

Chapter Six

Fubuki had never seen her older sister look so frazzled as she sat across from her. Tatumaki was many things but frightened wasn't one of them. She was so startled by her sister's attitude that she'd completely forgotten that she'd been waiting for her for almost half an hour. "Sis, what's wrong?"

Tatumaki let the waiter bring her a cup of tea and took a nervous sip. "Um...I don't...really know how best to explain this..."

Sitting back in her chair, the dark-haired Fubuki gave her sister a sympathetic look. Whatever this was, it was serious. "Look, Sis, why don't you just start at the beginning. Then work your way to whatever's bothering you."

Gulping down her tea, the greenette set down her cup and put her hands together, fidgeting in her seat slightly. "Um...well...so, have you been reading the tabloids lately?"

The younger Esper brushed off the comment with a wave of her hand. "Come on, Tatumaki. You know I don't read that trash. They make up all kinds of ridiculous gossip; Metal Bat hits a ball straight to the moon, Child Emperor created artificially intelligent toy soldiers to spy on people, You have a boyfriend. It's all completely made up." She took a sip of her tea.

"Well...that last part about me is true."

Fubuki immediately did a spit take, her eyes going wide from absolute shock. "WHAT?!" Her jaw hung low from how serious her sister's face was and she knew she was telling the truth. "YOU have a boyfriend?!"

"Keep your voice down, you idiot!" Tatumaki brought a finger to her lips and shushed her astonished sister. "I've been trying to keep those annoying press circuits from finding it out. Life's already annoying enough with me needing to deal with monsters, god forbid I need to deal with reporters too."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's just..." Fubuki wiped her mouth with a napkin before brining her fingers to her temples to try and wrap her head around it. "You are in a relationship. I don't know what I was expecting but that was on the bottom of the list." Taking a deep breath, the taller of the sisters sat back in her chair again and looked at the greenette. "So, you're in the relationship. That's more unbelievable than aliens revealing they exist." There was still an unsure expression over her face. "You are in a-

"Alright already, cool your jets! Yes, I've got a boyfriend. You can stop freaking out!"

Fubuki had a million questions. "So, what's his name? How'd you two meet?"

“Bar.” The answer was quickly and curtly put out in a stiff manner.

“... Is that it? Did something embarrassing happen? Since-”

“Nope, nothing like that, not at all.” Tatsumaki tried to keep herself from turning red faced, their first meeting really would end up haunting her.

“I was going to say that you’ve not told me his name.”

“His name’s Arashi. He’s in advertising.”

“So THAT’S why you’ve suddenly got ads popping up all over the place.” Fubuki had been wondering why her sister had suddenly been on billboards lately when she was notorious for rejecting any endorsement offers.

“Yeah, it’s a long story.”

Crossing her arms, Fubuki cocked her head to the side. The nervousness in Tatsumaki’s eyes hadn’t gone away. This wasn’t just about her revealing she had a boyfriend. “I’ve got time.”

“W-well let me just skip to the end then!” Tatsumaki couldn’t fight the blush on her face. She really didn’t want to admit how she tormented Arashi during the first few months of their ‘relationship’. “So, a few weeks ago Arashi moved in with me-”

“Wait, what?! You already live together?”

“And then we had, like, a huge amount of sex-”

Fubuki’s ears burned instantly. “I do NOT need to hear this.”

“Now I’m pregnant and it’s got me all messed up-” Her words kept spewing out of her mouth like a busted fire hydrant.

The words that came out of Tatsumaki’s mouth didn’t register with Fubuki, the older sister only stopping herself when Fubuki’s teacup slipped from her fingers and crashed to the floor, shattering into pieces. Fubuki sat there, frozen like a statue as she stared in complete and utter disbelief. “Did...did you just say you were...pregnant?”

The greenette nodded solemnly. “Yeah I...have been moody lately... well, more than normal. Then I started having a craving for fish and started to throw up in the morning. I took a test earlier yesterday and well...” Tatsumaki held up two fingers. “Two bars for positive.”

"I..." Fubuki brought a hand to her chest and tried her best to calm down. "I'm...I'm sorry. But you..." She looked back up at her sister with eyes that needed answers. "You've been having sex with this guy and you didn't use protection?"

Tatsumaki gave a sheepish shrug. "Well...I wasn't thinking about it at the time. Apparently using my psychic powers to... 'clean up' afterwards wasn't the best birth control method..." she lamented. "I've already met with the doctor yesterday. I'm officially eight weeks pregnant."

Fubuki put her hands to her face. "Oh my god. Oh my fucking god. You're pregnant, and it's with a guy you barely met a few weeks ago at a dingy run-down bar."

"Hey, it was a high class bar, and we've already been in our... relationship for nearly a year already."

"You kept this secret for a year?!"

"No, I told the Hero Association higher ups last month along with some of the other S-Class heroes."

"You told them before your own sister?!"

"I knew you'd overreact."

"Of course I'd overreact!"

"And this is exactly why I didn't tell you." But regardless of the fact that she'd hidden her relationship for so long, Tatsumaki clenched her fists, tears of frustration stinging her eyes, uneasy by this new and unplanned fact of life. "I'm pregnant, Sis. I'm pregnant and I'm scared!"

This day brought a lot of firsts for Fubuki. Never in all her life had she ever seen her older sister break down like this. She reached across the table to take hold of her sister's hand. "Tatsumaki, please, it's going to be okay."

Even as she said that though, Fubuki knew it wasn't. There were a million questions that needed to be answered. But at the moment, there was only one that really mattered. "Have you told your boyfriend?"

"Arashi? Um...no," confessed Tatsumaki. "I don't know how exactly to break the news." After everything she'd put him through over the past year, she didn't know how to drop such a bomb on him.

Breathing deeply, Fubuki thought about it for a minute. "Do you want to do this with him?"

“Huh?”

“Do you want to believe this man is capable of being a good father? That he’s worth starting a family with?”

“Of course, that idiot could make the kid laugh at his terrible jokes and spoil them with bad food. I just... I’m not-”

“It’s about the facility, right?” The shift in her gaze was all the answer needed. “You’ll never have to worry about someone taking them. After all, they’ll have you and the Hero Association to help you out.”

”It’s not just that I’m worried for their safety, Sis. I’m...I’m...” Her eyes squeezed shut. “I don’t think I’d be a good mom!”

“That’s ridiculous! You’d be a great mother! There was that time you...I mean, one time you...” Fubuki struggled to find a memory that showed her sister as a kind and caring person. “Well, I know Arashi will agree with me.

“I grew up as a lab rat and never had a childhood. I never shared a close relationship with anyone. I’ll just end up putting an equally messed up person out in the world.” Her shift in hormones made her usual self-confidence do nothing to help stop the spiraling self doubt.

“You love him, right? Arashi.”

“Huh? What’s that got to do with anything?” Tatsumaki wiped the corners of her eyes and sniffled.

“You trust him to be with you, to be a parent, to be kind. So I figure that means you care for him. Then that means you’re wrong. And sure, we don’t have the best relationship, but I understand that you don’t mean to hurt me when you insult my group, you just find it hard to express your concern.”

Fubuki’s words helped calm the expecting mother down. “I guess...I guess you’re right...” she finally said after a moment to collect herself. “I knew I made the right choice calling you... thanks, Sis.”

“Just promise me you won’t drop such a bomb on me without warning next time, okay?”

“I give no guarantees.”

Letting out a wry laugh, Fubuki continued. "So, do you need help telling him the news?" She also wanted to ask about meeting the mysterious office worker, but she knew she had to wait for a good time to bring that up.

"I think I have an idea."

Waiting for Arashi at the table, Tatsumaki fidgeted in her seat and tried as hard as she could to control her emotions. She felt like a fish out of water, she was always a high-class and refined woman, but her reason for being in one of the most expensive and prestigious restaurants in the world set her on edge.

Getting a reservation here was not a problem. When the number two S-Class hero and the most powerful psychic in the world asked for a table reservation, it was in the owner's best interest to deliver. She had informed Arashi of their dinner date after going over her plan with Fubuki, who approved of the idea.

Sipping a glass of water, Tatsumaki steadied her nerves, her eyes glancing at the clock on the far wall. Nearby a string quartet played a smooth melody but it did little to assuage the woman. "He better not be late otherwise I'll..." She didn't finish the sentence, letting her thoughts rumble in her head like thunder.

Her heart both soared and tightened with dread when she saw Arashi come through the entrance, dressed in the best suit her money could buy. She had to admit that the man looked damn good in it. Were the situation different she'd have other ideas of what to do with Arashi tonight.

As he was guided over to the table, Arashi caught sight of Tatsumaki and she thought it was cute how his breath was taken away. Her usual dress wasn't going to cut it for tonight, so Tatsumaki had one specially made. The white fabric was a strange sight on her usually darkly dressed body, but it was far more than just a palette swap. The four points that ended her dress had been changed to two straps that covered her front and behind, giving her legs absolutely zero coverage, as even the sides of the dress stopped so high up, that everyone could see her entire thigh and part of her stomach. Tatsumaki could tell that her Worker Drone was thinking if she had any panties on when his face grew more flush for a brief moment. The top of her dress hugged her body like normal, but her open and puffed out collar was now completely shut and wrapping around her neck giving her a more serious appearance. Topped off with her long sleeves being replaced by white gloves that passed her elbows, the rest of her upper arm and armpits being uncovered.

The woman couldn't deny how good she looked with it on when she looked at herself in the mirror before she left her apartment.

'Crap. What should I say? Should I just come out with it or wait until afterwards? How should I try to talk to him?'

"Hi."

Smiling at her, Arashi took his seat. "Hey. You been doing alright? You've been a bit aloof recently."

"Oh, I was just... ruminating on the conversation I had with my sister, Fubuki. It'd been a while since we talked so I had a lot to catch her up on."

"Like what?"

Tatsumaki pointed a finger lazily at him. "Like you, for one. We've been in a relationship for almost a year and I haven't really told her about you."

"What? You haven't told your sister we were dating?"

"If you knew Fubuki, you'd know why..."

The waiter came to take their orders and dinner was promptly served. The couple ate in relative silence while the musicians played. Arashi couldn't help but notice how nervous Tatsumaki seemed as she ate, her hands possessing a slight tremble while holding the fork and knife. "Tatsumaki, are you okay?" he finally asked as he finished his food.

Realizing that her body had betrayed her emotions, Tatsumaki let out a sigh and set down her utensils, sitting back in her chair. She took hold of her glass and took a long swig of water. She'd usually be drinking wine but for obvious reasons she'd abstained from alcohol. "No," she finally said, looking over at him with an unreadable expression. "I'm...not alright."

Arashi froze. He didn't know what was going on in Tatsumaki's head. Was she angry at him? Was she about to break up with him? "H-Have I done something wrong?" he asked nervously.

"You? No. You never did anything wrong besides get drunk one night and scream at me," she started with a little smile. "Me, on the other hand..." Setting down her glass, the greenette took another deep breath before she continued. "So, you know how I've been a lot more crabby lately?"

"What do you mean lately?" He spoke with a smirk, trying to get her to open up at his jokes.

Arashi flinched from the angry glare Tatsumaki shot him before her expression softened. "And how I've been having weird food cravings? Well...I uh...started getting sick in the morning

and well..." Swallowing her anxiety, Tatsumaki set herself free with the truth. "I went to the doctor a bit ago. Arashi...I'm pregnant."

Now it was the dark-haired man who had an unreadable expression on his face. It took some time for it to really sink in. Arashi blinked slowly as he struggled to grasp the news..

His silence felt deafening and every second he sat there felt like an eternity. Despite the fear that coursed through her, Tatsumaki trusted Arashi. She really did. So why did she start to feel so overwhelmed? Tears were stinging at the corners of her eyes, she felt as though she was about to explode.

Then all of it melted away as a warm set of lips pressed against hers, then again and again and again, peppering her face countless kisses. He only seemed to stop when Tatsumaki began to laugh at all his romantic gestures, the joyous tears running down her face being pecked at. "Come on, we're at a world class restaurant. Act a little more proper, why don't you?" Even as she said that, her beaming smile told him that she appreciated the gesture.

Arashi finally sat himself back in his chair, grabbing both of Tatsumaki's hands and holding them gently, rubbing his thumb against them. The joy was written all over his face and he looked at his girlfriend with nothing but love in his eyes. "I'm happy. This...this is amazing. Never in a hundred years did I think I'd have a baby with you."

"Hey! What's that supposed to mean?"

Continuing to smile, Arashi gave her hands a gentle squeeze. "It's just so shocking and unexpected... and I'm just so happy."

Glad to finally have this weight lifted off her shoulders, Tatsumaki sat back in her chair and closed her eyes. She felt as though she could finally breathe again. Everything had been taken care of.

"You wanna get married?"

"...Huh?" Her eyes blinked open and she just gaped at the question. "Did...did you just pop the question?"

Arashi nodded, still smiling like a dummy. "I sure did."

"Okay, I haven't touched a drop of booze but that doesn't mean you had to drink my share."

"I'm serious." Arashi walked around the table and knelt on the marble tiled floors. "I really do want to spend my life with you, Tatsumaki. And I want to be there for our baby. So let's get married."

“You-you’re serious? I-I can’t believe...it’s...it’s just that I-I-”

Before his flustered girlfriend blew a fuse, Arashi placed his hands on her shoulders to help steady her. “I don’t mean right now. I’m more than happy to wait however long you are. It can be next week or years from now. I can wait until you’re ready.”

“...And I thought I was the one who had a bomb to drop...” She leaned down and kissed him, not caring that other people were starting to stare at them.

When they parted, Arashi realized that something was missing. “Oh wait! I forgot a ring!”

“Way to jump the gun there, Worker Drone...” Despite her barb, she had the most serene smile placed on her face.

“Don’t worry. I’ll buy a ring for you on our way home, any one that you want.” He was completely sincere... though he might have to borrow Tatsumaki’s exorbitant amount of money and pay her back for it later.

“Actually, I have a different idea for what we can do tonight...” Her intent was clear in the glow of those devious green eyes, Arashi’s eyes widening at the psychic hand groping his crotch.

The bill was paid and premise vacated, whoever waited their table would be getting a hefty bonus by the amount of cash Tatsumaki just threw out of her purse.

The moment they passed through the doors into the quiet and peaceful night, Tatsumaki sprung herself on Arashi, lifting herself to wrap her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. Delving her tongue deep into his mouth, moaning at the feeling of his comforting hands digging into her heavy ass.

Rather than let everyone on the street bear witness to the S-Class being more than willing to get fucked in public, Tatsumaki patted Arashi’s cheek. “Let’s take this somewhere a little less crowded.”

Arashi assumed she wanted to head back home. The couple was covered with a green glow as Tatsumaki worked her psychic powers. The two took off into the air, zooming into the night sky. This wasn’t the first time Arashi had been lifted up with his girlfriend’s telekinetic powers but never had he taken to the air like an eagle before.

Once they were high up in the sky and the full moon was the only one left to witness their love, Tatsumaki pulled her boyfriend into another kiss. All of the stress and anxiety she’d carried ever since learning she was pregnant melted away as she lost herself in one kiss after another.

Those strong hands of Arashi's never left her ass, digging into her soft, plump cheeks the entire trip up into the gorgeous night sky. The Worker Drone drove Tatsumaki crazy as his hips grinded against hers. Their bodies were wrapped tightly together, beyond for pleasure, Arashi held Tatsumaki for reassurance from their deadly height; he knew she was never going to let her fiance go.

It would have been so easy to use her power to remove Arashi's clothes or to just tear them off of him with her bare hands. But seeing him so posh in that outfit made her want to appreciate it more. She snapped her fingers and his fly came undone. Her hand reached into his pants and found her prize. "Wow. A few kisses and you're hard as a brick," she teased before Arashi started kissing his way down her shoulder. Knowing what his target was, Tatsumaki brought her arm up behind her head and ran her tongue across her smiling lips.

"No, I was hard the moment I saw you in this dress." Arashi's tongue licked up the side of his fiance's sweaty armpit, tasting her salty skin. While one hand continued to grip and fondle her soft ass, Arashi's free hand reached underneath the front of her dress and dipped underneath her silk panties, his fingers finding her moist pussy and rubbing against her soft pink lips.

Not one to sit there and take it, the glove she was wearing made her handjob even more exquisite. Her already honed talent being taken to a whole new level by the material that would never feel the same now that pre-cum was seeping into the fabric.

The two perverts were insatiable, and that was just one of the many things they loved about the other.

Tatsumaki struggled to contain a squeal when those nimble fingers touching her slipped inside her tight hole. In response she took her finger and rubbed it against his tip, tracing the sensitive slit. Arashi fired back by taking his free hand and giving the Esper's soft ass a hard spank, the sound echoing throughout the sky.

"Ooooh, you dirty boy..." grinned Tatsumaki, pressing herself against him while she felt the sting of the spank on her supple cheek, her butt marked by a burning red handprint. "You just can't help yourself, can you?"

"Neither can you," taunted Arashi back at her when he felt her hand quicken its pace, staining her beautiful glove with pre-cum. His heart was pounding as he stared into her lustful green eyes. It didn't matter if he was hundreds of feet up in the air or down on the ground. Tatsumaki was all he wanted and would ever want. And he wanted her right now.

"How much do you like those panties?" he asked her.

Smirking, Tatsumaki raised a hand and snapped her fingers. In the quiet sky there came the sound of fabric ripping. Looking down, Arashi saw Tatsumaki's torn panties flying away. "That good enough for your answer?"

It seemed to be, as Arashi pulled his fingers out of her dripping cunt and made Tatsumaki groan at the loss. Moving her into position, the esper found herself floating like a board with one of her legs pulled on his shoulder, while her Worker Drone had his fat cock grinding against her bare pussy.

"We had dinner. Now for the show," Arashi said.

"Ever the hopeless romantic, Worker Drone," his girlfriend teased back, her smile glowing in the moonlight. Grabbing his jacket, she pulled him down to a deep kiss, showing off just how flexible she'd become thanks to their shared debauchery.

The pair let out a deep moan when Arashi suddenly thrust into her honeypot. Tatsumaki hovered in the air, her free leg wrapped around his waist tightly. The tight dress did little to keep her breasts from bouncing. She could feel her lover go so deep inside of her that it made the moon spin above Arashi's head. Perhaps it was because of the weight of her pregnancy being gone or because of her love for Arashi but she felt supercharged, her body coming alive with ecstasy as Arashi pumped his manhood in and out of her.

Breaking their liplock, Arashi kissed his way down her body, biting and sucking on her neck despite the high collar, and making his way down to her perky breasts. The mesmerizing twins had their peaks poking against the white fabric, and with the sweat covering her body, every inch of her form was visible with how the dress clung to her. Not bothered by the cloth in the way, Arashi wrapped his lips around her teat and toyed with her nipple.

Holding his head close to her chest, Tatsumaki gripped his hair tightly while her voice flew along the breeze. She could never get enough of his touch. Where once she was amused by his clumsy attempts at intimate touching, now she was addicted to it.

Moving to her other breast, Arashi looked up at Tatsumaki and showed off a devious smile. "I can't wait for when these get bigger."

The bonk on his head informed the horny man that that was the wrong thing to say. "Stop being so horny for future me when you're fucking me right now!" Tatsumaki started. "And my boobs are already big enough." Her face was red in embarrassment.

"Of course I'll be horny for you, no matter what happens, I'm going to love you and fuck you with all my heart!" His words spoken without hesitation and turning the usually serious hero into a blushing mess at the sheer intensity of his emotions.

"You're a pervert beyond what I ever thought possible..."

“Only when I’m with you.” He kissed her cheek before moving back down to her untouched tit. His tongue flicked across her covered nipple, making the white fabric gleam in the moonlight.

Tatsumaki let out a squeal from feeling his tongue on her oversensitive tit, her lower half melting when Arashi started thrusting into her faster and faster. “Ah! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Arash! Fuck!” Wrapping her arms around her lover, the green haired woman had a smile of bliss on her face as she was overcome with euphoria. Everything had been perfect for tonight and she was at bliss with more of his hot creamy spunk filling her up.

Arashi pulled out of her messy, cum-dripping pussy. Looking down, past her spiraling hair that clung to her sweaty brow he saw the look in her eyes and knew that she still wanted more. It was fine with him; he still wanted more too.

Those emerald eyes of Tatsumaki’s widened when she felt something big and hard nudge against her backdoor. She looked up at him and saw Arashi’s eyes asking for permission. They’d done anal before but only on a handful of occasions. While Tatsumaki wasn’t normally a fan of having her ass ramrodded, tonight was a night where she wanted to feel Arashi in every part of her and that included her ass.

Arashi’s answer came when Tatsumaki sat up, repositioning them. Despite being up in the air, suddenly it felt like Arashi was sitting in a chair with the light Esper sitting on his lap. Gripping his shoulders with her small hands, Tatsumaki lifted herself up and slowly lowered herself down onto his manhood, hissing when she felt his huge tip push against her tight ring of muscles. The Worker Drone’s hands gripped her soft ass as he guided her down his shaft. “Ooooh fuck!”

She continued to groan as she took more and more of her lover into her asshole, feeling her ass get stretched wide by his girth. By the time she’d reached the base of his cock, tears stung the edges of her eyes. “Guhh!” The greenette struggled to breathe for a moment, her ass feeling completely claimed. Yet as Arashi kissed away her tears, her lustful smile never left her face.

Her supple ass clapped with Arashi’s hips while she started to ride him, bouncing up and down and letting her lover feel every inch of her asshole. Now it was her who was giving Arashi’s body attention. She kissed her way down his neck, undoing the first two buttons of his shirt with her powers to let her kiss and nibble away at his collarbone.

Arashi’s hands refused to be idle. Lost in the hot tight hole that wrapped around his cock, the Worker Drone started to give his lover a good spanking. The night’s calm became shattered by a mix of skin slapping skin and the masochistic moans of the S-Class hero.

Sweat covered their faces. Tatsumaki’s moans became more and more incoherent from feeling her ass’s resistance crumble, her arms clinging to Arashi for dear life at this point. “Ah!

Ahhh! Fuck! Arashi! My-my ass! My ass is on fire!” she shouted, eyes starting to roll into the back of her head. She could feel her climax start to sweep over her like a tidal wave. All she could do was hold onto her lover

Her mind went completely blank, her voice silent, and her body locked against Arashi’s when she felt his thumb brush down her stomach and toy with her clit. Everything around them didn’t exist in her mind, the only people in the world at this moment were her and the love of her life.

When that hot, tight ass clamped around him, Arashi had no choice but to let go of what restraint he had left and give Tatsumaki what felt like every last drop of cum in his balls. The hero went limp in Arashi’s arms when she felt a hot rush fill her ass up, her mind completely melting from an overload of ecstasy. Arashi held her tightly against him, silencing her moans with a kiss. He felt happy. The happiest he’d ever felt in his life.

...then he felt the pull of gravity make itself known.

Gasping when he realized that neither he nor Tatsumaki were glowing green anymore, Arashi started to roughly shake his girlfriend out of her blissful stupor. “Tatsumaki! Tatsumaki! Snap out of it! We’re going to fall to our deaths here!”

“Nghhh...” Blinking slowly as if she was coming out of a deep slumber, she shoved away her lover’s face. “Not so loud...five more minutes, Arashi...”

“Tatsumaki! We’re *FALLING!*”

“Huh?” The Esper’s memory kicked in and she gasped in surprise. “Oh! Whoops!” It took no effort for her to work her powers over them, slowing their extreme descent until they stopped just a few feet above the ground. “Well good job, look what you did!”

“What / did?!”

“You’re the one who fucked my ass so I hard I saw heaven!” she teased before hugging him. “Wanna go again?”

“...can we do it in bed this time?”

“Wuss.”