

Spectral similarities (Abigail to Tatsumaki)

Don't Starve and One Punch Man
Abigail to Tatsumaki

<https://www.deviantart.com/cherytheftfan/art/Wintertime-Blizzard-1174666283>

With permission, this is a sequel to this! It took way too long for me to do geez. But hey I did it. Anyway, this is my first FTF. Maybe that's why it took sooooo long? Eh. Either way, enjoy!

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Overwhelming.

Abigail's little sister had become so overwhelming in so many ways.

The spectre watched in awe as Wendy sent a mass of telekinetic energy through another Tallbird in a fashion that left no chance for the creature to fight back. With a wag of a finger the creature swirled into pieces and shredded into neat spiral pieces. A ferocious monster that was dangerous to deal with now began to descend in neat organized piles of meat with such a casual motion. The forming tornado dissipated as fast as it was summoned, having drowned out the death wail of the bird. What followed is the proud and confident laughter of its caster.

"Sister, it's so easy now~!" A giddy look that one couldn't express from the pessimistic despondent girl that she once was was clear. "I'm sure we'd never be troubled again~"

"It feels like trouble approaches us in a different way, Wendy."

"Sis, I thought I told you to call me Fubuki now?"

Right. This girl was formerly Wendy, but she now wished to be called Fubuki. A name not native to the lands here but is so established as her identity. This self-proclaimed sister couldn't possibly be any similar to Wendy yet here she was existing to disprove that. The haughty and arrogant tone would not be something you'd find with her. Even the alluring grace she moved to and fro she'd never dream her sister of attaining. How she managed that with those beach balls for tits she might never know. She always was a dork rather than this charismatic and suave individual. If the ghost girl hadn't seen her sister metamorph into this state then nothing in the world can make her believe it was so.

"Don't tire yourself out," Abigail warned, as she floated closer. She had to levitate a bit higher in order to stay face to face with her sister. No, she wasn't jealous of that giant bosom that her sister flaunted. The back pain must be immense. *"We don't know the limits of this power."*

"I know my sister, but still!" The sheer confidence Fubuki oozed out was again another direct contradiction that this is her sister. "I feel like I can take on everything!"

Abigail would find herself frowning if she could.

Though appreciative of some positive aspects of her sister, they might end up into a cycle of "I'm a genius" to "Oh no!" to "Woe is me" type of Charisma Break. Maybe a side of her is a bit worried that she wouldn't be able to contribute to her sister anymore. In truth, gaining such independence would bring nothing more than happiness to both of them, yet she couldn't help but feel as if this was cheated on. That the lack of organic change would mean her sister might slip back to her old habits even with her new form. There's a possibility that this change wasn't permanent. Even if she were to feel sad about not being relied on and finally passing on now that her sister is in a better place, she still wanted to make sure she was fine. Abigail just hoped that this was going to be alright.



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"Oh right we still need to chop some trees down,"

Her sister's statement brought her back to attention. It was approaching dusk and if they weren't careful, they'd be swarmed by monsters. Such an event is usually a death sentence for anyone caught off guard. With her sister's evolution it would no longer be an issue IF she were to be cautious. The issue is, this sister of hers has become more reckless and threw caution to the wind. Still, with Wendy- er-Fubuki around, that did mean less monsters for them to deal with. Hopefully the same applied at night. A lucky monster had nearly sunk its claws onto Fubuki when she was bragging if not for Abigail's actions.

"Better make it quick if so. We must not venture too far or else. Our camp would need to be protected from the beasts of the d-"

"Over there! There's lots!"

"-ark..." See? Barely stopping to think things through. She might be getting independent but this overreliance on her newfound powers that may or may not be fleeting is a growing concern. If she were to pass on and Wendy were to turn back to normal, then it wouldn't go well one bit.

"Wendy... I mean Fubuki. If you're thinking of using those again..."

"Oh relax~I need to test the limits of my powers after all~"

An emerald glimmer manifested at the hands of the voluptuous woman beside her. It contrasted the forming shadows that harbored the approach of night so missing the sight would be an improbable task. Such a task became more impossible as green light shone around Fubuki and the trees. Gales began to pick up as a miniature tornado formed once more and slowly began to rend the trees. Abigail thought it was a better option if it was this late even if usually that meant driving away all the prey and luring the predators in. Applying a lot of force against enemies typically meant they'd still procure some food and materials. But the right amount of "chopping" needed to be done on trees. It's easy to do with an axe but with the still unmastered telekinetic force, Wend- Fubuki needed more time to fine tune it.

"Careful. Too much force there now."

"I'm the one practicing here~! Hang on!"

"Easier with an axe if you want to use your power there."

"I accidentally crushed one with my mind!"

Maybe that was the real drawback. Fubuki gained a supernatural power and became frail as a result. Not that it can't be resolved with armor... If Fubuki wasn't so insistent on having Abigail take the hits for her and keeping the new outfit she wore. Truly it was a majestic dress that brought out her beauty yet it provided no defensive bonuses whatsoever. It was something she accepted was a must.

So focused were they on the trees that they neglected to notice the green aura around Fubuki beginning to spread outwards. The bright light and blinding gales were a bit of an aid to obstructing that (Yes ghosts need some sort of vision too. You try seeing things when you have pebbles going through your intangible eyes). It wasn't just dust and debris that flew but the ghostly essence of the ghostly gal too. The emerald shine became a bit more apparent on Abigail, as her form began to shift and change in response to the billowing force. Bit by bit her tail began to stretch behind her, to the direction of the wind, as if forming something more

humanoid. As Fubuki adjusted her posture to keep her legs spread to remain balanced, Abigail's began to form legs around those tails. In fact there was a lot of plumpness that manifested as if she seemingly absorbed her sister's energy. Abigail's form began to slowly mimic the delightful curvy plumpness of Fubuki's legs, albeit a bit on the thinner and shorter side. You'd have to struggle to see such changes due to how it wasn't quite solid just yet. Nor humanoid.

"Done~" So it ends and the force dissipated with numerous freshly procured lumber ready for transport. A task Fubuki eagerly took as she waved her hand and caused many to float. "Perfect! With this I can convince the others to become my lackeys hehe~"

That desire to form a group that bows to her beckon is worrying. Still, at least it was done and Abigail inched closer to the logs.

"At least they seem usable this time," Abigail noted, her tail moving as if she was squatting. The emerald gleam had lessened, but there was a persisting glow despite Fubuki no longer using her powers. A sight that Fubuki looked surprised by, before having a mischievous glint. She could after all feel a connection between her sister but to her there was something more distinct to it. *"Did you tire yourself out though? How are you feeling?"*

That odd expression brightened, hiding any intent Fubuki had earlier.

"Feeling just alright. I can't wait to show off to everyone now!" Fubuki smiled as she pumped her hands up. Yup. Her expression was showing a large amount of vanity. Wonderful. "Once they see me, they'll bow down to me~"

"... Are you sure you still see them as friends?"

"Of course! It's just that they'd be so scared and intimidated once they see that it's me that they'd surely follow me~!"

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"They followed you with pitchforks and swords, that's for sure."

"Don't remind me," Fubuki sighed in annoyance.

Her hair was a bit more ruffled after that fight, becoming a mix of unkempt yet beautiful despite there being no attempt for that objective. Her body was simply that naturally attractive even if she were covered in leaves and dirt. Even her slightly torn dress seemed to take on a more showy form rather than actual unusability. If anything it was more tantalizing.... Nooooo, she wasn't lusting after her sister. Besides, this wasn't really her sister anymore.

"At least it was resolved..."

"I doubted that was a resolution if anything."

Upon finding the rest of the survivors Fubuki immediately began to boast and emphasize her newfound power and presence. Naturally things didn't go so well. To the existing group, they were suddenly approached by this strange witch-like woman who began to assert how important she is to the group. The use of powers was also immediately alarming and combined with the reckless trespassing that Fubuki did combined to a perceived danger even if misconstrued. Wilson shouting it all that she was a witch boss didn't help. She was a stranger with an ominous aura around her, with a form that one wouldn't find on most individuals in the area. Maybe if Fubuki spoke with less arrogance it would be fine but her newfound nature incited the battle hungry Wigfrid who started charging in, proclaiming she would pop the balloons that the witch carried. Wigfrid was sent flying after that. Everyone else followed. Chaos ensued.

Thankfully practice with powers ensured the safety of everyone involved. Mostly.

"That said er, I'm still sorry for blowing you away Abigail..."

"You had some fun in it I'm sure," Abigail rolled her eyes.

Fubuki was safe and sound and had managed to push away anyone that tried to attack her. She was quite proud of doing so until Abigail was hit by the crossfire. The spectre's attempt to manifest to show that the 'witch' wasn't a threat only succeeded a second time after she respawned after the rowdy battle. It was too late to prevent any injuries (Fubuki claims they were just ruffled) but the ghostly relative's presence convinced them that it was indeed Abigail. Despite Wilson's repeated statements that this was a scientific impossibility they were mostly convinced eventually.

"I'm still not feeling alright after what happened." Abigail muttered as she floated about, swirling around Fubuki as if to test her body. *"It's not too bad but ugh... You better be careful,"*

The form she took was still her. But it truly did look more and more humanoid albeit faintly. Maybe to Abigail it wasn't obvious but to Fubuki the formation of limbs was becoming clearer. A face was starting to stretch out from the bedsheet like the form of her sister. Her tails' hips had already become more pronounced before but now it was clearly taking shape even if it still moved like a spectral end. The change was very obvious to someone who can actually see her sister.

"You do look a bit more translucent than before," Yet subtle enough, that mischievous glint was on Fubuki's eyes. Some of her attacks may or may not have been purposely set to blow away Abigail in order to test her powers and awaken something. Each time she used her powers, something changed within Abigail and she couldn't help but feel excited about the possibility of a similar metamorphosis to her. "But you're not really that different. I'm sure you don't have to worry about anything~!"

"I wonder why that's the case?" Abigail snarked as she went through Fubuki's boobs. Her intangible journey eliciting a squeak from the sister as her cold nature caused those impossibilities to defy gravity and bounce of their own will. Her sister was still cold to feel when approaching, so it couldn't be helped if she was shaking from the uncomfortable (yet pleasing) cold. *"Could it be because I was blasted away by friendly fire?"*

It was probably the equivalent of a little sister slapping the big sister's chest.

"Sister, I'm sorry!" Fubuki whined. Bits of Wendy's personality were clear and an embarrassed expression manifested. Abigail was just as surprised by that but also the strange emotion of... satisfaction at seeing that. It was nice to see the fragments of her former sister. But both were soon drowned by an annoyed look. "Please don't do that again or I might ward you off."

"Really now?"

"I can easily do so like this~!"

And a green aura moved to wrap around Abigail. The ghostly spectre couldn't do more than a goldfish scooped up by a net. The invisible energy had squeezed around her and lifted her up, removing her completely from Fubuki's bosom. Not much wiggle room was allowed until she warped her form a bit. The bits of emerald aura persisted throughout her body now as she let out an annoyed growl. Fubuki wasn't affected, simply giggling at a 'karmic treatment' of her sister.

"Besides, isn't it a great thing that you have a more humanoid form now?"

It was something Abigail noticed too but tried her best to ignore. With Fubuki's recent actions, it was gaining more and more notice.

"... Maybe so. But I don't like this. It's far too foreign."

There was one advantage alright. As Abigail recovered earlier, she was slowly taking a more human visage. Even right now the arms were manifesting and her legs were a bit more defined now to the point that she can spread them and kick them around. In fact Abigail can reach forward to admire her pale yet slender arms. She never thought she'd see her original form again. It was enough to bring a smile to her face. Oh. That was also a new change. She can actually show more expressions now. A thrilling discovery.

She just wished they didn't have to find out about it through accidentally blowing her away.

"Anyway, can you let me go now?"

"Actually, I wonder if I can make you more human by doing what I did?"

“...” Bold and reckless tendencies mixed with new supernatural powers can only lead to great things. Great horrible things. Abigail began to float away ready to express her discontentment but found herself still netted by the green net that Fubuki had cast to her. So angry she was that a snarl actually came to be. *“I don’t approve of what you plan to do.”*

Well, not entirely. But as of right now Abigail was finding less and less reason to trust Fubuki.

After all, Fubuki’s mischievous expression couldn’t be any clearer.

“Oh relax I’m sure it’ll be fine!”

“Sister!”

Abigail wasn’t too keen on this idea at all.

But there was a change. She could feel it as Fubuki directed more and more energy into her. There was no escape for her or what her sister was trying to inject into her. As of right now she was like water in a container, unable to escape the grip that her sister had on her. Her own form was compressed already into a curled up fetal position (still ghostly) but now she was adding even more. The foreign energy was like oil, refusing to bond with her and continuously spreading. Yet somehow Fubuki was managing to just combine the two aspects together. It was a very alien feeling that was thankfully harmless, if not annoying. No doubt attributed to the increasing tightness from the sheer compression being enforced.

“Ghrrrrrr!”

Supernatural aura flared out but of course that was quelled down by the new might of Fubuki. This in turn caused them to slam back into Abigail and intensifying the dizzying and uncomfortable sensation. The foreign material she could feel enter throughout her body circulated and spiralled all throughout. The compression was starting to fail though as Abigail reached forward with her hands trying to push back against the wave. The cyclic energy seeping out and back in was making it very easy to feel the immense soft and plumpness of her legs. The tingling sensation made her tail, no, toes tingle. Akin to a feeling when your nerves get pinched when sitting in the wrong position. All foreign sensations still for Abigail and all such things she despised.

“Abigail, it’s working!” Fubuki’s excitement was not shared at all. The ghostly gal gritted teeth as she felt her body begin to feel a warmer sensation. It wasn’t from anger (though she’d argue it helped) but rather the more physical side of her concept existing. The sensation of a heart racing as she felt that heat intensify continued. “I can see what you used to look like! I think!”

“FUBUKIIII!!!”

That wasn’t an echo that only belonged to Fubuki’s ears.

That was a loud sharp voice that could be heard by any person in the area. Abigail's arms began to extend out as her body began to warp. Gone was her comical almost cartoonish main body and was instead converting to a curled up human form. From the dainty slimness of her arms, the waspish waist that might snap at any moment, and to the thick hips that jiggled with every shockwave, all of it was so distinct from her original form. That and the really furious expression on Abigail's head when it peeked from her constrained body. No longer was it the round goofy ghost. It was a normal body of an attractive albeit short woman. Unlike Fubuki, Abigail's human form wasn't quite as top heavy. There were no budding bosoms there. It had grown as much as a flower could in Antarctica. You could almost pass her as an incredibly pale human if not for her ghastly white hair that reminded Fubuki of her sister's old hairstyle.

But Fubuki wasn't quite satisfied with that.

An excited look persisted on Fubuki as she felt the resistance from her sister increase. Though her sibling was much stronger, Fubuki could feel that she was new to this and was wasting so much. So someone of a genius like her could resolve any counterattack. So with a few finger wags there and a few misdirected flow, the energy that Abigail was letting out began to spiral before slamming back into her. This time it elicited a scream as her body began to rotate and contort in a ghostly manner. She was still a spectre to the end so she was caught along. It was a bit worrying at first-

"FUBUKI I'M GOING TO PUNISH YOU!!"

-REALLY WORRYING!

But it was for the greater good. Abigail's form waned and waxed, enlarged and compressed, lengthened and shortened, as the process continued. But soon her ghastly hair actually bellowed out into green curly locks. This time it was more obvious and clearly becoming more physical. The constant squeeze and mash did wonders for her body. Her hips were already appeasing and childbearing before. But now they have doubled in size, kicking outwards with a great jiggle. To call them childbearing would be to call surviving this wilderness slightly difficult. A pleasing sight of her ghastly sister's transformation continued as for a moment Abigail stopped spinning, and her ass was propped outwards. It was such a short-lived second but her ass began to take in more of the essence and became two pleasing beach ball sized flesh orbs. There might be more changes such regarding what's hidden there but any more were hidden by the newly forming black dress that covered her up. Well, dress was a bit generous. It was more like a black fabric that was just enough to cover up the naughty bits. Her spectral sister was less intangible and invisible now so anyone would see her in full glory. No longer can anyone think she'd be a ghost if this were to continue.

"We're almost there sister!"

Fubuki clenched her fists as she used everything. She wasn't going to let her sister lose out on this wonderful end result. The blast of energy converged and sent Abigail shrieking once more, as this time even as she spun, the energy waned and waned. Absorbed more into a center mass. The flowers in Antarctica began to grow and grow and grow. Massive breasts came into existence as they took in the energy, Fubuki made sure to focus there, and became more physical. With each absorption accelerating her spin, but also causing them to bounce and jiggle. By the time the pink areolae formed, Abigail had become fully human. Her dress that formed as she spun and spun spinning with her, being nothing more than an elegant one piece dress. She was such a wonderful image that Fubuki couldn't wait for the end result-

"I SAID ENOUGH!"

Neither could her sister.

Any more transformations ceased as a shockwave blew away all.

Fubuki squeaked as she landed on her butt, dazed for a second at the sudden attack. It wasn't too bad of a hit but she was so focused on using all her energy that she couldn't muster a defense. For a moment she almost regretted it, as she felt her body tremble in fear and anxiety at what she just brought out. She could sense the looming shadow and vast aura that came from a source yet her eyes could only shine at the sight that laid near her. What came to be was so beautiful!

Although the greenhaired woman in front of her floated with a nasty scowl, one cannot deny the beauty of hers. The black dress had extended itself and now covered her well, albeit while still revealing those wonderfully shapen hips. One could say that each hip was twice her former spectre's waist size. Accompanying those was the huge ass that was more than a match for Fubuki's own derriere. With such a bottomheavy combo it would ensure that childbirth and childbrooding would be easier for her. They were positively alluring on their own but then as Fubuki's gaze raised, the thrill and excitement continued.

Those titanic tits trembled at the slightest breeze. Unlike Fubuki's own, they couldn't come quite close to her level in size that can obscure a short person (like how Abigail once hid inside). But they were still wonderful in their own heft, revealing a clearer cleavage to all who would peer. If one were to brave the danger and draw closer, they might hear a sloshing sound at the faintest motion. A piece of information like that would assure you that the newly transformed ghost would now make for a perfect wet nurse. That's if anyone would be able to stand tall against the absolutely vicious glare she sent out. Though her face was clearly fully human, with big emerald eyes gazing at someone. Even at their hateful scowl one would be hard pressed to find it not adorable. Even the curl of her mouth looked more like a pout. Though in terms of height she was smaller, there was a much more tantalizing dissonance between someone 'short and cute' maintaining a 'voluptuous body'. In fact she might be floating to tower over her since otherwise she'd be too short.

“Sisteeeeeeer!!” So thus Fubuki swooned. “You look so adorable--”

https://x.com/2_b213/status/1654195795732889600

Artist - 2_b213



And was silenced by the immense aura she felt.

“---- Eh? Wait?”

It was absolutely overwhelming.

The immense aura her own sister let out completely dwarfed hers. Fragments of inferiority began to bubble up in the back of her mind as Fubuki saw her sister wag her hand. In the process, a nearby forest was uprooted in its entirety. A feat that would've taken her much longer for sure. Not to mention that despite the clear seductress focused appearance, her sister was exuding an aura more of a terrible twister about to wreck havoc.

“Strange. So this is what you felt huh,” Tatsumaki noted with an annotated but proud smile. “And I'm Tatsumaki. Strange. So that's my name now?”

“Tatsumaki?” Seeking to at least guide her sister through the process, Fubuki got back to her feet attempting to get excited. “Oh you must be facing the same sensations I had~!”

Fubuki tried to sweetly talk- but flinched when Tatsumaki turned towards her. An overwhelming amount of fear filling her heart. Abigail was right that Fubuki was different from Wendy by a great margin. But that was because of the lack of a domineering sister that caused a gap between her and others, alongside making sure she's aware of how low on the totem pole she is. Fubuki's squeak slipped her mouth as she was gently picked up, becoming meeker and meeker. Looks like Wendy was still inside there.

“Ah... sister? Can you please not treat me like that?” Fubuki trembled even when Tatsumaki gave her only a soft and warm gaze. One would not find comfort in such an expression from a tiger though so it did little for her ever increasing fear.

“And what are you going to do if I did this anyway?”

“.... Nothing.”

“Correct. You are far too weak Fubuki. You rely on your LOOKS and nothing else,”

How heart wrenching. If there was a sanity or emotion bar somewhere Fubuki thought hers would've dropped close to 0. She slumped down now looking more like a cat that was picked up. But immediately became alert when she noticed her sister heading off while carrying her. This was a route that was far too familiar to her since they just came from there.

“Ah? Sister? Didn't we just go there?”

“To where the others are? Correct.”

“??? But why are we heading back?”

“You said you convinced them to follow you from now on no? That’s what you told me on ‘how you resolved’ the situation?”

“Yes... Wait... Then why are we heading back there?”

“You don’t have to worry about anything at all. You don’t need to rely on any weaklings at all.”

“Sister!”

By complete accident, it seems their relationship had defaulted back to its original state.