

Tatsumaki the Titanic Tornado

The usually bustling city was devoid of people in the wake of the appearance of a deadly creature. Anyone that failed to evacuate was quickly overtaken by the entity of green slime trudging its way through the streets. Over the span of an hour, the monster had taken down a number of different heroes. Running out of options, the association elected to pay the high fees required to get one of their top heroines on the scene.

Zooming across the sky with her body surrounded in a blue aura from her psychic powers, Tatsumaki scanned the city for a sign of her target. In addition to keeping her afloat, her abilities had the added benefit of keeping her neck length green hair out of her eyes. Spotting the massive blob passing its way through a formerly busy intersection, she flung her small form towards it. Stopping several feet above the monster, she waited just long enough for the hem of her black gown to stop moving before addressing it.

“Is this really what the association was so worried about?” Tatsumaki asked aloud, shaking her head at the creature. “A sentient blob of green gelatin? I really wish they’d learn to clean up their own messes instead of misusing my incredible powers.”

Floating down to meet the creature at what she assumed was its eye level, Tatsumaki held a hand towards it. “Unless you want to be pulverized into the pavement, I’d suggest you give up now. I promise I’ll make it quick and-“

At the last second, Tatsumaki managed to block one of the creature’s tendrils from hitting her. As soon as she pushed the gooey appendage away, two more shot towards her opposite side for a repeated attempt. Over and over the creature tried to assault the tiny woman, only to be stopped dead still by her abilities. The numerous tendrils assaulting her didn’t do much to shock

her. Effortlessly pushing away a dozen tentacles at once, she had to force herself to hold back a yawn.

Getting more annoyed than anything, Tatsumaki kept her eyes peeled for something to end the battle quickly. Her vision eventually fell on a massive billboard hoisted above one of the buildings. While it wouldn't be large enough to crush the creature's entire body, it would weaken it enough where she could finish the job with a flick of her finger. What stopped her with going through with her plan was that the advertisement depicted a curvy woman holding onto a massive burger with the slogan, "Bigger is Better." Fuming as she was forced to confront one of her shortcomings, she contemplated setting the billboard on fire first before smashing it to bits.

The short time it took for Tatsumaki to decide the fate of the ad was all the slime creature needed to take control. The tiny psychic's distracted mind couldn't react fast enough as a tendril slipped past her defenses and forced itself into her mouth. Any attempts to remove the tentacle with her hands were foiled by other tendrils swooping in to restrain her arms and legs. Unable to properly focus her energy, she could only watch as the creature pulled her towards its mass.

Even if Tatsumaki had been ignoring most of what the association had told her, she at least remembered what they had told her about how the slime creature devoured its victims. Dragged closer to the blob with each passing second, she struggled to come up with a solution. In the heat of the moment, her mind came up with a simultaneously brilliant and bizarre answer. Feeling the heat of the beast's body against her cheeks, she threw caution to the wind and made her move.

While Tatsumaki's arms and legs were restrained, she managed to still channel her psychic powers through her tongue. This small amount of control allowed her to reverse the

slime creature's pull to start pushing it into her own body. While this did stop her from becoming the beast's next meal, the dreaded side effects didn't take long to make themselves known.

It started with Tatsumaki's stomach. Her formerly flat mid-section began to bulge outwards at a rapid pace in an attempt to contain the massive amount of sludge she was chugging down. Looking past the tendril still stuck in her mouth, she watched as her gown grew tight around her swelling belly to show the exact moment that a rip formed across the center to show off her belly button. Sinking between her legs as it continued to grow, she feared what would happen if her own gut left her immobilized. Hoping to get at least something from the ordeal, she decided to make a slight alteration to the process.

Another surge of energy forced the slime creature's goo to begin spreading out across Tatsumaki's form. Thanks to the blubber that began to encase her legs, the tentacles around her thickening thighs were forced to let go. Similar layers of fat surrounding her arms allowed her to freely wave them about, giving her pudgy fingers a chance to wriggle around. Though this process also meant giving her still growing gut stomach rolls, she considered it a small price for gaining better control of her abilities.

Holding her pudgy hands aloft, Tatsumaki commanded her expanding mass to focus on a very specific area. Heeding her desires, the fat began to layer itself across her formerly flat chest. A pleased chuckle left the psychic's plump lips as she watched her tiny breasts swell into massive jugs that tore apart what remained of her overburdened gown. Though she knew how important it was to maintain control, she couldn't resist using one of her hands to grope at the engorged tits and plump teats.

Any enjoyment Tatsumaki got from feeling up the melon-sized boobs was undone as she felt her powers begin to shift. Though she tried to correct it, she was unable to regain control of

the flow of fat. The end result was her increasing weight beginning to focus mostly on her backside. Her butt had always been on the larger side, but she had always deemed it one of her better qualities. That case was harder to make as her rear continued to swell far past its original proportions. Feeling her butt cheeks swell up to give her prominent pear-figure, she winced as her pair of panties popped apart and sent flying down one of the abandoned streets. Feeling the lingering ripples spread their way through her fat ass, she considered stopping now and leaving what remained of the monster to be taken care of by the Association.

Even after Tatsumaki turned her powers off, the slime still chugged its way down her throat. Try as she might to push the sludge away, it still forced itself into her stomach to continue fattening her up. No longer held up by either her powers or the creature, she hit the ground with a thud that made every inch of her flab jiggle. Feeling the sensation rise up from her double-wide rear to jostle her thick chin, she could only watch as the last few drops of slime took refuge in her body.

When the deed was done, not a single trace of the slime creature remained. All that was left was a Tatsumaki that was easily eight times the size of her original self. Struggling to her feet, she winced at the feeling of her fat shake with each heavy stomp. Grasping at her gut, she tried and failed to will it away.

It was upon Tatsumaki's ears picking up the sound of vehicles rushing towards her location that she attempted to run and hide. She only managed to get a few steps away before her heavy form was sent crashing down to the ground. Left to bury her face in-between the cleavage of her fat tits, she peeked up her head to watch a group of heroes gather around her disgraced form.

“Stop staring and find me something to wear!” she shouted, her violent reaction doing little to hide the red blush across her chubby cheeks.

“You can’t be serious!” Tatsumaki shouted out, causing the room full of Hero Association employees to cower in her presence. “You’re telling me there’s no way to change me back?”

“Aside from the old fashioned way of diet and exercise,” one brave soul spoke up, earning a session of the psychic woman glaring at her, “I’m afraid not.”

Tatsumaki lifted up a hand, as if she was about to bring the entire ceiling down onto the group. Thankfully, the rational part of her mind kicked in to remind her that these people were both responsible for her paychecks and possibly finding a way to get back her old body. Clutching her fingers, she turned her back on the group and attempted to leave the room. She ended up getting stuck as her hips caught on the doorway. Wise enough not to say a word, the group merely watched as Tatsumaki wriggled about until she managed to pop herself free and slam the door shut behind her.

Left by herself in the dimly lit corridor, Tatsumaki took a moment to calm herself down. The task was proven more difficult than she thought as she was forced to recall how bad her situation was thanks to her current attire. Unable to find a replacement gown suitably large enough for her size, she had been forced to wear a grey sweatshirt and matching pants to keep herself decent.

Though the thick attire was supposed to keep Tatsumaki’s obese figured up, the material only seemed to make things worse with how it showed off her various stomach rolls. What little pride she had in finally having a pair of breasts larger than her sister’s was undone by the way

her heavy tits drooped downwards to reveal more of her thick neck in the process. Forced to stop moving once more to fish out the part of her pants that had sunk in between her ass cheeks, she tried to set her mind on how she would be able to return to her former self.

The answer to Tatsumaki's woes was an obvious one. However, she wasn't in a hurry to start pushing herself to start exercising. Ever since she had mastered her powers, she had mitigated the necessity of having to walk on the ground by floating around everywhere she went. Considering how hard it was to merely shuffle a few feet with her thick legs, she clenched her fingers at the thought of what a full run would be like. The breaking point came as she attempted to fix her sweatshirt and saw part of her pudgy belly peek out from beneath the hem.

"Fine!" Tatsumaki shouted, venting her frustration with the outburst and a heavy stomp. "Let's just get this over with."

Taking in a deep breath, Tatsumaki stretched out her legs and mentally prepared for the challenge ahead. Releasing a primal yell, she set off running as fast as her bulky legs could carry her. Despite sweat beading down her face and exasperated breaths leaving her lips, the fastest her body was able to move was at the pace of a tortoise. Continuing to push herself in the hopes of getting rid of her excess weight, she wiped the sweat from her forehead and resumed waddling her way through the hallway.

Tatsumaki's impromptu jogging session had her pass by a number of heroes from the association. Word had spread fast about what had happened that day, with multiple news outlets willing to plaster her picture across papers and websites showing off her new physique along with a less than favorable nickname. Despite this, the heroes knew it was wise not to say a single word to the obese, sweaty woman as she passed by. Behind all those layers of fat lurked the same

woman with a legendarily short temper. Unfortunately, this information did not get passed down to a certain hero that ended up stumbling into Tatsumaki's path.

With her vision blinded by the sweat in her eyes, Tatsumaki was unable to stop herself from ramming into the young man. The low speed collision made the two of them harmlessly bounce off one another. Stumbling backwards and grabbing onto a nearby wall to prevent herself from falling over, Tatsumaki tried to stop the left over ripples from relentlessly jiggling her flab. As she once more reached back to rid herself of a wedgie, she turned back upon feeling someone jab their finger into her gut.

"The hell do you think you're doing, lard ass?" the man said, his formerly pristine, spotted tank top now spritzed with some of Tatsumaki's sweat. "Look what you did to the mighty Tank Top Jaguar."

Tatsumaki tilted her head as she leaned forward to get a better look at him. "Who?"

"Tank Top Jaguar," he replied, proudly puffing up his muscular chest. "I'm a new, up and coming, B-Class Hero so show me some respect, you land whale."

Tatsumaki gritted her teeth. "Do you know who you're talking to?"

"Yeah, some fat bitch who doesn't know look where she's going or when to put down a fork. Now why don't you make yourself useful and go empty out the nearest fast food--"

A crackle made Tank Top Jaguar step back. The small burst of energy was joined with a wave of power as Tatsumaki's sweat-slicked hair began to rise up. Though it was a bit of a challenge, she managed to slowly lift up every single pound of her chunky form into the air. The feeling of no longer having to manually haul her body through the halls filled her with a sense of elation that was unfortunately not enough to cover up her unbridled rage.

“Well then, newbie,” Tatsumaki said, slowly flying her way towards the stunned hero, “allow me to show you the hierarchy here. Mainly, how far above I am from scum like you.” Grasping at this strange sense of pride, she decided to shout out the name of the attack she had made up on the spot. “Blubber Bowl Over!”

With a flick of her wrist, Tatsumaki sent her body careening forward like a wrecking ball. The impact sent Tank Top Jaguar sprawling to the ground with a thud loud enough to make any onlookers run the other way. The young hero was deprived of a chance to recover from the attack as his body was hoisted into the air by his attacker’s powers.

“N-now let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Tank Top Jaguar said as he was forced to look Tatsumaki in the eyes. “It was an honest mistake by a rookie. Honest. Y-you could use this opportunity to teach the next generation of heroes. I could be your sidekick and everything.”

“Is that so?” Tatsumaki asked as she ran her fingers along her chins. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt to have an extra hand to help me out now and then.”

“Does that mean...?”

“Sure, I’ll teach you,” Tatsumaki said, seeing the light return to the man’s eyes. “Now for your first lesson: how to take a beating.”

Tatsumaki kept Tank Top Jaguar in place just long enough to see the despair take over his face before she flung him into the nearby wall. Pinned to the surface by the psychic’s powers, the most he could do was watch as his teacher slowly glided towards him. She gave him a chance to see the malicious grin on her pudgy face before a twirl of her fingers turned her body around to have him staring straight at her fat ass.

“Wait, wait, I’m sorry. Please, I’ll do anything to-“

“BUBBLE BUTT BARRAGE!”

Another twinge of Tatsumaki's fingers sent her flying, butt first into Tank Top Jaguar. The impact sent a tremor through the building that made the psychic's body overcome with intense jiggling once more. Too busy focusing on the surprisingly satisfying feeling of the hero squirming beneath her cheeks, Tatsumaki further entertained herself by constantly wobbling her ass back and forth. Just as she felt like her victim was about to pass out, that was when she pulled herself back to let him slump onto the floor.

"Good, looks like you passed the test," Tatsumaki said, looming over the unsteady body of Tank Top Jaguar. "For your reward, I'll let you be the one to tell everyone of my new name."

"W-what's that?" he weakly asked.

Reeling back her hand, Tatsumaki slapped her gut. "The news outlets might have used ot to try and humiliate me, but I intend to make it my own. All shall learn to fear the Titanic Tornado."

"The Titanic Tornado?"

Tatsumaki pushed herself forward to shove Tank Top Jaguar back. "Got a problem with it?"

"N-no, mam," he replied. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Yeah, go get me some food and find me a gown to properly adorn myself," Tatsumaki ordered. "I expect you back here within the hour. Or else I'll keep using you as a training dummy for my new attacks."

Spinning on his heels, Tank Top Jaguar took off running at top speed. Watching her lackey stumble on his own feet to fulfill her demands, Tatsumaki floated her way through the corridors in search of snacks. As she passed by her fellow heroes, she ceased caring about how they looked at her body. After all, they would be helpful in letting everyone know her new hero

name as well as reminding them that she wasn't to be underestimated just because of her size.

Even if it was on the opposite side of the scale for her now.