

Sisters United!

Contains inanimate transformation, squeezing, flattening, and very bad end

“SISTER?!”

Fubuki could only look on in complete shock and horror at realizing what was in the display case. In some dusty old museum that had some meager trinkets one shouldn't expect anything too exciting. The only reason she came here was because of a free visit from a staff member that she helped save in a separate fight. But little did the esper expect that she was about to find her missing sister.

As a coin.

Fubuki was still flabbergasted, still pressing her hands against the display case.

In front of her was a panel that held a small coin. Though black and slightly green in certain sections it really was simply that to the naked eye. But she can sense the aura that was almost minimal that leaked from it. A faint telekinetic energy that she still strongly recognized from her past traumas with that horrible sister of hers. However the immense ocean filling amount of energy was now only a few droplets.

“?”

In fact she can barely feel an emotional response.

Thankfully no one else was around, so with a swing of her hand she caught the coin with her psychic ability and snatched it out of the display case. All while making the most minimal incision to minimize the damage. So thus Fubuki caught the coin and placed it on both palms, now careful to squeeze or even touch it. She also realized just how firm yet soft this coin was. The slightest pressure would no doubt bend it but it was still remarkably Tatsumaki.

“What happened to you sister?! How did this happen?!”

The slightest twitch of the coin was all it could muster as an answer. The feelings and emotions she picked up from her own telekinetic power was one of relief and thankfulness. Oh how horrible. No doubt Tatsumaki has been here so long that her rage was spent and all she could muster was kindness. Maybe that was the true horror in a sense. But it can't be denied that Tatsumaki has been gone for weeks, maybe months. What kind of enemy could have done this to her?

“I best leave now to turn you back,” Fubuki muttered softly as she spun around, heading for the exit. “Maybe someone in the Association can turn you back.”

With that, the rescue should've concluded.

If not for the smiling woman that stood on the other end of the museum by the entrance. One with fashionable Victorian era clothing that immediately reminded Fubuki of a certain stylish faction of heroes. The Artisans was it? Nevertheless, Fubuki cleared her throat and began to march forward. A bit wary. Was she seen '*stealing*' her sister back? Was this girl related to Tatsumaki's condition? Questions littered her mind but there was no way someone who leaked no telekinetic energy could've caused it. She doubted she can be stopped and good ol fashioned intimidation always works.

"Pardon me," Fubuki simply said, taking a step to the side. "I'm just about to leave."

"With my possession?"

Oh damnit that confirms that. Didn't even need a hand gesture. With a thought, an invisible force wrapped around the woman. The artist's outfit wrapped around her like giftwrapped and she let out a surprised gasp, before it all twisted with force. Not just the clothes and the air itself. But her very body. The lesser esper was not usually like this but kidnapping her sister and doing this to her brought about a furious side to her too. With how this woman treated Tatsumaki, she would receive no mercy from her.

With a proud huff, Fubuki continued to step forward intending to leave the woman that dared attack her sister as-

"That's very rude, you know."

Fubuki's blood ran cold.

A glance was all it took. The woman that she had just twisted into pieces was simply flexing back into place ever so slowly. Her powers were once again being treated as nothing more than a slight obstacle.

But that was the original intention anyway.

"? Only silence?"

Fubuki didn't grant her a response. Everything she needed to know was there. This thing was a monster in disguise of a plain human. So thus she just shot forward straight to the entrance, vaguely aware of how the telekinetic hold on the person she just attacked with is loosening. Not without the effort of maintaining it either. The painter was just somehow breaking out of it and there was nothing she could do to slow her down. Right now she was using all her telekinetic prowess to rush to the entrance! A feat that she had finished before the painter could recover.

So thus, Fubuki sighed in relief as she felt the cold air outside, glancing one more time behind her. Her powers had nearly run dry holding her but at least she can keep going. Though... That's strange. The painter had her hand open in a weird way. Wonder what it-

SQUISH!!!

Fubuki twitched as her entire body felt an immense tightness completely lock her up. That alone is frustrating to realize. But as she felt her immobility, there was an increased amount of pleasure and heat as Fubuki realized that even her ass and chest was squeezed by this sudden attack. Right now her form was absolutely deformed. Her feet were still standing from the ground. But the monster had just made a gesture of squeezing a washcloth and now she was squashed as if her body was contorted.

Then she began to hover, her feet struggling to maintain its foothold before she ascended. The float back to the museum was more dreadful. There wasn't much she could do as Fubuki came face to face once more with the painter. Her mouth was also distorted and twisted, unable to do much but give a hateful muffled growl at the painter. Meanwhile she just stared amused, before beginning to twist even more. Fubuki could only let out a squeak as she felt her body twisted and rotated more.

"See that's how it feels. Very rude right?" The painter wagged her finger. It's not false to say that Fubuki felt like a child right now being chided by her mother. "I hope you'll learn a valuable lesson and never do this again. Say sorry."

The minute of simply being twisted and having her entire body warp more and more wasn't necessary to request an apology. Fubuki was already letting out another pained, and perhaps partly pleased, cry. Muffled as it may be, the message was probably clear.

"Id----dodrry! Porgiib!"

It was really hard, especially with how her chest was smoshing against her body. Or how her hips felt so bare right now. Her clothing was ripping apart in many sections yet was still persisting on her. Hugging against her and ever increasing the blissful feeling. If anything it felt like they were becoming part of her.

"Hmm.... Promise to never do that again to anyone?"

"Yeeeeedd!"

"And that you won't steal from anyone else ever again?"

"Budd----my----sisdeeer---"

"Do you promise?"

“.... Pro---miiiiise!”

“Good~” The artist shoved her hands into Fubuki’s body, and simply fished out a familiar black green coin. The emotion it let out would be dread and horror, alongside with bits of rage. But the artist wouldn’t sense that nor did she care. She simply placed it back in the display case and watched as Fubuki’s form became more and more like a knot. With only her upper head and feet still untwisted, and even so they were rotating in a manner that she didn’t want to continue. Worryingly she can feel her esper energy leaking out with each squeeze. So much had already spilled out and now they were simply going everywhere. Fubuki could only let out another whimper as she realized just what happened to her big sister. If her big sister was drained of everything, someone so impossible insurmountable to her... what chance did she have if this were to continue?

“Hmm.... Okay~! I forgive you~!” The woman said sweetly as she gently held Fubuki.

“Turn----back??”

“... Hell noooo~”

“!?!?!? Youp-----pwwaaa-----miiiis--”

“Did I? Did I really?” She wrung her by the hands now. Fubuki’s upper face beginning to rotate, eyes growing wide and teary at the treatment. It didn’t hurt anymore. But she can feel not just her body changing but her very soul. Being handled and shaped by the whims of an artist was horrifying. She was completely wrung out now, with only droplets of energy to spare. She was completely dry. “I made you promise to stop being such a bad person! You were unfit to be a hero with how you acted!”

“Bud-----buddd----”

“So thus~! I’m locking you up for punishment~!”

“Plllllllis-”

Fubuki felt the artist’s pressure increase and her head ache. Her body was irrecognizable now as anything more than a green black knot. But there was something leaking. She wasn’t leaking out sweat or any fluids. Not even esper energy. So what was there for her to lose? What more can she possible take----- AH!! She was starting to forget!! Nononono! In her mind it felt like it was being pacified and stifled. Attempts to speak or even think dying out as this psychic force continued.

“Your sister is a strong one. She held on so strong! But even she was reaching her limits. But someone like you.... Can you even come close?” The artist wondered as she watched the

memories leak out. It was incentive to squeeze harder. Squeeze tighter. “Or will you be nothing more than a permanent artpiece? Unable to repent?”

“NHHHHHOOOOOOOO--”

“Oh wow that’s the loudest one~But too bad~”

“HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELP-

“In my museum, my art is merely art,”

“-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-”

“Tun tun tun~”

And... she let go.

The new shape of her current art project was finished. It was a knot. It was a knot wrung so tightly that she shaped it into another form. Into a series of black, white, and green ribbons that formed quite a nice circular design. The artist giggled as she picked it up from midair and simply placed it on a newly formed pedestal. It would’ve been perfect material to use for a new dress or scarf, but for now it was simply fine to have this here.

“Oh and sisters should stick together--- oh! Wonderful~!”

The artist looked at the coin, which no longer vibrated or shook. The trace of energy she felt in the past that defended itself had disappeared completely. What could’ve brought that on? She felt as if this one could last for a month more if she tried--oh!

“I see~! Seeing your little sister turn to that was enough for you to break completely... How cute~”

So with a giggle, the artist placed the coin on top of the pedestal. On the very center of the new artpiece.