

## Finale

*The waves crested against the sheer cliff face that hosted the wedding of Tatsumaki and Arashi. Only a handful of people sat in attendance, the small ceremony bringing the S-Class heroes and Arashi's mother to tears at the beautiful sight of the two lovers being officiated by Blast in front of an orange sunset with a purple hue accenting the scene. After their kiss seals the sacred pact between the two of them, a green glow envelops the two newlyweds as they fly off into the sunset, holding the other's hand. Tatsumaki's poofy white dress fluttering in the wind while the two simply smiled at one another-*

"Hahahahaha! That's your pitch, Arashi?! I thought you were supposed to be good at this stuff!" Tatsumaki sat on the couch, nursing her small baby bump while laughing her ass off from hearing her fiance's idea for their wedding. "Wow! You're even more of a hopeless romantic than I thought!"

Frowning, Arashi packed up the concept art he'd printed out and sighed. "Well excuse me for wanting the best for our wedding."

"Even Metal Bat doesn't swing for the fences that hard..."

Sighing in defeat, Arashi put the pictures aside and sat down in a chair opposite his girlfriend. "Well, we could just hire someone to plan it out for us?"

"What?! No way in hell am I letting some stranger plan *my* special day."

"Wait what about m-"

"I dealt with the Monster Association Executives like they were nothing more than bugs in my path and I solve every disaster thrown my way like it's nothing. Planning a wedding? How hard can it be?" The brash Esper got up and smiled. "Something like that will be child's play to someone like me."

"Really?" Arashi was deadpanned as he grabbed one of Tatsumaki's books to dig his nose into. "Well, I did say that I would wait for when you wanted it, I guess getting married when we're grandparents is fine."

"Oh ha ha," Tatsumaki moved her finger down and put the book on the table. "I'm gonna make you eat those words by making the best wedding ever."

"Tell me, how long do you think it'll take to organize a wedding?" Arashi tilted his head back and raised an eyebrow at the woman, doubting her confidence.

"Please, I'll have it all figured out and everyone's butt in seats in no time."

### ***Six Months Later...***

“Hey Tatsumaki, do you know how long ‘no time’ is supposed to be?” Arashi asked from over the woman’s shoulder.

“Hey! It’s hard to do this when you look like a damn rotisserie chicken!” The floor around their table was covered with ripped up papers, the result of Tatsumaki changing her mind constantly regarding just about every aspect of the wedding. The couple had been going back and forth for half a year now and they hadn’t even picked out a suitable cake.

“This one about M-City seemed nice.” Arashi picked up one of the less mangled pieces of paper off the floor.

“The catering was good, but I hated every location they offered.” She still found herself weirded out by the city attempting to get them married in front of the government building for a boost to their popularity. “Why did you have to be so against that forest cabin out by P-City? It was gorgeous.”

“Well I’m sorry that instead of psychic abilities, I was born with a bee allergy. I figure you’d rather have the groom survive the wedding instead of needing an epi-pen in the middle of our vows.”

Tatsumaki wanted to tear her hair out with frustration. Things had piled on one after another. In addition to trying (and failing) to plan their wedding, Tatsumaki’s pregnancy was now in its eighth month. She’d already had to go with her sister to pick out bigger outfits to compensate for her swelling breasts (it took her psychic powers to keep Arashi from toying with them every chance he got) and her oversized belly. Plus, the expecting couple now had to work on one of the rooms of their apartment to turn it into a bedroom for their new baby. The association had offered assistance, but neither of them wanted to miss out on the good and the annoying when it came to parenting.

Groaning from absolute frustration, Tatsumaki slammed her head into the table. “Urghhh! Fine! I can’t take this anymore!” Picking her head off the table, the Esper turned to her boyfriend and gave a sigh of defeat. “You win. Let’s get a wedding planner.”

“See, maybe if you listened to your husband-to-be, you wouldn’t be-” While Arashi was gloating and taking out his phone, the two jumped out of their skin when the door to their shared home burst open.

Out of the shadowy doorway entered a figure that took Tatsumaki by surprise. “Yooahoo! Who’s ready for their special day?!”

The sudden interruption made Arashi drop his phone in shock. “M-MOM?! How did you know I was about to call you?!”

“Oh please, Arashi!” Soyokaze merely smiled knowingly at her son and his startled girlfriend. “A mother always knows. Besides, I’ve been planning my child’s special day for thirty years!”

“...I’m twenty-seven, Mom.”

“I like to get a head start.” She merely waved her hand at his remark and brought a binder out of her large purse. “This is the first ten plans I have, but I’ve got plenty left in reserve for you to choose from.”

“How long have you been carrying that around?”

“Nevermind that, dearies, you two have a lot to look through together.”

The bride-to-be grabbed one of her portfolios and flipped it open. Tatsumaki and Arashi took a quick look at what Soyokaze had in mind before they both looked back up at the smiling mother with eyebrows raised. “Uh...when did you get the idea for this?” Tatsumaki held up a small piece of paper with a rough sketch drawn on it.

“Oh I had a lot of ideas for Arashi’s wedding so I made it a point to write everything down when my imagination struck my fancy.”

“Yeah but...how’d you come up with the idea of having Metal Knight make a robotic wedding?”

“How could I not when I found out my daughter-in-law was going to be the strongest heroine in the world? He’s bound to have robots to spare if he has so many back ups.”

The couple looked at each other before shrugging. “Fair enough,” they both said before Arashi picked up another portfolio. “A dojo wedding?”

“Well, I originally had the idea of doing a cherry blossom wedding. But then I ran into this lovely old man named Bang and we discussed weddings for a bit. He told me that in some traditions it was a show of trust and strength to get married in a dojo like his parents were.”

*‘Why the hell was Bang of all people talking about wedding ceremonies? And where’d she meet the old man anyway?’* Still, Tatsumaki was feeling relieved seeing these options, no longer burdened with having to go out of her way to plan everything herself. She grabbed another portfolio and flipped it open. “Hmm...this one seems nice.”

Arashi put down another folder and took a look at the one in Tatsumaki’s hands. “That’s...actually a pretty good one, Mom.”

“Oho? Looks like I got a bite.” Soyokaze recognized the portfolio in particular and smiled. “So do I take it you’re interested in that idea?”

The two looked down at what Arashi’s mother had designed and both felt like it was the best of all the options presented to them. “Sure. I’m down with it.”

“You sure?” Soyokaze pointed out the window to the parking lot down below. “I’ve got seventy other portfolios down in the car and about two hundred more at home. You don’t have to agree so quickly without knowing your options.”

The man on the other side of the table gaped at his mother, his jaw hanging so low that Tatsumaki thought it might pop off and hit the floor. “What?! How many ideas do you have, Mom!”

Not wanting to continue this conversation, and trying very much to ease her migraine, Tatsumaki held up the portfolio and handed it to Soyokaze. “We’ll go with this one for now. You can leave some of the other stuff here just in case I see something I’d like to add.”

“Splendid. Don’t you two worry about a thing. I’ll make sure your special day is the greatest in your lives.”

Arashi left with his mother to grab several more wedding portfolios from her car. Floating out of her chair, Tatsumaki flew over to the couch, laying on it while turning on the TV. As a lame game show aired, she used her telekinesis to open the refrigerator and pulled a container full of strawberries over to her, psychically popping the red fruit into her mouth.

“Whew! Finally we can get this done. I wonder what kept her from trying in these six months...” she said to herself, nursing her large belly while unaware of being the cause of her predicament.

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Arashi stood at the altar looking at the guests as they filed in and took their seats. “Wow...I can’t believe so many of them actually showed up.”

The groom looked around and had to admire the set-up his mother had helped put together. Behind him and the altar was a beautiful waterfall, cascading down a cliffside. Arashi stood in the best suit that Tatsumaki’s money could buy. He waited patiently while the rest of the guests took their seats. He quietly nudged his mother who stood nearby. “How the hell did you put all this together?”

“A mother has her ways...”

“If you were a Hero, you’d be Wedding Mom.”

“Hah! I like the sound of that.”

Mother and son continued to watch as the guests took their seats. Arashi's boss and coworkers were present, sitting behind and gawking at the S-Class heroes that decided to show: Puri-Puri Prisoner wore his best fitting suit, but his arms were still bursting out of the destroyed sleeves, Bang was talking with Bomb while both nursed drinks, Tank Top Master had a black tank top with a tuxedo print on, Metal Bat continuously pulled at his tie and button up shirt, and Genos stood silently by his plus one, the A-Class Saitama, while he picked at the buffet. Even Flashy Flash and Child Emperor had shown up to the wedding. While he was sad that Blast didn't make an appearance, Tatsumaki had told him beforehand that the number one hero was rather capricious about where he decided to show himself.

Among the crowd were also a number of other heroes. Amai Mask sat prominently in the front row, stylishly trying to show himself to the few powerful heroes he actually respected at the event, while Fubuki didn't bother to hide her dislike of the man as she stood on the bride's side of the altar. The B-Class hero had shown up with her entourage, the Blizzard Black Group, but because there were only so many seats at the venue, and because this was not the plus one Fubuki was allowed, the sharply dressed heroes all had to awkwardly wait in the parking lot, watching everyone else pass by.

Arashi felt sorry for all the photographers who snuck in to sell photos of the wedding of the 2nd ranked hero, along with more photos of the S-Class heroes who attended, but they were all put-off when Puri-Puri Prisoner looked at one of the cameraman, smiled and winked for the camera...and then the camera promptly exploded. *'Really hoping that doesn't happen for our wedding photo...'* worried Arashi.

As soon as everyone had taken their seats and the justice of the peace, Sekingar, stood behind the anxious advertiser and the music began to start playing out of Child Emperors robot dogs that patrolled the perimeter. The Worker Drone swallowed the lump in his throat and stared in awe when he saw his bride-to-be come down the aisle.

Tatsumaki had never looked more beautiful. Even with her pregnant belly easily showing through her white dress, nobody could deny how stunning the greenette looked. She walked slowly down the aisle by herself, not having a father to give her away. However as she walked, the back of her dress floated behind her rather than dragged, a soft glow of green showing her powers in use. Behind the blushing bride walked Bad's sister, Zenko, serving as the flower girl. Metal Bat wasted no time in taking a thousand pictures a second of her as she walked behind Tatsumaki, tossing flowers into the air.

Once Tatasumaki reached the altar, Sekingar started the ceremony. However, Tatsumaki and Arashi barely heard a word the man said, so focused on each other that everything around them seemed to fade away. Arashi felt his heart skip a beat when he saw the happy gleam in his bride's eyes from behind her veil and Tatsumaki smiled the happiest of smiles seeing the

adorable face her groom made. Even when they gave the other their rings, the world seemed to be a million miles away.

“Arashi,” Sekingar’s words brought the pair back to focus. “Do you take Tatsumaki as your lawfully wedded wife, to love and support through sickness and in health till death do you part?”

Taking a deep breath, he began. “I do. Tatsumaki, I will always support and help you, in sickness and health, through natural disaster or monster attack, I’m going to stick by your side. I’ll treat you and our child with all the love in the world. Even if you get sick of me, I’ll continue to give you two everything I can and make you as happy as can be.” He leaned forwards and undid Tatsumaki’s veil to show her blushing face.

Sekingar opened his mouth as he turned down to look at Tatsumaki, but she cut him off. “I do too. Arashi, when I first met you, I thought you were just some absolute idiot. But I was wrong, you’re brash but understanding, lazy but hardworking, annoying but heartwarming. You’re *my* sorta idiot.” Everyone gave a light chuckle and Arashi’s smile only grew wider. “I’ll protect you from natural disaster or monster attack, and make sure you and our child can live the way we want and love and care for the both of you with all my heart.”

“With your vows said, under the power vested in me by the Hero Association, I now pronounce you husband and wife.” Picking her off the ground, the pair’s kiss made the crowd erupt in cheers and applause, Puri Puri Prisoner loudly sobbing at the display of love and beauty. When their chaste kiss came to an end, Arashi lowered his now wife to the ground and held her arms in his.

When she pulled away from her husband, Tatsumaki turned towards the audience and smiled. Everyone braced themselves when the woman in white turned around and promptly tossed her bouquet of flowers over her head and into the crowd.

Smiling, Fubuki raised a hand and glowed green, aiming to pull the bouquet towards her with her powers. However, Tatsumaki wasn’t willing to let her sister cheat and swatted aside her power, turning her head to look at her sister and giving her a smirk that said “Don’t be a spoilsport, Sis.”

Flying over her head, the bouquet landed directly behind Fubuki. Turning around, she gasped when she saw who had caught it, much to everyone’s amusement and one man’s rage.

Zenko had been so focused on catching the bouquet, she didn’t see the uninterested boy that was seated behind her. When she leapt into the air to catch the beautiful assortment of flowers, she found herself having landed on the lap of Child Emperor, the S-Class Hero equally shocked and blushing at the surprising sight before him. His uncertainty only grew when he felt a killer aura closing in on them and saw Metal Bat grabbing a folding chair to use as a weapon while Bang tried to calm him down.

As destruction and evacuation happened as a result of chance, the newlyweds simply looked at each other before laughing. At least the carnage wasn't happening in their lives for once.

"Big Brother, stop trying to hurt my future husband!" The little girl's shout only made her overly protective sibling even madder.

"I only met you today, don't call me that!" Child Emperor screamed back at the girl with a blistering blush on his face, all while trying to use his tech to get away from Bat's swinging arm.

"OI! YOU SAYING THAT MY LITTLE SISTER ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YA?!"

"MAKE UP YOUR MIND!"

By the time Metal Bat hit over a light fixture and caused a fire, the husband and wife had already chosen to get into the limo to start their honeymoon. The black out windows hiding Arashi's action as his legs were easily visible poking out of the bottom of Tatsumaki's dress as he kneeled on the car floor before her.

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Sitting beneath a large umbrella with nothing more than a pair of swim shorts on, Arashi enjoyed listening to the sounds of nature and drinking out of his coconut. With absolutely no one else on the private beach, the two were free to do whatever they wanted, whenever and wherever they wanted. Something that they had already taken advantage of when they first arrived and fucked on the hammocked front lawn of the new Summer Home Tatsumaki had bought for the occasion.

Footsteps on the hot sand caught Arashi's attention. Turning his head, Arashi gave his new wife a happy smile as she joined him on the beach. Tatsumaki knew she got her husband's attention right away with her new beach attire. As soon as they got to the beach cottage they were going to spend their honeymoon at, Tatsumaki told him that she had a surprise she'd picked out just for him. And what a surprise it was.

"It's a little tight but I think it fits me just fine, don't you agree?" teased the Esper, feeling the sun shine down. The bikini she wore couldn't even really be called a bikini. It was more a two-piece set of strings of pearls that just barely covered her nipples and nothing else, a thin line of tiny pearls digging into her pussy. She put a hand over her pregnant belly, and gave it a smile.

Arashi could say nothing, becharmed by his wife's sexy appearance. Seeing the dumbfounded expression on her love's face, Tatsumaki gave a cute chuckle. "I'll take that as a yes."

Reaching him, Tatsumaki leaned down and gave Arashi a long, deep kiss. "Hey, you mind doing me a favor?" She reached down into a bag and pulled out a bottle of suntan lotion. "Wanna rub some lotion onto me?" she asked with a devious smile on her face. "I mean, I'd do it, but I can't see my body with these massive tits in the way."

Ever since her breasts grew bigger thanks to her pregnancy, Tatsumaki seemed to be even more excited about them than Arashi, pointing out her larger bust whenever she could, changing from a B-Cup to an E-Cup. While Fubuki's were still far bigger, the newlyweds knew exactly how to have fun with what they had.

Taking the bottle from her hand, Arashi poured a liberal amount of lotion onto his palms and scooted back, letting his greenette wife sit in front of him on the beach towel. His hands gently started to rub the lotion onto her shoulders and neck, earning a soft sigh from the woman. "Ahhhh..." Tatsumaki's smile grew wider as those soft hands cupped her ample tits. More moans came from her lips as his hands made their way down her body, softly rubbing the lotion onto her big pregnant belly before they reached her sensitive spot between her legs. His teasing continued when Arashi tugged on her pearl bikini bottom, making her hiss as those small pearls dug into her soft pink folds and her hard clit.

Looking over her shoulder and into his dark eyes, Tatsumaki was already starting to sweat. "Don't keep me waiting." At her request, her eyes widened and breath hitched when two fingers pushed in and spread open her pussy.

His motions were as deft and mind numbing as always, with so much experience touching Tatsumaki's body, it would be stranger if he wasn't so great. Her string of pearls did nothing to stop her cunt from dripping over their towel, his fingers digging oh so deep inside her to press her g-spot while his thumb would play with her clit. She could feel his contained erection pressing against her bare ass, his teeth nibbling at her collar and lips kissing neck, the heat from his panting breath against her body made her shiver.

With his right hand making his wife writhe in pleasure, Arashi used his left to make her voice cry out in the open space. Grabbing her glistening globe, the man squeezed her milk-filled breast, fingers pinching and playing with her hard, pink nipple. Tatsumaki squirmed in her husband's lap as the heat and pressure in her chest started to build. "Ngh! Ah!" Her back arched as he kept at it, that pressure finally reaching her nipple and a stream of white milk shooting out. "Ah!"

Kissing the back of her neck, Arashi took his fingers out of her cunt for a moment to cup her neglected tit, giving it the same treatment. In a matter of seconds, his kneading and playing



caused a second stream of milk to shoot out of her tit, her breast milk running down her naked front while her husband milked her like a dairy cow.

Before she could reach climax from her husband's milking, Tatsumaki turned around and gave her husband another sloppy kiss, pushing him down onto his back. A burst of psychic power and a flick of her finger later and Arashi's swim trunks slid right off of him, his cock standing at attention. Smiling down at him, Tatsumaki took hold of the lotion bottle and squeezed it, letting the clear liquid slide over her grown breasts and large baby bump. Once her front was nice and slippery, the Esper gently held her husband's shoulders and pressed her body against his, lewdly rubbing her oily titties into his chest while feeling his burning erection press against her pregnant stomach. Even after knocking her up, the pervert couldn't get enough of his love's jaw-dropping body.

"Ahhh..." Arashi's hands, still slickened with tanning oil, reached around to grab at his wife's ass, sinking his oily digits into her plump cheeks.

Slowly rubbing her beautiful body against her husband, Tatsumaki found a nice rhythm to lather him in oil and feel his comforting hold on her. Reaching between their dripping bodies, the esper gripped the raging hot cock that sent her screaming more times than she could remember. Pumping her hand around it, she could barely fit it in her grasp while his pre-cum splattered between their touching bodies. Their panting breaths and moaning voices merged together in a captivating symphony for the enthralled duo. Their eyes stared deeply into one another's, seeing the hunger and determination in the other, they wanted to be together, always and forever, especially for the building pleasure coming over them.

With her small hand working at his rod with all the experience and expertise she had gained in their relationship, her pregnant stomach rubbing against his hard on, the way her skimpy pearl bikini felt against his skin, and her milk dripping breasts pressing against his chest and getting so tantalizingly close to his face; arashi was practically drooling. His dick was twitching and oozing pre-cum, he could feel himself about to burst, but he wanted to mix things up instead.

Pushing himself off his back, Tatsumaki was now face-up on the towel with Arashi pulling his cock away from her hand. When his hands moved to grab at her legs, Tatsumaki braced herself, her body tingling and asshole twitching with anticipation when she felt the pearl bikini move aside to expose her puckered hole.

Smiling down at his wife, Arashi aimed his oiled-up manhood at her backdoor and pushed into it. Tatsumaki gasped when she felt the man enter her ass but had more than enough experience and lube to help her learn to relax and let him slide into her without giving much resistance. "Oooooohhh..." Her hands gripped the towel as the Worker Drone started to pump in and out of her asshole, her big belly jiggling with each thrust Arashi made.

“Ah! Ah! Ahhh!” With nobody on the beach to hear them, Tatsumaki could be as loud as she wanted. Arashi would sometimes still chastise her for being so loud when they made love, still a little incensed about getting kicked out of his apartment despite Tatsumaki’s home being soundproofed. So whenever she got the chance to get loud, she took it. “Ah! Fuck! Arashi! Yes!!”

Giving his wife’s asshole the hardest pounding he could give, Arashi leaned down and kissed Tatsumaki, a shiver running up his spine when her nails dug into his back. When they broke the kiss, Arashi started to pepper her neck and shoulders with kisses before his hands cupped her bouncing tits. Another squeeze made milk start to leak from her nipples, perfect for Arashi to suck on as he wrapped his lips around those pink peaks and enjoyed a drink.

Tatsumaki’s ass was as tight as ever and every time his teeth grazed jugs made her get even tighter around him. Pulling himself higher, letting her breast go with a *pop*, Arashi put the Esper’s legs on his shoulders and reached down, fingers finding her clit. Arching her back, Tatsumaki let out a howl of ecstasy from being brought to a swift, mind-melting orgasm. “T-tatsumaki!” grunted her husband when her ass clamped down on her, bringing him to his release as well.

Feeling her ass filled with hot cum, Tatsumaki licked her lips lewdly, rubbing her belly and enjoying the face her baby’s daddy made as he came. When their eyes met, both knew that the fire hadn’t dimmed inside them at all. Neither said anything. Tatsumaki merely pulled her husband into another kiss as he started to pump his still-erect cock in and out of her asshole...

Hours later, the newlyweds lay on their filthy towel and watched the sun start to set in an orange-baked sky. Tatsumaki laid her head on his shoulder, her body covered in cum and her pussy and asshole dripping with her husband’s seed, hand casually strumming against his chest while red lines painted his shoulders and back. “I love you, Worker Drone...” breathed Tatsumaki as she watched the sun dip beneath the horizon.

“I love you too, shrimp...” He spoke dreamily before giving her another tender kiss.

Even with their honeymoon only just starting, the lovebirds already made the best of their time there. Together, with nothing to keep them busy, it was just a calming serenity that helped them feel at one with the world.

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Arashi looked down at his baby girl as she lay in her crib, the infant fast asleep and lying on her back. “Wow...she looks just like you,” he noted. Little Kyofu looked like a mini Tatsumaki, with a head of green, spiraling hair that she’d inherited from her mother.

Wearing her normal black dress once she’d worked off the baby weight, Tatsumaki floated next to her husband and looked down at their little bundle of joy. Much to Arashi’s

delight, her breasts were still the same large size though, but she still would force him to sleep on the couch if he called her a 'shortstack'. She smiled down at her little girl with a mother's love, putting a hand on Arashi's shoulder while they watched her sleep. "Yeah but she's got your eyes. I see you finally got her to bed."

"Not easy to do when she's floating all over the place." It didn't surprise the two parents that their baby shared Tatsumaki's psychic powers. It did, however, make it difficult to keep her still when she kept floating away.

"Don't worry. My sister and I will teach her to control it as soon as she's able. In the meantime-" She was interrupted when Kyofu started to float upwards while still asleep. Putting out her hand onto her baby's stomach, she gently used her powers to push her back down into the crib and keep her there. "Definitely going to have to keep an eye on her. The last thing we need is for her to float out the window when our backs are turned."

"And heaven only knows what's going to happen when she gets older." Arashi loved his little girl but the fact that she was an Esper made him worry for her future.

"It's alright. She'll have us. Who knows? Maybe she'll decide to be a Worker Drone like her old man," teased Tatsumaki, elbowing her husband in the side. "Slave to the machine."

"Better than a slave to a Shrimp," clapped back Arashi with a grin.

"Hey, I could always bring out the collar again if you're that into it!" The green devil was brimming with mischief.

Chuckling, Arashi rubbed the back of his neck. "Definitely going to have to hide that when she's older..."

"Still, I bet she'd make a great Hero. After all, she's the daughter of the number two hero in the world."

"Oh yes, I can see it now. Kyofu: the Tornado of Trouble."

"Hah hah. Ho ho. It is to laugh," joked Tatsumaki before the two parents turned around and leaving their daughter to her sleep. When the door closed, however, the girl's stuffed animals started to float around the room...

*The End*