not gamble,” the young man said. “It is a bad habit and, besides, if you are right and we are all doomed, how would you ever collect your winnings?”

“Good point,” the old man said, tugging on his beard.

“Well?” Protozilla finally shouted. “Aren’t you going to say anything? What kind of hero are you?”

Chris was actually dying to monologue, but he didn’t feel like it would be in character, so instead he just dismissed Protozilla with a flick of his waist and said, “Sayonara.” Summoning Tatsumaki’s esper powers, he formed a

giant, green rocket that launched from his fingers and hurtled toward Protozilla.

“Hunh?” Protozilla said, his eyes going wide, the protons and electrons freezing in place.

Ka-Pooooooooooooow! The windows in all the buildings rattled as the rocket slammed into Protozilla, there was a flash and then a huge, billowing mushroom cloud rose up and up above the city. When the smoke cleared, Protozilla was gone, destroyed but for one of his little toes, that squirmed and wiggled on the street below.

“Hunh,” Chris said, shrugging, flicking his hair and flying off. He very much wanted to meet Saitama and Genos, and he knew right where to find them.

Chapter Five

Saitama and Genos shuffled down the street, side by side, grocery bags in hands. A high, pale blue sky hovered above the mostly deserted streets of City-Z. “Perhaps there will be an emergency later,” Genos, who always longed for adventure, said. “A Dragon-level threat! We could both rise in the rankings!”

Face blank, Saitama pondered. “Hunh. I am hoping for a nap. Sometimes, the greatest adventure is a good nap.”

“Master!” Genos said, pulling out his phone and beginning to type furiously.

“What are you doing?”

“I must record your words of wisdom!” Genos said. “These sayings must be passed down to posterity.”

I must be more careful, Saitama thought to himself. Genos takes everything I say so seriously.

Chris, meanwhile, had flown to Saitama’s apartment and knocked on the door. Receiving no answer, he tried peeking into the window, and was now considering using his esper powers to just blow the door down, like a sexy version of the wolf from the Tale of the Three Pigs. He still felt like a tourist visiting the anime world he’d come to love, and he had a checklist of all the places he needed to see, Saitama’s cruddy little apartment first among them.

Emerald rays began to emanate from Chris’ body as he rose in the air and began to form a psychic battering ram. .

“Tatsumaki,” he heard a soft voice say.

Chris turned to see Saitama and Genos, grocery bags dangling from their arms, just like a scene out of the show. “Saitama!” He squealed, but then, remembering he needed to stay in character, he pulled a frown. “Whatever,” he said.

There was an awkward pause as Saitama starred, face blank. Then, in a flat, tired tone he asked, “Were you going to blow my door down?”

“Of course not!” Chris said, acting angry and annoyed. “How dare you even suggest such a thing, turtlehead! I was just— er— practicing. Yes. I was practicing my powers.”

“How did you find us?” Genos said, eyes narrowing. “How did you know where we lived?”

“How?” Chris searched his memory of the manga, the anime. He couldn’t remember Tatsumaki ever going to Saitama’s apartment. Damn.

Well, he would have to just brazen it out. “How dare you even ask that question! You are a lowly s-class hero! Know your place.”

Genos dropped his head. “I beg your forgiveness, Tornado.”

“Hmmpf!”

Saitama continued to just stare blankly into the distance, he and Genos standing, grocery bags in hand, while Chris floated, arms crossed beneath his breasts. Tick. Tick. Tick. A pigeon landed on the railing outside the walkway, pecked at the surface, then cocked its head to the side and flew off. Tick. Tick. Tick.

“Hunh,” Saitama finally said, unlocking his apartment door. He entered, followed by Genos, but when Chris tried to follow, the door slammed in his face.

“What!?” Chris screamed. He began to pound on the door. “Open the door!” He shouted.

The door opened and Saitama stood there, face blank. “Oh. I forgot you were here,” he said.

Chris waited, trying to look past Saitama, get a look at the famous apartment. “Well?”

Saitama starred.

“Aren’t you going to invite me in, baldy?”

Tick. Tick. Tick.

“Do you want to come—”

“Yes!” Chris shouted, shoving past Saitama. Still floating, Chris couldn’t help but geek out. “The cot! The TV! The mess!” He shouted, turning and turning, taking it all in. “Just like on TV!”

“TV?” Genos said, growing angry. “Have you been spying on us?” He raised his fist, cyborg components glowing.

“Cool your jets,” Chris said. “I was speaking— poetically. Of course, you are not characters in a TV show and, besides, I would smash you to pieces with ease.”

Saitama set his grocery bags down, grabbed his remote and flipped on his own television, idly flipping through the channels. Chris sighed. It was all so perfect. He just hoped at some point he would get to see Saitama deliver his famous One-Punch. In the meantime, he noticed a shelf of video games and flew over, finally landing, and perusing the games.

“Battle Infinite?” He shouted, grabbing the game. It was one of his favorites. “I challenge you!” He said, going over and putting game in Saitama’s console, switching the TV over.

Saitama sighed and picked up his controller. “Very well.”

They each picked their characters, hit start. “Battle Infinite!” A deep voice called out as their avatars appeared on the screen in front of a massive crowd in a futuristic arena. “This battle,” the announcer called as the timer ticked down.... 4....3...2... “Is to the death!” 1. “Go!”

Chris made quick work of Saitama, finishing him off with the dreaded “Final Fillet” move, ripping Saitama’s skeleton from his body and then stomping on his flabby corpse. “You got lucky,” Saitama said.

“Again!” Chris demanded.

The two fought over and over, each time Chris came away triumphant. Saitama, he realized, was extremely NOT good at video games, and as much as he wanted to laugh out loud— he was playing video games with One-Punch Man?-- it was so crazy, but he stayed in character, acting arrogant and superior. Saitama, meanwhile, seemed to be losing his usual disaffected air, slamming his controller down, clenching his fists.

Genos, meanwhile, sat down, admiring Chris nubile body, but also taking advantage of a perfect opportunity to learn from a great hero. “What is the secret to advancement?” He asked.

“Hard work,” Chris said, mostly focused on the game. “You must learn to refine and focus your powers.”

“Yes. Master Saitama has told me as much.”

“Also, in your case, please stop letting your guard down. How many times will you end up losing fights you should have won before you learn?” Chris said, thinking of all the times Genos had managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory.

On the screen, Saitama’s character was stunned, wobbling, and Chris did another finishing move, this time tearing Saitama’s head off and setting it on fire. Saitama groaned.

“More!” Chris said.

“Indeed,” Genos said. “I do have a bad habit of letting my guard down.”

Just then, Chris reached back and punched him in the leg. ‘Ow!’

“See?” Chris said, smirking. “You let your guard down!”

Once more, he had Saitama stunned. This time, he reached down Saitama’s throat and ripped his heart out, then crushed it, blood dripping from his hand. “I win.” He tossed the controller to the side. “Done. I wish I could say you were a worthy opponent,” he said as he stood, tugging down his dress which had ridden up while he was sitting cross-legged on the floor. “But you are terrible!”

Saitama crossed his arms and frowned.

Chris took one more look around the famous apartment, then at Saitama and Genos. It was all he could do to keep from giggling. It still seemed so impossible and strange that he found himself here in this world, talking to

these characters. It seemed so impossible that he was Tatsumaki. “Cueball, Robo-boy,” he said, tossing his hair as he left. “Don’t ever change!”

And with that, he opened the door and flew off.

The sun was setting now, the sky a marbled glory of reds and golds. Chris wanted to see so many things, but it was time now, he decided, to finally explore this amazing body. He headed off toward City-A and the headquarters of the Hero Association.

Back in his apartment, Saitama picked up his remote control, went back to TV and started channel surfing.

“It is strange,” Genos said as he began to make dinner for them, “that Tornado dropped by to play video games. I suspect there is something going on.”

Saitama kept clicking, eventually mumbling, “Hunh.”

Chapter 6

As Chris flew back toward City-A, the location of the Hero Association Headquarters, where he knew Tatsumaki lived along with many of the other heroes, he found himself getting more and more excited as he imagined what it would be like to play with his new body. Merely thinking about having a chance to caress this soft body made his cheeks flush, and by the time he arrived at Headquarters, he was burning with desire. In fact, his need was so intense, he brushed right past the legendary Silver Fang without even saying hello.

“Young people these days have no manners,” Silver Fang grouched.

“Too much American TV,” Tank Top Vegetarian answered.

Chris flew down the hall, barely able to geek-out as he passed Doll Master and Mumen Rider, then plunged into Tatsumaki's room, slammed the door. He began to glow, green energy radiating around him as his dress rose from his body and floated across the room, draping across the base of his bed.

"What's up with her?" Doll Master asked.

"No doubt, she is in the midst of a very important and probably secret mission," Mumen rides answered.

"No doubt."

In fact, Chris was in the midst of a very important and secret mission to find out what it felt like to be a girl. First, he stepped in front of a full length mirror, his eyes going wide at the sight of his pale, luscious body. Watching One-Punch Man back in his previous life, he had many times mentally undressed Tatsumaki and done more than a few searches for illicit pictures artists had made of her naked and posted to Deviant Art. Now, he stared at that body in just a bra and panties, the lacy cups lifting his breasts, the panties tight against his soft mound. Once more, he used his esper powers, the bra unhooking and rising, his breasts swaying free as his panties also slipped down his legs.

He stared at Tatsumaki's naked flesh.

Neither those artists nor his own imagination had come close to the truth. She was other-worldly in her beauty.

Chris' eyes played over Tatsumaki's round, heavy breasts, and then trailed down to her narrow waist and the dramatic flare of her soft, round hips. He looked down at the space between her legs. Her legs. My legs, he corrected himself, still struggling to believe it. These were his breasts now, his long legs. His body was completely hairless, and he could see the

mysterious shadowy folds of her– his– vagina. Trembling with desire, he turned his back to the mirror and looked over his shoulder, drinking in his heart-shaped and bubbly ass, enjoying the way it flared out beneath the small of his back.

Looking over his body, Chris felt himself getting hot and wet, felt his nipples growing hard. So, he thought, this is how it feels for a girl? It was so different from how he'd felt as a boy when he'd gotten horny, all his skin tingling, and when he finally cupped his breasts, lifting and squeezing, it sent shockwaves of pleasure through his whole body, curling his toes, making him weak in the knees.

He rose in the air, green energy flashing all around him, as he ran a thumb over one of his hard nipples, feeling it bounce a little, more waves of pleasure shooting through him as he squeezed his knees together and called in a soft voice, “oh!”

As he floated over to the bed, his nipples ached and called for attention. He pinched them both, tentatively and then hard, crying out as shockwaves of female pleasure danced through his body.

He fell gently onto his bed, on his back, keeping one hand on a breast, squeezing and kneading, while his other trailed down his taut belly, his fingertips brushing against his soft skin, lower and lower...

Chris slipped both hands down to his nether lips, resting just above his vagina as he used his powers to continue to caress his breasts, let the energy ride along his arms and shoulders, showering every inch of him with esper kisses. He spread his legs, allowing his powers to now play along the soft flesh of his inner thighs, his body growing hotter, wetter... “Oh. Oh!”

Chris ran his fingers over his plump, sensitive vulva, once more gasping as new, feminine pleasures assaulted his mind. “Unh!”



Nervous, a little scared, Chris hesitated to take the next step, but he also felt a growing need, an emptiness, a hunger to be filled, penetrated...

Finally, he slipped his fingers between the lips of his vagina. He had no choice. "OOOOOOHHHH!" He'd been gentle with his first move, but the feeling of his fingers inside him, moving inside the hot, wet walls of his vagina... now, consumed with desire, he began to push deeper, then pulled back, then plunged deeper still... arching his back, digging his heels into the mattress, he pushed deeper, moaning louder and louder. He was so wet he could feel himself leaking, and as he plunged his fingers in and out, in and out he jacked up his esper powers until it felt like at the same time he felt like a hundred hands caressed every inch of his soft flesh, grabbed

and squeezed the cheeks of his bouncy ass... his body floated above the bed now as he built toward a climax.

Chris closed his eyes and bit his lip, lost in erotic thrills he could never have imagined, and yet... there was a building tension, a hunger to take this to an even higher level. He was like a rocket sitting on the launch pad, flames and smoke roiling from his engines, but he hadn't managed lift-off...

"Unh! Unh!" Chris worked frantically, trying to get the relief his female body needed, craved.... And then, his knuckle brushed against the wet nub of his clitoris, though he actually didn't know what it was... "Ahhhhh!"

Plunging one hand deep inside himself, with the other he worked his clit, and finally, finally, he felt like a ball of fire had detonated somewhere deep within him, the smoldering pleasure rolling through his body as he screamed, lost in a female orgasm. "AHHHHHHHHH!"

The mattress springs rattled as he fell back down onto the bed, skin sheen with sweat, and he threw a slender arm across his eyes as he panted, breasts heaving, his mind a symphony of pleasure as he basked in the after-glow of his first female orgasm.

"That," Chris whispered, enjoying the sound of his small, pretty voice. "Was way better than doing it as a guy!"

Rolling onto his side, he hugged his knees to his chest and giggled and giggled as he slowly drifted off into a beautiful, restful sleep.

Chapter Seven

Chris slowly woke. His room smelled like sex, and the smell brought back to his scattered memories of his self-pleasure. He smiled and rolled onto his back, eager for another go around, cupping and lifting his firm,

bubble-gum breasts, feeling his nipples growing harder, the sweet warming and growing wetness between his legs...

There was a knock on the door. "Tatsumaki?" He heard his sister, Fubuki, call.

Chris groaned. He really wanted to just pretend he wasn't home, wait for her to go. His body already had begun to ache with desire. Yet, his earlier time with Fubuki had affected him. He didn't just feel the need to pretend to care as part of playing the role of Tatsumaki. He actually felt like he was her older sister. "One moment!" He called, rolling out of bed, quickly dressing and then lighting a candle, waving it around the room, trying to hide the smell of sex.

"What are you doing?" Fubuki called, pounding on the door.

"Getting dressed!" Chris called back.

"Hurry up!"

"Unh!" Chris pouted. Little sisters!

When Chris was finally ready, he plastered a bored look on his face and opened the door. "What is—"

Fubuki pushed past him, clearly agitated. "You must come at once!" She said. "I need your help!"

"What is it?"

"The Demonic Fan has returned!"

"Demonic fan?" Chris remembered the story arc. The demonic fan had defeated the Fubuki and The Blizzard Group. Tatsumaki had saved the day. "I always found that story a little boring," Chris said, thinking out loud.

"Boring? Story?" Fubuki said. "Demonic Fan nearly killed me!"

"Well, not that part of the story."

"Are you coming or what?"

“Of course,” Chris said. He would not risk anything happening to his newfound sister. A little more pleasure would have to wait.

Fubuki and Chris flew to City-Z. Members of the Blizzard Group, Eyelashes, Mountain Ape and Glasses, were hiding behind concrete barriers as Demonic Fan used massive gusts of wind to hurl boulders at them. “Come closer!” Demonic Fan shouted. “Fight me!”

The Demonic Fan, to Chris’ eyes, looked like comic relief, with four long, spidery legs and a whirling fan for a head. Assuming it would be an easy win, he started to fly down. “No!” Fubuki called. “If you get too close, you will not be able to breathe! Don’t you remember?”

In fact, Chris did not remember. He’d been idly web surfing as he half watched the episode. “Of course,” Chris said. “I was merely testing you. Now, let me see...” He searched his memory, trying to recall how Tatsumaki had defeated the Fan.

“Well?” Fubuki asked. “What are you waiting for?”

Chris had an idea. “It is better that this time you and I work together to defeat this fearsome enemy. That way, you will share in the credit! So, I want for you to come up with a plan.”

“Yes. I see,” Fubuki said. “Thank you, sister, for your wise counsel.” She surveyed the situation. “Let’s attack from above, in front and behind.”

The emerald glow surrounding Chris flared as he used his esper powers to lift some huge chunks of stone. “No,” Fubuki said, putting a hand on his forearm. “Demonic Fan will merely blow those chunks away. We must use psychic energy as you did last time, remember?”

“Yes, of course,” Chris said, forcing a fake laugh. “I really need some coffee!” He let the boulders drop back to the ground.

The boulders, however, alerted Demonic Fan to the sister's presence. "You!" Demonic Fan shouted. "This time, it will be different." The blades of the fan began to swirl ever faster, forming a tornado that rose in the air toward Chris and Fubuki. "Dodge!" Chris said, and the two of them darted off, avoiding the swirling winds of the vortex.

Cackling with glee, Demonic Fan now began to form three tornados. Chris and Fubuki took up their positions, summoning their energy, forming great spears of glowing green energy. "Now!" Chris shouted, and they launched their attack, the bolts of energy smashing into the diabolical fan, scattering components everywhere, the blades of the fan itself rolling across the road before slamming into a concrete barrier with a "clang." It came to a stop right in front of Glasses, who cheered.

"Hmmpf," Chris said, tossing his hair.

Then, in less than a second, all the parts of Demonic Fan scuttled back together and reformed, the blades once more spinning with deadly power. "I have upgraded my regenerative powers!" Demonic Fan shouted, hurling boulders at Glasses, who leapt and dodged.

"Why do you keep that four-eyed dork in the Blizzard Group?" Chris asked.

"He's quite skilled! Let's attack again!"

Twice more Chris and Fubuki attacked, twice more they shattered Demonic Fan. Twice more, the evil fan reassembled itself. Chris and Fubuki began to once more summon their powers, though it was clear their strategy was not working.

"Now," Demonic Fan shouted, "I will force you to come down and face me! And then, I will defeat you all!"

“You should stay back,” Chris said as he began to worry about his sister. The evil fan was turning out to be a far greater challenge than he expected, and he did not wish for her to get hurt.

The Demonic Fan leapt toward Glasses, using a barrage of boulders to shatter the concrete barrier he’d been using for cover, then hurled wave after wave of boulders at him, a mighty cloud of dust rising around him. As the boulders hurtled through the cloud, Chris heard him shout in pain.

Chris flew down and landed as the Demonic Fan blew the dust cloud away. Fubuki landed next to him. “Go,” he said. “This is too dangerous!”

“I will not leave you to fight alone,” Fubuki said.

“Nor I,” Mountain Ape shouted as he joined them.

“Nor I,” Eyelashes said.

Cool, Chris thought. Teamwork! It was just like an episode of the show.

As the smoke cleared, they saw Glasses, beaten and bruised, crumpled under a pile of rubble. Standing in front of him in a yellow costume with a red cape, was Saitama.

“YOU!” Demonic Fan screamed, remembering how Saitama had destroyed him before. The blades of its fan slowly stopped turning as it found itself growing filled with doubt. It made a half turn, only to see the Blizzard Group arrayed behind it.

“Ha! I am more powerful than ever!” Demonic Fan screamed, regaining some of its bravado, the fan beginning to swirl. “This time, you will be the one who is broken into your components!” Demonic Fan’s metal legs screeched against the pavement as it slid backwards, a great storm of tornadoes and rubble hurling toward Saitama, obliterating the very sight of him.

Chris, watching, kept his scornful, Tatsumaki face on, but inside he was freaking out. He knew what was about to happen, and it was another moment he'd been aching for since he'd found himself in this world.

"Hahahahah!" Demonic Fan chortled as the storm of destruction it had created swallowed up the sight of Saitama. Letting the attack stall, the cloud began to clear.

"Wha?" Demonic Fan cried out. Saitama stood there, cape flapping in the breeze, a bored look on his face. He swung his fist. Demonic Fan shattered. This time, it did not reassemble.

Saitama, whose gaze had been focused on Demonic Fan, now looked up and seemed to regard the Blizzard Group for the first time. His gaze went to Chris.

"You see," Saitama said. "Real life is not a video game, little one."

"Little?" Chris felt it was the perfect time for him to throw a classic Tatsumaki fit, even though he actually thought it was kind of funny. "How dare you!" He screamed. "You overgrown cueball!"

"Hunh," Saitama said, before turning and walking away.

"Saitama!" Fubuki called. "I know this might not be the ideal moment, but you would make a perfect addition to the Blizzard Group! Won't you join us?"

Saitama did not answer.

"I wonder if we will get any credit for this?" Eyelashes asked.

"I wouldn't count on it," Chris said, folding his arms under his breasts.

They heard a groan. Glasses pushed a boulder off his chest and sat up. "Did we win?"

Chapter Eight

“Sister,” Fubuki said as the others went off to take Glasses to see a medic. “I have some exciting news!”

“Yes?” Chris said. He was eager to get back to his room and continue to explore his new body, but he could tell by the tone in Fubuki’s voice she was very excited.

The two of them sat on a pile of rubble as the sun set behind them, the sky ablaze in red and gold. “It seems I have a boyfriend!”

“A boyfriend?” Chris immediately felt protective urges overcome him. “Who is he? Where did he come from? What if he tries to kill you?!”

Fubuki giggled. “Oh, sister, you are such a worry wart! His name is Ink, and he is a master spy!”

“A spy? I might have known. More like stalker!”

“He is very nice.”

“He is not worthy of you!”

“True, he is only a C-class hero, but he just joined the Hero Association, and I am sure he will rise rapidly!”

“I forbid you to see him!”

“I do not need your permission,” Fubuki said, getting annoyed. “I thought you would be excited for me!” She stood up. “Fine. I’m sorry I ever told you! Goodbye!”

“Wait,” Chris shouted, putting a hand on Fubuki’s arm. “I’m so sorry! You know I get protective of you. I can’t help myself. Please, tell me the details of your date.”

Fubuki smiled, her eyes sparkling. “He’s taking me to Cherry Blossom Palace!” Fubuki said. “It seems he comes from a wealthy family....”

Chris listened, now feigning sisterly support, and they parted with a hug. “Ink, eh?” Chris thought. He would, he decided, just tag along— incognito— just to check out this ink and make sure his sister didn’t get in any trouble. There was no way he would let some guy mess with his sister!

When Chris got back to Hero Association Headquarters, he went right to the control room. “Let me see the file on Ink,” he said.

“I’m not sure—”

“I did not ask,” Chris pointed out. “Now do not keep me waiting.”

Fingers tapped. The file popped up on a computer screen. Ink. Real name Reginald Harlow? It sounded fake. Powers— stealth, disguise, tech. And then— nothing. There was no additional information. Chris searched for him on the web. Nothing. Hmm. As if he just materialized out of nowhere. Chris tapped his foot. “Intriguing,” he whispered.

Cherry Blossom Palace was an elegant restaurant and very busy: they didn’t even take reservations from single diners, so Chris had been forced to make a reservation for two. He arrived in disguise, wearing a pair of oversized movie star sunglasses and a scarf over his hair. “My friend will be joining me later,” he said. The maître d led him into the restaurant and pulled out his chair. Chris sat and pretended to look over the menu, but he was actually using it to shield his face, just peering over the top. His eyes were on Fubuki and this so-called Ink. Chris was close enough to hear their conversation.

“I fear I am not worthy of you,” Ink said as he lifted a single prawn to his mouth.

Well, perhaps he is honest after all, Chris thought.

“Oh, don’t say that,” Fubuki said. She was obviously smitten, her eyes wide with fascination.

Chris could not deny Ink was a very attractive man. Despite his western sounding name, he looked Asian, and was no doubt one of the best looking men on the planet– If, Chris reminded himself, that was even his real face.

“I must say it. I would not bring disrespect on you by having anyone know you were interested in someone so clearly beneath you.”

“You will rise,” Fubuki said. “I know you will! Soon, you will reach B-Class. I just know it!”

Poor, foolish girl, Chris thought. She must know it is not so easy.

“Do you truly think so?” Ink said. “I know a way that I could rise so rapidly. We could be together, but– no. Forget I mentioned it.”

“What is this way? How could it be done?” Fubuki said.

“Perhaps if I could borrow your powers?” Ink said.

“There it is,” Chris thought, growing angry. I knew he was up to no good. Tell him off, sister!

But, Fubuki only giggled. “Is there a way for you to borrow my powers?”

“There is,” Ink said, his eyes growing distant as he looked back into the past. “My first success was taking down a mad scientist named Dr. Swaps. He had built a machine that allowed him to swap personalities, powers. His lab remains, hidden in the sewers beneath the city.”

“So, you could swap my powers for yours?” Fubuki said, giggling, blushing.

What? No! Chris thought. Can’t you see this is a trap? He began to glow green; his table began to rise. No. Not here, he decided. There were too many people who might get injured.

“Yes,” Ink said. “But, again, forgive me for even mentioning such a thing. It is not my place.”

“Let’s do it,” Fubuki said.

“Truly?”

“I insist.”

“Well, let us finish our meals. Such fine food should not go to waste.”

Hmmmpf. Chris fumed. Once this was over, he and his sister would need to have a talk! In the meantime, the waiter came to his table. “Are you ready to order?”

Chris looked at the prices, his eye bugging out of his head. “I will wait for my date to arrive,” he said in a low, husky voice so Fubuki would not recognize him. “He always orders for me.”

“Of course.”

While Chris waited, he pulled out his phone and did a search for Dr. Swaps. Nothing.

Finally, Ink and Fubuki finished their meal. Ink began to search through his pockets. “Forgive me,” he said. “I seem to have left my wallet in my Porsche. Would you mind?”

“Not at all,” Fubuki said, once more giggling like a schoolgirl.

“Love has made her a fool!” Chris whispered.

“I will, of course, pay you back later,” Ink said, taking Fubuki’s hand and helping her up.

Chris’ anger continued to rise. Once his sister and the imposter had left, he pretended to go to the bathroom, but instead cut through the kitchen, went out the back door and rose into the sky. There. Fubuki and Ink heading down a dark, narrow side street. Chris followed, keeping a close eye on them both.

They walked along. Turned this way and that before finally sneaking into an abandoned warehouse. Chris landed in the alley and crept along, following them down a long flight of stone stairs, into the fetid sewers, and then finally into a large, darkened room.

“Let me get the lights,” Ink said, and then the room began to hum and light up. Chris could see Ink standing next to a power box, his arm around Fubuki’s waist. Unlike the dirty, grimy sewers, the lab was clean, bright, and there was a large machine in the center of the room, and a pair of beds attached to it.

“You lay down here,” Ink said. “I will begin preparations for the transfer.”

Fubuki lay down, and as soon as she did, manacles sprang out from the chair, binding her arms and legs. “What’s this?” Fubuki said.

“Oh, nothing to be alarmed about,” Ink said as he began twirling knobs and pulling levers.

“If you say so.”

“What is wrong with her?” Chris whispered. He’d seen enough. Green energy flowed around his body, and he lifted a huge metal box and hurled it into Ink, who went crashing across the room.

“No!” Fubuki cried out as Chris came flying into the room, using his esper powers to rip the restraint away from Fubuki.

“What’s this?” A shadowy figure shouted from atop the catwalk. The figure immediately turned and ran.

“What are you doing here?” Fubuki shouted as she bolted after the mysterious figure.

“I came to save you?” Chris said, flying after her.

The shadowy figure vanished through a doorway, and a huge slab of steel slammed down, sealing the exit. “Help me open this!” Tatsumaki said,

and the two sisters pooled their powers, pulling, lifting, twisting until finally the steel barrier came free, crashing to the floor below, screaming of tortured metal.

They flew after the figure, but it was too late. “She got away,” Fubuki said. “Thanks to you!”

“Who got away? What’s going on?”

“I call her Madam X,” Fubuki said. “I had hoped to lure her here and capture her!”

“Oh, so all the gooey eyed giggling?”

“I was faking so her stupid henchman would lead me to her!”

Chris frowned. “Sorry?”

Fubuki took a deep breath. “I know you were only trying to help, but I am mad at you. Did you follow me here?”

“Yes, I might have been spying on you at the restaurant. Anyway, why did you even tell me about the date?”

“Ink was hiding and watching!” Fubuki said. “I wanted to throw his guard off by letting him overhear me gushing about our date! Unh! Do you know how long I worked to get close to Madam X? This could have been huge for me.”

Chris didn’t know what to say. The two went back to the lab, but, of course, Ink was gone. Chris felt terrible. He was really attached to Fubuki now, and it pained him he’d upset her plan. “I have an idea,” he said.

“Yes?”

“Candy apples?”

“No,” Fubuki said, turning to leave. “I will need a day before I can forgive you.” With that, she left.

Chris kicked the Swap Engine. “Ow!” His toes ached now. Being a big sister was going to be more complicated than he’d expected. Still, he would find some way to make it up to Fubuki. It was better, he decided, to have a little sister to care about, even if he did mess it up now and then, than to have no little sister at all.

The night was still young. Chris had a big decision to make: Candy Apples, or sex?

Chapter Nine

“A girl shouldn’t have to choose,” Chris thought as he licked the hard, candy shell of an apple he held in one hand, while he used the other to squeeze his breast. Chris’ pupils were wide and fat, glassy with hunger as green energy sparkled all around him—swirling in the air were three vibrators. Chris kept them circling, spinning round and round, letting the tension build in his soft little body.

Bzzzzzz.

He turned the first one on, and felt something inside him clench with anticipation as the throbbing phallus moved in and slid up and down the inside of his thigh...

Bzzzz. He tuned the second one on, mewling in pleasure as he brought it in and pressed it against his hard nipple, the vibrator sending juicy tremors through the soft flesh of his breast...

Bzzzzz! Chris cried out as he activated the third vibrator. He rubbed the tip against the wet candy coating of the apple he’d been licking, then tossed the apple away as he brought the candied tip of the vibrator to his mouth and began to rub its tip against his bottom lip. “Ohhhhh!” Chris had

never been so wet, so hot, his skin tingling.... He couldn't wait anymore and he plunged the two of the dildos into him, one sliding between the lips of his vagina, the other between his ass cheeks...

The third dildo slid into his mouth, bobbing in and out as he sucked and slobbered, unable to scream with pleasure but wanting to so badly as the triple penetration rolled the his eyes to the back of his head and left him dizzy and lost in ecstasy as he began to rotate in the air, spinning faster and faster and faster...

"MMMMMMMMMM!" Chris groaned as he orgasmed, and then again, and again... pleasure bombs detonating inside him....

He slowly sank back down to his bed, rolled onto his side and hugged a pillow to his pillowy chest.

"Tatsumaki!" He whispered as he drifted off to sleep. "Tatsumaki!"

The End

Bonus!

