Destroy All Monsters!

by neorenamon

Summary

In this AU version of One-Punch Man, City Z is suffering from attacks by gangs of monsters, with each gang seemingly related among themselves. It's strange since most other monsters are almost unique unto themselves. Stranger still is when Saitama and Genos come across a monster who only wishes to destroy all other monsters, yet hides from humans and their heroes. A nine-tailed vulpine female that becomes an inhabitant of City Z. Saitama seems obsessed with treating her like a stray dog, or... maybe something more.

Notes

This AU takes place after the events of Season One.
"Master," said Genos as he and Saitama leaped from rooftop to rooftop, "The scene of the disturbance should be coming into view shortly."

"Okay," he replied evenly.

"The number of monsters there is uncertain," he continued.

"Any of them of above average strength?"

"That is also unknown at this time," he replied as the pair landed on the last rooftop.

"Man, I hope I can't take them all out with a weak punch to each of them," he muttered under his breath. He placed his hand above his eyes to cut out the sunlight as he looked into a park and observed, "Well, there is a bunch of them, but what are they doing?"

"With my cyborg eyes, I can use electronic magnification to see better than you. That's... strange..."

"What is?"

"For one thing, all but one monster is some kind of canine creature," noted Genos.

"Like a werewolf?"

"Those are a myth, master. However, I suppose there are powers that are similar to those attributed to the werewolf. Still it's odd that..."

"Yes?"

"There's no humans around, but the monsters appear to be battling. There's one monster that's different from the others, but they're too fast to see clearly."

"Too fast for you to see clearly?" asked Saitama as his hopes rose.

He looked back to reply, "That is correct."

"Perhaps at least one of them might be a challenge to me," he said as he rubbed his hands together.

"So what should we do?"

"Well as long as the enemy is destroying themselves, I guess we don't have to do anything. Just make sure that you spot any monsters trying to escape from the furball."

"Is that... a joke?"

Saitama shrugged.

They continued to watch for a good 15 minutes or so until all of the werewolves were down. After the dust settled, there was only one left.

"The last one has stopped moving," noted Genos, "and it's... some kind of multi-tailed vulpine?"
"Curious."

"And it is... clearly female," he added.

"Well let's introduce ourselves and see what her deal is," noted Saitama as he jumped off the roof.

"Master?!" he said, "Oh wait, he's Saitama... it's not like Master is in any danger." Then he jumped off the roof after him.

As the two approached, they noticed the monster had nine long tails, two pairs of arms, two pairs of large breasts, and her figure was pretty curvy in spite of her bestial nature. Other than being covered in blood, Genos thought she was pretty darn hot looking.

The area behind her was littered with the heads, arms, legs and torsos of the monsters she had just torn apart. Genos could see no signs of a survivor anywhere.

"EXCUSE ME!" called the Caped Baldy.

She looked in his direction. "I have no issues with heroes or humans," she replied evenly, "so I do not wish to fight."

"We just want to know what happened," replied the cyborg, "What's the deal?"

"I belonged to a gang," she said evenly, "the only female in their ranks. Yesterday, we got a message to come out here under the promise of vast powers and the ability to be the head gang in the city. I was reluctant to go, but the others seemed to eager... They were all fools. Nothing comes for free."

"Monster seeds?" asked Saitama.

"I don't know what those are," she answered, "We were just given some kind of gross smoothy to drink. He had a whole lot of this stuff in an ice cream truck."

"Then what happened?" asked Genos.

"We became violently ill. But while we were collapsing in pain, that bastard just drove off. We started... mutating."

"And then?" interrupted Saitama.

"While the others bragged about what they would do and how many heroes they would destroy with their new powers, I... just got angrier. I felt... betrayed... like they knew what was going on, but told me nothing... I guess that's how it is... when you're nothing more than a gang's fucktoy."

"Fucktoy?" asked Genos, "Did they rape you?"

"At first, I didn't consent... so it was rape. After a while, I realized that in exchange for sexual favors, I received 'protection', food and shelter. Things I didn't have when I lived alone on the streets."

"So what now?" mused Saitama.

"What is your goal?" asked Genos.

"My goal?" she replied as she turned to walk away, "Destroy all monsters."

"And when there's no more monsters?"
"Then you heroes... can end me."

He leaned closer to the Caped Baldy as he whispered, "Can we trust her not to slaughter humans as soon as she's out of our sight? She might have slaughtered the rest for some other reason... like revenge."

"HEY YOU!" called Saitama.

"What?" she asked as she glanced over her shoulder.

"What should I call you?!"

"What ever you wish. Names... are not for monsters."

"Can you track or sense monsters?!"

"I think so."

"You help us track down monsters and we'll help you destroy them!"

"Master," said Genos, "Is this a good idea?!"

"Heroes?" she asked, "Helping monsters?"

"I don't think you're as bad as most monsters," replied Saitama, "It could be mutually beneficial to help each other."

As she came back, Genos guessed she was a good eight feet tall, and her chest was well into an impressive M-cup range. She had pretty motherly hips as well. He estimated her measurements at around 70" by 31" by 47".

When she got close, Saitama gestured for her to lean closer with his pointer finger.

"What?"

He reached out and scratched her between her ears. "Who's a good girl?" he cooed, "You are!"

"I AM NOT A PET!!" she howled. In spite of her protests, however, she was leaning into his scritches.

"I have an idea," he announced, "Meet me back here at midnight. Until then, just stay out of human's sight."

"Well... I guess that won't be hard... unless some heroes show up with super senses..."

"I'll just report that the problem has been dealt with, so there should be no one else searching around here soon."

"Why are you so nice to me?"

"Yeah?" asked Genos, "Why?"

"Well if she does go bad and could kill humans and heroes... I want to deal with her personally," answered Saitama.

She nodded.
"But... we should call you something other than 'monster'."

"You know, I know of a game where one of the monsters is a nine-tailed fox," offered Genos.

She raised an eyebrow.

"She was called Kyubimon."

"Sounds dumb," answered Saitama, "but I have no better ideas. So... Kyubimon, is it?"

She shrugged noncommittally. Turning on her heels, she scampered away on all fours... and vanished into thin air.

"Where is she?"

"I don't know," he replied, "I can't see her in any of the visible, infrared or ultraviolet light spectrum. Maybe she teleported away just now?"

"Well this could be... interesting," said the Caped Baldy.
The Beast in My Shower

Chapter Summary

After finding his new monster friend still covered in dried blood from the previous battle, Saitama does the only thing he can do: Give her some convenience store food and take her home for a nice long shower... much to the dismay of Genos.

by neorenamon

"See anything yet, Genos?" asked Saitama as the two of them made their way through the woods. After all, Genos was the one with the multi-function cybernetic eyes: Near infrared, far infrared, ultraviolet to name a few. It was coming up on midnight in a place known for lack of street lights.

He carried a plastic bag of 'goodies' in his hand as he walked.

"Not yet, master," he answered as he walked ahead.

"I wonder if she got lost?"

"Well, this area is several square miles in size. Maybe saying 'meet here at midnight' was too generic?"

"I suppose," replied the caped baldy.

"Wait!" interrupted the cyborg, "I think I have a positive reading on Far Infrared. It just... appeared out of nowhere."

"Wow, she's really stealthy, isn't she?"

"Too stealthy if you ask me," he grumbled under his breath.

"What was that?"

"Nothing, master," he replied quickly.

"HEY KYUBI!-" he called before Genos cut him off.

"This could be a trap set by other monsters!" he said in a hushed tone.

"Good," he replied as he walked over to the kneeling monster, "Maybe a late night beat down will help me sleep better."

"So... you kept you word and came," said Kyubimon softly.

"Of course I did," he answered, "any more fights while we were gone?"

"I... had a few encounters... but they're dead now... almost too easy, if you ask me," she mused.

"I feel your pain, sister," he muttered back.
Genos sighed.

"Anyway," he continued, "Have you had anything to eat? Drink?"

"I got some water from a park fountain," she replied.

Genos could see Saitama's nose wrinkle even in the dark.

"Well we can't have that," he muttered as he showed her the back, "I know this is only convenience store cuisine..."

"You didn't have to..."

"Well, I do. Here's a gyuudon (beef & rice bowl) and some canned premium coffee."

She sat quietly for a moment before she said "Thank you. It is... more than I deserve..."

"Don't be silly," he replied as he turned the bag over.

She leaned back to sit on her haunches as she popped the top off the bowl with her thumb claw. Then she took the included cheap chopsticks with the other paw and began to eat. The bowl seemed so small compared to the monstrous hand that was holding it.

"Something doesn't smell right here," muttered Saitama, "Could we get a little light over here, Genos?"

"The light will give away our position," he replied, but he turned the shoulder lamps on anyways.

She was covered almost top to bottom in dried blood.

"Well this won't do at all," said the caped baldy as he walked around her.

"Well what are you going to do?" asked Genos, "Take her back to your place and let her use your shower?" The last part was dripping with sarcasm.

"Brilliant!" he replied.

"I don't want to bother you," she said sheepishly.

"It's not a bother at all. I promise."

"And your end shall come in through the front door," muttered Genos.

After eating and drinking, the three of them made their way through the back streets and alleys of City Z until the got to Saitama's apartment. Genos went ahead to make sure no man or monster would impede their progress. They went quietly into the back entrance and moved up the stairs until they got to Saitama's level.

"Welcome to my humble abode," he said as he fetched the key and unlocked the door.

She had to duck to avoid hitting her head on the door-frame as she came in.

He ushered her straight to the bathroom where she saw his bath-tub and shower stall combination unit.

"Make yourself comfy, Genos," said Saitama as he closed the door behind them.
Switching on the news, he noticed several stories about finding dead, dismembered monsters around the outskirts of City Z. The authorities attributed the mess to a new, unknown and brutal vigilante hero (that they would like to have a word with at the first opportunity).

Meanwhile, Saitama removed one of his gloves and then started the shower going to adjust the temperature.

"You... aren't afraid of me... are you?" she asked.

"Nope," he replied without hesitation.

"Why?"

"I've never met a monster that was too strong for me to handle," he answered.

"So you fear no monster... at all?!" she asked in mild dismay.

"Nope."

He stepped back as she got into the tub portion of the shower.

She began to clean herself with just her four paws.

"There's plenty of bodywash," said Saitama, "Feel free to use it."

"I don't want to waste your supplies..."

"I insist," he insisted.

She turned and put some on her hands as she began to clean her chest and stomach.

"I'll clean your back," he offered.

She had taken her eyes off him for barely a second, yet he somehow fully disrobed in that time. It seemed odd that the only hair on his body was his eyebrows. She also noticed that he had a pretty impressive package between his legs, even when flaccid.

"Why are you so nice to me?" she asked as he lathered her back.

"That's what friends do for each other," he replied evenly.

"You hardly know me. How can I be your friend already?"

"Well... I guess I'm just a good judge of character," he answered cheerfully.

"I'm surprised that your friend hasn't..."

There was a knock at the door. "Have enough supplies, master?" asked Genos.

He chuckled as he replied, "She hasn't tried to eat me yet... although I'm sure if she asked me nicely..."

"Master?!"

Kyubimon simply blinked at Saitama.

"Don't worry about it," replied Saitama to his gaze.
Things continued until he got around her tails and began washing her buttocks. He paused when he felt her tense up.

"Are you alright?" he asked, "Want me to stop?"

"No... I was just a little surprised... at how gentle you are with me..."

"Very well," he mused, "I always want to be a gentleman."

"I... was used... to not being treated that way..." she sighed.

The last time a man handled her ass like that, it was only because he was going to take her ass very roughly.

"I promise that I'll never to anything with you without your full consent," he promised.

"Thank you."

"You can use my futon tonight," he said evenly, "I'll just sleep in a chair."

"But... it's your..."

"Don't worry about it," he cooed, "Sleeping in chairs isn't anything new for me."

"Too kind... but what of Genos? He... doesn't trust me..."

"I'll send him home. I'm sure a few text messages later will ease his mind."

"How do you know I won't attack you in your sleep?"

"Nah... it seems like too much trouble just to set me up. Besides, what's life without taking a few risks?"

"You are... an odd one..." she mused.

"So I've been told."
The Golem comes for Saitama

Chapter Summary

Saitama and Kyubimon’s rest are interrupted by monster called the Golem. It claims it has come to destroy Saitama, and he couldn't be happier when he finds an opponent who easily resists his normal punches. But is this monster too much for the One-Punch Man to take on by himself?

by neorenamon

Kyubimon awoke early. She looked about to see Saitama sleeping in the chair. Creeping closer, she sniffed his face. The face of a kind human.

He reached out to pet her head as he cooed, "Who's a good girl? You are."

'Damn,' she thought as he scratched between her ears, 'Why does this have to feel so good?'

A noise outside caught her attention, so she used her stealth over to the window to look down into the street. A huge humanoid monster made of something lumpy and gray was walking down the street carrying a sign that read, 'SAITAMA'.

She went over to the Caped Baldy and shook his shoulder.

"Five more minutes, mommy," he muttered half awake.

"Mister hero," she said softly, "I think there's a monster out there... looking for you by name."

Saitama sat bolt upright. "They're looking for me personally?!” he asked.

"Go out to the balcony and look down into the street," she replied.

He dashed over to the balcony, rubbing his hands in delight as he looked down. Then he dashed out the door without another word. Rather than wait for him, she used her stealth and claws to climb down the side of the building. About the time she reached the ground, he burst out the front door.

"I AM SAITAMA!" he yelled, "State your business!"

"I, the Golem, was created to destroy you," replied the monster.

"Oh goody!" he replied, "But can I ask you one favor?"

He took the monster's silence as permission to continue.

"Can we just move to the City Z Town Square before we start?"

"Yes, but if you try to call the Hero Association for assistance, I will..."

"Blah, blah, blah... whatever... I won't call anyone for help."

Saitama and the Golem made their way up the street as Kyubimon followed behind in stealth mode.
"So... you're some kind of... clay monster?"

"That is correct."

"Well that doesn't sound so bad."

"Your conclusions are based on erroneous assumptions."

"Blast," he muttered, "Genos is much better with those big words than I am..."

Word was spreading that a monster was in town judging by how empty the morning streets were. Only those who feared losing their jobs over losing their lives were out and about. It took more than an hour to make the Town Square. Then the two opponents finally faced off.

"Why don't you go first?" offered the Caped Baldy.

"You have superior speed..."

"I insist."

The monster stepped up and took a powerful overhead slam down where Saitama was standing, but he moved aside by several feet. However, he wasn't fully able to avoid the splash of clay that resulted.

"What? Are you trying to dirty me to death?"

He jumped up and delivered a perfect normal punch right to the monster's face. It's head exploded as he came back to the ground.

"Blast... I was hoping for..."

Then the monster's head came back fully formed.

"Oh, this will take more than one punch."

"I, the Golem, have been created to destroy you," informed the Golem as it tried to punch Saitama again. Another splash of clay left him even dirtier than he was before.

He punched the monster in the chest making it explode all over the building behind them, but the monster simply reformed again. In spite of the materials lost, it also came back as the same size and shape.

"So you can recover from one of my normal punches, can you?" he said with a smirk, "Let's see how well you take my Consecutive Normal Punch Attack!"

He stepped up, unleashing hundreds of punches in a matter of seconds. The area was soon sprayed with clay. Including Saitama himself.

"Well, you've done better than..."

The monster reformed.

"Oh boy!" he called, "A challenge!"

'There's something wrong,' thought Kyubimon, 'The monster's attacks appear to be pointless, yet Saitama is slowing down. Could it be the clay that's getting on his uniform? The stuff that's
spread around on the ground itself? He doesn't seem to have noticed yet. In fact, attacking the Golem is just spreading his body around faster.'

"I was hoping your offensive abilities were a little better than this," he muttered.

"I, the Golem, was created to destroy you," replied the monster.

"Limited vocabulary?"

She used her stealth and speed to slip in and pick the phone from Saitama's pocket before slipping into a nearby alley. Ripping through his contact list, she muttered "He has to be in here somewhere." She paused, "Wait, Genos is under 'D'... oh, 'Disciple'!" A couple taps and the line began ringing. "Answer fool."

"I wasn't expecting..." said Genos as he picked up, "What do you want, monster?!"

"Your Master," she replied, "I fear he's in trouble. He battles a monster who claims to have been created to destroy Saitama."

"There's no monster alert in your area," he replied, "What kind of trick is this?"

She held out the phone to Genos could see the battle for himself.

"Blast," he cursed, "Someone's shut down the monster monitoring system in the area! I'll be there in minutes!"

She nodded as the call ended. Looking out, she could see that the clay on his uniform was drying out, and making him move even slower.

"Alright!" called Saitama, "Time for the Serious Punch!"

"No! Don't do it!" she called.

But it was too late. He already did it. The area was flooded with clay. By ducking back, she managed to not get any clay on herself in the process.

"Well that was a good workout," he muttered, "Now I just need... shoot, I can't move now."

As she feared, the monster simply reformed.

'Blast! I see what it's going to do! Now that Saitama can't move, it's going to smother him in it's clay body! I gotta think...'

The monster engulfed Saitama completely.

Kyubimon felt helpless, which enraged her greatly. She felt so angry as if she might burst into flame at any time. Looking back, she saw that her tails were literally on fire.

'That's the answer: HEAT! What can I do with this new power?!

She jumped from the shadows and began breathing a cone of flame down upon the Golem. "FOX FIRE!" she cried. The clay itself would offer Saitama some protection from the heat she was generating.

'The clay hardens when the water is removed, so baking that thing... should make a brick. Bricks can be broken.'
Genos arrived. "What's going on?!" he asked as he aimed his palm at her.

"You fool!" she said without moving her mouth, "Your master is being smothered in clay! I'm baking the clay into a brick so he can break out before he smothers to death! Either help me or GO AWAY!"

"Then I choose to help," he said as he pointed at the clay lump and added the power of his full Incinerator Cannons to the mix. Their combined firepower flooded the square in flames.

"ERROR... ERROR... Circumstances not calculated for..."

Then there was an explosion of dust, and the two stopped their flaming assault. They waited for some sign of life from Saitama. A figure emerged from the duct cloud.

"Well that was fun..." muttered Saitama.

"MASTER!" called Genos as he rushed in to hug him. Kyubimon hugged them both as well.

"You really helped me out today," he added, "both of you." Glancing at Kyubimon, he added, "I knew you weren't a bad monster deep down."

"Uh... Master... I called the Hero Association on the way over to advise them of the situation... They should be sending reinforcements... Perhaps your friend should..."

Kyubimon was already gone.

"Pity you're already 'S' Rank," sighed Saitama.

"I'm not a hero for rank," he replied.

"I know, and you're not a hero for fun either."
**It has to be Clowns**

Chapter Summary

While Saitama and Genos deal with 'reinforcements', Kyubimon stumbles across a gang of monster clowns, the Akuma no Na, preparing to attack a more populated part of City Z. While they might be weaker than the 9-tailed fox monster, their numbers and tricks make sure that they are nothing to laugh at.

by neorenamon

Kyubimon stealthed away as the first reinforcements of the Hero Association arrived to discover the Golem had already been dealt with. She was glad she wasn't the one who was going to have to make excuses and explanations, though she might as Saitama later if the HA could figure out how their monitoring system was shut down.

Saitama was still trying to brush out all of the brick dust from the clay that had been baked into his uniform. It was as persistent as any monster he had faced before. He didn't even realize his phone was gone when she slipped it back into his pocket, and Genos didn't seem to think it was important to say she used his phone to call him.

As she ducked from alley to alley, she noticed an elderly man walking down a side street alone. When she tried to get closer, however, he turned to look into the alley she was about to emerge from.

'Wait, he sensed me?!' she thought as she jumped back.

Once turned, however, she knew who it was and just how little help he really needed.

'Silver Fang?!

Bang looked about, but went back to walking.

'Whew. I guess he didn't pinpoint my location. The last thing I need is to mess with a hero on his level. Better move on to another area before he notices my presence again.'

She slowed down about a mile away from the place she saw Silver Fang, but not because she was sure he was far enough away. It was the smell of monsters nearby. Multiple monsters who seemed to have a lot in common.

'Time to take out the trash,' she mused as she headed for a parking garage nearby. She noticed while the above ground parking levels were trashed, she could find her way into the underground levels. Those levels were nearly unscathed. Some vehicles could still be driven into and out of the complex as well as walk-ins.

She went in the walkway and took the nearest stairs underground. There was the sound of an engine running somewhere down beneath her, and wondered if monsters bothered with driving.

'Perhaps it was something they did when they were once human?'

Soon, she was hearing the sound of fairly human voices, yet she was sure there was no humans
"We rob the Diamond Exchange and we're on easy street, boys," growled one of the men.

"There's going to be killing and explosions, right?" asked another.

"Of course, but that's just... the side benefits. We're out to get rich and make a name for ourselves: The Akuma no Na!"

'A true monster gang!'

She got close enough to see a bunch of clown working on a big rig transport truck. It had a full sized box trailer attached to the tractor rig. In addition, she could see half a dozen motorcycles with saddlebags and four pickup trucks. One of the pickups had a mount that she could see a light machine-gun mounted for a large field of fire. She guessed there was plenty of guns to go around as well.

'They can do some serious damage with all this hardware. I can't let them get into the Business District.'

"No one will dare call us a joke after tomorrow's job, boys!" He then let out a monstrous laugh.

Looking them over, she guess that the largest clown who stood around eight feet tall was surely the leader of the group, but she couldn't tell just how strong he was.

"Yeah boss!" agreed another thug, "An when we fire all them mortars into them skyscrapers, it's gonna be so great!"

"Hundreds will die, thousands will be injured, and we'll do a good hundred billion yen damage to boot!"

"Make the humans suffer!" cried several at once.

'With all those guns, I'm not sure I can take them all at once. I'll have to wait until they're ready to go, and pick off some of the rear guard before I attack the main group. The ones on motorcycles shouldn't be too hard to take.'

She glanced in the back of the box trailer and saw dozens of homemade or modified mortars aimed out both sides. A thin layer of paper kept them from being seen from the outside. She figured they had to be somewhere around 120 mm in diameter.

'This is military grade materials! Where the hell are monsters getting crap like this?!!'

From the front, she could hear someone saying, "The engine is all tuned up and purring like a kitten, Bosupiero."

"Excellent," replied the big clown.

'Maybe it would be better to take this to Saitama,' she mused, 'He seems eager to fight.'

When she tried to leave, though, her foot encountered a very thin wire. There was a loud bang and a cloud of gas around her.

'A booby trap!' she hissed.

As she was caught off guard, she breathed the gas. But instead of choking or some other sick feeling,
she began laughing.

"INTRUDER!" called several clowns as they moved in.

She was laughing so hard, she couldn't maintain her stealth.

The gang blinked when they saw her laying on her side curled up in a ball. The gas made her laugh so hard, she cried.

"Oh, it's not human," said one clown.

"But she is a totally hot monster," said the boss clown.

She felt helpless as the clowns tied her up with excessive amounts of rope. By the time they were done, she was getting over the effects of the gas.

Bosupiero grabbed her upper left arm and got in her face. "What do you want here, bitch?!" he growled.

"Nothing!" she howled, "Heroes were after me for killing some old men! They were too strong, so I fled down here! I didn't know you were down here!"

"So why spy on us?!"

"I wasn't spying! You looked like you were busy, so I just hide here until I figured the hunters moved on!"

He scratched his chin. "Well we just can't let you go now," he mused, "Your coming with us... for protection."

She didn't believe him.

"And we can use her as a fucktoy later when we come back," added another clown.

She was going to object, but someone began stuffing her mouth. Once full, duct tape was used to seal her jaws tightly. Then her head was stuffed into multiple sacks that were tied off about her throat.

"Totally hot," grumbled the boss as several of the boys tossed her in the back of a truck. She could feel very large, gloved hands rough groping all four of her breasts.

Considering the stuff she bumped into, she guessed it had to be the big rig. She was pushed towards the end of the box so she wouldn't get in the way of any mortar operators.

...

Some time later in another part of Z City

...

Once the Hero Association left, he decided to go over to the store a few miles away. He did have some specials he had to buy on the way home, after all, and he truly prized his shopping trips.

Genos went back with the others, claiming he could take care of the debriefing himself. It's not like the Caped Baldy even cared about taking credit, but Genos was always willing to give him as much credit as he could.
He was also pretty sure that no one in the Association suspected that a monster helped them against the Golem.

"I hope the Bīto Men (beet noodles) are still on sale," he muttered aloud to no one in particular. He thought they were delicious when they were sauteed in olive oil with shiitake mushrooms and bamboo shoots.

He was also glad that even in uniform, no one was paying special attention to him. One of the benefits of not being an A-class or S-class hero.

"I'd almost welcome a monster attack at this point," he muttered, "as long as I can get my shopping done today."

Meanwhile...

Kyubimon was alone save for the one gang member assigned to man the mortars. They were meant to be fired once each, and not really had any plans to reload them.

With her arms, legs and tails all tied behind her, she had no leverage against her bonds. They also taped her hands and feet with several layers of duct tape to keep her from extending her claws.

However, with her legs tied together, the monster couldn't fuck her. He did amuse himself at her expense by mauling her breasts, and they were soon stinging in pain from tweaks and twists.

"HMMPH!" she moaned, "HHMMBBBBLEE!"

"Don't worry," he gloated, "We're all gonna fuck you stupid tonight."

It took a while to make sure all the vehicles were gassed and ready to go, so he had plenty of time to amuse himself with the gang's 'guest'. Soon, the vehicles started up one by one and moved out up the twisting ramps of the parking garage.

What's worse, she was surrounded with explosives in tubes so if she tried using Fox Fire, she just might blow herself to kingdom come in the process. She didn't want to go out with a bang.

Saitama was well on his way back home with two bags of groceries in each hand. He was quite proud of all the money he saved because he bought his goods on sale, after all.

After the not-so-thrilling battle this morning, he was willing to veg in front of the TV after dinner.

He almost bumped into Silver Fang before he even knew he was there.

"Oh, excuse me, Bang-sama," he said as he stepped aside.

"Saitama-kun," he replied, "I understand you had a battle with a monster made to fight you this morning?"

"Ah, it was nothing to write home about," answered the Caped Baldy.

"I heard he gave you some trouble," he replied, "Without Genos' Incinerator..."
"Hmmph, I didn't really need that help. I could have been freed after a few hours under the sun."

"My offer to teach you my martial arts is still open, young hero."

"And it's a generous offer, I'm sure," answered Saitama, "but I can already smash rocks, faces, monsters with no effort. I don't see how martial arts would make it much better."

"You should have something to fall back on if brute force doesn't..." said Bang before he paused.

He seemed like he was staring a thousand yards away.

"Bang?"

"There's a convoy of vehicles coming this way," he mused, "but I think the purpose of this is no good."

"I think the police can handle..."

"A convoy of monsters," he continued.

"Monsters, you say?!" asked Saitama as he suddenly perked up. "Well well," he purred, "Here we go."
Fist and Fang

Chapter Summary

Saitama and Silver Fang battle to stop the Convoy of Death from leaving the Monster Zone of City Z. Can a S-class and B-class hero handle such military hardware? Can they do it without allowing too much collateral damage in the process?

by neorenamon

The convoy rolled to a stop before Silver Fang and Saitama. The motorcycles rolled to the front where they could see the riders with the sub-machine guns held in their hands and frag grenades around their belts.

"Come to die, heroes?" asked someone through the speakers of the big rig.

"We know you're monsters!" called Bang, "Save us the trouble and show yourselves!"

The riders removed their helmets to show their clown-demon faces.

"Can you put the helmets back on?" asked Saitama.

"Give them some lead poisoning, boys!"

They leveled their guns and fired. With the speed they possessed, they might have well been shooting spit wads.

Silver Fang effortlessly stepped out of the way of each bullet while Saitama used his speed and invulnerable hands to gather up all the bullets they fired. They both moved so fast that they didn't appear to move at all.

"Hey! Where's the bullets go?!" asked one of the clowns on their bike.

"I thought I'd save you the trouble of reloading," replied the Caped Baldy as he flicked one bullet back into the barrel of each gun. The barrels split as the receivers were rendered non-functional.

"You have one chance to go back alive," added Bang.

"The Akuma no Na fear no one!" said the one in the big rig as the men pulled grenades and prepped them to throw.

The pickup truck with the machinegun was coming around the side of the truck. They were already pulling off the tarp that was covering it while they were driving through town.

Saitama ran up to each one, took their armed grenade, and shoved it down their throats as far as he could before going back to where he started.

By the time they racked the bolt on the machine-gun, the bike riders were reduced to hamburger. Only their legs around the sides of their bikes remained.

As the machine gun opened fire, Saitama flicked the rest of the SMG bullets he gathered so that each
one he flicked cancelled out one fired from the machine-gun making puffs of lead in the air all around.

Bang used the confusion to slip around to the pickup as he said, "Flowing water! Rock smashing fist!" The watery fist barrage rendered the machine-gun, the pickup and all it's occupants to a mix of mush in about a second. The air was red with bloody mist.

"That old guy!" said someone through the open mic, "I know him! It's the Silver Fang and he's S-rank!"

"So the Hero Association was lucky to have him here at this time," replied the boss, "Well more the better to show what we can really do! What the Akuma no Na can do!"

"So far, the only thing I've seen is their ability to die," muttered Saitama.

"Still, it's too soon to get cocky," replied Bang.

The pickups behind emptied their cargo leaving Bang and Saitama outnumbered a good twelve to one each.

"I'd swear monsters don't have the common sense to know when they have no chance to win," grumbled Saitama, "even the weaklings among them."

They all squirted something from lapel flowers at them that they both were pretty sure wasn't water. The stuff bubbled and sizzled when it hit the ground, so they were sure it was powerful acid. The acid also released vapors when it interacted with the dirt.

"They're trying to limit our movements by using acid!" called Bang as he hopped over each of the acid streams.

"Man, they better not ruin my boots!" replied Saitama, "I just bought these new!"

"..." said Bang as he looked at his ally.

Then they took out giant revolvers from their pants that they pointed at the heroes. When they pulled the triggers, little flags that read "BANG!" popped out of the ends. Even the little spear points on the ends looked... cute.

"It's a trick!" said Bang as Saitama scratched his head.

The flags shot out of the guns with a real bang like a speargun operated by a shotgun shell. With great speed, the Caped Baldy gathered them up as well and simply threw them back into the chests of the clowns that shot them.

"These heroes!" said the other voice, "They's too badass! We gotta get the fuck outta here!"

"Don't be such a fucking coward!" replied the boss.

"He's kind of brave in that truck," noted Saitama, "isn't he?"

Bang nodded.

"So eager to die?" asked the boss as the driver's door opened and a clown got thrown out it. Then the big boss himself stepped out. "I, the terrible Bosupiero, shall be the end of you both!"

"He's just a big fucking clown," muttered Saitama.
The clown that was thrown tried to run, but Bosupiero snapped his fingers and he exploded in a gory mess.

"Well that was a cute trick."

"Be careful," said Bang, "That was a telekinetic explosion he just did!"

"Oh, is that all?"

"IS THAT ALL?!" replied Bosupiero.

"That trick won't work on someone as strong willed as me," replied Bang.

"But the bald freak is not so lucky," he said as he snapped his fingers at Saitama... and nothing happened other than a little tingle running through his body.

"Wee!" he called, "I guess I have willpower too!"

"Then I have to work a little harder to take you freaks out!" shouted the big clown as he began rapid finger-snaps, and the ground all around began exploding as if it was laden with land mines.

Saitama and White Fang had their hands full dodging rock fragments and explosive shock waves all around them.

"I wonder why there's no monsters coming out of the box trailer itself?" wondered Bang.

"Maybe it's just... I dunno... a giant bomb?" replied Saitama.

While it did seem to be some kind of movie trope, Bang realized it might be true in this case.

Bosupiero laughed as he said, "Pity you won't live to see the glory of my mortars tearing apart the business district skyscrapers!"

"Okay," replied the Caped Baldy evenly.

"I shall take care of this freak!" said Bang, "Please take care of the mortars! They're still close enough to populated areas to cause some serious damage from here!"

"Yeah sure," he muttered, "take all the fun for yourself." He hopped into the air and landed right through the roof of the truck. Landing in the middle of the dozens of fixed improvised mortar tubes, he saw one clown-monster and... "Kyubimon?!" One helpless monster. "So much for 'Respect among thieves'."

"MMMPPPHHH!!" she called from the wrapped head once she heard Saitama's voice.

"This is no way to treat a lady!" he growled as he exploded the startled clown-monster with a light punch to the face.

He lost interest in the battle outside as he started on freeing Kyunimon from her bonds.

"I guess Bang is having fun," he mumbled as rapid fire explosions continued outside. He figured the old man was leading the giant clown away from the vehicles lest he be tempted to explode them as distractions.

Soon, she was freed aside from her heavily taped muzzle, hands and feet. Before he could work on them, she faced him on her knees and hugged him with all four arms as she began to cry. Even
gagged and muzzled, her sobs were loud.

He sighed and hugged her back, even if he was nearly lost in her four furry breasts. "It's all right," he cooed as he rubbed her back softly, "Who's a good girl? You are."

After a few minutes, the battle sounds died out. Then the back door opened as Bang stuck his head in.

"And more monsters?.." he asked as he noticed Saitama hugging a large monster. One that was crying, which was something he had never seen before. He also noticed that he hands, feet and muzzle were all sealed tight with duct tape.

He raised his pointer finger and waggled it as if to say, 'No, not this one.'

Bang raised an eyebrow, but went without further comment.
My Monster's Keeper

Chapter Summary

Following his obligations, White Fang reports Saitama's 'pet monster' to the leadership of the Hero Association. They call a video conference to determine the fate of the 'Monster that Hunts Monsters'. Can Saitama's appeal to their sense of mercy sway them?

by neorenamon

"I'm sorry, Saitama," said Bang, "but this is something... I had to report to the Hero Association."

"It's alright," he replied, "I imagine... it had to come out some time. I just wish... there was more time to prove she's not a threat to humans and heroes."

Holding one of Saitama's hands, Kyubimon walked hunched over, looking timid.

The elderly martial arts master nodded as the agents of the Hero Association set up the holographic projection equipment that was going to be used for the Emergency Meeting of the HA's High Council. One projector was set up for each member of the Council even if they weren't expected to appear or was only going to use the voice channel function.

The Caped Baldy stood in a semi-circle of projectors waiting for the session to start. By then, Kyubimon was crouching behind him as if he was a shield against an expected attack. Bang stood several feet behind and off to their right side.

Minutes dragged by until the projectors lit up and holographic images of the Council appeared in the air. However, most of them where either shadowy profiles or voice only signals.

"So you Saitama, a B-class hero," asked the head of the Council, Mister Agoni, "and you've been associating with that monster behind you there?"

He nodded.

"And you feel this monster is an asset to the Hero Association?"

"Yes," he replied, "She lives to destroy all monsters."

Agoni's eyebrow went up at that.

"All monsters?" asked a shadow image, "So she'll destroy herself?"

"No," replied the Caped Baldy.

"Aha..."

"When she's the last monster, she asked to be taken out by a hero... by me."

There was a few moments of silence. Saitama guessed they might be sending private text messages to each other.
"This is... highly unusual," said Agoni.

Saitama nodded.

Just then, Genos arrived on blazing thrusters from the direction of his residence.

"Master!" he called, "Are you alright?!"

"I'm fine, Genos," came the reply as Saitama and Kyubimon turned their heads in his direction.

"Genos, S-rank," announced Agoni, "What are you doing at this meeting?"

"I'm here to represent Saitama in this proceeding," answered the cyborg, "and invoke the Monster Sanctuary Clause of the Hero Association Contract."

There was a murmur all around them.

"The what?" asked Saitama as Genos walked over.

"The Monster Sanctuary Clause," he repeated, "When the Hero Association was formed, someone with foresight put in a clause that should someone come across a helpful monster, they can appeal for protection not only from other monsters, but from the heroes of the Hero Association itself. So far, this clause has never been activated."

Chrome dome nodded.

"Very well," said Agoni after several minutes passed, "but according to the same clause, the Council of the Hero Association has the right to add conditions to the protection."

Genos nodded.

"In order to grant protection, the heroes Genos and Saitama must take legal guardianship and personal responsibility for the monster known as Kyubimon."

"I agree to these..."

"And the monster must reside with the hero known as Saitama."

"But my apartment..."

"There are larger places... available... in your area," replied Agoni, "The Association is willing to move you to one of these places at no cost to you. In fact, we would prefer it if Genos lived with you as well."

Saitama glanced at Genos.

"We agree to these conditions," said Genos evenly.

"Very well. Now we have a few questions about monster activities around and inside City Z. There's been a rise of 'monster gangs'. Can you tell us more about them?"

"Yes, there are gangs of monsters who appear to have been human, but converted in groups by a single action."

There was a small gasp in the air.
"According to Kyubimon, a mysterious man in an ice cream truck gave them a... uh... 'gross smoothie' to drink... that triggered a mass mutation. For some reason, she was the only one who wasn't turned into a... uh... 'werewolf monster'. She was also the only female member of this gang. I cannot say exactly why this happened, as there are still too many possibilities to explain this."

"Which are?"

"Well, it could be dormant super powers, female human genetics, female human hormones, human recessive genes, dietary elements, environmental conditions..."

"I see," he said cutting Genos off, "We'll need samples from Kyubimon for lab analysis ASAP."

"It's alright," said Saitama over his shoulder, "I'll make sure you'll be safe."

Kyunimon nodded.

"The chance that someone has learned how to mass mutate humans into monsters is most disturbing," announced Agoni, "We need to track down whoever is doing this and stop him ASAP. It seems this ice cream truck is the only real lead we have so far."

"In the meantime," added Saitama, "Kyubimon will work with me to track down and eliminate the monsters of City Z. If we find the man who did this, we'll capture him for interrogation down at the Hero Association HQ."

"Very well..."

"Now about my new house..."

"We'll call you back about that tomorrow," he mused, "City R wasn't built overnight you know."

"I'm sure we can make it work at Saitama's apartment for one night," replied Genos.
Saitama and Kyubimon learn that the conditions of the Hero Association go a little further than what they agreed on, but she decides she'll abide by the conditions if it means she can work with the Caped Baldy.

They just have to get along in Saitama's 'one bed' apartment for one night...

"Is this collar really necessary, Genos?" asked Saitama as he looked at Kyubimon's neck. She had a black metal collar with eight silver studs around the outside. There were also eight smaller studs inside the collar.

"Sorry, Master," he replied, "but I guess the Hero Association has other conditions that were part of the Monster Sanctuary Clause. They apparently have the right to track any monster under such protection by any means they deem fit."

"It's all right," Kyubimon announced, "as long as they'll let me help you hunt down monsters and end them..." She paused to scratch under the collar before adding, "but it is a little tight. Why are there studs anyways?"

"The outer studs are part of the tracking system. The Association is giving Saitama a transmitter with a 100 yard range that we're supposed to leave in the house... or his apartment as far as tonight is concerned... leaving that area will trigger an alarm back at HA Headquarters."

"And the inner ones?"

"I suspect that they may be part of a system to deliver a shock to you by remote control," he mused.

"Well that doesn't seem fair," said Saitama as she nodded in agreement.

"I'm sure once they see her as an asset to both humans and heroes, the collar will be removed anyways. I guess the HA is erring in favor of caution when it comes to this new situation."

"On the good side," mused Saitama as he held up a golden ticket, "we can get free food and free delivery tonight from Teriyaki Hut. They normally won't deliver to my area."

"I suppose... that's better than getting nothing from the Hero Association," she conceded.

"There's no limit on how much we can order," he added as he looked over his ten foot tall companion.

Kyubimon and Genos both raised an eyebrow at that.

... Later
"I can't believe she managed to eat ten Deluxe Teriyaki Udon Noodle Bowls," muttered Genos as he looked at her stack of empty bowls. Each bowl was stuffed with beef, chicken, pork, scallops and shrimp.

"Because I'm larger than human," she replied, "But what's his excuse?" Her gaze was fixed on Saitama's six empty bowls.

"Maybe he's related to the Pig God?" he muttered, earning him a look from Saitama.

He just replied, "Okay."

Since he was mostly machine now, Genos only had one bowl of Teriyaki Shrimp Udon Noodles.

"Well, I should get home now," said the cyborg as he stood, "I need to make sure all of Kyubimon's paperwork is in order."

"Genos is good with that kind of thing," said Saitama to Kyubimon.

"We can officially start monster hunting tomorrow," he added, "so I'll see you some time around 7 am?"

"Make it 9 am," replied the Caped Baldy.

Genos nodded, as he knew his master wasn't exactly an early riser.

Saitama glanced over his shoulder at the monster, and noticed she was out on his small balcony. He went out to see that she was watching the sun set between a couple of building across the street from him.

"Appreciating the sunset?" he asked as he walked up.

"With these monster eyes," she replied, "light doesn't quite look the same anymore. I guess it's because I can see further up and down the light spectrum as I could as a human."

"Wanna use the shower first?"

"You're the master of the 'house'," she answered, "You should..."

"Allow the guest to go first," he said quickly.

She paused a moment before she replied, "Thank you." Turning from the fading light of the day, she made her way back into the apartment while Saitama stared at her tails and her butt.

One thing that the HA didn't help with was getting clothing for her, so she was still wearing only the collar she was given. Since she wasn't expected (or even allowed) to remove said collar, it was made to be completely waterproof and had a high resistance to both high and low temperatures.

'Dayum, she's hot,' he thought as he watched her go.

He was tempted to wash her back again, but wondered if she'd rather be alone. After all, he wasn't sure how well adapted she was to her new life as a monster, and he didn't want to intrude without cause. He could he the water running, and could see steam creeping under the door. It took about ten minutes to wash and about twenty more to blow dry all that fur.
In the meantime, he had stripped down to his boxers, laid out the futon for her, and he was getting ready to spend the night in the chair when she came out.

She laid out on her back on the open futon as she glanced in his direction.

"Master Saitama?" she asked.

"You don't have to..."

"Would you... like to sleep on me tonight?" she asked as her voice trailed off.

"You don't have to..."

"But I want to," she replied quickly, "To repay you for all of your kindness."

He got off the chair and walked over to her. With her arms and legs open, she was more than enough for all of him to lay on. Getting down on the floor, he crawled across her loins until his head was between her lower pair of breasts. He barely had room to breathe between the motherly mounds of her boobs.

She wrapped a pair of arms about his arms and torso as he reveled in her fur, still warm from being blow dried.

A few moments passed as he cuddled in her furry mass.

"Oh," she said at last, "Are you... a furry?"

"I don't know what..." he replied as she reached under his hips. When she gripped his cock, he realized that he was fully hard. He hadn't even noticed that he was erect. It was coming out from the front of his boxers under one of the panels. "Okay."

She held him tighter as she started stroking his little soldier.

"You don't have to..."

"It's one of the few ways I know to please a man," she replied, "other than vaginal or anal intercourse."

"I'm kind of... embarrassed... to admit how much you're turning me on... by just being who you are..." he sighed as she stroked his boner harder and faster. She even paused once in a while to stroke the head of his cock with the pad of her thumb. "But... I'm gonna get you... all messy..."

"I'm used to it," she purred.

After all, she spent years having sex in a gang. It was nice to have fun with someone who hadn't demanded she please him first. She was mildly amused to feel just how big he was when he was fully erect.

'I wonder if that's one of his powers?' she mused, 'a super cock?'

It was about a good ten minutes later when he said, "Oh... It's coming..."

She used her arms to lift him up from the waist up so his cum would only land on her stomach when he started blowing his wad. It not only covered her stomach, but much of her lower pair of breasts as well. It just kept coming.
'Ah... There's... so much cream!"

"I... uh... better let you clean up... again..." he said sheepishly as he climbed off her. His cock was quickly going flaccid.

"Did... I do it well enough?"

He simply gave her a thumbs-up as she went back to the bathroom.
Along came a Tornado

Chapter Summary

While Kyubimon is in the shower, Saitama gets an unexpected visitor: Tatsumaki, the Tornado of Terror. She had gotten word that the Caped Baldy is harboring a monster and wants to see it for herself. Of course, she might be there for more than just the chance to see it...

by neorenamon

Saitama waited for the sound of the shower running, but it had been several minutes of silence. Just as he was about to go check, he heard the water start. After a couple more minutes, he could see steam rolling out from under the bathroom door.

What surprised him was a knock at his patio door.

In spite of the fact that humans weren't really out at that time of the night, he strolled over to it and slid it open to find...

"Tatsumaki?" he asked, "Isn't this past your bedtime?"

The petite heroine crossed her arms under her chest and scowled greatly.

"You doofus!" she growled, "I'm 28 years old!"

"Come on," he muttered, "You can't be over 14!"

"According to my birth certificate and my driver's license, I'm 28!"

"You can get a good fake ID, you know."

"Baka!!" she howled, "Just get out of my way! I'm here to see your pet monster!"

She used her telekinesis to move him aside, but he wasn't really in the mood to resist her. With her chest puffed out, she strolled into his living room.

"So the Hero Association is going to move you to a place that's worth living in?" she smirked as she looked around at the small and spartan place Saitama called home.

"Tomorrow," he replied, "and Kyubimon is in the shower right now. You'll have to wait."

"As if," she sniffed as she made her way to the bathroom door.

"But it's not nice too..."

"Just a monster," she replied as she used her power to open the door.

The door groaned in protest and Saitama was sure the bar of the lock was bent from the force used to open the door.
Kyubimon blinked as she looked out from the shower curtain.

She glanced down to see something white around the toilet.

"See?" she said back to the other room, "Can't even shower without getting shampoo..."

"That's not shampoo, human," interrupted Kyubimon.

"Conditioner?"

"No."

"Then what is it, then?!"

"It's the load that Saitama shot onto my..."

"I don't want to know any more about that!" she hissed.

She stepped out of the shower, and lorded herself over the Tornado of Terror as much as the bathroom ceiling allowed.

"Not impressed," she muttered as she looked up.

Kyubimon squatted as she sniffed her face, making Tatsumaki flinch.

"Hmmm... Bold, brash, arrogant, loud..." she mused, "You must be Saitama's girlfriend!"

"WHAT?!" she spluttered, "NO WAY!!"

Saitama poked his head in the door as he said, "I'm not into hebephilia."

She turned on a heel and screamed at him, "I keep telling you I'M 28 YEARS OLD!!"

Kyubimon poked her nose under her butt through a slit in her dress, making Tatsumaki squeal as she was sniffed.

"She's definitely a grown up."

The Tornado of Terror blushed hotly as she turned to face the monster and backed into the sink. She was using both of her hands to keep her dress and her crotch shielded.

"Stop that, pervy monster!" she screamed.

When the monster leaned over to lick her face, Saitama noted that her eyes looked different. Her cornea had turned bright red (like blood) with the cat-like vertical slit, and the whites of her eyes had turned as black as night.

'Okay,' he thought.

"EWW! GROSS!"

Kyubimon placed her arms into the wall around her, and effectively trapped her there with her ass against the sink. Her nose dipped down to sniff at the cleft of her bosom.

"Caped Baldy!" she howled as she crossed her arms over her breasts, "Get this pervert monster AWAY FROM ME!"
"Oh come on," he replied evenly, "everyone know when one has keen smell, you use scent to... get familiar."

"I don't want to get familiar with this... thing!"

"Your body heat and your smell betray you, human."

"What?!" she asked in shock.

"When I got close to you, your body heat changed as if your blood was moving to your cheeks and your loins. I can smell something coming from your pussy that shows that you're very much... interested in me. Is it my tits? My ass? The fact I'm 'furry' that is turning you on, my dear? Maybe you're into 'bestiality' in the most literal sense of the term?"

"Is that so?" asked Saitama curiously.

"NO WAY!" she screamed as her telekinesis pushed the monster back.

"Or are you just hot for Master Saitama?!" asked the vulpine as he grin broadened and more teeth showed.

Tatsumaki looked like she was going to throw up as she dashed from the bathroom past Saitama. It seemed like less than a second before she vanished out the open patio door with a blur of speed.

"I wonder what her deal was?" he mused.

"Well, I didn't think it would be so easy to get rid of her," she replied.

"You wanted to get rid of her?"

"Yes, there's still time for us to... sleep together..."

"Do you really think she was... into you?" he asked innocently.

"Oh, that part is absolutely correct. Maybe even the part about you is true as well. However, in spite of her age, she has the... uh... mental maturity... of the preteen. My... attention... was more than she could handle... at least until she thinks about it more."

"I'm just glad she wasn't here to..."

"Destroy me?" she smirked, "I know you wouldn't allow that even if that was what she was here to do."

"Gotta look out for my friends," he said as he stepped up to her and hugged her tight. She didn't even mind that his face was planted between her two pairs of breasts.
**Mutations**

Chapter Summary

When Saitama points out the changes in her eyes, she tells him that that's not the only thing she feels is changing. Neither one can pinpoint the cause of the continued change, but a number of theories are put forward while he lays on her torso that night.

by neorenamon

After Tatsumaki left in a big hurry, Kyubimon was free to finish her interrupted show, blow dry off and get set for bed. Once again, it took a good half an hour with the hair dryer and left her with some rather heated fur.

Saitama was waiting for her in the main room until she opened his futon and laid out on her back. He laid himself along her torso so that his shiny head was nestled in between her two pair of breasts. She showed that she didn't mind by wrapping her four arms around him and hugging him tight... not that he really noticed.

"Kyubimon?" he asked.

"Yes?" she replied.

"Why have your eyes changed?"

She blinked as she answered, "They changed? I haven't noticed."

"You haven't seen yourself in a mirror lately?"

"I was interrupted by Tatsy before I had a chance to."

"Tatsy?"

"My pet name for Tatsumaki," she replied with a grin.

"Okay."

"But... how have they changed?" she asked as she looked him in the eyes.

"The whites of your eyes are black," he noted, "and your pupil is slit like a cat's eye."

"That might explain the strange feeling I had in the bathroom a while ago..."

"What happened?"

"I wanted to see what you tasted like," she replied awkwardly, "so when I got in the bathroom, I started licking up the seed that you deposited on my breasts and stomach. I quickly became uneasy about it, so I just quickly wiped off the rest... and made a bit of a mess around your toilet."

"Anything else?"
"It felt like... that moment when I was angry... and my rage manifested as some kind of fire power. My tails burst into flames and I suddenly could breathe fire like some kind of dragon."

"Okay."

"You have to promise me something, Saitama."

"Yes?"

She frowned as she asked, "If I go bad... if I kill heroes and humans... promise me you'll destroy me without question."

"I promise."

"Thank you," she replied as she hugged him tighter.

"I truly believe that you're better than your monster instincts," he said softly, "That you'll stay who you truly are no matter what... and even if you should waver, I'll be there to get you back on the side of heroes."

"I... truly hope so..." 

He reached out to scratch her head between her ears, and once more, she leaned into it.

"I just know you'll always be a good girl."

He kept up with the scratches until she fell asleep. It wasn't much longer after that that he was asleep as well.

While he slept, he had a dream where he was naked. He lost his clothes somewhere in his apartment, but couldn't find any of it. When he opened the closet to search there, he was jumped by some kind of octopus/wolverine monster (with claws at the end of each tentacle) that grappled him and tore into his back causing some pain as skin broke. He could feel the warm trickle of his own blood down the sides of his chest.

He awoke with a start, wondering what furry jungle he was lost in until he remembered he was in between the monster's boobs. When he sat up, he could have sworn that she was not only almost a foot taller, but her breasts had grown three cup sizes that night. He also noticed her canine fangs had grown a good inch or so longer, and perhaps overall, her muscles had slightly increased in bulk as well as feeling harder than steel.

It was about then that he also realized that most of the back of his shirt was torn to shreds, leaving him to feel the morning air. He was sure that in spite of the state of his shirt and his dream, his back wasn't even nicked and sure wasn't bleeding.

'Sleep clawing,' he mused, 'That's a new one.'

He managed to slip from her grasp without waking her, and set off to make something for breakfast. Instead of the usual ramen cup he would eat, he broke out a couple of deluxe beef instant ramen bowls that he saved for special occasions. The kind that had bowls made of wax covered cardboard (instead of plastic). He peeled the lid back part way to add water to the fill line, and then cracked two eggs that he poured onto the top of each of the bowl's contents. Sticking them in the microwave, he added extra time for having two bowls as well as poaching two grade A eggs.

Kyubimon stirred as the smell of eggs and beef flavoring wafted about the apartment. "Good
morning," she said as she sat up and stretched, "That smells so good."

"Indeed," he replied, "They'll be ready in just a moment." He paused before he added, "I think you've grown about a foot taller last night... and grew... out... some... as well..."

"Just where did I... grow out?"

He pointed at her breasts. She looked down to see that her boobs had indeed increased in size by a noticeable amount. Even the pink nubs of her nipples were now poking out from her fur. She felt her stomach and realized she had two more pairs of nipples had appeared there as well. Her stomach abs felt as hard as steel under her fur and thin layer of body fat.

"Oh my..."

"I think it suits you," he said as he got a pair of chopsticks and walked over to her with the ramen.

"But... I'm just a monster..." she sighed, "I can't understand... why you think so much of me..."

"Because you're still trying to cling to your humanity," he replied as he gave her a bowl, "and as long as you keep trying, you won't become a threat to humans and heroes."

"Thank you, Saitama..."

"Don't worry about it."

The two of them ate quickly and soon, their bowls were empty.

"You're a great chef," she mused.

"It's just Bachelor Cooking 101," he replied awkwardly.

"Wait... what's that noise..." she asked as her ears perked up, "It sounds like a basketball game... and it's coming closer."

They ran to the balcony to see a ten foot diameter basketball coming down the street, bouncing louder and louder.

"Does that basketball... have a face?!"

"It sure does," he replied, "Must be some new monster. I bet he's nothing to write home about, though."

"So you'll battle this monster?"

"Do bears crap in the woods?"

"I guess so.. but I don't see what..."

"Yes, I shall beat this monster... I hope this one offers a real challenge..." he said as he looked her in the eyes, "but don't take this as an excuse to slack off. I expect you to fight if you can, but also make sure it's not a ploy to cover the approach of more monsters."

"I won't let you down!" she cried, "I am... a good girl after all!"

"Then I can focus fully on the battle at hand."
Chapter Summary

Basketball monsters have come for Saitama and his 'traitorous' monster friend as well. How will he deals with monsters he simply can't 'one punch'?

by neorenamon

They watched as the monster drew closer. Behind them was about a dozen smaller balls, each about 3' across and having a face of their own.

"It's another mutated gang," noted Kyubimon.

"Well I hope they have more to them than bouncing around," sighed Saitama.

"Come out, Caped Baldy!" called the big monster, "And bring your little traitor monster friend too!"

"I think he's talking about you."

She looked at him like he just said the most obvious thing in the world.

"So... let's not keep them waiting, shall we?" he said as he hopped over the ledge of his apartment.

"But... It might be some kind of trap..." she sighed as she followed him, "When he gets like this, there's no talking him out of it." Not that she'd turn down a chance to reduce the monster population in the world.

"Here to fight me, monster?" asked Saitama as he hit the street on his feet.

"Correct. I the great and powerful Basukettoboru shall surely end your pathetic human existence as well as the monster traitor!"

"He thinks a talking basketball can take me?" he sighed.

But the monster just howled in laughter.

"Did I say something funny?"

"Maybe he knows something we don't?"

"At least he thinks he does," he replied, then turned to the monster and asked, "are we going to fight sometime today?"

"I don't even think you can take my boys," he smirked, "but if by some chance you do, then we shall battle."

"Wow, we just met and you're already boring me," he sighed as the smaller spheres moved in to attack.
Eight of them moved on Saitama and the others went after Kyubimon.

She used all of her clawed hands to slash at the ones on her, yet her attacks failed to harm any of them.

Saitama punched one with one of his normal 'weak' punches, sending it flying into a cinder block where were it was embedded.

"I'm not..."

"Wait for it," interrupted Basukettoboru.

The four spheres began hopping around the taller fox monster and began striking her from all directions.

The one Saitama hit popped out of the wall, totally unhurt.

"Well this is getting more interesting," he quipped as he punched the other seven. They too got embedded in walls, trees and phone poles.

Kyubimon was driven to her knees, curling up to try and protect her head and guts from their repeated blows.

"And they said you were a challenge," hissed the big ball.

"Well," he said as he spun his arm and rotated his shoulder, "I guess the warm-up is over."

"When will you get serious?!"

"Hey," he smirked, "I'm just a hero for fun."

"Well the monster killer isn't doing so well..."

"I'm fine!" she replied, "Don't worry about me! Just figure out how to take the air out of these windbags!"

"That might work," he said as he grabbed a small ball by the nose and pressed it down into the pavement. He kept pushing it down until it was almost completely flat. However, when he let up, the monster just sprang back into shape.

"I guess I'm going to be bored to tears today after all."

'I gotta stay calm,' she thought as the smaller monsters battered her, 'They're overwhelming my regenerative powers. I don't know how long I can hold out, but I can't let Master get distracted by my distress. He has to focus on the fight. I just have to... chill.'

It was becoming a Mexican standoff with Saitama punching the small monsters away only to have them bounce back literally seconds later. But with his incredible speed, none of the monsters were getting past the Caped Baldy's casual blocks.

"I hope you can do better than this, monsters," sighed Saitama, "unless your plan is to put me to sleep with how boring you are."

"You fool!" hissed Basukettoboru, "Each time you hit one of my boys, they bounce away and absorb a little of the force of the blow! The more you strike them, the more powerful they
become! They become stronger! They become faster!"

He snorted as he replied, "Still not impressed over here."

'Gotta... chill...' 

"Well you need to do something because the monster traitor over there is turning into raw hamburger," hissed the big ball.

He turned to see her curled up, her body bruised and bleeding from the repeated blows.

"Don't worry about me, Master! Destroy that monster!"

Saitama began punting the small balls about a mile away in a high arc over the buildings, but the smaller spheres were coming back to the fight in a matter of seconds.

"You're only stalling, hero!"

"That's it!" she thought as her eyes began to glow white, 'I have to chill out!" Her fur turned snow white as the ends of her tails were encased in ice. The air around them suddenly plunged into the subzero range in about one second. The area turned white as the moisture in the air began freezing to almost every surface around.

"WTF?!"

"Master!" she called, "They're made of some kind of rubber, and making it drop to such chill makes them brittle!"

"NO!!" he howled, "That's CHEATING!!"

"Consecutive normal punches!" he called as he shattered all the smaller spheres in a matter of two seconds with a massive flurry of flying fists.

Kyubimon got back on her haunches as she grinned.

"Well that cheap trick is having no effect on me!" he growled as he bounced forward.

"You had your chance," he sighed, "Now I'm too bored to seriously fight you any more."

"Giving up?!!"

"Nah, I'm trying something new today," he replied evenly, "I call this one Super Set: Bang! Zoom! To the Moon!"

"What the hell is?!.." he asked as Saitama punched him from the bottom. There was a scream as he shot into the sky well past escape velocity as he headed off towards the moon about 30 degrees above the horizon.

"Master... That's so incredible!"

He walked over to her as he asked, "Are you alright?"

"I'm... fine..." she sighed, "A few hours of rest... and I'll be... right as rain."

"You didn't want me to know you're hurting, did you?" he asked as he petted her head.
"I'm not worthy, Master," she sighed.

"Hey hey," he scolded her, "If I'm Master, shouldn't I decide what you're worthy of?"

"I'm sorry..."

"And I didn't say you could apologize either," he added.

"I'm so... okay..."

"Now let's get that blood washed out before it cakes and makes a mess, shall we?"

"Yes Master..."
Chapter Summary

Moving into their new home, White Fang and Master Bang have stopped by to welcome them to their new abode... it's definitely a fixer-upper. There's plenty of room left even without being repaired.

Bang also learns a few things about Kyubimon's 'aptitudes' in the process.

by neorenamon

"Well," mused Saitama as they approached the urban mini-mansion, "It looks like the Hero Association spent a shiny yen to get this place."

The place had a front yard in spite of being buried in the depths of City Z. There was also a fence on all sides and most like even some land in back.

"They must value you as a hero, Master Saitama," mused Genos as he walked behind.

"I think I agree with Master Genos," added Kyubimon.

"Oh, you guys are going to give me a swollen head," muttered the Caped Baldy.

There was a small semicircle driveway out front and two gates that blocked them. Of course, the gates were open since no one was living there at the moment and most likely the place was looted during a monster attack.

"I detect two human life forms waiting for us," noted the cyborg.

"Oh, I should know those two by now," muttered the mustard and ketchup colored hero.

"It is surely White Fang and Master Bomb," informed the large fox monster.

"It's nice that such high ranking heroes have taken an interest in us," agreed Genos.

"He's probably here to try and impress us with his martial arts again," grumbled Saitama, as he was quite good at just destroying monsters with one punch. He felt that adding Martial Arts moves would in no way improve his fighting prowess, but just get in the way of shopping and sight seeing. Besides, Bang's uncanny perception couldn't be learned... well, not easily.

"Greeting Saitama," offered Master Bomb.

"The Hero Association asked us to set up a House Warming Party for you," added Bang.

"I'm sure you have better things to do with your time," mused the fox monster.

"Neither of us have any students left at the moment," he replied, "It's not like we're all that busy at the moment."

"Still heroes of your rank," interrupted Genos, "We should be honoring you."
"Oh, I think the time for that kind of thing has passed us by," mused Bomb, "Why don't you come in and look around?"

"We can get to the disappointment that much sooner," agreed Bang.

"Brother," he replied, "You shouldn't have put it like that."

"We weren't expecting anything pristine," interjected Genos.

"It has five bedrooms and three bathrooms," he continued as he opened the double front doors, "That's what we've been told."

"About 6,000 square feet under optimum conditions," said Bang.

"Optimum?.." asked Genos as he stepped in and saw the damage to the back half of the house. Through the large windows, he noticed that the enclosed swimming pool in back... well, it wasn't so enclosed any more. Something like an explosion had blown off most of the roof over the pool area, allowing the sun to stream in freely.

"They didn't have the budget to repair everything," muttered Bomb.

"Is that so?" asked Saitama as he sniffed about, "Well the lunch smells good."

"It's catered," he replied, "from my favorite ramen noodle restaurant."

"It's on the Hero Association's yen," agreed Bang.

"Still, you Masters seem to be responsible for the presentation," said Kyubimon as she bowed to them both with all four of her hands on the ground before her, "Thank you."

"Respectful, isn't she?" asked Bomb.

"That she is," replied Saitama.

...

One Deluxe Ramen Lunch later...

...

"It's strange that she doesn't wear anything," observed Bomb as they sat around the living room. The lunch room wasn't really large enough to handle the large fox monster.

"It's hard to find clothing in her size," muttered Saitama.

"But I'm sure we can improvise something eventually," added Genos.

"I shall clean out the bowls, Master," said Kyubimon.

"What?" he asked as he looked at Bang and Bomb, "These are decent plastic bowls and plastic chopsticks."

"That can wait," said Bang evenly, "I've... set something up in the back yard."

Saitama looked at Bomb who shrugged. He guessed it was time for the 'sales pitch'. Sighing, he got up and followed the two Martial Arts Masters.
Several sections of telephone poles were buried by the edge of the fence line. They stuck out of the ground by several feet, which was almost enough to clear the back yard wall level.

The Caped Baldy looked bored before they even started.

White Fang demonstrated his Water Stream Rock Smashing Fist while Bomb showed off his Whirlwind Iron Cutting Fist techniques. They effortlessly cut several of the phone pole stumps into firewood and toothpicks.

"Martial arts can make you even stronger," mused Bang.

"I doubt that," sighed Saitama.

"It would be difficult to perform such things without reprogramming," added Genos.

"You shouldn't underestimate mental control and discipline," retorted Bomb.

"Not my deal," muttered the Caped Baldy as the fox monster stepped up to one of the remaining poles. He blinked as she delivered several slashing blows to the wood and then it turned into a pile of toothpicks.

"Martial arts training?" asked Bomb as he looked on.

"Not at all," she replied.

"I guessed she learned a few things from just watching us," mused White Fang.

"She must have... much potential," agreed Bomb.

"I don't think it would hurt to let her take lessons from them," offered Genos.

"Would you like that?" asked Saitama.

She nodded as she looked back at him. "As long as you can teach me here," she said.

They looked at each other before Bang said, "Well... that's agreeable."

"Still, why here?" asked Bomb.

"I want Master to see my improvements," she replied.

"She really seeks your approval," he noted.

"Because she's a good girl," said Saitama as he rubbed her head between her ears.

"I wonder if that's all it is," mused Bang.
Saturday

Chapter Summary

Saitama decides that Kyubimon needs to socialize more... and wear some makeshift clothing... so he takes her to the Supermarket because Saturday is Bargain Day and Saitama never misses out on Bargain Day.

by neorenamon

"It's lucky that those medical kits are extra generous with the gauze bandages," mused Saitama as he backed up to admire his handiwork.

It was a bit tricky wrapping up all four of her generous breasts as well as make a harness that went both around and between all four of her arms. Still, even a few dozen yards of wrapping still weren't enough to take the place of a sports bra. They were still going to jiggle a lot. It took a good half an hour to get that far.

"Do you have something planned, Master?" she mused as she tugged on the elastic strap holding a pair of his shorts in place. They strained to keep her ass contained as well as the fact the bunch of tails she had pushed them down.

"It's Saturday," he replied as if that alone answered all questions.

"Eh..."

"Today is the Saturday bargains down at the Supermarket Seijo Ishii atre Urawa. Half off on Deluxe Ramen Bowls! Half on on Fried Squid Kabobs!"

"So you wish me to stay..."

"I dressed you up so you can come with!" he replied.

"Come with, Master?"

"Yeah," he mused, "Genos is busy and..."

"And?"

"Well you need... training in... uh... socializing with regular humans!"

"You pulled that out of your ass just now?" she mused with a smirk.

"Yeah... NO! This was my brilliant plan all along!"

"I shall try not to... cause problems," she sighed.

"I'm sure things will go fine!" he said with a smile.

Since he moved to a somewhat... better... part of town, the nearby supermarket was larger and less personal that the one Saitama was used to. Not only did they sell food, but also a wide array of
kitchen appliances and medical supplies (both from the pharmacy and over the counter) as well.

Things seemed ominous to Kyubimon as once she boarded the bus behind Saitama, everyone else suddenly decided that they had to get off the bus at the same stop from the back doors... quickly. She wondered why he bothered with buses since both of them were... at least several times faster than it was.

When they got off the bus a couple of miles later, the bustling crowds still managed to give the two of them a wide berth. Police officers eyed them from a distance, yet none moved in to challenge or question either of them.

Back when she was still human... when she was a gang banger, they never went to such wealthy areas. Too many police. Too many superheroes. The bad neighborhoods had much smaller "mom and pop" shops, and they always got their 'five finger discounts' on anything worth taking. She felt bad about such behavior, and tried to slip the shop owners some money before she left last whenever she could.

She had to stoop just a bit to avoid clipping the air-wall blowers on the top of the entrance. It kept the heat and smells of the street out, and the smells of food inside. He grabbed a small plastic hand-basket and a Saturday listing of store bargains before he went into the produce section.

He grasp a bundle of 3 medium sized daikon and turned to show it to her.

"You think this is fresh?" he asked as he all but stuck it into her nose.

"I... uh..." she mused as she sniffed it. She had no idea what fresh daikon smelled like, but she wanted to humor her master. Oddly enough, she reached a conclusion by just how they looked and smelled. "They should be fine for a week or so," she replied.

"Great!" he said as he stuffed it into the basket, "I have some use for these!"

She had gone into a crouch to easily smell the root veggie, but then she realized that someone small had grabbed a couple of her tails.

"DOGGIE!" chirped a small girl behind her.

She glanced back as she asked, "Doggie?! Me?!"

It was a small girl. Perhaps somewhere between 2 and 3 years old. She seemed to be quite infatuated with her nine fluffy tails.

"Come on, Kyubimon," said the Caped Baldy, "We have more bargains to hunt down."

She sighed, lifted her tails and carried the child along with her.

"Oh, they have komatsuna!" he announced, "It's on sale too!"

"Nice doggie," purred the clinging child.

The nine-tailed fox simply growled lightly. "I am not a doggie," she muttered in protest.

Since the komatsuna was sealed in a plastic bag, he was sure it was alright to stick it in the basket without a smell test.

"Sakura!" called a woman behind them.
They both turned to see a young woman rushing up towards the clingy child.

"Is there a problem, Miss?" he asked.

"I... just want my baby back..." she replied as she pointed at the tails.

He looked at the child before he mused, "You seem to have a growth back there...

"I...

"Please don't hurt her!" she blurt out.

"I have no intention..."

"No harm done," he mused as he reached out to collect Sakura.

While she was reluctant to let go at first, he soon had him in his hands and giving her back to her mother.

"You're the Caped Baldy, aren't you?!" she asked, "Why haven't you got rid of this... this... monster?!"

Kyubimon looked down.

"This monster is my friend," he replied evenly, "and I promised her if she ever killed an innocent human, I would destroy her."

The vulpine nodded.

"Okay... still, monsters shouldn't be out in public like this," she sniffed as she turned and stalked off.

"I'm sorry, Master..."

"Hey hey," he interrupted, "No apologizing unless I tell you to... remember?"

"Yes Master."

He reached up to scratch her between her ears as he said, "Who's a good girl? You are."

"This isn't funny anymore, Akita!" said a young man approached them.

"I tell ya this is the real deal, Iwate!" he replied as they turned a corner and were in the same isle as Saitama and Kyubimon.

"What the?!.." he asked.

"See," he purred as if he was right all along, "Monster boobs. Four of them."

"Holy..."

"She's right here, you know," muttered Saitama.

"And look at that fuzzy ass," added Akita.

"You weren't kidding about nine tails," said Iwate in awe.

"Show some respect," muttered the ketchup and mustard colored hero.
"It's... fine Master..."

"No one's gonna believe this without some pics," said the first one as they pulled out there camera.

"Hey bald guy," asked the second, "Can you get out of the picture a moment? That would be great."

"She's... with... me..." he growled.

"Wow, a monster pet... that must be so cool," he gushed as his friend snapped pictures anyways.

"I should take that phone and..."

"It's fine, Master! Please don't do anything on my behalf!" she half-growled, half-whined as she placed a hand on his shoulder.

"If you aren't here to shop, perhaps you should leave now?" he asked.

"I got enough," replied Akita, "Let's go!"

As the two left, one muttered, "Imagine how she'd be if the boobs and snatch were shaved?"

"Totally," his buddy replied.

"Perhaps we should..."

"Keep shopping?" offered Saitama, "Of course we should!"

"Yes Master..."
Tank Top Armed

Chapter Summary

While Saitama is in the bathroom, Kyubimon has to defend his groceries against a fierce Tank Top assault. Can she keep her word not to kill humans? Can she keep his groceries safe long enough?

by neorenamon

Saitama and Kyubimon had spent some time wandering around the supermarket as the Caped Baldy filled his basket with specials. That moment arrived when every hero became mortal again.

"Well, I guess I need to... you know..." he mused as he stood before the door to the men's room, "Here..." He offered her the basket. "Guard these with your life."

"Yes Master," she replied as she took the small plastic basket.

"Now be a good girl," he said, wagging his finger as he strolled into the men's room.

She squatted down onto her haunches as she waited for him to return.

The shoppers around here were almost to the point where they could shop around a monster... almost. They all still went to another aisle rather than risk getting within reach of one of her four arms.

"MONSTER!!" called a voice behind her, "HOW DARE YOU THREATEN INNOCENT SHOPPERS!!"

She turned to see half a dozen men approaching. They all seemed pretty ordinary... other than the fact they were all wearing tank top shirts.

"I have harmed no humans," she protested.

"LIAR!!" he called, "THE TANK TOP TIGER SHALL BRING YOU TO JUSTICE!!"

"Must you yell everything?!" she protested.

It felt like a cross between boasting and establishing an alibi.

"Shouldn't we wait for Tank Top Master?" asked another.

"DO NOT BE SO COWARDLY, TANK TOP JUNGLE!!" he called. His loud proclamations were beginning to draw a crowd as Tank Top Tiger moved closer.

She pulled the basket against her stomach, covering it with her lower arms as she bent over. Her upper arms covered her head just as he punched, so one of her forearms took the blow instead.

"I SHALL DESTROY YOU, MONSTER!!" he called as he landed more blows. She crouched over until she was nearly curled up, the blows raining down on her arms and back.
Seeing no resistance, the other Tank Toppers moved up and began raining punches down on her as well.

"Why does the monster not fight back?" asked Tank Top Jungle.

"IT IS A PLOY TO GET US TO DROP OUR GUARD!! DO NOT FALL FOR IT!!"

Wounds began to appear in her hide as blood began leaking from them.

"I mean you no harm. I only live to kill monsters."

"MORE LIES!!" he howled back, "MONSTERS ONLY EXIST TO KILL US HUMANS!!"

The watchers cheered them on as the monster was beaten down.

"Master..." she whimpered, "I'm sorry... I let you down..."

"The monster is protecting something!!" called another Tank Topper wearing a motorcycle helmet.

"THEN TAKE IT, TANK TOP RACER!!"

He reached in past her arms and pulled out the basket.

"A monster shopping at the market?!!" asked Jungle, "This is absurd!"

"No..." she protested weakly, "Those are my Master's goods..."

Tiger grabbed the basket, crushing it an its contents easily. "NO DEALS FOR MONSTERS!!" he proclaimed, "ONLY DEATH AWAITS!!"

"Hey, it took me over an hour to find all that!" called a familiar voice.

She looked up to see Saitama standing in the bathroom doorway.

"I failed you..." she moaned.

"YOU!!" called Tiger. He well remembered the bald hero that calmly crushed his hand that one time. Who flattened Tank Top Black Hole in a single blow.

"I didn't fight them... I didn't fight humans..."

"Such a good girl," he mused as he stepped up and scratched her between her ears. "Now you're all going to help replace what you destroyed," he added as he glared at the Tank Toppers around him.

"MONSTER LOVER!!" he howled as he stepped in and punched Saitama in the side of the face. His head didn't even flinch.

"Is that so?" he asked as he grabbed the Tiger by the shirt and easily threw him up through the lights and the roof.

"We must avenge the Tank Top Tiger!!" called Jungle as the circle around Saitama and Kyubimon grew smaller.

"You shall do no such thing!" called an approaching pair.

"Tank Top Master!" called Racer as they looked back.
It was the Tank Top Master and their sole female member, Tank Top Girl.

There was a thud as Tiger landed on the roof above them.

"But Master, the bald one is protecting a MONSTER!!"

He held out a piece of paper as he replied, "This monster is an asset to the Hero Association. We will take NO action against her or her allies."

"Besides," added Saitama, "I have already sworn to destroy her should she take a human life."

"The least we can do is replace what was destroyed."

"I like to shop!" chirped Tank Top Girl.

"Is that so?" asked the bald one. He leaned over to Kyubimon and asked, "Did they hurt you much?"

"I shall recover."

"Well let's get on with this," he mused as he turned.

'He's so strong. It must be that he is secretly wearing a tank top under his uniform top,' thought Tank Top Master.
A rough night...

Chapter Summary

Kyubimon seems to be in pain all afternoon while shopping, and when she gets home, coughs up some blood. Saitama calls in Genos to speculate about the problem. Genos gets some monitoring gear to keep tabs on her during the night.

by neorenamon

The rest of the day seemed to be rough for Kyubimon. Her vicious beating at the hands of the Tank Toppers didn't seem to be regenerating like it normally would. She moved with stiff limbs, and a bit slowly.

However, Saitama didn't seem to really notice it.

When they got to their new home, she took a shower to get out the caked on blood while he went to put the new batch of groceries away.

Once he noticed that she was taking long in the bathroom, he went to check on her to find her coughing up some blood into the sink.

"You alright?" he asked.

"I... I'm not sure," she replied, "These wounds... they're taking too long to heal on their own... I don't know what's wrong with me..."

"Damn," he cussed, "I'm not really good... with this science and medicine stuff... maybe Genos can help."

She nodded as he left her by the sink.

'Am I... dying?' she thought.

Soon, she could hear Genos and Saitama chatting as the cyborg arrived at the house. Saitama spent a few minutes regaling him with what happened at the store.

"I brought some portable medical equipment," replied Genos, "and some equipment to get some DNA samples for analysis. From what you're saying, tho..."

"What is it?" asked the Caped Baldy.

"If she's genetically unstable," he answered, "then her body might be... breaking down. Regeneration... is a complex power... it can go wrong pretty easily. It might be a sign of worse things to come."

"Or perhaps she's mutating into a new form?"

"That's always possible," he added, "but... so little is really know about mutation and transformation processes..."
"Is that so?"

"Hospitals aren't really made to handle monsters either," he added, "Master. Most research facilities that could... would most likely rather throw her on a dissection table and take her apart to see what makes her... tick."

"We can't let that happen to her," replied Saitama.

"I agree. We need to monitor her condition for a few days... to see if it changes more."

"She... dammit all... she deserves better than this."

'He... he cares about me?' she mused as she sat back on her haunches.

"Still... I don't want her to worry needlessly," he continued, "What can you tell her... that would not sound so... terrible?"

"Well... abdominal wounds can lead to bleeding internally," mused the cyborg, "You could tell her she has some damage to her esophagus or stomach that's taking longer to heal than normal?"

"I guess that doesn't sound as bad," he muttered.

'He'd even tell me white lies... so I won't worry as much?'

"Now the monitor I brought," mused Genos, "You're going to have to shave a few small patches of fur... around her torso area... so the sensor pads can stick to her skin."

"I don't shave," he replied.

"I brought a narrow electric shaver in case you didn't have one," he said, "It's good for removing fur and thick hair."

"Good..."

"The main computer and wireless transmitter are small enough to be strapped around the waist," he added, "and the battery pack should last at least a week. I brought along a larger computer you can plug into the wall that will collect the data and make it available for me to analyze."

"I see..."

"I will direct you as to where to shave and place the sensor pads," he added.

"Okay."

They walked over to the bathroom.

"Can we come in?" asked the Caped Baldy.

"Of course you can, Master," she replied as they walked in.

"We have some sensors to attach," said Saitama evenly, "So... we'll have to shave away a few patches of fur..."

"I understand, Master," she replied evenly.

"There might be... a small issue..." announced Genos.
"What might that be?" he asked.

"Some of these sensors... well they need to be placed... where her lower pair of breasts are located..." he mused, "I don't think we've ever had... a four-breasted super-heroine before..."

"Is that so?" he asked, "I'm sure... that we'll find a way to work around that problem."

"If my breasts need to be shaved, then... don't worry about it," she replied evenly.

He nodded.

"Just don't... you know... shave too close to my nipples..."

He blushed a bit as he blurt out, "I'll be very careful around them!"

Of course, since they were already hairless, there was no real need to trim that close to them in the first place.

Once the sensors were in place and Genos extracted some DNA and blood samples from the swabs and blood drawing equipment he had brought along, she managed to eat a bowl of chicken flavored ramen before going to bed.

Saitama and Genos took turns monitoring her during the night.

Her heart beat and breathing slowly grew more stable throughout the night, indicating her regenerative powers were dealing with her damage... for the moment. She also seemed to grow a few inches taller in her sleep, and by morning, her fur had turned more blood red with black 'gloves' on her hands and feet, as well as the last foot or so of each of her nine tails. Genos confirmed their suspicions as he monitored the data the belt unit transmitted to the larger computer.

'Damn,' thought Saitama, 'Do I have to keep her safe in fights? Will future battles hurt her even more than this? She wouldn't like it if she thought I was babysitting her...'

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