

## *A Tornado of Trouble*

“Cheers!”

The high class bar had a big celebration in attendance as there was a hustle and bustle of waiting staff and customers moving throughout the cramped space. It wasn't even possible to hear yourself think over all the laughter and conversations happening between friends and co-workers.

A roar of cheers came from one specific booth as a drinking game came to an end.

“So close!” “You almost had it!” “Looks like you're the loser!” Everyone at the table had a comment to make as their coworker missed another shot, the hapless worker facepalming at his loss.

Arashi groaned, too drunk to find his aim. The twenty-five year old man with black hair and a suit identical to his coworkers was far too buzzed to aim a ball at the small cup. “Dammit...” he slurred.

His coworker on his right gave him a sharp slap to the back. “Hah! You lose, Arashi! And you know what that means! You gotta go get us the next round of drinks!”

Grumbling from his bad luck, and his poor aim, the office worker pulled himself out of the booth he had been partying with his coworkers in and headed for the bar to get more drinks. But the man was already many bottles of booze into his partying and if he couldn't throw a small ball across a table, walking in a straight line was impossible at this point. He drunkenly slogged his way past the crowded area, doing his best to avoid bumping into people.

Miraculously he was able to avoid a collision with the other patrons and barmaids and made it to the bar to order more drinks. The bartender gave him a cautious eye, knowing that Arashi and his friends might be a little too drunk. But Arashi flashed him the cash he'd gotten with his company bonus and the man just shrugged.

Waiting for the bartender to make all the drinks for his table, Arashi unsteadily turned around to wave to his coworkers, but found himself accidentally stepping in somebody's way. Out of nowhere he heard a voice that angrily shouted up at him. “Hey, watch where you're going! You bumped into me, jerk!”

Confused where the voice was coming from, Arashi looked around but didn't see anyone directly looking at him. “Huh? Someone talking to me?” he slurred.

“Down here!” Small hands reached up and snapped in front of his face.

Looking down, the drunk Arashi found himself staring at a woman who barely stood at half his height. Curls of green hair adorned her head while angry green eyes glared up at him. The girl stood there wearing a black dress that showed off a lot of leg.

Blinking in confusion, Arashi stared at the small girl who held a glass of whiskey in her other hand. "Huh?" After a few moments of staring, Arashi pointed at her while looking at the bartender, "Hey, barkeep! There's a lost child here that stole a drink!"

The young girl's angry glare intensified. "How dare you?!" She stomped her foot on the floor in indignity. "I'm twenty-eight, thank you very much!" She took a swig of her whiskey. "My name's Tat-"

"Wait what?" slurred Arashi in disbelief. "No way. There's no way a little girl like you is older than me!" He reached for the drink in the girl's hand. "Gimme that! That's not for little girls like you!"

Taking a step back, the greenette held the drink out of Arashi's reach. "Back off! I paid for this, you drunken buffoon!" Her cheeks were flushed red with anger and drunkenness. "Hell, you didn't hear me complain when you jerks came in and ruined what was supposed to be a quiet night!"

"Well excuse us for celebrating our bonuses!" The man screamed back with equal intensity as the two got in each other's faces, Arashi completely forgetting about taking her drink away. "What's a kid like you doing here anyway?!"

Downing the rest of her whiskey while glaring right into Arashi's eyes, the girl slammed the empty glass onto the bar before she took a step forward, putting their faces inches apart. "You want a piece of this, small fry?!"

"Small? Who the hell are you calling small, shrimp?!" Arashi's face turned cherry red with anger. "You couldn't handle any of this, shrimp!" Like the drunken clod he was, Arashi smacked his chest like a gorilla.

The girl narrowed her eyes. Her face was steaming with anger as she stared at Arashi, looking like she was going to literally explode with rage. The pair were interrupted when the bartender tapped on Arashi's shoulder, a platter of drinks on the bar. "Here. Take your drinks and leave the girl in peace. No fighting," he warned with an expression that brooked no refusal.

Taking the drinks, Arashi turned back to give the girl one more drunken insult only to find that she'd vanished. "Huh? Where'd she go?" he slurred. However, he'd only taken a few steps towards his friends when he realized that wasn't all that was missing.

"Son of a bitch! That shrimp stole my wallet!"

*Later...*

“Goddammit...” slurred Arashi, slumped over as he trudged up the stairs to his apartment. “Can’t believe an elementary student stole my wallet...” His friends had made his plight seem even worse with their mocking. “Now I gotta go report it tomorrow.”

Reaching his door, the drunken salaryman pulled out his key and did his best to unlock the door, though admittedly it took a few minutes before he succeeded. Finally he opened the door and stepped into his apartment. Dumping his coat onto a rack, kicking off his shoes, and throwing his bag on the floor while he walked into the pitch-black living room and was easily making his way through the apartment he lived in for years; ready to just drop like a log on his bed.

Then the lamp clicked on from out of nowhere. “Hey, you need better snacks.”

“KYAAAAA!” Arashi came damn near close to jumping out of his skin when he saw the short greenette sitting on his couch, a bag of pretzels in her hands. “You!” He pointed at her and glared. “How’d you get in here, you shrimp?!”

Tossing the bag of pretzels away, and subsequently ruining them when they spilled onto the floor, the green haired girl stretched her body and laid down on the man’s own couch. “Oh don’t mind me, I have my ways.” She had the biggest shit eating grin on her face as she spoke, a red blush still covering both of their cheeks. “Helps that I had this too.” She pulled out a simple white card, her fingers covering all the words, but leaving her picture visible. “Wait, that’s the wrong thing.” She then threw her ID to the side and brought out a simple brown wallet.

“Wait, that dress has pockets?” Arashi was more confused than terrified now. Where did she pull those out from?

“Nope!” replied the girl with a drunken chuckle. “Oh wait, I need that card.” Reaching out with her hand, Arashi witnessed it glow green and fly back over to the woman who had become even drunker than him.

“What are you doing here? Give me back my wallet!” He screamed, still in outrage at her theft.

The angry gleam in the green-haired girl’s eyes returned and she hopped off his couch. She opened her mouth to explain something when she was suddenly cut off. “Wait a minute, how’d you make that card fly to your hand?!”

“You’re only noticing that now? How drunk are you?!”

“Hey, I’m not drunk! I just had...had...” Arashi looked down and started counting on one hand. “Seven...eight...nine...” He paused for a moment before looking back up at the girl. “Um...what comes after nine?”

“Twelve, you nincompoop.” She answered flatly. “But listen here. You have messed with the wrong esper!” She pointed a finger at him with a hand that swung back and forth like a conductor. “I am Tatsumaki, the number two in the whole wide association.” She had a proud smirk on her face as she looked down on him... metaphorically; literally, she was still staring up towards his face.

“Number two what?”

“Number two HERO, you drunken dimwit!” The girl pointed outside his window. “Do you not even know what goes on outside your own apartment?!”

“I...uh...” Arashi swayed side to side for a moment before finding his footing. “I do important stuff!”

A green glow enveloped the girl’s body and she floated up towards him until they finally looked at each other eye-to-eye. “Oh yeah, another paper pusher. You must be so~oo proud to be just another worker drone.”

“Hey! I like my job!”

“Yeah, you must be so important, worker drone!”

“At least my job doesn’t have me dressed in that!” He pointed at the black dress that showed off almost all of the girl’s thighs. “Seriously, what hero goes around in that?”

“A damn good one, for your information! At least I’m not some corporate bootlicker! That’s why you needed all that booze, to get the taste of boot out of your mouth!” It took the girl less than five seconds to kill a monster. Right now she was thinking about killing this drunken lout in four.

The floating girl turned away and headed down the hallway. Arashi wondered what she was doing until he saw her enter his bedroom. “Hey! Get out of there!” By the time he made it to his room he found it in disarray. Clothes were flying out of the closet while the girl rifled through his drawers with her psychic powers. Intent to make this gnat... she actually forgot, but it was fun to make this guy angrier than herself.

“What is with you? Who needs seven of the same shirt? Why do you have all these cat posters? Are you some kind of freak?” She opened the drawer at the bottom. “You have a porn drawer? PFT!” She drifted away and grabbed at a watch before reality hit her. “Wait, why do you have a porn drawer?!”

Gritting his teeth with absolute rage, Arashi grabbed her by the shoulder. "That does it, you floating pervert! Get out of my apartment!" He pulled her by the wrist, dragging her to the door and shoved her out of his apartment, locking the door on her and sighing with relief.

Walking back into his room, Arashi felt happy that it was all over.

"You know you left the window open, right?" Tatsumaki taunted him while she sat on the windowsill. "And where do you get off on calling *me* the pervert, Porn Drawer having Worker Drone!"

"I'm not the one who goes out in that dress and has message boards wondering if I'm even wearing panties underneath."

The girl's anger reached full-on pissed off. Pointing a finger at Arashi, she used her psychic powers to fling him onto the bed, keeping him pinned on his back. "And how exactly would *you* know about those places?" She floated over the man without a care for the law of gravity. "But why don't I give you definitive proof!" The drunk esper exclaimed as she spun in the air and slammed her butt against the man's face.

"It's actually pure silk." She boasted while literally rubbing it in Arashi's face. "What's the matter, worker drone? Cat got your tongue?" She let out an evil laugh, bellowing from her ingenious actions that left the annoying jerk speechless. Winding down and wiping a tear from her eye she looked down and realized the obvious.

"Oh, he's hard. Huh." She really didn't think this through. Gulping at seeing the tent in the man's pants, Tatsumaki suddenly noticed the heat that was in her own body, feeling the man's muffled voice rumble through her core and his lips pressing against her panty clad pussy that she was rubbing against his face.

Despite her own desires, Tatsumaki wanted to mess with him more. "See, you're the pervert, you're the one who got hard because I'm rubbing my... crotch against your face... Nevermind that!" She waved her hand and Arashi's pants started to get undone. Pulling his underwear off along with it as it slid off his legs onto a pile on the floor.

Tatsumaki finally went silent for a moment as she saw the nuisance's thick, veiny, cock standing directly up. Her brain tried to reboot a few times and tell her that she really shouldn't be doing this, but it didn't work as she came up with a new way to prove that Arashi was the pervert.

Putting her feet forward, the green haired psychic leaned back to get more comfortable while she ran her soles along his huge shaft. Very sloppily pumping it with her feet, but still getting the man beneath her to moan and pre-cum to drip from his bulbous tip.

“See, you’re the one who’s getting off on th-IIIIEEEAAAAA!!!” She screamed in surprise when Arashi’s hot and wet tongue started to push forward. “Pervert! You’re trying to eat me out through my panties! Stop being such an idiot.” She brought a hand down and pulled them off to the side. “There, now you c-AAAHHhh~!” Now that he could properly give her oral, Tatsumaki felt an entirely different pleasure than any of the times she’d masturbated.

Without warning, his hands dug into her heavy thighs and pulled her down; further shoving his tongue into her pussy and getting even more drunk off of her taste. Tatsumaki had been so wrapped up in pleasure that she let his psychic bindings slip. Her own ministrations fell to the side as she was so wrapped up in her growing bliss, that she entirely forgot about where her feet were until the salaryman beneath her bucked his hips.

Arashi didn’t understand what was happening and at the moment he didn’t give a damn. All he knew was that there was a shortstack angry psychic currently grinding her pussy into his face while she got him off with her feet and that was all he cared about. His fingers digging into Tatsumaki’s soft thighs, the office worker tasted every nook and cranny of the woman’s honeypot. When his tongue flicked across her clit he could have sworn he heard a girlish squeal come from her and licked it again.

Tatsumaki had to clamp a hand over her mouth to try and suppress the moan that threatened to spill out. There was no way in hell she’d let this drunken lout know he was actually making her feel good. An angry growl came out of her and she looked down at his cock, working her feet faster. “Oh, you think you can make me cum, do you? Well I’ll make you cum first!”

Suddenly the feud between the pair turned into who could get the other off first. Arashi’s drunken tongue that went over everything inside her, or Tatsumaki’s clumsy feet that were wrapped around the man’s surprising length.

Pushing her feet up and down his dick, Tatsumaki was nearly drooling as she watched how it twitched and dribbled from her touch. She never thought she’d use her feet to do something dirty like this, but found herself unable to stop or look away from the monolith she was working on. If he was getting this way from her feet alone, she wondered how he’d handle the rest of her.

Despite their best efforts to get the other off while trying to hold in their own rising orgasms, both Arashi and Tatsumaki let out moans simultaneously as they came. Hot cum shot out of Arashi’s cock, staining the Esper’s feet with his white seed. The pussy that was pressing down on Arashi’s face suddenly let out a stream of silvery love juices all over his face, staining the sheets beneath them.

While Arashi was licking and gulping down what he got into his mouth. Tatsumaki’s face turned a darker shade of red as she saw his hot white cum on her legs. With the man’s head beneath her ass and unable to see, the green haired psychic gingerly lifted the gunk into the air and took a taste of it that floated towards her.

Her body heated up even more when it fell on her tongue, her dress feeling terribly constrictive and her hardened nipples poking out against the fabric. Eyeing his dick, Tatsumaki bit her lip. She felt her most basic, carnal desire screaming out from the very foundation of her mind. It wouldn't hurt to try it, just the tip?

Regaining her composure, Tatsumaki floated off of the black-haired man's face and hovered towards his lower half. Her panties glowed green before they floated down her legs and fell onto the floor beside the bed. The inebriated woman looked down at the large erection pointing at her delicate flower before she started to lower herself down. "Mmmh!" She bit down on her lower lip when the thick head started to push against her soft folds.

When the head slipped inside of Tatsumaki, her concentration was broken and she had a sobering moment for all of a millisecond when she realized her psychic flight had failed, just before gravity took hold once more and would slam her entire body weight down on the very lucky man's pelvis. *'Oh fuck.'*

"Ahhhh!" Tatsumaki cried out as she was speared by Arashi's dick, slamming all the way down until her pussy had completely bottomed out. Tears stung at the edges of her eyes while she had a look of unadulterated pleasure cracking her face in two. Her eyes became half lidded and filled with pure joy from the painfully fantastic feeling of his cock filling her to the brim.

She wasn't the only one being washed in pleasure, wrapping his hands around her thin waist, Arashi thrust his hips back and forth, digging deep against the mattress as he moved the number two hero that was riding him. As befitting a small woman like Tatsumaki, her pussy was incredibly tight around his thick shaft. He moaned as if her womanhood was trying to choke his cock, the girl tighter than any other woman he's ever fucked before.

Getting knocked out of her cock shock by said cock slamming inside her, Tatsumaki barely holding herself together from cumming then and there. She didn't even think as her body reacted without her, lifting up her thick ass and leaving in only the tip, before slamming back down on his dick. It was choppy and unsteady, but the two horny idiots quickly found a rhythm together to have their fun.

Watching Tatsumaki's round booty bounce up and down as she rode him hard, Arashi's hand drifted down and grabbed the woman's phat ass, giving it a good squeeze and helping her bounce on his cock faster. "Ah! You're...so tight!" he drunkenly slurred, the sensations becoming too much for his inebriated mind to handle. "Fuck, I'm nearly-"

Without any warning, the young man felt the green esper tighten around his shaft and couldn't hold himself back, his dick twitching and surging with his hot cum blasting inside of the woman; his voice freely blasting off the walls. All while he saw Tatsumaki sitting there and looking completely pristine.

What Arashi couldn't see was Tatsumaki completely falling apart. Tears ran down her cheeks while her body moved with a will of its own. Her mouth hung open and her tongue lolled out but no sound came from her; the wind had been entirely knocked out of her lungs to the point where a scream of ecstasy was beyond her. Her green eyes rolled into the back of her head while her back arched, her mind caving in from the man's cock as she was brought to a mind breaking orgasm.

She wasn't even sure she remained conscious as her body continued to grind against the man and draw out her climax, but, eventually, she found the ability to stop.

Taking a shaky breath, Tatsumaki centered herself. Looking over her shoulder, she appeared in a way that anyone would kill to witness. Her hair was an absolute mess, her eyes half open and showing the ferocity that had been awakened, the remnants of her tears staining her cheeks, and a smile that showed a woman unbound.

Arashi, however, missed the look Tatsumaki was giving him, having fallen into a drunken slumber after he creampie'd the shrimp that had broken into his home.

Realizing that he'd fallen asleep, Tatsumaki scowled and huffed in annoyance. Still, she suddenly felt the creeping feeling of exhaustion sink in after the adrenaline rush subsided. Suddenly she found herself too tired to wake him up and yell at him. She fell back into his chest, groaning as his cock slipped out of her creampie'd hole. Using the man as a pillow, Tatsumaki was falling asleep while listening to his heart beat, saying one last thing before she drifted off. "You're still a pervert with a porn drawer..."

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### ***The Next Morning...***

Waking in a start, Arashi held his pounding head to deal with the terrible pain he had from hearing his phone ring so loudly. Grabbing at it from the night table, he answered it with a huff.

"Who is it?" He was pinching his eyes shut from the sun shining through his blinds.

"Arashi, get in here, NOW." It was the voice of his boss. "A huge name just came in and asked for you specifically. I don't care that you're supposed to come in later, get here this instant." With that, the call ended.

At his boss's near shouting voice, that got the young man to kick it into high gear and wake up. Getting off his bed, he looked down at himself and noticed he was still wearing the same clothes as last night. God, he wouldn't ever drink that much again. He could still hear that annoying girl's voice in his ears....



“Wait.” Looking around incredulously at his room, Arashi found absolutely nothing out of place, even though he remembered a tornado coming through last night and throwing everything around. No matter where he looked, there wasn’t a shred of evidence that anything had happened. Even his lower drawer was undisturbed. “Did I seriously dream about all that happening?... god, I really need therapy if my fantasy was a shrimp giving me a footjob with my face under her ass.”

He didn’t have any extra time to waste though, not with what his boss was saying over the phone. So Arashi just rushed to his job, dirty clothes and all. It already took him twenty minutes by train, and it’d be leaving any minute now.

When he finally arrived at his advertising firm, the dark haired man could see that everyone was alight with gossip and chatter, all of it talking about someone massive being in the building. Giving himself the smallest of once overs before he walked in, Arashi plastered on his usual customer handling smile and joined his boss.

“Hello there, drone. Long time no see.”

He froze in place with his empty smile still on his face as those words turned his blood cold. There, standing next to his boss, was the short greenette from the night before, wearing the same black dress that showed off her thighs. Now that he was no longer drunk off his ass, he finally recognized who she was.

Tatsumaki smirked when she saw the color drain from Arashi’s face. “I was just telling your boss how we met last night and how you gave me your business card.”

Arashi went rigid when he remembered how Tatsumaki stole his wallet. “Oh...”

His boss failed to notice the growing horror on his employee’s face and beamed with pride. “Miss Tatsumaki called and said she was interested in our agency to help advertise her image. And she said she was very interested in having you as her manager!”

“What can I say? I like his spunk,” Tatsumaki said with a knowing smirk. As Arashi’s boss left to go get some forms, Tatsumaki walked over to the stunned office worker and smiled up at him. “Oh, I think this is the start of a beautiful relationship, don’t you?”

Arashi looked at his tormentor and swore he’d never drink again...

*To be continued...*