Galactic Pursuit
by Lady_Red

Summary

Prince Vegeta "Destroyer of Worlds" is sent to investigate the rebel female who has made it her mission to destroy Frieza's planetary assets. How she is performing this feat or her motivations are a mystery as is another female that comes across his path, a Galactic Shadow Market Weapons Developer, Bulma Briefs. Bulma must stay on her toes as she plays a dangerous and seductive game of cat and mouse with the deadly prince.

Notes

Hi everyone! I'm new to the fanfic world and I would love to hear your thoughts on my work and writing! Thanks for your help!
The large, crimson room was hazy with smoke and the air was stale with the smell of sweat, smoke, and sex. Sheer, scarlet fabric looped across the ceiling, trying to soften the ugly deeds contained inside as loud music pounded against the walls and glimmering lights danced hypnotically. The facility was large with a circular stage in the middle where women of various bipedal, alien species dressed for sex danced upon it, beckoning men to spend their credits on them for the night. Surrounding the stage were gambling tables with different card and chance games where many males were there to test their fortune. A few of them had a woman at their arm or lap for “luck”. At the far end, loud cheering could be heard along with the sounds of flesh being struck as men fought viciously while the crowd surrounding them took bets on who would die tonight.

A lone figure at one end of the room looked upon the scene with a placid face while holding nothing but contempt within. The man was small with sharp features and hard, cold black eyes that while they seemed to be staring in one place, were actually aware of the whole. The man’s hair defied gravity into a flame-like point while also possessing a deep widow’s peak. He wore a royal blue battle jumpsuit covered with a white breast plate that possessed shoulder guards and an armor-plated skirt.

The man was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed and one foot against the wall with an outward appearance of repose. He closed his eyes to ignore the sights before him but was completely aware of his surroundings. He felt someone approach him and slightly opened his eyes to find one of his men in similar armor and long unruly hair stand beside him. The man grinned at him, “Nothing catches your attention, Prince Vegeta?” Vegeta glanced at Raditz for a moment before closing his eyes again. Raditz chuckled, “Didn’t think so.”

“Aww, don’t you want to play with me?” They heard a woman whine in front of them. Vegeta reluctantly opened his eyes to look at one of the gambling tables just a few yards away from the stage in front of them. The female’s voice was clear and strong to be carried to where he and Raditz stood. At the table sat a man with a lizard appearance, he had a long snout, scaly brown skin, and yellow, slitted eyes. He wore blue battle shorts which exposed his long lizard tail and similar armor to Vegeta and Raditz, marking him as one of Frieza’s men. It was not surprising, as many men who worked under Frieza, often visited this club called “Chastity” on their time off.

Vegeta took his eyes off of the lizard man to focus on the humanoid female that was sitting precariously on his lap. The woman, who appeared to be close to his age of 21-years, wore a red, strapless bikini top that seem to wrap around her hazardously and her loose pants were white and sheer, exposing the red, lacy panties underneath. Vegeta could see pale, milky skin over a voluptuous body while her facial features were delicate and beautiful. She had long, curly, sky blue hair that glowed vibrantly in the lights. She seemed ignorant of the threatening body language the lizard man was displaying as she traced a seductive finger on his breastplate.

“I have no interest in your kind,” the lizard man said.

The woman pouted, “Don’t be like that! You know what they say, don’t knock it until you try it!” The man stared at her menacingly and was about to shove her off his lap when his attention was caught by Vegeta’s stare. He seemed to recognize Vegeta and gave a wicked, toothy grin.

“I know, why don’t you go play with a monkey? They seem closer to your species,” the lizard man laughed as he abruptly stood and grabbed the confused woman by her wrist.

He dragged the woman with him as he walked over to Vegeta, who remained unmoving. He stopped
a few yards from Vegeta and they stared at each other for a few moments before the lizard man violently flung the female at Vegeta’s feet. She gave a yelp as she landed hard on her hands and knees and then turned back, pushing her long hair away from her face to glare at the lizard man, “You, asshole!”

The lizard man grinned maliciously at her, “Oh, just you wait, you haven’t met nothing yet.” He thrust his chin at Vegeta’s direction. The woman looked forward and froze as she was captured by Vegeta’s unrelenting, cold gaze.

A few moments passed before Vegeta spoke quietly, “What’s the meaning of this?” He didn’t break eye contact from the woman’s lively, ocean blue eyes.

“This one wanted some fun, but I think she’s more suited for you, don’t you think?” The lizard man said with contempt but Vegeta gave no response to the insult.

“Hmm,” the woman hummed as she gave Vegeta a slow once over. She moved to lay back on her elbows, drawing up her knees in front of him and gave him a salacious grin. “I don’t know, he doesn’t look like he would know what to do with me once he had me.”

The lizard man chuckled, “Oh sweetheart, this man would rather burn whores like you to ash than grace you with his touch.”

“Is that so? Well, I like playing with fire,” the woman said with a mischievous look in her eyes, ignoring the growing, foreboding air that surrounded Vegeta.

“Is that a challenge, female?” Vegeta asked with quiet intimidation that made Raditz and the lizard man’s skin crawl.

The woman licked her ruby lips before parting her knees for Vegeta while giving her best come-hither look. “If you can handle it?”

The room seemed to grow quiet as Vegeta stared at the women for a few moments before quicker-than-the-eye-can-see, he grabbed the woman by the arm and snatched her up in his hard embrace. He held her above him so that her toes were barely a couple inches from the floor. He unbalanced her, causing her to clutch onto his shoulders for support to keep from falling backwards. He looked up at her and bored into her eyes with a cruel, harsh gaze. “You better not disappoint.”

The woman smiled impishly, “Likewise.” Vegeta turned to walk past a very confused Raditz and the unhappy lizard man, who had hoped to cause a scene. He put his hand to the red wall to reveal a hidden room. He heard gasps in the room as a couple, just about to remove their clothing, looked up at the interruption.

“Hey, we’re in here,” the woman yelled.

“Out,” Vegeta barked with an intense glare that sent the semi-nude couple running out of the room. Vegeta stepped in, before shutting and locking the door to seal them inside. The room was immersed in blue. The walls, the lights and the sheer curtains that whispered from the ceiling, all were dyed in royal blue. The circular bed that took up most of the space of the room was also in covered in blue silk. A sharp contrast to the red just outside.

Vegeta walked over to the bed and roughly dumped the woman in his arms on it, causing her to gasp when she bounced. Vegeta unwrapped his brown, furry tail from his armor to pull it off and carelessly dropped it on the floor with a thud. The woman was in the same position she was in moments ago on the floor, waiting in anticipation. Vegeta slowly crawled over to her like predator
stalking his prey until he was above her. He grabbed her wrists and held them over her head, trapping her beneath him. They stared at each other for a few moments, hard black eyes against playful blue.

“Now tell me,” Vegeta began as he leaned into her, his lips only a breath away. “What are you doing here…Bulma?”

Bulma smiled warmly at the man above her and her mischievous eyes turned to affection as she gazed up to him. “I’m only doing a little bit of investigating, hubby,” she said as she leaned up to kiss the tip of his nose.

Vegeta’s eye slightly twitched at her endearment, “Don’t play with me, Bulma. I, like most males, aren’t amused when they find their mate, prancing around in their undergarments, sitting on other males’ laps.”

“Oh, Vegeta, you know I’ve worn worse, and besides, it’s only harmless flirting,” Bulma shrugged. “Do you really think that I’m that unfaithful?”

“It’s not you I’m worried about, it’s them,” Vegeta growled in silent menace as he pulled back to allow Bulma to sit up. He sat a foot away from her with one knee bent where he rested his arm on and the other leg was flat on the bed. He studied his wife as he relaxed slightly.

“Well, it doesn’t matter anymore, I got what I came for,” Bulma beamed at him.

Vegeta looked at her warily, “And what would that be?”

“Nuh-uh! If I tell a loyal member of the PTO, I could get into some serious trouble,” she winked at him.

“Then, I’ll have to interrogate you,” Vegeta said as he looked over Bulma with a heated gaze he rarely exposed.

Bulma smiled and moved over to him to wrap her arms around his neck. “You can try, but you should know, a Galactic Patrol officer is very hard to crack.”

“Oh?” Vegeta slightly smirked at his daring mate, “By the time I’m done with you, you’ll be screaming for mercy.”

Bulma huskily laughed, “Give it your best shot, bad man.”

Vegeta held her gaze for moment before he pounced on her, causing Bulma to giggle at her husband’s actions. The sound of laughter was soon replaced by breathy moans.
It was quiet, eerily so as Vegeta surveyed the barren land covered in ice from above. The sunlight from above was weak but the reflective, white surface bounced the light almost painfully into his eyes. Wicked cold winds whipped at his face that stung but didn’t faze Vegeta as he looked over at the jagged, icy cliffs before him with a look of boredom. The cliffs contained tunnels that were carefully carved throughout, creating an intricate maze that currently was being displayed on his scouter. But what wasn’t appearing were signs of life.

He was ordered to come to this planet to “prepare” it for sales. The miniature planet laid far from its binary star and contained copious amounts of ice and freezing water that would not fully freeze because of its small, active magma core. Despite the planet being outside the habitable zone, it contained a few species of life. Most of which were fish, living within the freezing waters that could be found on any planet with water, so they were not an issue for the next buyers.

However there was one species that was deemed an eyesore. The creatures were one meter tall, bipedals with white fur and dark purple skin, perfect for retaining the small amounts of warmth they would receive from the sunlight. They had long snouts, dark eagle eyes, and sharp teeth for catching the fish that swam below. They also possessed sharp claws designed for digging into the ice and were responsible for creating the intricate system that Vegeta now looked upon with confusion.

He felt the air stir beside him and looked over to see Nappa floating to his side. The older male gazed at the cliffs before turning to his 17-year-old charge. “Prince Vegeta, what do you think happened?”

Vegeta shrugged, “What does it matter? Frieza will be pleased in any case.”

“What a waste of time,” Nappa said as he cracked his neck. “I was wondering what those things would taste like.”

Vegeta made no comment as he made his way around the cliffs, flying slowly overhead to make sure that he did not miss something vital. He tapped his scouter to find that there was another similar mound further away and with a burst of energy, flew over to investigate it. Nappa followed without a word. Reaching the cliffs, Vegeta stopped and tapped his scouter several times to make sure that he was getting the same reading…no life.

“Nappa, double check your scouter,” Vegeta commanded.

“I’m also reading nothing, your highness,” Nappa replied.

Vegeta tapped his scouter to find that there were a few other cliffs that they would have to examine. Vegeta sighed, “We will have to go to each one, I won’t be sloppy.”

“Understood,” Nappa said and waited for further instructions as Vegeta pondered the situation.

Vegeta then moved over to the cliffs and glanced into one of the tunnels where a musty smell wafted over to him. “They were here not too long ago, going by the stench,” Vegeta said as Nappa came closer.

“There is that smell!” Nappa exclaimed as he backed away a bit.

Vegeta moved closer to further inspect the tunnels, feeling the cold from the ice drifting up to him. He laid a gloved hand on the surface and could feel the cold seep into his hand.
But then, loud trumpeting music blasted them just as Vegeta touched the cliff. Vegeta and Nappa quickly covered their ears as the sound seemed to split their heads open. “What the hell!” Vegeta could barely hear Nappa over the obtrusive noise. The music’s volume gradually turned down and happy, starlit music played.

“Welcome to Planet Ursal!” A throaty female voice spoke cheerfully. “I hope you won’t enjoy your stay too long because this planet is now due to explode in three minutes! Please convey my condolences to Lord Freiza. Bye-bye!”

Vegeta and Nappa sprung into action as soon as they felt the planet begin to vibrate. They flew as fast as they could muster to their space pods and dove into their seats. Vegeta quickly and efficiently programmed his pod to launch off the planet’s surface not stopping to check if Nappa was doing the same. The vibrations were getting more violent as Vegeta’s hatch closed and his pod shot out toward the atmosphere.

When the final minute was reached, Vegeta was safely out in space and watched as the planet he was on moments ago, began to crumble and swirl as though it was eating itself from the inside-out. The planet imploded into a small mass before a bright light flashed, causing Vegeta to throw his arm up to protect his vision. His pod was pushed back from a sudden force. When the light had faded, he carefully brought his arm down and found nothing but glittering dust particles where the planet once stood. Vegeta quickly brought his pod to a stop and opened the hatch to stand out in space.

Vegeta took a moment to process what had just occurred as he replayed the woman’s voice over and over in his head, her words taunting him. Someone knew that he was coming and had crafted their plan far in advance to be able to execute it flawlessly. There was nothing Vegeta could have done that would have allowed him to prevent the destruction of the planet. Vegeta’s orders had hailed to his scouter directly from Zarbon himself and Vegeta had not even told Nappa where they were going due to the oaf’s proclivity to loosen his lips in the wrong company.

“Vegeta, what do you make of this?” Nappa’s voice cut into his thoughts from his scouter.

Vegeta pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration, “It means that there has been a breach in Freiza’s army.”

“A breach?”

“Yes, Nappa, a breach,” Vegeta said with forced patience as he brought his arm down and clenched his fists. “It means that we were betrayed from the inside.”

“Oh.” Nappa said quietly. “What does that mean for us?”

Vegeta didn’t bother to reply as he glared at the spot where the planet had once been moments before. Frieza would not be pleased with this turn of events and given that Zarbon was his right-hand man, Vegeta didn’t stand a chance in defending himself, despite where the orders had come down from. There was no use in running, Frieza would hunt him down to the ends of the universe. And worst of all, Vegeta would not be given a chance to look for that infuriating female and strangle her with his bare hands. Vegeta grinded down on his molars to control his temper.

“Tch!”
“Well, well, well, Vegeta, this is certainly most unfortunate,” Frieza’s effeminate voice purred. Vegeta said nothing where he knelt on the cold floor, submissively bowing his head before his lord while keeping his expression neutral.

It had taken two months for Vegeta to return to Frieza’s ship since the incident. As soon as his pod docked, he rushed to the bridge where Frieza held audience to report to him. The violet-hued room was spacious and dark, only lights from the stars that appeared in the large window that stretched across the room and the monitors that controlled the ship’s server lit the room. The room was spartan in a way that made anyone who entered feel cold and uncomfortable. Frieza spoke again, “Nothing more to say? What a clever monkey, he certainly knows when to keep his mouth shut.”

“M’lord, how shall I punish him for you?” Zarbon’s cultured tones floated down from beside Frieza.

“Oh, Zarbon, you're entirely mistaken. I'm not displeased with Vegeta at all.” Frieza chuckled from his hover chair, “Oh no, actually, I'm quite delighted. You see, Vegeta’s … accident has been very enlightening.”

“How so, M’lord?” Zarbon’s delicate green eyebrows pulled down in confusion.

“Well, Zarbon, this incident has now occurred four times. And each time one of my valuable assets was blown to smithereens, this delightful female voice declares war on me,” Frieza paused and seemed deep in thought. “But that's not what upsets me.”

“M’lord?” Zarbon carefully asked, noticing the shift in Frieza’s mood as his tail thumped against the side of his chair.

“No, what upsets me most is that someone has been leaking information!” Frieza yelled and unleashed a beam of white energy from his finger, which struck a minor soldier in the chest, who was too unfortunate to be within the vicinity of Frieza’s sight. No one reacted to Frieza’s childish display and a couple of soldiers stood to quietly drag the body out of room.

“A mole, sir?” Zarbon reiterated with a look of affront.

“Yes, Zarbon, a mole. Must I spell it out? Even the monkey here figured that out the moment that planet turned to dust!” Frieza said as he pointed at Vegeta with a condescending finger.

Zarbon turned to study Vegeta, who still knelt before them passively, almost appearing bored. “He did, M’lord?”

“Yes, he did. Did you not bother to watch the video his scouter recorded?” Frieza slammed his fist at the edge of his chair. “Must I do everything myself!”

“M’lord…” Zarbon tried to placate his master but was cut off.

“Does anyone have a brain around here? I have to rely on a monkey of all people! Not only do I have to worry about this radical whore, but I also have my brother clearing out my own planets!” Frieza took a breath before continuing his tirade, “And what's his excuse? Wrong coordinates! I'll show him what wrong coordinates look like!”
“M’lord,” Zarbon tried to calm him again while Vegeta’s ears perked up at the mention of Frieza’s brother, Cooler. A rift between them could spell disaster for them all, but Vegeta wisely kept his mouth shut.

“Idiots! I’m surrounded by brainless insects! Worst than monkeys!” Frieza continued his temperamental ranting and threw his arms up in the air.

“But, M’lord, could Vegeta not be the mole?” Zarbon rushed out his question to get his master’s attention back at the matter at hand, causing Frieza’s head to snap over to his direction to give him an incredulous look.

“Sometimes I wonder if your brain also reverts back to a toad at times, Zarbon.” Frieza sighed, “No, it wasn't Vegeta. He knows better than to bite the hand that feeds him. Do you think he would be smart enough to plan such a coup?”

“No, M’lord,” Zarbon agreed. It took a lot of self control for Vegeta to keep his eyebrow from twitching at the insult. Zarbon continued, “But who could of gotten our secret orders?”

“Funny you should ask that,” Frieza said and turned back to Vegeta. “Well little prince, who gave you your orders?”

Vegeta looked up to make eye contact with Frieza’s crazed red eyes. “Zarbon, Lord Frieza,” he responded with no inflection, just a statement of facts.

Zarbon stepped back at though he had been suckered punched, “M’lord, do really think I had something to do with this?”

“Every soldier that was present for those incidents all confessed on pain of death that their orders also came from you,” Frieza paused. “Of course, I killed them anyway. If there is one thing I can't stand, it's incompetence.”

“My lord, Frieza! I would never do such a thing!” Zarbon protested.

“Oh Zarbon, I believe you. Truly I do... but your scouter is another issue,” Frieza said.

“My scouter?” Zarbon asked in confusion.

“Yes, Zarbon, your scouter. Where you sent your orders from.” Frieza massaged his temple and sighed with exasperation, “Heavens, Zarbon, I keep you around for your intellect and it seems to have just flown out of that pretty little head of yours.”

“My apologies, Lord Frieza,” Zarbon bowed in capitulation.

“Yes, yes, fine. Just hand over your scouter,” Frieza waved an imperious hand at him. Zarbon removed it and walked over to Frieza. “No, not me! Give it to Vegeta.”

Zarbon looked as though Frieza had just slapped him in the face as he glanced at Vegeta, who appeared to be studying the floor. “V-Vegeta?”

“Yes, Vegeta. He's going to investigate this matter,” Frieza explained as he would to a child. Vegeta carefully lifted his eyes to Frieza, unsure if he had misheard. Frieza grinned down at him like a Cheshire cat, “Yes, Vegeta, you heard me correctly.”

Vegeta thought he had schooled his features but must have given something away. Zarbon’s voice interrupted his thoughts, “But, M’lord, Vegeta...”
“Zarbon,” Frieza spoke quietly, causing the room’s temperature to drop and halt Zarbon’s protests. “Get out.”

Zarbon gaped at Frieza and opened and closed his mouth like a fish in water. He took a moment to compose himself before carelessly tossing his scouter at Vegeta, who caught it with ease. Zarbon lifted his head up high as he made his way to the door. Frieza watched him with narrowed eyes before something caught his attention. “Who made that mess on the floor! There’s blood everywhere! Zarbon! Get someone to clean that up while you’re at it,” Frieza barked. Zarbon had just stepped through the door when he heard Frieza’s orders. He whirled around and the look of incredulity could not be mistaken as the automatic door shut in his face.

“Now, where was I?” Frieza said as he put a finger to his lips and tilted his head to the side in thought. He peered over at Vegeta, who waited patiently, and his face became animated. “Ah yes! That’s right! I hear little prince, that we have cause for celebration!”

Vegeta tried to hide his confusion, “Lord Frieza?”

“Oh, did you think I would forget? Why, I believe you just turned 18 a few days ago! And you have done so well for me over the years as one of my elite soldiers that it’s time that I give you a proper gift!” Frieza said excitedly.

Vegeta’s mind raced for the proper response, “You’re too kind, Lord Frieza.”

“Oh, such a humble monkey,” Frieza chuckled in delight, ignoring the fact that they were both all too aware of Vegeta’s infamous pride. Frieza’s attitude suddenly shifted as he gave Vegeta a piteous expression, forcing Vegeta to bite into his cheek hard to keep from glaring at his lord. “I know quite well that your pride was injured by that audacious female who had you scrambling about. Why, I wouldn’t stand for it myself. So, here’s my gift to you.”

Frieza paused and looked Vegeta in the eye with a stern cold gaze. “I order you to find this female, Vegeta. And when you do, you are free to play with her as you wish. However, I only have one, tiny request.” He smiled sinisterly, “Kill her… slowly. Make her into an example of what happens when you cross the Emperor of the Universe and the Prince of all Saiyans!”

Vegeta took in Frieza’s words and couldn’t help the smirk of sadistic pleasure that slowly graced his lips, “As you command, Lord Frieza.”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think so far, I’d loved to hear from you!
Bulma weaved through the throng of people, bumping into someone every so often in the packed city she was currently visiting. The classy metropolis of Desirer City was always bustling with aliens from all over the universe, coming to this one spot of commerce to buy shady commodities of space ships, weapons, drugs, blackmail, sex, or murder. No matter what one would ask for, they could find it here. During the day, Desirer City was extremely hot and dry with its windowless metal skyscrapers bouncing off heat and light from their gleaming walls. But at night the temperature dropped to almost frigid, though it didn't stop the city to continue it lively pursuits.

Bulma quickly ducked into a mall-like building and jogged to a small, metal tube-shaped elevator, shoving herself in the already brimming space and pushed the button for the fifteenth floor. She kept her messenger bag clutched to her chest, in case anyone got any ideas of pickpocketing. As soon as the doors opened, she jumped out of the elevator and made her way to the back of the building to a shop in the corner that paled in comparison to its siblings that sparkled with exotic lights.

When Bulma entered, a woman stood behind the counter at the entrance. She had blue skin and vibrant orange hair that was shaved at the sides but the middle section of hair was long and braided down to her waist. She possessed three blue eyes that crossed the top of her face in a row and only had two slits for a nose. Her lips drew back in a smile to reveal translucent, needle-like teeth. She wore a yellow green jumpsuit and a white apron that she wrung her three-fingered hands on as she walked around the counter.

“What a pleasant surprise! I wondered when I would see you again, Lacy,” the woman said and Bulma smiled at her warmly. Bulma liked the woman, Mura, but she never revealed her true name to her. Just because she liked her, didn't mean she trusted her. “What are you in for?”

“Just looking for some inspiration. I had a feeling I would find it here,” Bulma winked playfully.

Mura smiled, “Well, by all means have a look. I just received some new interesting pieces today.”

“Great, I'll take a peek!” Bulma said cheerfully as she bounded over to the narrow, black curtained door that lead to the back of the shop. Bulma pulled back the curtain and entered the room.

Bulma blinked her eyes a few times to adjust to the dimmed lights that created a haze of mystery as black shelves lined the whole room. Rows of black shelves that were Bulma’s height, lined down the long, narrow room like dominoes. Bulma moved to walk down the narrow path to the side of the shelves and turned past the fifth row to inspect parts for energy blast weapons. She glanced at a few parts before her attention was caught hold by an interesting looking scope. She picked it up to feel its weight before studying its design and dissecting it to peek into its hardware.

“Well, what do we have here?” Bulma jumped at the voice from above. She looked up and blanched at the familiar face close beside her, while accidentally dropping the object in her hand without noticing.

“Oh, hi… Tama,” Bulma greeted with false cheer. The man was tall and muscular and covered in gray fur with darker gray stripes. He had a cat-like face with pointy ears, whiskers, and yellow eyes. He wore a black, tight battle suit adjusted for his long tail to poke out and the standard black armor with shoulder guards from Frieza’s PTO.
Bulma had engaged him a few times as her alias to learn about some of the weapons that Frieza’s soldiers used, hoping to create, improve and sell her own weapons on the Galactic Shadow Market. Unfortunately, Tama took to her light flirting and thought something more serious had formed between them. Bulma smiled awkwardly, “What are you doing here?”

“I’m on break, but I’ve been watching this place hoping to catch you sometime,” he grinned at her with sharp teeth.

“Oh,” Bulma replied, trying not to show her fear at his open admission of stalking her. “So, how have you been?”

Tama shrugged, “Same old, same old… Except I’ve been lonely without you.” He took a step toward her and she unconsciously stepped back.

“You don’t say,” Bulma replied cautiously as she backed away. Her hand twitched at her side, wanting to grab the small energy blaster tucked in the waistband of her jeans at her back. She really didn't want to use it, especially on a PTO soldier.

“I was thinking we could go out and have some fun,” he said as he continued his advance.

Bulma chuckled uneasily, “Well, I’m kind of busy at the moment.”

“Yeah? You don't look busy,” he grinned with undisguised lust in his eyes. “Come on, I'll show you a great time.”

Bulma felt her ears warm and her heart pounding against her eardrums while her chest tightened uncomfortably. She had almost reached the end of shelf when something, no someone caught her eye. Bulma acted and grabbed the arm of the man who had been standing with his face turned away from her at the end of the row, inspecting the shelf. She felt the man's arm twitch as she pulled him to her, wrapping her arms around his and pushing her body flushed against his side.

“Actually, I’m here with my boyfriend,” Bulma said as she held onto the man desperately. Tama looked over at the man and seemed to freeze in place and paled to a sickly green.

“H-he’s your… l-lover?” Tama stuttered and drew a step back.

“Yes, he is,” Bulma said with confidence to hide her confusion at Tama’s behavior. She looked over the man that she held in her death grip, who was no taller than her. Bulma froze when her eyes were caught by a cold, emotionless, ebony gaze. Bulma blinked as she took in the appearance of the handsome PTO soldier that had a lean muscular figure and appeared to be close to her age of 17. The stranger also seemed to be studying her, though his eyes never left hers.

Despite her sudden hesitance, Bulma pushed herself closer than she thought possible to him and tightened her grip. The soldier looked over at his arm that she held and slowly glanced back up to her face, his eyes not revealing his thoughts. Bulma silently pleaded to him with her eyes. He tilted his head to glance at her curiously, before his lips broke into a cruel, playful smirk.

He then chuckled somewhat evilly as he glanced over at Tama, who had not budged a muscle out of fear. “What is your interest with my female?” The soldier asked with a surprisingly deep, velvet voice that was in contrast with his short height.

“V-Vegeta, sir, I had no idea t-that she was y-yours,” Tama could barely speak as he rushed out his words.

“Oh?” The soldier, Vegeta replied as he took a small, threatening step toward him, bringing Bulma
with him. “You didn't know? Then maybe I should make you into an example for the next time someone tries to touch something they 'didn't know’ was mine.”

“S-sir, that won't be necessary,” Tama begged as he tried to step away.

“Hmm… I should just do away with you, but I'm feeling pretty merciful...so I'll only rip out your tongue,” Vegeta threatened quietly and caused a shiver to go up Bulma’s spine.

“M-my tongue?” Tama squeaked.

“Did I misspeak? Yes, your tongue. It had the gull to hideously wag in my female's direction,” Vegeta said cooly.

Bulma felt the air charge into a dangerously threatening mood and knew she had to step in before things got out of control. “Oh, sweetheart, he only wanted a chat! Right, Tama?” Bulma gave the terrified cat man a flirtatious wink as she put her chin on Vegeta’s shoulder and pouted up at her intimidating, reluctant savior. “Let him go, my love, he's not worth the effort.”

Vegeta’s gaze bore down on her and she thought she saw a flicker of annoyance flare across his eyes for a second, but she couldn't be sure. “Fine,” he snapped and turned to Tama. “Get out of my sight! And if you speak of this to anyone, I'll keep my promise.”

“Y-yes sir, Vegeta!” Tama squaked and made his escape. He tripped over his own two feet as he turned to run and scrambled on all fours to get away.

As soon as Tama was out of sight, Bulma gave a sigh of relief. But it was too soon as she gasped when she was roughly shoved to the shelf beside her. She closed her eyes as she knocked her head a bit on something hard. When she opened her eyes, she saw Vegeta a few inches away from her with furious eyes in his impassive face. He brought up his hands to lay them on the shelf behind her to trap her.

“Before I snap that pretty neck of yours,” he began coldly. “Explain to me why you decided to pull me into your lover's spat.”

Bulma’s eyes widened at his seemingly calm tone with undertones of malice. But Bulma refused to cower, “Look, I didn't seek you out on purpose. You just happened to be standing there conveniently.” Bulma gave an exasperated huff, “That guy wouldn't take a hint, and I'm sure you know his type. Not backing off unless there's another man in the way.”

“Yes, and he's also the type that would have relished in fighting the 'man in the way','” Vegeta scoffed.

“Hey, I wasn't trying to start a fight! I would have done something if he tried to hurt you,” Bulma protested.

Vegeta smirked at her words, “Him? Hurt me? You have no idea who you're dealing with, do you?” Bulma scoffed in his face, “All I know is that I'm dealing with an arrogant puppy, who's all bark and no bite.”

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed and he drew closer to Bulma until her head was pushed against the shelf behind her and he was merely an inch from her face. He studied her face as though he was really taking in her appearance for what seemed like eternity before returning his gaze to her large eyes. He then gnashed his teeth at her, causing her to jump. He chuckled in amusement and pulled away just enough for her head to relax.
“I'll forgive this little inconvenience… if you can be of use to me,” he spoke softly with a veiled threat.

It was Bulma’s turn to narrow her eyes at him as she tried to read his expressionless face, not sure if she liked where this was going. “What do you want?”

“I'm having trouble with my scouter and I need someone to fix it,” Vegeta explained.

“Don't you have people in the PTO for that?” Bulma asked in a bland tone.

“Those morons can't find the problem. So, I'm forced to find an outside party.”

“Hmmm….” Bulma hummed with curiosity, causing Vegeta’s eyebrow to twitch slightly in annoyance. Bulma broke into an arrogant grin, “Well, you're in luck. I happen to be an engineer, the best in the business.”

Vegeta looked down at her appearance slowly and had a look of disbelief on his face. Bulma had dressed fashionably for the city. She wore tight, skinny jeans shredded at the knees with a flimsy white v-cut shirt tucked in at the front, that slightly revealed the lacy outline of her white bra. Over it she had a navy blue blazer with rolled, elbow length sleeves. Her outfit was completed with black sandal heels, a silver, palm-sized heart locket, pearl earrings, and her long, wavy blue hair tied in a loose ponytail over her left shoulder.

Bulma crossed her arms and pointed her nose in the air. “If you don't believe me, there's the door.”

Vegeta blinked at her audacity before chuckling, “Oh no, you're not getting out of this that easily. You wasted my time, so it's only fair that I'm compensated. However...” Bulma focused her attention back to him as his tone shifted. She found herself trapped by murderous eyes that made the hairs at the back of her neck rise. “If you prove to be useless to me, you're going to wish you never glanced my way.”

Bulma’s heart pounded against her ribcage at his threat but she wouldn't let him in onto her fear. “Well, you're going to have to learn how to keep your hands off me once you realized what a beautiful genius I am,” she winked at him amorously.

Vegeta looked slightly taken aback but schooled his features quickly. “Save your flirting for someone who would fall for it,” he said with a bored expression.

Bulma frowned, “Why you...”

“Enough of this, we're going,” Vegeta barked as he grasped her wrist and not too gently dragged her away. He paused at the shelf he had previously been studying that contained obsolete scouters and grabbed one as he headed out the door. Bulma struggled to pull away, but his grip was an unrelenting vice.

“What's going on here?” She heard Mura as they approached the exit.

Vegeta stopped to glare at her and Mura swallowed audibly. “I'm taking this,”Vegeta said showing her the scouter and continued to leave the shop.

“Hey! What are you doing! Stop pulling me!” Bulma yelled as Vegeta stepped out into the busy mall. There was no easy way out of the building, as it was overflowing with people.

“Take this,” Vegeta commanded with no room for argument and handed her the scouter. Bulma glared at him as she took it from him with her free hand and shoved it in her bag.
Vegeta said nothing more as he surveyed the building and he suddenly turned and walked over to a metal wall beside them. He stopped a few feet away and pointed a finger at it. A globe of white energy with a faint purple glow formed at the tip of his index finger and he released it. There was an explosion and Bulma gasped as she covered her face to protect herself from the flying debris. She heard terrified screams and a rush of stomping feet as people, who had witnessed the incident, ran away in herds.

Bulma put down her arm and was rendered speechless as the dust and smoke began to settle down and she saw that the metal wall was gone. She felt her arm being pulled forcefully and she glanced at the man that held her. Bulma began to panic as her mind realized how dangerous and powerful this Vegeta really was that he could easily destroy a solid metal wall without care for the lives around him.

Vegeta walked over to the edge of where the wall once stood and Bulma could see the open sky. He jerked her to his side to wrap his arm around her waist. Bulma bit back a scream when she saw the ground so far below. Vegeta jumped off the ledge and Bulma shrieked as she threw her arms around his neck and clasped onto him in terror. She closed her eyes tight and started to whimper as she felt her body tilt and the air rushing past her rapidly.

She heard Vegeta chuckle tauntingly in her ear, “Not so brave now, are we, female?” Bulma realized that they were stationery and unmoving. She slowly opened her eyes and saw the ground floating miles beneath her. She gasped and squeezed Vegeta tighter. Vegeta scoffed quietly as he began to descend gradually.

Bulma’s curiosity began to slowly emerge when she realized that she wasn't going to plummet to the ground. She loosened her grip slightly to look around the area. They were in a shadier part of the city that almost seemed impossible for the already questionable city. The metal buildings here were not so well kept up as the they looked battered, dirty, and rusty. It was equally crowded as the main part of the city but the people's here were a far cry from the ritzy, uppity type that flowed through the shiny metropolis.

Vegeta touched down on the roof of a small metal building. Once their feet landed, Vegeta released Bulma and reached back to detached her arms from around his neck. He grabbed her wrist again to lead her to the roof entrance door. Bulma watched nervously as he went to open the door to find it locked but he yanked it violently, breaking the lock and opening the door.

Bulma noted that the building only had nine floors when Vegeta lead her to the not so busy metal elevator. They went in and he pressed the button for the third floor. Vegeta held his silence as they reached their destination and walked out onto a dingy hallway with scoffed floors and muted lights that flickered. On each side of the hall were rows of sliding metal doors and Bulma noticed the pornographic images of people in various sexual positions littering the walls. It was then she started to hear the muffled moans, grunts, and sometimes screams behind those doors.

Bulma’s eyes grew large when Vegeta came to a stop at one of those doors and opened it with a card he had hidden in his armor. When the door slid open, he thrust Bulma into the room forcefully and as she stumbled to gain her balance, she heard the door lock. She turned back to see Vegeta blocking the only way out of the room with his arms crossed.

Bulma forgot all her fear in an instant and glared at him. “Hey! What’s the big idea! Where I come from the definition of engineering doesn’t mean you programming your hardware into my software!”

Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched at her words, in amusement or annoyance, Bulma wasn’t quite sure. “Calm yourself, female. I have no interest in touching you in any way, vulgar or otherwise,” he said with disinterested before nodding over to the table beside her. Bulma looked over at it to see a
scouter lying on top of it. “I need you to extract data from that scouter.”

“How specific,” Bulma muttered to herself sarcastically as she pulled out her tools, mini computer, and connecting cords from her bag. She pulled out the chair at the table to sit and turned on her computer as she fiddled with the scouter with a mini screwdriver. She popped open the mini cover on the scouter and studied the hardware before connecting it with a cord to her computer. She quickly found the scouter’s programming within in seconds and started examining its contents.

“What exactly am I looking for?” Bulma turned her head to ask her question to Vegeta by the door and she jumped when she found him standing directly behind her.

“Use the other scouter to see if the basic program is different.”

Bulma gave him a look of disbelief, “You do know the other scouter is obsolete? Of course their basic programming will be different.”

“I thought you were a genius,” he sneered. “They should be similar enough that something unusual should be easily noticed.”

“Jerk,” Bulma said under her breath, knowing full well that he could hear her from his close proximity. But he said nothing as Bulma sighed and pulled out the other scouter to connect to her computer. She rapidly typed at her computer and in five minutes she had finished writing a program to compare and find differences between the two scouters and had examined the contents. She looked up at him. “No, it’s all normal. What now?”

“Pull out these dates from my scouter,” Vegeta commanded as he handed her a tablet no bigger than a ring box from his armor. Bulma tapped it to read the dates he given her and went back to her computer and found them with ease.

“Here they are,” she announced.

“Under each one, find the file that is labeled PFR.”

“Done,” she replied almost immediately.

“Find where those files were transmitted to.”

“Got it!” Bulma exclaimed. “Let’s see, those four files were sent to four different scouter.”

“They weren’t sent anywhere else?”

“I’ll double check,” Bulma said and went to the scouter’s transmission program to check its data output. “Nope, all normal.”

“Then I have a question for you,” Vegeta whispered in her ear, his tone so severe and subdued that Bulma was almost too afraid to look back at him.

“Yes?” She asked carefully, fighting the shiver that slithered down her back.

“How easy would it be to hack into a major server of a large institution with one of these scouters?”

Bulma blinked at him, “It’s not as easy as you would think. These scouters are merely used for sending or receiving data and it main purpose is analyzation. It doesn’t really have the proper equipment for hacking. Even hooked up to a computer, like it is now would be extremely difficult to do. You would have to somehow find a way to break through the server’s sophisticated security
and that would likely be noticed right away, as well as where the break was coming from...

Bulma paused her rant when she looked up to find him frowning at her. She then continued, “I mean, theoretically you could, but it would take a lot of time and effort because you would have to hide your location and jump through the loops of security. If someone did hack in or attempted to, you could probably find a trail somewhere…”

“What if you wanted to hack into the server it already had a connection to?” Vegeta asked hesitantly.

Bulma tried hard not to react at his indirect confession of why she was really here. “It's the same principle.”

Vegeta looked up at the wall and seemed to be mulling her words over in his mind. Bulma took advantage of his musings and unplugged the scouters and put away her belongings quietly. She very slowly ducked out of her chair and started to head toward the door. “Where do you think you're going?” His voice stopped her.

“I thought we were finished here. I did what you asked,” Bulma replied as she turned back and glared at him.

“Yes, you did, but I am still in need of your services,” Vegeta said as he looked at her with a tiny gleam in his eye. Bulma’s heart picked up at his words even though she knew he was referring to her engineering skills.

Bulma shook her head to clear her thoughts and began to protest, “You have people in the PTO, use them.”

“I could… But I just witnessed your talents, and they are far superior to the techs at the PTO,” Vegeta commented like a fact. Bulma tried not preen, especially when thought that this man seemed like the sort who very rarely gave out compliments.

“Look, I freelance. I don't stay with one buyer. It's not good for business,” she said as she smoothed her hair behind her ear.

“You don't have a choice,” Vegeta said and took a step toward her.

Bulma stepped back, “Sorry, but I'm not going anywhere with you.” Vegeta’s ear perked at the sound of a click. He was then brought down to his knees by a high frequency sound that pierced his eardrums. Bulma ran to the door and opened it while dropping a small, white oval device onto the floor. She sprinted down the hall and threw herself into the elevator. She was panting from the exertion and panic and nearly jumped out of her skin when she heard a fearsome growl from the room she left just as the elevator went down. She quickly grabbed her locket and opened it with a click. Instead of pictures, there was a tiny screen and small, silver metal buttons like a keyboard inside.

“I'm so glad I brought this with me today,” she muttered as she reached the ground floor. She stepped out as she was pressing buttons and ran toward the exit door. She finished her programming and shut her locket to press the button at the center that was craftily hidden within the intricate swirling design, just as she dashed out the exit door. She soon found herself submerged in a sea of people and forced herself to calmly walk away from the building.

Bulma suddenly flew forward by a strong force along with other bystanders after hearing what sounded like a TNT bomb go off. She landed flat on the ground and coughed to get air back in her lungs. She could make out terrified screams through the ringing of her ears and felt the air stir with a
commotion of movement.

She painfully pushed herself up on shaky arms and moved to a sitting position. She looked to see where the explosion came from and she found that the building she had left was gone. She paled at the sight of scorched, twisted metal that was left and the sound of collective frightened gasps brought her attention up to where people were staring.

She saw Vegeta floating above them with a look of pure fury in his eyes and his hands fisted. He was scanning the crowd and everyone seemed to move as one and backed away from him, sensing his destructive anger. Bulma forced herself to not move, knowing that his attention would come straight to her if she made an effort to run. Not finding her, he gave a frustrated growl at the back of his throat which was audible to the crowd that had grew silent in fear. Everyone broke into a scattering flurry when he abruptly flew off with a sonic boom in a random direction.

Bulma finally released the breath she didn't realize she was holding when she could no longer see his figure. She took a few shaky breaths and stood up to disappear into the crowd, while thanking her luck in escaping the dangerous man with cold, dark eyes.

Chapter End Notes

They finally met! What did you think of their first encounter?
Vegeta walked down the dull, gray hallway toward the PTO Tech Lab with angry purpose. He had returned only a few hours to Freiza’s ship after his little transgression on the planet and his blood was boiling at the thought of the clever female that slipped so easily through his fingers. This was the first time someone tried to escape him, and succeeded. He wanted to release another ball of energy in frustration but contained himself. Vegeta paused at the lab door with his fists to his sides and took a breath to compose himself, thinking about the pretty female and her expressive eyes, who yo-yoed through many emotions in his presence from anger to fearful to indignant. Her pride seemed to rival his own in some ways, which he found amusing on some level.

When Vegeta had entered that shop, he was definitely not expecting for the strange events he had found himself involved in to occur. When that blue-haired female grabbed him, he had only played along out of sheer boredom and incredulity that someone would use him in such a way. He was hoping for something more interesting to happen, but when it became apparent that cowardly soldier had no backbone and the female had stopped him from shedding blood, he had become irritated and wanted to play with her like a little toy to make her suffer. And when she claimed to be an engineer, he almost scoffed at the idea. She looked like a prized doll that belonged on a pedestal to be admired not an intelligent scientist that would bring the whole PTO to shame. Vegeta quickly learned his lesson to not be deceived by appearances.

He wouldn’t admit it but she had surprised him. Instead of killing her outright, he decided to take her with him after her confident proclamation to be a genius to see if she would really live up to her word and if she didn’t, well the universe would have suffered the loss of one less beauty. But she had performed exceedingly; she was quick and efficient and she had answered all his questions without the arrogant tone that some of the PTO’s scientists adopted when they believed they were speaking to someone who was of lesser intelligence.

He knew that she would have been the one to help him locate his prey but she then refused him. Him! As though he were not one of the most dangerous beings in the universe. Then she managed to elude him with ease, like a shadow slipping back into darkness. When Vegeta destroyed that building out of sheer anger, he wasn’t sure if he had killed her or not, but he had a feeling that she was still out there. And if she was and if he was lucky enough to encounter that enigmatic female again, he would be more than happy to discover what other mysteries she had…before he ripped her apart.

Vegeta shook his head and crossed his arms when he finally stepped to the automatic door of the tech lab that opened to reveal a white, large, bright room. Computer stations were directly in front of him at the far end with screens displayed above while large box-like machines that was the mainframe, twinkled and blinked with lights at the sides of the sterile room. He allowed himself in the lab and black, beady eyes in round, brown toad faces focused on him when he entered. The looks of curiosity were swiftly replaced with fear when the small, toad-like techs in black lab coats realized who had entered the room.

“Who’s in charge of the server’s security?” Vegeta asked as he gave each one of them a threatening glare. All eyes swiveled to a figure at the far end of the computer station. The little toad creature there shrunk into his chair as Vegeta fearsomely approached. “You.”

“Y-yes, V-Vegeta, sir?” the toad squeaked.
“Has there been any security breaches of the server over the past year?” Vegeta asked quietly. The toad whirled to his computer and quickly started typing, but not as quickly, efficiently, or gracefully as the female had. Vegeta mentally shook his head at the thought as he cursed the female gender.

“N-no sir,” the toad replied.

“Were there any attempts?”

The toad typed again “Y-yes sir. But each one failed and the perpetrator was caught.”

“Did any of them used a PTO scouter?”

“Uh…” The toad began carefully.

“Yes, I know, impossible. Check anyways,” Vegeta commanded. The toad jumped and went through the files.

“No, sir.”

Vegeta tapped his fingers on his bicep as he pondered the information he just received. He stopped tapping and tilted his head at the toad as he approached closer. He asked evenly, “What would it take for someone to hack into the PTO’s server?”

The toad looked at Vegeta with wide eyes before he looked away to contemplate the question. “The o-only way s-sir, would be do it here at the m-mainframe. B-but that would e-extremely hard to do because of our s-security,” he said.

Vegeta said nothing as he did some calculations in his head, “Bring up the security cameras’ footage of the tech lab from five months ago.” The toad finger’s tripped clumsily across the keyboard and started playing the footage of the room. Vegeta frowned, “Speed it up. I’ll tell you to stop when I find what I’m looking for.”

Vegeta watched the footage play four times the normal speed, looking for any unusual behavior. Then he noticed something right away, “Stop.”

“Y-yes,” the toad stopped the footage and waited fearfully.

“Why is this room empty for an hour, every day?”

“T-that’s the time when we all sleep, sir,” the toad explained.

Vegeta lifted an eyebrow in cynicism, “All at the same time?”

“W-we work as one big unit, s-sir. We can’t work if one of us is missing,” he quickly replied.

“Fine. Go back to the beginning but only show those hours the lab was empty,” Vegeta said imperiously.

“R-right away!” The toad went to bring up the footage while Vegeta began tapping his fingers again at the toad’s sluggish speed. The toad played them again.

Vegeta’s watched for a bit before his eyebrow twitched, “Stop.” The footage froze. “Go back to the day before and play it twenty-three minutes in, slowly.”

“Y-yes sir!” The toad stammered as he did as commanded and Vegeta watched the footage again.
“Stop.” Vegeta stared at the timestamp at the top of the screen. “Play the last six seconds.”

The footage rewound and Vegeta watched the timestamp and noticed something was off. “This footage jumped ahead by a nanosecond.”

“Oh sir, that’s probably just the system updating,” the toad beside them spoke.

“And updating the system causes this jump?” Vegeta turned to him.

“Well, it’s only happened once,” the outspoken toad scratched his head.

“One time?” Vegeta asked quietly.

“Yeah, when the new system was put in placed about a few years ago,” the toad said thoughtfully.

“And you don’t find this strange?” Vegeta asked curiously.

“Why no sir, I d-“ The toad never finished as he started to gurgle and blood spilled from his surprised mouth. He had a look of shock as he looked down his chest where a hole took its place and tendrils of smoke slithered away. The toad’s eyes rolled back and he flopped forward onto the floor dead.

Vegeta returned his hand to the crook of his arm and brought his attention back to the toad he was previously speaking to. “How about you? Do you find this strange?”

The toad gaped at the floor where his dead comrade laid in a pool of blood. He looked up at Vegeta in horror, “Y-yes sir! I-it’s very strange. T-there hasn’t b-been a n-new s-system put in p-placed since the l-last o-one.”

“Good. I want you to download this footage and the security camera’s programming. I’ll return for it in three weeks,” Vegeta said and turned without waiting for a response. He quickly stepped out and made his way through the intricate maze of Frieza’s ship to the bridge. He contemplated the information that he just learned. He knew that someone broke into the PTO’s server and altered the footage to hide the evidence, and it was done so well and minute that it would not have been noticed at all...if someone wasn’t looking for it. They still had a mole on the ship, and once they were found, Vegeta could quickly get his hands on the other tricky female that had injured his pride in a different way.

When Vegeta reached the bridge and went through the door, Frieza and Zarbon turned at the sound. Zarbon’s expression turned to outrage at the sight of Vegeta, “What do you think you’re doing here! You have no permission to be...”

“Zarbon, do shut up,” Frieza interrupted Zarbon’s tirade. “I personally asked him to come here. You have other things to do, now go.”

Zarbon narrowed his eyes at Vegeta before he left in a huff. When he finally left, Vegeta bowed slightly to Frieza, who then waved a hand over to him to come closer. Vegeta stopped a few feet away and Frieza gave him a playful grin. “Vegeta, what do you have to say for yourself about that incident I heard you were recently involved in? Something about toppling buildings, was it?”

“Only the one, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied neutrally.

“Just one? What a shame,” Frieza shook his head disappointedly. “But why the fuss?”

Vegeta shrugged slightly, “I was bored.”
“Oh Vegeta, what am I’m going to do with you?” Frieza chuckled. “And now I’m going to have to replace a tech personnel. You have no idea how hard it is to train those things. Vegeta, please have a care next time.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied casually though he was a little unsettled at how fast news seemed to reach Freiza.

Frieza paused thoughtfully before sighing defeatedly, “I guess I could just replace the whole lot...” Frieza then suddenly perked up excitedly, “Now, what news do you have for me?”

“Zarbon’s scouter had no signs of tampering, however it’s possible that main server was hacked…directly,” Vegeta stated impassively and taking no time to soften the blow of the news.

Frieza’s face slowly metamorphosized into outrage and his tail thrashed against his chair. “Whaat!” he shrieked, his voice rising in pitch. “How the hell did this happen?”

“I’m looking into the matter as we speak, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied calmly and unhurriedly. “I will use different methods to ensure we capture this female and the person who is helping her.”

Frieza seemed slightly pacified at Vegeta’s words, “Good! And once you have identified the mole, inform me immediately...I want to skin them alive personally!”

“Yes, Lord Frieza.”

Frieza took another breath to calm himself, “So tell me Vegeta, what is your next plan of attack?”

Vegeta looked at him with a twinkle of determination in his eyes, “With your permission Lord Frieza, I want to borrow a planet.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is shorter than the last one, please forgive me! I hope it still perks your interest! Also please leave comments, I want to know if I'm doing well
“Ow! Could you be a little more gentle!” Bulma exclaimed as an orange fish-like nurse tended to her, cleaning thoroughly the scrapes on her hands she sustained when she had fell. She was sitting on a sterile light blue bed in the bright white room of the medical wing of the Galactic Patrol spaceship headquarters.

After she barely escaped, Bulma went straight to her own spaceship, carefully checking over her shoulder to make sure she had not been followed. When she was sure she was safe, she hightailed it off the planet and came straight to Galactic Patrol to speak with the Galactic King. But when she entered the bridge and the king got one look at her, he rushed her to medical, refusing to listen until he knew that she was well.

“Bear with them Bulma, it could have been worse,” Jaco scolded her as he watched, standing nearby with his arms crossed with an expression of worry etched on his face. He had also been on the bridge with the king when she came in and had fretted over her like an annoying older brother.

“Bulma, you said that this one man destroyed a building made of metal?” the king asked, after hearing the reason why she had been injured. “Who could he be?”

“I researched him on the way here. His name is Vegeta, an elite soldier of Frieza and has been dubbed ‘the Destroyer of Worlds’,” Bulma explained, shaking her head at the idea that she had randomly ran into one of the most dangerous men in the universe, in a small hole-in-the-wall shop of all places.

“Oh my!” The king exclaimed with alarm.

“That’s quite the moniker,” Jaco replied to the news with one eyebrow raised in incredulity.

“If you saw what I did, you wouldn't be so skeptical,” Bulma remarked with exasperation.

“What did he want with you, Bulma?” Jaco asked, returning the focus to Bulma’s story.

Bulma sighed loudly when she thought about the whole incident again, “That jerk, no-so-kindly asked me to check his manfunctioning scouter.”

“And you went with him?” Jaco’s brow lifted with his question.

“Not by choice! He manhandled me to this seedy little brothel!” Bulma yelled, causing the nurse to jump.

“Wait, he didn't do anything…untoward, did he?” Jaco asked with concern as the nurse humphed at them and stomped away.

Bulma sighed to calm her tone, “No, he genuinely wanted my help.”

“And how did that lead to the destruction of one building and loss of…” Jaco hesitated for the right words, “innocent lives?”

Bulma rubbed the side of her temple, “When I did what he asked, he told me that I had no choice but
to go with him to the PTO.” Bulma remembered how those cold, jet-black eyes stared at her with an intense flicker of interest and shivered.

“Then what happened,” the king asked, drawing closer as he became enthralled with Bulma’s story.

“I told him to take a hike! But he wouldn't have any of it, so I used my high frequency sonic device on him and ran the hell out of there,” Bulma exclaimed as the feeling of adrenaline resurfaced at the back of her mind.

“How were you unaffected?” Jaco interrupted her thoughts.

Bulma swept back her hair that had come undone during the ordeal behind her ears and grinned. “These are not just any old pearl earrings. When you rub it, it protects the wearer's ears from the sound,” she proudly explained.

“Okay… so, you managed to run away from him and then…” Jaco prompted before she started in on the inner workings of her device.

“And then, I used my new device to change my appearance and hid in the crowd,” Bulma put her hands down and shrugged.

“That's all?” Jaco asked in disbelief. “Then why did he feel the need to blow up a building?”

“Hey! It's not my fault he had a hissy fit!” Bulma yelled angrily.

“It's quite alright, Bulma. We know it wasn't your fault,” the king said as put a green tentacle up to pat her shoulder in comfort.

“Thank you, your majesty,” Bulma smiled at him gently.

“Why were you on that planet in the first place, Bulma?” Jaco broke their respite.

Bulma glared at him, “I was there to look for some ideas to improve my energy blast weapons and Mura always has the best stuff.”

Jaco’s eyes bugged out of his head, “Bulma, we're trying to arrest the people you sell weapons to, not give them better merchandise!”

“Hey! If I'm going to keep this alias up, then I'm going to do it right! How am I supposed to have customers for you to arrest if I don't have the best to offer!” Bulma yelled as she threw her arms up in the air with angry disbelief.

Jaco backed down to placate her, “Alright, alright! Sheesh, calm down.”

The king's voice cut through the tension by changing the subject, “By the way, my dear, what was wrong with his scouter?”

Bulma turned to him with a grave expression, “It wasn't his scouter.”

“What? Then who’s was it?” Jaco asked curiously.
“General Zarbon,” Bulma’s reply quieted the air.

“What!” The king and Jaco exclaimed in unison.

“I recognized his scouter ID,” Bulma explained.

“Bulma, what exactly did he want from you?” Jaco asked with intrepidation.

Bulma paused as she remembered Vegeta’s line of questioning. “He first wanted to know if there had been tampering with the scouter’s main programming and then I told him that there was nothing wrong.”

“Uh-huh, and…?” Jaco prodded impatiently.

Bulma thought back when Vegeta had handed her the tiny tablet and how it took everything she had not to drop it and to keep her hand from trembling. She hoped the ‘perky’ nature that she adopted when he ordered her to find certain PFR files and their transmission location, wasn’t overt and unnatural and that it hid her nervousness. “He asked if the scouter sent a transmission of the PFR files from certain dates to an unauthorized location.”

“PFR?” the king asked.

“Planet For Redistribution,” Bulma turned to the king. “It's the orders that PTO soldiers are given to prepare a planet for potential buyers. Those files state what resources the planet has and its worth, what needs to be ‘cleared out’ or protected. Or sometimes the orders are to eliminate the planet all together.”

“Good heavens!” The king exclaimed.

“So, he initially thought Zarbon had sent them?” Jaco continued his inquiry.

“Well, he didn't exactly say it out loud, but it was…hinted at,” Bulma said with the tilt of her head.

“And what did you tell him?”

“The truth,” Bulma shrugged.

“You… what!” Jaco exclaimed.

“Look, if I didn't tell him, he probably would have become suspicious! And it's easier to keep him off my trail if he can't poke holes into my explanation,” Bulma protested.

“Okay, okay, so then what happened?”

“After I told him that there had been no suspicion behavior, he then wanted to know if scouters could be used to hack into the PTO’s server. I told him no, which is also the truth, but…”

“He figured it out,” Jaco finished.

“Bin-go!” Bulma responded with false enthusiasm.

“Shit,” Jaco replied as he ran a hand down his face.

“Figured what out?” the king looked between them.

“That's the PTO’s server has been compromised,” Bulma stated.
Jaco suddenly gave Bulma a weighted stare and spoke with urgency, “He didn't suspect you, did he?”

Bulma looked up at the ceiling. “No. At first he thought I was a ditz and anyways, if he had bothered to have asked my name…” Bulma paused to huff offendedly, “I would have given him my alias. And who would believe that a Galactic Shadow Market weapons developer would try to hurt the empire that they're making the big credits off of?”

“Bulma, were you not afraid?” the king worried.

Bulma shrugged, “Yeah, but he’s not the first jackass to try and jerk me around with intimidation. Working with shady buyers has desensitized me…though I will admit that this guy is on a whole nother level.” Bulma recollected the danger and killing intent Vegeta exuded when he had looked his nose down at the crowd after easily annihilating a metal building to powder. She couldn't contain the shiver that snaked up her spine at the thought of those cold, direct eyes that had pierced into her soul. She had a new enemy she would now have to tango with warily, and she dare not underestimate him or his ruthlessness.

Bulma’s ruminations were interrupted when the door of the medical wing flew open, and a small pink fairy creature with pointy features in a Galactic Patrol uniform burst in. “Bulma! We got another hit!”

The pink creature gave Bulma the tablet she held in her hands. Bulma viewed the new PFR file they had just received while Jaco came to her side to read it over her shoulder. “This is a trap, Bulma,” Jaco stated humorlessly.

“Of course it's a trap! And I know just who exactly is orchestrating it,” Bulma said as a small grin began to spread across her dainty lips. “And he has no idea who I am and what I'm capable of.”

“What will you do, Bulma?” The king prodded her with apprehension. “Even if it's a trap, we can let them hurt anyone.”

“But it's too dangerous,” Jaco interjected. ”They'll be waiting for us.”

Bulma fiddled with the chain of her locket in contemplation for her next step. Then, her eyes widened suddenly and she looked down at the device that had helped her previously. She gave them an excited grin, “I think I have an idea…”

Chapter End Notes

This may not be my best, please let me know your thoughts ^v^
The hot rays of a blue supergiant star burned down on top of Vegeta as he sat, camouflaged on a rock in the middle of a desert, waiting for his prey to take the bait. He had come to the planet Frieza granted him five days ago and had only one more day before his “orders” to euthanize the species on it were to be carried out.

Vegeta choose this planet with care. On the surface, the planet was hot and barren where rain was a rare occurrence and any spaceship entering the planet would be noticed immediately by his scouter. However, below the surface, the planet held many pockets of water and also precious minerals that were prized for jewelry. This planet was very valuable and the only reason Frieza had not already put it to market was because the species on it amused him.

The species that lived on the planet were bipedal creatures covered in golden fur that blended into the sand, with fox faces, big blue eyes, and large pointy ears that allowed them to release the extra heat they absorbed from the sun. They were slim and long limbed with clawed hands that had evolved, allowing them to grasp and create tools. They were very primitive, living in small clans and each were distinguished by the different red markings they painted on their bodies. They hunted large, ten-legged insects for food and foraged for red, small balloon-like prickly plants for water.

Their villages were slowly developing and created vast square, brick one-story buildings made from sand and the saliva of the insects they hunted that was a perfect adhesive. They had not learned that there were wells below them or even imagined what laid underneath their feet, and so when the usually peaceful creatures were depleted of their water resources, they often waged war against each other.

These creatures had never seen an alien before, another reason Vegeta had also chosen this location. If they were evacuated in any way, as Vegeta suspected what happened on the other planets, then their panic of something new would alert him.

“Prince Vegeta, there have been no changes here,” Nappa’s voice spoke into his ear from his scouter, giving his bi-hourly report.

“Same,” Raditz replied in a monotone. Vegeta only brought the two of them with him to keep his party small to avoid arousing the female’s suspicion. He had not informed them of his plans or anything about his investigations...the hunt was his and his alone. He explained to them that they had orders to be on the lookout for any unusual activity, lying that Frieza had learned that poachers were interested in harvesting the minerals and wanted Vegeta to eliminate them.

Nappa had at first been confused as to why Vegeta had been left unscathed by Frieza’s wrath from the last incident, but Vegeta vaguely explained that Frieza had been in a good mood and was feeling magnanimous enough to let him go. Nappa seemed to have more questions but knew better to press Vegeta and meekly acquiesced. Raditz never learned of what happened on Planet Ursal and Vegeta kept it that way, though Raditz mostly likely wouldn’t have cared one way or the other.

Vegeta hoped that one of two things would occur with his plan: one, find the mole and if they had learned of his plan, perhaps they had sent a traceable transmission to warn the female. Or two, he caught the female red-handed, which was the outcome he desired most.
Vegeta tapped his scouter to zoom into the village he was currently watching. Nothing had changed over the day, the creatures were socializing in their clan, grooming each other and reapplying the red paint on their bodies. Vegeta gave a heavy sigh through his nose and began leisurely strumming his fingers on his bicep.

“Vegeta,” Raditz spoke. “There are dark clouds heading your way.”

Vegeta glanced up and saw heavy rain clouds slowly billowing toward him. Vegeta tapped his scouter to examine the file about the planet, then tapped it again when he was satisfied with what he found. “Hn, we’re in time for the two-day rainy season,” Vegeta explained into his scouter.

“Great, I could use a shower,” Raditz spoke tonelessly and said nothing more. Vegeta warily glanced at the coming storm, hoping it wouldn’t interfere with his plans.

“What do they do the same thing every day? I’m gonna go bored watching them make pottery,” Nappa said, breaking the silence.

“Hn,” Vegeta replied nonchalantly, half listening to Nappa’s whining.

As Vegeta went back to watching the village, he saw young cubs running around the village, practicing their hunting skills and honing their instincts. One was being chased by its comrade, and turned to tease his friend, not watching where he was running. He tripped over an adult who was reapplying her paint and fell face first into the bowl she was using.

Vegeta chest bloomed with icy coldness under the hot sun as he watched the cub begin to cry and his friend laugh on. Vegeta quickly tapped his scouter, rummaging through his files until ten minutes later he was barking for subordinates, “Nappa, Raditz, come here! Quickly, without detection.”

He waited for them as he tapped his scouter again to read the energy signals of the villagers and his expression clouded with confusion. Nappa and Raditz appeared at the same time and gently touched down beside him, “Give me your scouters, now!” Nappa and Raditz immediately responded to Vegeta’s order. After toying with them, he tossed them back and frowned as he studied the village again.

“Vegeta, what’s wrong?” Nappa asked.

“It appears, Nappa, that your observations weren’t so far off,” Vegeta replied.

“What’s going on, Vegeta?” Raditz asked, sounding slightly alarmed by Vegeta’s even, calm tone that usually was a warning of his impending temper.

“I played through our scouters’ recordings of the villages and they seem to be going through the same actions from three days previous, with some...differences,” Vegeta explained carefully.

“How do you know this?” Raditz asked confused.

“I just observed an accident that took place three days ago,” Vegeta replied as he narrowed his eyes.

“But...they have an energy signal,” Nappa added.

“Yes, it appears that way,” Vegeta said as a raindrop plopped on his shoulder. Nappa and Raditz waited by his side patiently as the rain began to rapidly torrent above them.

Vegeta froze like a statue before shooting into the sky to float above the village. Nappa and Raditz followed and when they looked down, they saw that the villagers had not even reacted to the rain,
continuing their daily activities even though some of the buildings were beginning to deteriorate and erode, slumping to the ground. Vegeta descended quickly, making as much noise as possible when he landed, creating a small crater. His jaw clenched when the villagers did not respond to his presence. His temper began to rise as the rain pelted him mercilessly, though he seemed unaffected.

“What’s going on here?” Raditz asked as he and Nappa touched down beside Vegeta.

Vegeta growled and threw his energy out, destroying the whole village until nothing but sandy rubble existed. Vegeta then blasted into the air and soared swiftly to another village and landed heavily in the dead center of it. And again, no one blinked at his sudden appearance. He tapped his scouter and read life signs, so he came forward to grab one of the creatures to only have his hand pass through them.

Vegeta brought his hand up to look at it in disbelief. He stepped forward to try again when he heard a crunch. He glanced down to find a circular device beneath his boot. The creatures misted away until only the buildings were left and silence permeated the air. Vegeta stared wide-eyed at the empty village before him but his moment of shock didn’t last when familiar roaring music slammed into his eardrums, forcing him to cover his ears.

“Welcome to Planet Aurum!” The female’s voice taunted as the harsh music died down, “Sorry for the inconvenience but this planet will cease to exist in five minutes! I hope you’ve enjoyed your stay! Bye-bye!”

Vegeta growled in frustration as he felt the ground shake just as it did last time. Vegeta jumped into the air and punched his speed to the max to fly to his space pod he had left near the northern pole of the planet. He pushed the launch sequence before he was even seated. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Raditz and Nappa frantically pushing buttons at their own space pods but he ignored them as his pod launched.

He heard an unfamiliar loud purring sound and he turned to look to see a black, sleek triangular ship leave the planet’s atmosphere. He knew instinctively that the female was on that ship and smirked as he moved to tap his scouter to get her location. His scouter started to lock in on her, when the screen started to static. He frowned and tapped it several times but he winced when sparkly, happy violin music played in his ear loudly. He ripped his scouter off his ear to avoid going deaf and that’s when he saw on his scouter screen, little red hearts dancing across it.

"Oops, it looks like you're trying to follow me! We can't have that!" Vegeta heard the female's voice and put the scouter back to his ear. "I've enjoyed our time together, let's do it again sometime!"

Vegeta was stunned for a moment after her voice cut out and his angry tore through him as he gave a vicious growl. He began to to shake in fury when his pod plowed into space, and could do nothing as he watched the other ship jet out of view. He heard a snap and turned to see he was crushing his scouter in his fist. He dropped it before he could destroy it and looked up in time to see his subordinates’ pods come out from the planet, just as it began to fall in on itself. He closed his eyes and turned his head away at the exact moment the light flashed blindingly.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this was an exciting chapter! Tell me what you think! Please leave a comment!
“So, she did it again” Frieza began while the end of his tail wagged like a playful pendulum. “And right under your nose.”

Vegeta found himself once more, kneeling before Frieza. He immediately returned to report to him, knowing that if he wasn’t quick, the consequences he would have to pay would be more severe. Frieza had patiently listened to his story and Vegeta watched with disguised curiosity as Frieza’s expression morphed from hostile outrage to subdued interest. This will probably be the one and only time Vegeta could relate to Frieza. After his initial fury receded and he calmly went over the chain of events, Vegeta had also found himself intrigued by the bold female.

“And she used holograms?” Frieza asked.

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied. “These holograms were very well done. She manipulated them so it wasn’t apparent that they were on a loop.”

“And your scouter didn’t detect anything abnormal?”

“The holograms gave an energy signal,” Vegeta said as he tried to keep his own admiration out of his voice.

Frieza’s eyes lit up, “So, not only was she able to trick your eyes but also your scouters.” Frieza smiled amusedly, “Holograms…not even our own scientists have found a way to make them work. The most they can do is display a shaky image of a planet.”

“Her holograms were very detailed, Lord Frieza. Even the irises of the eyes were elaborately done,” Vegeta explained. He had carefully watched the recordings of his scouter again to find any flaws in the holograms that might have tipped him off earlier. But he only found perfection and exceptional quality in the images, and if it had not been for that trivial accident and the rain, he would not have been aware of her ruse. He was still furious that he had been outwitted but his respect for her grew along with a budding admiration, which only fed his determination to find her.

“You know, Vegeta, I'm starting to have second thoughts,” Frieza said as his tail began wagging like an excited puppy.

“Lord Frieza?” Vegeta carefully questioned.

“Well, as you can imagine, I'm positively miffed about the whole fiasco, but I believe that killing this woman may not be the best course of action,” Frieza said as he tapped his finger on his lips. “... Yet.”

“What would you have me do?” Vegeta asked, daring to implicate that he could still continue his chase.

Frieza smiled coyly, “Oh, don't worry Vegeta, I still want you to have your fun. I have a feeling that this is only the beginning.” Frieza chuckled, “Yes, find her, Vegeta, play with her as you desire but keep her alive. I want to put her to good use.”

Vegeta couldn't keep the corner of his lip from twitching as he was pleased to be allowed to resume
his hunt. “Yes, Lord Frieza.”

“Oh, another thing, Vegeta.” Frieza narrowed his eyes, “What is she doing with those…creatures she rescued?”

“I'm not certain. I assume she's evacuating them, but as to how…” Vegeta shrugged, “I've yet to discover it.”

“Hmmm… excellent, this is all very excellent, Vegeta. Now, run along, I'm sure you have things to do,” Frieza dismissed him with a wave of his hand in a dramatic flourish.

Vegeta bowed with a slight tip of his head before he stood and left the bridge. Nappa and Raditz waited for him just outside the door with bleak expressions. Vegeta gave them a passing glance as he walked away from them. “You're dismissed.”

“Wait! Prince Vegeta! What of Lord Frieza?” Nappa asked with a tinge of concern laced in his voice as he and Raditz followed after him.

“He's not of your concern,” Vegeta replied with harsh calmness.

“Vegeta, what's going on? Who was that female…” Raditz found himself slammed down on the ground and choking for air, clawing at the gloved hand that had him pinned at the throat.

Vegeta stood over him, his face was expressionless but his aura was deadly. “Do… not… ever… speak of this to anyone. It never happened and there is no female. Have I made myself clear?” Vegeta spoke softly. Raditz, who was turning blue, could only nod meekly. “Good.”

Vegeta released him violently before casting a glance at Nappa, “Do you have anything to say?”

Nappa, who had been shocked at Vegeta’s behavior, quickly glanced away to the floor, “No, Prince Vegeta.”

Vegeta intimidatingly stared him down for a few moments before walking away again, alone. He made his way to the tech lab and entered without warning. The little toad creatures were still there, minus the one, much to Vegeta’s surprise, and they all made themselves even smaller as Vegeta approached the security toad. “Do you have what I asked for?”

“Y-yes, V-Vegeta, s-s-sir,” the toad flung into action and grabbed a palm-sized tablet and held it out to Vegeta, who made no move to take it.

“I have one more…request,” Vegeta paused at the last word with distaste.

“Sir?” the toad began to shake.

“Download all the transmission messages from the past month,” Vegeta commanded.

“R-right away, s-s-sir,” the toad went to work as Vegeta buried himself in his thoughts.

He was aware that the female knew she was going into a trap as he suspected would happen if the mole knew of his plotting, but he never imagined that she would be so audacious to act right in front of him and he was all the wiser. He could still hear her playful voice in his ear, taunting and challenging him… a challenge he accepted wholeheartedly and he felt his blood rush at the thought of capturing his prize.

Vegeta smirked, “Yes, female, we will play again.”
Chapter End Notes

Sorry another short chapter and going to Frieza again, I've enjoyed writing him whenever he appears. Please leave a comment!
Fairy lights casted a hazy glow above the dark, dirty narrow road where people slipped past each other, bumping shoulders casually without thought. Vegeta stood in an alleyway by the side of the main road in front of a dark building with small, circular windows that had bars in front of it. He had removed his armor and wore a black battle suit with black boots and gloves, allowing him to blend into the night to avoid standing out more than usual.

He was on Planet Kiken that was another playpen for aliens looking for risky business and antics though unlike Desirer, there was an ambiguous moral code that everyone followed. To say the least what happened on Kiken, stayed on Kiken, and if anyone strayed from that one law, they would mysteriously disappear.

Vegeta had a contact here he rarely used, but when he found himself involved with tech related issues he didn’t want Frieza to be aware of, he came here. Vegeta looked up to see the small orange-hazed moon above him, it was nearly full and he could feel the pull of his other self, his Oozaru, rising to his skin. It made him a little more volatile than usual but he didn’t mind, it made his presence more dangerous, which was what he needed tonight.

Vegeta didn’t hesitate for long as he walked to the red door and made his way inside. The interior of the den had various technological equipment that would make any scientist drool. To the left, Vegeta saw machines he recognized for biological and genetic studies, while on the right, there was a table with four different computers. One was connected to a large glass box that was an analysis scanner. Vegeta carefully moved more into the room, frowning in disgust at the floor that was littered with discarded food, papers, and broken pieces of unknown technology. He heard shuffling from the door at the corner of the room. It opened to reveal an anthropomorphic being in a light blue lab coat and black slacks underneath. They being had a beak-like nose, thin lips and overtly large, brown eyes. Its body was covered with brown feathers but its human hands were bare and wrinkly. It looked surprised when its eyes landed on Vegeta and almost dropped the mug of hot liquid in its hands.

“Vegeta!” It exclaimed in a high, feminine voice.

“Aves, I have something for you,” Vegeta stated without preamble.

“Okay,” she said as she cautiously approached Vegeta, looking away from his animalistic eyes.

“What do you need?”

“I have security camera footage that has been altered,” Vegeta said as he handed her the tablet he held in his hand. She took it from him with a shaky hand and went over to a computer to connect them.

“You believe they changed it through programming?” She asked.

“Yes,” Vegeta replied, standing behind her intimidatingly with arms crossed. Aves brought up the footage and its program language to lay them side by side. After playing it several times and studying it for a half-an-hour, she nervously turned to Vegeta.

“The footage has been altered but a program hasn’t been overlaid on top of it, it was completely rewritten,” she said.
“Rewritten?” Vegeta questioned as he brows came together.

“Yes, and it’s very well done. Whoever did it, copied the language perfectly. Usually each programmer has a certain style, but there’s not of that here,” Aves mused, impressed.

“And how did you determine that it was rewritten?”

“Well, while this is almost flawless, there was one little line of code that was slightly different. If you hadn’t said anything about it being possibly tampered with, I wouldn’t even noticed,” Aves confessed.

Vegeta sighed through his nose, “So, what you’re telling me is that we can’t see the culprit?”

“No,” Aves head twitched nervously. She glanced up at him shyly, “How did you know this particular footage was changed?”

Vegeta pointed at the time stamp, “This was off by a nanosecond.”

Aves went back to play the footage. “It is, but…an alteration is not what caused this jump.”

Vegeta looked down at her warily, “What do you mean?”

“Did you mention this to the tech at the PTO?” Aves changed course.

Vegeta’s eyes bore down on her with annoyance for a few moments, “They said that a jump like this happened once before, when the whole server was updated.”

Aves looked back at the computer screen, “Was one authorized?”

“No,” Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched at her questioning. “What are you getting at already?”

Aves flinched at his growl before looking at him with apprehension, “I think someone slipped in a program into the PTO’s server.”

Vegeta’s posture went rigid at the news, “It wasn’t a simple hacking?”

“Hacking implies infiltration, and while this person did break in, they added something…big.”

Vegeta brought a hand up to rub his brow, “Can it be found?”

“It would be looking for a needle in a haystack with how large the PTO’s server is. Even if you looked at the precise moment that it had been altered, I have a feeling that this person integrated it in a way that can’t be detected,” Aves explained.

“So, it’s impossible to find the person who did this?” Vegeta asked dangerously.

Aves hesitated, “Most likely.”

Vegeta felt his frustration rapidly rumble in his chest, his Oozaru was boiling to the surface, wanting to roar. But he kept himself in check and took a calming breath, “Go through the transmissions, see if anything was sent where it wasn’t supposed to.”

Aves turned back to the computer screen and her fingers shook on the keyboard as she brought up different windows to look at code. Vegeta felt the time tick by as he waited, never leaving his spot as Aves was absorbed in her work. After what felt like hours, Aves’ fingers stopped and she spoke in a hallowed voice, “There’s…nothing unusual…”
Vegeta glared down at her, and spoke too softly, “Nothing?”

“Y-yes,” Aves said, afraid to turn around as the atmosphere became cold.

“Hand me the tablet,” Vegeta growled. Aves quickly obeyed. As soon as Vegeta took it, he obliterated it with his energy and dropped it on the floor to watch it burn. Aves jumped at the violence before running to douse the flames with her coat as Vegeta said nothing more and left.

He was soon stalking down the main road, his Oozaru was snarling within as the crowd parted for him, feeling the intense fury that was radiating off of him. He had a small glimmer of hope that this angle of locating the mole would help him find the female, but it seemed impossible. The only option was to setup another trap. If she would fall for it the second time. But if she was bold, as Vegeta suspected, then she would try to pull one over him again. The only problem was the hologram devices and how she was evacuating people. He would have to do something to prevent her from doing both. Vegeta slowed his pace as he bounced ideas around in his head.

Tinkling female laughter perked his ears and he looked up and found himself at a part of town where bars, connected to tent-like patios, opened to the cool air stood. People moved about socializing and making deals right in the open, but everyone minded their own business, not giving a second glance to their neighbors. Vegeta turned his head slightly to the side where he had heard the delicate sound inside one of the the bars... and saw blue.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave you hanging, hopefully you'll enjoy the next chapter!
“I guarantee that if you buy this energy tracking scope, you will be one satisfied customer.” Bulma said as she showed the specs of her device to her “customer”, who could pass as human if it weren’t for his green face with spikes spewing out from the sides. They were standing at the bar at the back of the room and she had her computer open on the counter to show him her tech. No one paid any attention to them as they loudly made their deal, everyone else in the candle-like-lit watering hole was just as noisy.

“I don’t know Lacy, it sounds too good to be true,” the man began.

Bulma scoffed, “Have I ever lead you wrong before, Pine? This can track those pesky Eldeens that have been a thorn in your side.”

Pine’s eyes lit up, “You’re not yanking my chain are you?”

Bulma heard the stool behind her at the bar scrape across the floor and someone taking a seat. She moved closer to Pine to avoid knocking into the stranger. “Why would I do a thing like that! I tested this out myself on Dients, and those tiny, furry suckers barely have any kind of energy to detect.”

Pine’s eyes grew large, “What! Really?”

“Yes, really! Come on Pine, we’ve worked together before. Why are you being such a hard-ass?” Bulma whined.

Pine smiled wickedly, “You know I’m just messing with you. Everyone knows you are the best. I’m just trying to have some fun before I blow a fortune on your tech.”

Bulma slapped his shoulder, “Jerk! My stuff is worth it, you haven’t complained before.”

“Yeah, I know, that’s why I’ll need twenty units of these scopes,” he said with a grin.

“Wow, go big or go home, huh?” Bulma said as she whipped out her tablet from her messenger bag to register his order.

As she was processing the transaction, Pine glanced through her catalog of items on her computer. Time began to lull as she took her time making the order, when she heard a deep voice speak in her ear, “Do you take new customers? I’m interested in your tech.”

Bulma pulled out a clear, paper-thin, plastic name card with a symbol of a heart-shaped swirled strawberry from her back pocket and thrust it over shoulder to the man behind her. “Here, I’m kind of busy right now, have my contact.” The man took the card gently, without a word and she went back to her orders.

“Oh, Lacy, what about energy blast weapons that when fired they follow the target?” Pine asked after she looked up from her tablet.

“I thought you’d never ask,” Bula smiled as she rummaged through her files on her computer and found her list of different tracking weapons.
“How about this one?” Pines pointed to a large, sleek silver blaster.

“Ah, that one has a large recoil, I’m still working on it,” Bulma said and moved to pull it off the list.

“That’ll be fine, I’ll take it!” Pine exclaimed.

“Well, if you want, I can bring some in for you to test,” Bulma said as she started taking notes.

“Yeah, let’s do that. I’m available in two weeks,” he said.

“How about in three?” Bulma fluttered her eyes at him.

Pine laughed, “Done!”

“Great, I’ll schedule you in,” Bulma said as she pulled out her planner on her tablet.

“Lacy! You bitch!” She heard someone yell from the opposite side of the room, just as she was finishing her notes. She looked up with a confused frowned and saw a hulking bear-man of seven feet of muscle in a tight body suit that made his head look ridiculously large and puffy, make his way to her.

“What the hell’s your problem?” Bulma said as she held her tablet under her arm and put her free hand on her hip.

“You gave me bad merchandise!” He bellowed when he approached, looking down on her. A few people gave a quick glance at the interruption before going back to their individual conversations.

“What are you talking about!” Bulma yelled back, glaring up at the bear-man.

“Those blasters you gave us, we can barely hold them! They’re too strong!”

Bulma scoffed, “I told you that when I gave you the damn things! How is it my fault that you don’t listen.”

He leaned down in her face, “Don’t give me your excuses! Your tech is shit.”

“Excuse you! You’re just too thick headed to listen to reason. It’s no wonder you didn’t hear a word I said with all that fur clogging your ears,” Bulma screeched, not backing down from his aggressive stance.

“You damn scam art…”

“Hey, lay off. I’ve never had problems with Lacy’s tech before!” Pine pipped in, interrupting the bear-man.

He turned to glare at Pine, “Stay out of this, or you’ll be missing some body parts.”

I’d like to see you try,” Pine said as he stepped forward.

Bulma’s eyes grew in shock when the bear-man backhanded Pine, and he crashed to the floor. The bear-man turned back to Bulma, “I want a refund!”

Bulma growled in frustration and started typing into her tablet. She held it up to him, revealing a document, “You see this? This is the contract you signed with me, and it states that you get no refund.” Bulma then grinned at him maliciously, “It also states that you were fully well aware of what you were buying.”
“That doesn’t mean anything,” he growled.

“Oh? Try me! If I pass this to the other Galactic Shadow Market sellers, and explain how you renegaded on the contract, and threatened me, who basically help keeps the light on, then you won’t be finding anyone willing to sell to you in the future,” Bulma shouted, her chest huffing from the exertion.

The bear-man paused for a moment before he grinned evilly, “Not if you’re dead…”

Before Bulma could react, the bear-man suddenly reached for her throat but it stopped a couple inches from her face. She gasped and took a step back into a warm, brick wall of a body. The hand that was holding the bear-man wrist belonged to the person who had been standing behind her. Bulma looked up over her shoulder and blanched when she met with ebony eyes.

Vegeta smirked at her when he saw her expression, “Is it me, or does trouble just follow you around?” Bulma was rendered speechless as she gazed up at him with large eyes. “Hn, has that sharp tongue of yours finally dulled?”

“Asshole, let go!” The bear-man yelled, returning Vegeta’s dark attention to him.

Vegeta squeezed his wrist harder, causing him to yelp, “I don’t know what business you have with…” Vegeta paused and looked down at Bulma. The corner of his lips lifted cruelly, causing a shiver to curl up her spine, “My female, but you’re done here.”

“What! That whore of yours, gave me bad…” The bear-man didn’t continue when Vegeta snapped his wrist loudly and shoved him away from them. The bear-man fell hard on the ground and curled into a ball, whimpering.

“Coward,” Vegeta spat before he turned back to Bulma. Bulma turned to face him and took a step back but he snapped his hand out to grab her wrist to stop her movements, not painfully but unrelenting. “You’re not going anywhere this time.”

Bulma stared at him and took a breath to calm herself, “What do you want?”

“We have unfinished business,” he said softly.

“I don’t know if you noticed, but I’m a busy woman, your business can wait,” she said trying to wrench her wrist away, but it was of no use.

Vegeta chuckled at her attempt, “Yes, I did notice. And you were busy, but not anymore,” Vegeta gestured to Pine, who was stone cold unconscious. Bulma looked over at him and saw his chest rise and knew he was still alive.

“Great, I hope I don’t lose a customer because of this,” Bulma muttered.

“Is that, what you’re really concerned with right now?” She heard Vegeta and turned to see he had a very slight expression of bored disbelief, if that was even possible.

“I have a business to run, if jackasses like you and him…” Bulma pointed her thumb over her shoulder to the sobbing bear-man, “Keep getting in the way with your caveman tactics, then no one is going to buy off of me.”

“Wow, fascinating,” Vegeta said sarcastically, his expression bored.

“Listen you! You may think I have my panties in a bunch about this, but you can kiss my ass,”
Bulma yelled, hoping her code word would be heard by Jaco, who was listening through her tablet.

“Hn, we’re getting off topic,” Vegeta said as he released her wrist, as though satisfied she couldn’t run away.

“Yeah, and what topic is that?” Bulma said as she crossed her arms.

“Here’s the thing, female, this is the second time I’ve helped you,” Vegeta began.

“I didn’t ask you to,” Bulma cut in.

“And the last time you managed to scurry away like a cute, little, furry animal,” Vegeta said, ignoring her last comment and his eyes gleamed dangerously, “And I don’t like to be made a fool of.”

Bulma shrugged, “Who doesn’t?”

“Don’t get cocky, female,” he snarled lightly.

“Bite me,” she said with defiance in her eyes. She saw his eyebrow twitch at her comment, which she believed was out of annoyance.

Vegeta took a deep breath through his nose as though to rein in his anger, “Let’s get one thing straight, female, you owe me, and you’re not going anywhere until I feel I’ve been properly compensated.”

Something in Bulma snapped when the words “you owe me” left his mouth, “I don’t owe you anything, asshole!” She tossed her tablet on the counter like a challenge.

Vegeta stared at her hard, “Even after all you’ve seen what I’m capable of, you’re still going to fight me?”

Bulma put her hands on her hips and pulled her shoulders back to stand firm as she was about to dig into him. She glared fury at him, “I don’t care what you’re capable of! You’re just a bully who likes to pick on people weaker than you! But guess what, not everyone is going to bow down to you!”

“Female…” Vegeta tried to cut in and Bulma noticed that his posture became stiff and his pupils began to dilate.

“Don’t female me! I had enough of your pompous attitude,” Bulma said as she took an aggressive step toward him.

Vegeta seemed to grow even more rigid when she took that step, “Don’t…”

“What, are you afraid of me now! Can’t a bad man like you, handle a woman like me!” Bulma said and took another step so that she was just a few inches away from him. He said nothing. “Ha! I knew it! You’re all talk! Why don’t you grow some balls!”

Bulma’s chest was huffing and waiting for Vegeta to do anything but stare at her like a deer caught in the headlights. She wasn’t going to back down until he did, “Hey! Are you in there? Do something, you jacka…”

Bulma’s voice was muffled when she was suddenly pulled into Vegeta. She brought her hands up to his shoulders as he held her tightly against him by her hips. His face was buried in the crook of her neck and she could hear him breathing her in, his nose tickling her sensitive skin as it moved along
the curve. Bulma shivered at the contact and gripped the fabric of his battle suit with a mixture of fear, confusion, and anticipation.

“What are you doing?” Bulma whispered.

“You challenged me,” Vegeta spoke into her ear his velvet voice caressing her.

“What?” Bulma gasped as he gripped her a little tighter. He said nothing more as he continued to scent her and Bulma closed her eyes, unsure how to act. Her world seemed to grow silent with only her and Vegeta. She should be terrified, but a strange calmness went through her, even though her body grew hot and her heart was racing in a way she never experienced before, as though it would burst in any moment. It was almost becoming too much for her.

“Racy Bottom! You’re under arrest in the name of the Galactic Patrol!” She heard a familiar voice boom.

She snapped her head to see Jaco standing on top of the bar with his finger pointed at her accusatorily. She almost gave a sigh of relief, but quickly remembered she was in the arms of her enemy. She glared at Jaco, “It’s Lacy, you moron!”

“What is this?” She heard Vegeta ask grumpily, who seemed to snap out of whatever he was doing to her and all but shoved her away from him.

Bulma stumbled, “Asshole!” Bulma glared at him, but Vegeta was too focused on Jaco.

“This is not of your concern, ruffian! I am after this weapons developer here,” Jaco said and turned to Bulma. “You’re not getting away this time!”

Bulma huffed, “And who’s going to stop me? You?”

“Don’t underestimate me, Bottom!” Jaco narrowed his eyes at her.

“Please, you Galactic Patrol dog! You’re harmless. And I don’t know if you noticed, but you’re fan club is here,” Bulma said as she flicked her hair back to gesture to the bar occupants who had all stood threateningly at the mention of Galactic Patrol.

Jaco audibly gulped as he took in the crowd, “Shit.”

“Take this, Galactic Patrol scum!” Someone yelled and Bulma’s eyes grew large when many of the bar customers pulled out energy blasters and pointed them in their direction.

“Shit!” Jaco yelled this time as he dove behind the counter and Bulma was violently pulled back and thrown to the ground with a heavy body on top of her, just as the energy blasters went off. Bulma covered her head as shattered glass from bottles and rubble from the wall, bar and ceiling rained down on her and her protector. After a few minutes, the sounds of whizzing energy beams died down.

“You do bring trouble,” she heard a growl in her ear. She turned her head to find Vegeta with a frown, on top of her. She tried to hide her panic, as the reason for Jaco’s distraction to get away, bored into her with his fathomless eyes.

“Don’t put this one me!” Bulma yelled to overcome her shaky interior. She pushed him off her, which he allowed bemusedly and they both moved to sit up. Bulma looked at the bar that had been completely demolished and saw that her tablet and computer had also been destroyed, “Damn it!”
“What the hell!” The blue bar keeper with large tusks jutting out from his lower jaw burst from the side door that was behind the bar and saw the destruction with shock. He looked at his unapologetic customers and his face turned purple in anger. He pulled out his own energy blaster from the back of his pants and began to open fire on his patrons. But instead of bringing justice, it lead to full out shoot out. Bulma was pushed under a table by Vegeta and he followed after her, just as the bar keeper ran to slam the butt of his blaster into someone’s face.

Chaos erupted as stray energy blasts whipped across the room as some customers dropped their weapons in favor of using something more personal, such as their fists. Yells, grunts, moans deafened the room along with the sound of tables and chairs splintering as they were tossed around or used as tools for the demise of some individuals. Bulma brought her legs to her chest to avoid being trampled on while Vegeta quietly observed the proceedings with an amused smirk.

“Do these things usually happen when you’re around?” Vegeta asked almost playfully.

“Ugh!” Bulma groaned and tried to get away from him by crawling to the nearby table as she rummaged through her bag. He grabbed her ankle as she popped a yellow pill into her mouth. He yanked her hard enough that she landed on her stomach and then dragged her back just as the table she was going to, collapsed from two people body slamming on it. Bulma used that opportunity to click and toss a small hand-sized canister. She heard the metal ding softly on the floor as it bounced before it exploded loudly and pink smoke quickly engulfed the room. People turned at the sound but soon they were falling in heaps to the ground. She felt the grip on her ankle loosen and she rolled off her stomach to sit and look back to see Vegeta with a look of surprise as he shook his head to clear the sleepiness. It was working a little more slowly on him and Bulma squeaked when he suddenly lunged to try and reach for her. She scurried quickly back until she hit the table that had collapsed. He fell forward, his eyes rolling back as he became unconscious, his hand landing just a couple inches from her foot.

Bulma gave a sigh of relief before she toed his hand to make sure he was out. She stood and rushed out of the bar, running into the busy street, pushing through crowds of people. Bulma didn’t stop until she found herself at the launching docks and dove behind a bulky spaceship to then hold her heavy breath from the exertion to try to stop the sound. She looked around and up and waited until she was sure that Vegeta had not gotten up and followed her. When she finally had control of her breathing, she silently slipped between spaceships until she reached her red macaroon-like spaceship. She tiptoed up the ramp and quickly went to the bridge, where Jaco was there, standing in the middle with his arms crossed, his foot tapping impatiently.

“Did he follow?” He asked worriedly.

“No, I don’t think so,” Bulma said as she went to the pilot seat and began the launch sequence. Jaco sat next to her and buckled up as she waited until she saw a few other spaceships launching before she took off. She checked her systems to make sure they weren’t being tracked and left the atmosphere.

“What happened in there, Bulma? Does he know your involvement? Why was he holding you?” Jaco’s string of question rapidly fired at her.

“Jaco, calm down,” Bulma said as she hid their ship’s signal. “He has no idea. He happened to see me and wanted me to help him again. That’s all.”

“That’s all?” Jaco clarified with disbelief.

“That’s all,” she repeated with heated finality and glared at him.
“Was my distraction even helpful?” Jack asked.

“Yes, very. Everyone started firing energy blasters at each other and I was able to use my ‘sweet dream’ gas on them. Worked like a charm,” Bulma grinned.

“Yeah, but you haven’t answered my other question,” Jaco said with narrowed eyes.

“Which question?” Bulma said innocently, though not convincing.

“Why were you hugging the villain that’s after you?” Jaco looked at her with suspicion.

“It wasn’t my idea! He grabbed me!” Bulma yelled as she thought back on that moment.

She had no idea why Vegeta had acted the way that he did. What she could discern after the fact, was that there had been lust in his eyes when she railed on him. “I don’t know what his problem is. First, he’s threatening me, and then when I chew him out, he’s all over me. Maybe he gets turned on by being yelled at, I don’t know!” Bulma threw her hands up in the air in defeat.

“Oh-kay, okay, but he didn’t anything weird, did he?” Jaco asked with concern.

“Besides cuddling me? No. I’m just surprised he didn’t blow up the place,” Bulma mused. “It almost seemed like he was having fun.”

“Great, we’re dealing with a psychopath,” Jaco said as he rubbed his temples.

Bulma chewed her lip in thought and spoke absentmindedly, “Yeah, probably.”

It was weird. He was weird. Bulma wondered why his mood suddenly shifted. From their first encounter, Bulma could tell he was someone who relished in self-control, always poised and collected, even though he did have that one moment of literal explosive anger. But tonight, he seemed to enjoy the trouble that they were in and was playing along, she assumed it was because he could destroy the place with the snap of his finger and had nothing else to amuse himself with. But something was different, she couldn’t put her finger on it.

And he had grabbed her…Bulma blushed. She strangely felt safe in that moment and didn’t want him to let go… Bulma shook her head violently. He was the enemy. She had a thing for bad boys, but Vegeta was different. He was a bad man and he wanted her, and she knew if he got his hands on her, there would be no mercy for whatever he planned. Bulma shivered at the thought, quickly dashing the hint of ardor she had felt for him. She had a game to win, and nothing was going to get in her way.

Chapter End Notes

Two chapters in one day! Don't get too used to it, this maybe a one time deal. Please tell me what you thought of this chapter!
She was there. Her deep ocean blue eyes were staring at him mischievously. He could smell her too. A soft feminine scent with a sweet fruit fragrance he didn’t recognize overlaid on top. Her pink lips held a small smile, teasing him, challenging him to come closer. He quickly moved to grab her, but she turned away from him and started to run, giggling at his attempt. He tried to get closer but couldn’t. And when he thought he almost had her, she stopped, looked over her shoulder, laughing at him before running off again.

He growled when he finally reached her, grabbing her wrist and pulling her to him. She looked up at him in shock at first but gradually her expression grew angry. Her face was flushed, her breathing heavy, and her stance became aggressive. His heart raced at the sight and he pulled her body flush against his. She didn’t struggle, but she waited for him to make the next move. He dipped his head down to her delicate, long neck, taking in her scent, relishing in it before his teeth grazed her alabaster skin. He felt her shudder and he knew that she accepted him. He moved in to bite her, marking her as his for all to see.

“Twenty minutes before atmospheric entry.” Vegeta’s eyes slowly opened to the voice of the computerized woman, coming out of stasis. He blinked to remember that he was on one of Frieza’s most flashy spaceships and had gone into a stasis pod to sleep through the three month journey. He shook his head to gather his swirling thoughts and saw other soldiers starting to wake beside him. He left quickly and made his way to the bridge to see a glittery blue planet, the same color as that female’s eyes. Vegeta growled in frustration, he had been dreaming about her the entire journey. It was always the same, her running away from him then challenging him when he caught her. And just as he was going to stake his claim on her, she slipped away again. But he never grew weary of it, especially when he saw the different expressions that flitted across her pretty face.

Vegeta blinked at his musings. He should be disgusted that he had such a visceral reaction to the female, his attraction to her was unnatural, she wasn’t Saiyan. But he couldn’t make himself care. When he saw her again at the bar, he was furious at first, but when he watched her animatedly talk to her customer, it was replaced by curiosity and that’s when he moved in and sat next to her. She was completely unaware of his presence, and thanks to his Oozaru, he had felt a little playful around her due to her spirited nature wrapped around a feminine frame. He remembered how delicate she looked and had no physical strength to protect herself with, but she was bold and loud-mouthed in way that was charming and refreshing. She knew how to coax people into trusting her with ease and he was again struck at her dizzying intellect. She was confident with her mind and body, using them as weapons when necessary.

When that pathetic excuse for a bear walked, she didn’t back down, using her wits to tear him down. Vegeta was impressed, even after the fact he had to save her. He smirked when he recalled the look on her face when she realized who had helped her. But she didn’t back down from him either.

Vegeta’s heart began to thump against his chest at the memory of her angry face, her chest puffed up, making herself look large before stalking toward him. He remembered Nappa telling him how Saiyan women courted Saiyan men, they challenged them with their body language. The same way the female had. And it was up to the male to accept or not. He should have looked away and ignored her, reject her. But he couldn’t. His Oozaru’s instincts took in. She was beautiful, intelligent, strong and he wanted all of her. His Oozaru knew that there was no one else his equal but her. So he
accepted her the Saiyan way. Touching her, scenting her so that he would never forget her scent or the way she felt in his hands. This had only been their second encounter but he remembered Nappa telling him that it wasn’t unusual for Saiyans to recognize and claim their mate the first time they met. Vegeta hadn’t felt it the first time because he had no interest or focus on her in terms of attraction, his mind had been determined to stay cool and collected. But his Oozaru had helped him see her more clearly that night, and he had felt it in his Saiyan blood that she was his.

Then she ran away, again. Vegeta frowned, he should be relieved that she left, he had no place for a mate in his life. She would only serve as a distraction or a way to hurt him. He should kill her. But he knew he wouldn’t. He pulled out her card from his battle suit and stared at the symbol he didn’t recognize and began to grow angry once more. She made a fool of him again, but her worst offense was leaving him. Logical he knew that she didn’t understand Saiyan customs, but his Oozaru didn’t care about logic. She dared to flee after she had challenged him. Another feeling washed over him, warring with his anger. It was eagerness. His blood rushed at the thought of chasing after his female. She would make it challenging, that he had no doubt, but it only served to excite him more and it would be worth it in the end. She was crafty but he was merciless and that’s what would help him find her again, of that he was sure.

“Prince Vegeta,” he heard Nappa call his name from behind. Vegeta quickly put the card away as he felt Nappa come to a stop to stand just behind him.

“Speak,” Vegeta replied as he crossed his arms to stare at the planet they were approaching.

“I just read the orders, is this really okay? These people are his buyers,” Nappa said with concern.

“It’s Frieza’s will, don’t bother questioning him unless you don’t like breathing,” Vegeta barked as the ship entered the atmosphere.

“Sorry, Vegeta,” Nappa said and bowed his head in submission. He decided to speak again but with more hesitance, “Vegeta, is everything alright? You’ve seem tense since the last time I saw you.”

Vegeta tilted his head up to glare at Nappa, who flinched, but Vegeta decided to answer him. “The Oozaru has grown restless.”

Nappa nodded, “That’s not uncommon at you age, your highness.”

Vegeta looked at him for a few moments before cautiously asking his question, “Nappa, tell me, have you reacted to a non-Saiyan female?”

“Reacted?” Nappa asked confused.

“Yes. Reacted,” Vegeta said as though speaking to a child. “I’m not unaware of how you and Raditz often visit disreputable places to quench your needs. But I want to know if you ever reacted to a female that was more than just sexual?”

“You mean as in finding my…mate?” Nappa’s voice grew quiet.

“Something like that,” Vegeta replied with a shrug.

“No, I haven’t,” Nappa said and Vegeta stared at him hard, knowing he had more to say. Nappa continued, “That may be only because non-Saiyan females don’t know how to start a courtship with a Saiyan male. If there had been one to challenge me, I may have decided to mate with her.”

“I see,” Vegeta said as he looked away.
“H-has there been a female that interests you?” Vegeta heard Nappa take a step back in fear.

“No Nappa, there isn’t a female that interests me. I wanted to be ensured that you haven’t diluted our race with an inferior species. You and Raditz have been frequently visiting such disgusting places that it was beginning to worry me,” Vegeta quickly covered.

“Prince Vegeta, I give you my word that something like that will never happen,” Nappa rushed out.

“Good,” Vegeta cut off the subject. He looked out the window and saw the island there were heading to. It was the only piece of land that was on the planet’s watery surface. That island was a vacation resort of sorts for Frieza’s richest buyers and where Vegeta decided to lay his trap for the other female that plagued him.

After he woke up from that incident at the bar, he thought of the perfect way to capture her. The ruse that he placed was that he was acting as an ambassador for Frieza to talk market with his clients but had orders to annihilate them all. For reasons that Frieza couldn’t stand them anymore and wanted fresh blood to buy his capital. Vegeta had set the transmission for those orders to be sent two weeks before he was due to arrive at the planet, knowing that it would take anyone time to reach it by the time he was there. People came and went on the planet but he would be able to observe closely and it would make it extremely difficult for the female to use her devices and methods. He smirked, he should thank his female for the idea. When he thought about the fight that broke out in that small space, he knew that’s what he had to do. He had to box the female in and force her to face him, if she was brave enough to take the challenging bait that was dangling in front of her. And once his business with her was concluded, he was going to hunt down his female and make sure she never got away again.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait! Caught a cold! And sorry it's short, don't worry it will pick up again real soon! Leave a comment!
Bulma tipped her head back to enjoy the rays of the yellow sun that was so similar to Earth’s and breathed in deeply to take in the scent of the sea. A twinge of homesickness strummed her heart as she buried her toes in the fine white sand and a soft breeze teased her blue locks. She opened her eyes to take in the dark turquoise ocean and sighed and turned away before her thoughts of home carried her away. She buried that feeling as she walked over to a rustic beach bar that was surrounded by tropical tresses with blue leaves and white picnic tables with square red umbrellas were placed in front of the bar toward the ocean. Bulma removed her large white beach hat as she approached the bar and sat on a red bar stool.

“What can I get you?” The buff, shirtless bartender with dark scarlet skin, short blonde tousled hair and gold eyes said as he approached her.

“Something fruity,” Bulma smiled at him, watching him ogling a bit at her tiny hot pink bikini.

“Right away,” he smiled back and turned to make her drink.

Bulma set the tablet she had in her hand on the bar to read Frieza’s orders that she had received a little more than a month back. She wasn’t sure what to make of them or what Vegeta was playing at. The orders to eliminate his top three percent richest buyers were not surprising, as Frieza’s whims were unpredictable at best, but to do it here on Planet Okeanos, where many people came and went, not only made it hard for her to evacuate people but also made it difficult for Vegeta to exterminate them all in one go.

She knew that these orders were to be carried out without hurting the other potential buyers and they were to be carried out, trap or not. When she arrived here two weeks ago, she saw PTO soldiers walking around taking breaks from protecting Frieza’s ambassador, however she knew that was a ploy to mask their true intentions. She had a feeling that only Vegeta and Frieza were the only two were involved with this plan to capture her as from her interactions with Vegeta, he seemed like the possessive type. He wasn’t going to let anyone in on his glory to hunt her down, and if it meant fooling everyone and covering it up with genocide, it was of little importance to him. She had to find a way to protect those people before the final hour came.

The bartender broke her musings when he placed her pink drink in a flower-shaped martini glass in front of her. “Let me know if you need anything else,” he winked before he moved away to another customer.

Bulma sighed as she took a sip of her drink. She had yet to catch a glimpse of Vegeta, and she was on a constant look out for him. He was here somewhere, Bulma could feel it. It was a tingling sensation in the back of her mind and her heart just knew. She could almost feel his breath on her neck and the pressure of his fingertips on her hips from when he held her. He sometimes came to her in dreams, holding her scenting her and sometimes it progressed further and she often awoke breathless and her body hot. She tried to push him out of her mind, but of course he was persistent even in her thoughts.

Bulma shook her head to try and get her head in the game, pushing her attraction for Vegeta out of her head. She had to be careful and play it safe this time. After she saw Frieza’s orders, she decided to come to the planet on Lacy’s spaceship to avoid detection, and luckily she had the wealth and
connections that allowed her to even touch the atmosphere. If Vegeta spotted her, it shouldn’t seem too unusual her to be there, as many of these people were a part of her clientele. But she was afraid of what he might do if he saw her, she didn't think he was too happy with her getting the drop on him again. So, she tried to stay inconspicuous as much as possible and avoided speaking with her customers, claiming she was on vacation when they happened upon her at times.

“Bulma, have you gotten any ideas on what to do?” She heard Jaco speaking in her ear. He, as well as other GP officers were here too, scouting the area in plain clothes.

“I’m working on it,” Bulma said into her drink with slight frustration.

She heard bells play overhead to relay that an announcement was to take place. “Good day everyone! We are have amazing new for you!” A man spoke cheerfully. Bulma listened absentmindedly as she turned her body to look out at the beach. “The legendary artist Lady Roseae will be holding a one-time-only special exhibition here in three weeks! Hosted by Frieza’s ambassador! More details will be given later. Enjoy your day!”

Bulma blinked, she realized what Vegeta was planning and he had virtually threw it in her face like a gauntlet. In three weeks’ time, he was going to use the exhibition to kill Frieza’s special guests by herding them into one place, trapping them without suspecting the danger that awaited them. It was also a good way to lure her out, if she made move. The clock was ticking and Bulma was beginning to feel anxious, as she wasn’t sure how to proceed.

“Ugh, doesn’t that suck! I bet only those super elite, rich mongrels will be allowed to attend,” Bulma heard a woman speaking at the table in front of her. The green haired woman had light blue tinted skin, beautiful features and her ears were shaped like an open fish fin. She was holding her drink in her webbed hand and wore a sparkly green summer dress that tied at her neck and draped down her body.

“We could sneak in,” her companion, similar in looks but with a blue dress spoke.

“You know security is brutal,” the woman said.

“We could use a disguise,” her friend shrugged.

“Yeah, you try that and see how far you get,” the woman laughed.

A light bulb went off in Bulma’s mind and she smiled as she placed the rim of her drink to her mouth. “Jaco,” she spoke softly.

“Yeah?” he replied.

“I need you to gather the files we have on the PTO soldiers that are on this planet,” she said as she twirled a lock of hair around her finger.

“Do you have a plan?” Jaco asked curiously.

“Oh, you’ll see. In the meantime, I need to call up a friend of mine,” Bulma said as she placed her tablet on her knee and leisurely started typing a message.

“I hope you know what your doing,” Jaco sounded wary.

“I have it all under control, just do your part for me, will ya?”

“Yeah, I’m on it,” Jaco grumbled as he ended the connection.
Bulma grinned mischievously as she sent her message, “Okay, Bad Man, let's see how you handle this.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I haven't kept up on the updates, still getting over a cold. Again, another short one but the next chapter after this will hopefully blow you away. Leave a comment!
Vegeta stood stoically by the entrance of the shiny compass rose-shaped spaceship. The sharp points of the ship were see-through as though made of glass but at the juncture where they met was hidden from view, protecting the precious art within from curious eyes. Vegeta fought the urge to pull the collar of his uniform that he detested. He was forced to change into a formal garment that Frieza insisted that he wear. It was a black, high collar jacket with gold accents on the seams, with matching tight trousers with the same gold braid going down the sides and were stuffed in shiny black, knee-high boots. Vegeta also changed out his normal white gloves for black ones, but to make things worse, he had to wear a deep purple cape that spilled over one shoulder and was tied with a golden cord under his opposite arm. Vegeta felt ridiculous and reigned in his temper as he greeted guests with a slight bow as they started to filter in.

Vegeta discreetly eyed the females that were walking in, memorizing their faces for later. He had a feeling that the planet-destroying female would try to slip into the gala, but how, he wasn’t sure. He had also inspected the caterers and workers in case she happened to be among them. He did background checks on all of the workers and guests but none of the females seemed out of place, he had learned from his own female to not underestimate appearances.

Other PTO soldiers, dressed in formal armor unlike him, were walking about as security as guests were wandering around the spacecraft to look at the abstract twisted sculptures and paintings splashed in bright colors. Vegeta waited until the last guest on the list arrived on the ship before he went inside with a twirl of his cape and closed the hatch, locking everyone inside without suspecting the danger they were in. When Vegeta chose this planet to trap the rebel female, Frieza made it very clear that he did not want the planet to be damaged in any way, so he decided to create this event with Frieza’s connections in hopes of luring her in. Whether she showed or not, the night would prove entertaining in the end when the rich sows realized that they were there for the cutting block.

Vegeta made his way to the main assembly room as the spaceship rumbled quietly and began its gradual ascent toward the planet’s atmosphere. The assembly room was softly lit with a large crystal chandelier above and the floors and walls were mirrored while vines snaked down from the ceiling, creating a mystical garden scape. The artwork was strategically placed in the room like a maze but allowed people to walk around them with ease. Vegeta made his way around the room and was stopped by guests, asking him to deliver their odes of gratitude to Frieza. He kept his face expressionless at their words though secretly he was smirking at their cluelessness and he managed to break away to stand at the back of the room and leaned against a wall with his arms crossed. He waited for the guest of honor to make their appearance as he watched many of the guests dressed in their finest fashions and dripping jewels mingle.

“Dear guests, please come to the assembly hall in fifteen minutes to greet our guest of honor!” An announcement was played overhead and guests murmured as they started crowding the room. It wasn’t long before the lights went out as dramatic orchestra music played and colorful spotlights danced on the stage at the far end of the room, opposite of Vegeta. They came to a halt as the stage floor opened and a colorful alien rose to the stage. Lady Roseae was a small alien with rose pink skin that sparkled and had skinny long limbs. On his bald round head, he wore a bright flower crown that seemed to grow up toward the ceiling while his enormous violet eyes in his pixie-like face looked at the guests in adoration. He sported a rainbow toga that was tied on one shoulder and he walked
toward the stage front with bare feet.

“My little flowers!” He began dramatically in a musical voice and all quieted. “Welcome to my garden! I’m so pleased to have many of my adoring fans here tonight. Please wander and immerse yourself in my magic!”

Vegeta rolled his eyes as the audience vigorously applauded for Lady Roseae and began to walk closer to the stage to greet him individually. But before they could speak to him, Roseae looked at the gold stage curtain and held a long limb out toward it. The curtain parted and a female walked out. She wore a black, strapless sweetheart cut neckline dress that gathered under her bust before spilling out on the floor, trailing behind her. The dress was slit in the front to mid-thigh revealing pale shapely legs as she walked on gold open-toed heels. The only jewelry she wore were gold bangles on one wrist, diamond studs, and a gold comb that held her hair in place in an updo while a few curled strands fell over her delicate shoulder.

Vegeta felt the color drain from his face when he watched his female move over to Roseae with a charming smile and wrapped an arm around his. Her blue eyes were twinkling with amusement as she walked off the stage with him and started greeting his fans. His heart was pounding in his chest with anxiety that his female was on this ship and in danger from him and other PTO soldiers. He wanted to rush over to her and grab her, hide her away but he didn’t budge a muscle, knowing any move to recognize her would put her in jeopardy all the same.

“I didn’t know Lacy would be here!” Vegeta broke out of his revere when he heard a male speak to his companion.

“She’s always full of surprises! This night just got better and better!” The female next the male replied excitedly.

Vegeta could only watch as she made way through the room by Roseae’s side, greeting guests with her beautiful smile and engaging in small talk. It seemed like hours before the pair reached Vegeta. His female was laughing at something only a few feet away and that’s when he moved out of the shadows of his resting place and stood in front of her and Roseae. She quickly noticed him and her expression changed to weariness and frowned at him while gripping Roseae’s arm a little tighter. Roseae turned to him when he noticed her rigid posture.

“Ah, you must Frieza’s ambassador!” Roseae said cheerfully.

“Yes,” Vegeta replied as he bowed slightly to him.

“How fantastic! Please tell Lord Frieza how honored I am that he has taken an interest in my work! I can tell that man has a beautiful soul...” Roseae sighed dreamily. Vegeta kept his expression neutral at his words and continued to stare at his female. Roseae blinked and observed how they were staring at one another. He looked between the two, “Are you two acquainted?”

Lacy turned to Roseae and smiled brightly, “No, I’m afraid I’ve never seen him before in my life.” She looked at Vegeta, daring him to contradict her. Vegeta gave a slight nod in confirmation.

“Oh my! Then it must be love at first sight!” Roseae exclaimed causing Lacy to frown. “Then allow me to introduce you two! Oh, I do love introductions, there something so romantic about first meetings!” Roseae sighed and looked longing at something they couldn’t see.

“Roseae, sweetheart, you’re leaving us again,” Lacy said and tugged at Roseae’s arm gently and looked at him with fondness that made Vegeta’s heart twitch.
“Oh dear, forgive me, where was I?” Roseae looked at the two of them in confusion.

“Introductions,” Vegeta reminded him, knowing if she had her way, she would try to steer herself away from him. She glared at him and he nearly smirked, he was beginning to read his female all too well.

“Ah, yes! Lacy Bottom, please allow me to introduce you to Prince Vegeta of the Saiyans,” Roseae said with a flamboyant twirl of his hand.

She looked at Vegeta in surprise, “A prince?”

“Yes, quite dashing isn’t he,” Roseae chuckled with amused delight.

Lacy looked him over slowly before smirking at him mischievously, “Pleasure to meet you, your highness.” Her tone spoke volumes of what she really thought about his title.

“Ah, but perhaps you have heard of him by his other name,” Roseae said as he wagged his hairless brows.

“Oh? Do tell,” Lacy leaned into Roseae as she gave Vegeta a sassy grin.

“It’s quite epic, he also called ‘the Destroyer of Worlds,’ doesn’t it just give you the most...delicious shivers,” Roseae shuddered his body dramatically.

“Hmm,” she hummed as she looked him over again and Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her. “How frightful.”

“Well, he is one of Frieza’s elite, tread carefully with this one my dear Lacy,” Roseae gave her a playful wink. “I know how much you like to play with bad boys and this one is the worst of all.”

“Is that so,” she said disinterestedly as she pulled away from Roseae and opened the clutch she had held in her hand. She pulled out a compact mirror and tube of lipstick and began touching up her ruby lips. Vegeta frowned at her, wanting to pull her attention on him again.

“Oh, I know! I have a great idea! You see, Lord Vegeta, Lacy here is a weapons developer! The best in the business, I’m sure she has something that could…interest you,” Roseae winked not so discreetly and Vegeta had to keep his eyebrow from twitching in annoyance. Roseae then pouted, “And as much as I love Lacy dearly, she takes all the attention away from me, would you be a dear and escort her for me, hm?”

Lacy looked like she swallowed pins as she threw her lipstick and compact back in her clutch and snapped it close in irritation. She turned too Roseae, “Lady Roseae, dear, that won’t be neces-”

“I would be honored,” Vegeta interrupted, causing Lacy to glare at him with fury.

“You see, Lacy, my love, he’s quite infatuated with you already!” Roseae chuckled like an elderly matron as he took Lacy’s hand and presented it to Vegeta. Vegeta almost smirked when he took her hand and pulled her to his side to tuck her arm into the crook of his elbow. He felt her stiffen at the contact as Roseae nodded in approval, “Well now, isn’t that lovely! Now my sweets, I really must go! Ta-ta!”

They watched Roseae sashay away and when he was out of sight, Lacy tried to snatch her hand away but Vegeta held her firmly. She was a couple inches taller than him and he had to look up at her, she was glaring at him and he frowned. “What are you doing here?”
"I could be asking you the same thing?” She said through clenched teeth.

“I’m hosting as Frieza’s ambassador,” Vegeta stated matter-of-factly.

“‘The Destroyer of Worlds’ as an ambassador? Then I must be a saint,” Lacy scoffed as she attempted to move away from him again. Vegeta only held her tighter and began to walk around the room with her by his side, to keep her from trying to cause a scene and escape him.

“You still haven’t answered my question,” he growled.

Lacy sighed, “I’m running my business. Frieza’s customers are also my customers.”

“He won’t like you encroaching on his territory,” Vegeta replied.

“It’s called friendly competition, besides I’m not the only taking from him,” she shrugged elegantly.

“Hn,” Vegeta replied.

“I answered your question, you can let go now,” she said with a frustrated tone.

“I don’t think so, you’re staying with me for the rest of the evening.”

“Excuse you, I have things to do! I can’t have you stalking me, you’ll scare my clientele,” she whined.

Vegeta stopped to face her, “You shouldn’t be here in the first place.”

Her eyes flashed and she stepped toward him in anger and he felt his Oozaru stir at the sight. “Let me make one thing clear. I go where I want, when I want. No one is going to stop me, not even ‘the Destroyer of Worlds’,” She huffed at him.

He grinned evilly at her, “Be careful what you wish for, female.”

They stood like that, her glaring down at him and he staring up at her with amusement, waiting for the other to make the next move. “Prince Vegeta, is everything alright?” Vegeta heard Nappa in his ear. He glanced away from Lacy and glowered at Nappa who stood at the far corner of the room, watching them. Vegeta gave a slight tilt of his head to dismiss him. Nappa nodded and walked away, though his expression was confused. Vegeta felt Lacy try to tug her arm away for the third time, trying to take advantage of the distraction, but he was unmovable. He looked up at her with a smirk and then noticed the alcove behind her and began walking her back against it. She looked at him with suspicion when he pushed her until she was against a wall, where they couldn’t be seen and he released her arm to only put his hands on her hips.

“What do you think you’re doing?” She said as she tried to slap his hands away. Vegeta noticed her clutch and snatched it from her to open it contents, he looked though it before tossing it aside.

“Hey!” She protested as he put his hands back on her. She shoved at his chest, “You better explain to me what you’re up to!”

“I’m making sure you don’t have any of those clever devices on you,” Vegeta said as he began to move his gloved hands slowly down her hips toward her thighs.

“Stop,” she warned. Vegeta ignored her as he kept moving down her thighs and knelt down to part her dress to check her exposed legs. He checked her shoes before placing his hands on either side of her ankles, feeling the heat coming off her skin through his gloves. He felt her put a hand on his
shoulder and dug her nails into him. He chuckled slightly at her attempt to thwart him as he moved his hand up between her legs. He could hear her starting to breath heavily when he reached her knees and she quickly grabbed his wrist to stop him just as he touched the inside of her upper thigh. He looked up at her and he was caught breathless at her flushed face and furious eyes, her chest rising and falling heavily. He regained his senses after a few moments and smirked at her as he stroked his thumb on her thigh before pulling his hands away to rest them on her waist as he stood back up.

“Are you done yet?” She silently growled. Vegeta felt the tip of his tail twitch in playfulness but he kept it locked in place.

“Not quite,” he replied as he stroked her waist and then moved his hand up toward her diaphragm, silently marvelling at how tiny she was in his hands. He slid his hands around her back, his thumbs barely touching the sides of her breasts. He trailed his hands down her back and rested them on her waist once again. “Now we’re done.”

“Asshole,” she nearly shrieked and slapped her hands on his chest violently to try and push him away.

He didn't budge but he noticed her bracelets and snatched her wrist, “And what about these?” He asked as he looked at them carefully.

“What about them? They're normal bracelets,” she glared at him.

“Hmm,” he hummed as he moved her wrist to his face and breathed in deeply, capturing her scent and the metallic smell of her bracelets, confirming her words. “I’m sure you’re not without your toys.”

“Sorry to disappoint you, but I don’t have anything on me today,” she glared at him.

“Why don’t I believe that?” He said as he rubbed her wrist on his cheek. She said nothing as she continued to scowl at him with heated anger. “Hn, keep your secrets, I’m sure they’ll prove entertaining later.”

“Whatever, just get your hands off me,” she said she roughly tore her wrist from his grasp, which he allowed.

He grinned at her mischievously, “Are you sure that’s what you want? You’re scent is telling me otherwise,” he stepped in closer to press his body into hers and dipped his head to her neck, sighing slightly at her closeness. Lacy shifted to one foot and moved to stomp on his foot, which he moved away quickly and placed his leg between hers, out of danger. He chuckled in approval, his Oozaru was delighted in her aggressiveness as he gathered her into his embrace. He purred into her neck, making her shiver as he rubbed his cheek against her shoulder.

“What are you doing?” She asked breathlessly.

“You have no idea what you have started, female. Even so, I’m not letting you go,” he replied in her ear, nipping the delicate shell lightly with teeth.

She gasped, “What are you talking about?” He could feel her body growing hot against his and he resisted the urge rub his body on hers.

“I’ll explain later,” he said with a defeated sigh and pulled back in disappointment. “But now is not the time.”
She looked at him in confusion, “What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Hn,” he replied as he stepped away, only to take her hand and place it back under his arm. He walked away from the alcove with her by his side as though nothing had happened between them. “You need to leave this ship.”

“I don’t think so,” she scoffed. “I have things to do and people to see.”

Vegeta glowered at passing guests who attempted to approach her, they quickly backed off. “Not when I’m around.”

“Quit scaring people off! I need them, you jerk!” She silently shrieked at him.

“If you’re good as you say, they’ll come crawling back,” Vegeta said as he looked around the room, checking the positions of the other PTO soldiers.

He noticed one of them walking back and forth by a door as though in panic and Vegeta narrowed his eyes at him before turning his head away from his female and touching the communicator in his ear. “Nappa, go see what that moron by the door is up to.” Nappa appeared from behind a sculpture and made eye contact with Vegeta. Vegeta moved his eyes to the PTO soldier in question and Nappa nodded before going to check out the situation.

“Something wrong?” His female hummed.

He turned back to her to see an amused expression on her face. “No,” he replied carefully.

“Are you sure? You could go check it out,” she smiled sweetly.

“Hn, nice try, female,” he smirked as he continued to pace around the room with her.

“Won’t the others think its weird that you have me draped over you like a groupie?” She asked with a sly glance.

He glanced at her from the corner of his eye, “No, they’ll just think how lucky I am to find a willing rich whore so easily to warm my bed tonight.”

She glared at him and pulled back her arm to slap him, which he caught with ease and chuckled playfully. She seethed at him with murder, “You’re a sick bastard.”

“Hn,” he said as he pulled her hand to his cheek to rub it apologetically before letting it go.

“Prince Vegeta, apparently there is a problem in the kitchen. A drunk guest is harassing the kitchen staff,” Nappa spoke in his ear.

Vegeta sighed heavily through his nose, resisting the urge to rub his temple. He turned away from Lacy again to reply to Nappa, “Take care of it, now.”

“Right away,” Nappa replied quickly, hearing the frustration in Vegeta’s voice.

“Let’s go, you’re leaving,” Vegeta said as he began to lead her away from the assembly room.

“Why are you being so persistent?” She asked with suspicion.

“Don’t question me, come,” he said as they moved to one of the glass hallways, lit by light from distant stars that lead to one of the four launch bays hidden below. A few people were there, talking, laughing, or sharing private moments together and as Vegeta dragged Lacy down the hallway, he
heard a loud gasp.

“What is going on with Planet Okeanos?” Vegeta heard someone speak. Vegeta and Lacy looked at each other before turning to the window and slowly approached it and saw the planet begin to shake violently. Vegeta body filled with icy dread as he began to witness the event he seen twice before. Quickly the hallway filled with people and they watched as the planet's massive ocean begin to swirl ominously.

“What's happening?” He heard Lacy say as she clutched his arm in fear. His need to protect her surfaced and he moved his arm around her waist to pull her closer.

Vegeta pressed on his communicator to contact the bridge, “Gekkota, are you seeing this?”

“Vegeta, sir, what is happening?” Vegeta heard Gekkota rasp in his ear.

“Have you heard anything from the soldiers on the planet?” Vegeta asked.

“The last transmission we received was three hours ago, sir,” Gekkota said quickly.

“Three hours? And you didn't think it wasn't unusual enough to contact me?” Vegeta said calmly.

“N-no, s-s-sir,” Gekkota hissed with fear.

“Contact them!” Vegeta all but growled.

“R-right away s-sir!” Gekkota voice was panicked.

“Tch,” Vegeta tsked through clench teeth as he saw the planet begin to slowly cave in on itself, water falling in cascades into the dark vortex.

“S-sir, we can't contact them, our transmissions bounced back and there's a message attached,” Gekkota said anxiously.

“What does it say?” Vegeta spoke impatiently.

“It says, ‘Let's have some fun, are you ready to play?’ What shall I do sir?” Gekkota voice quieted, waiting for Vegeta’s next orders.

“What's going on?” His female's voice brought his attention back to her. She looked at him with worry and he looked at her expressionlessly but was concerned for her safety.

“I have to get you out of here,” he said quietly as he pulled her out of the crowd that had gathered to watch the event that was unfolding before them. He knew it would be all too soon before the planet exploded. He saw the flash of light from his peripheral vision and pulled Lacy into his arms and steadied himself as the ship rocked from the force of the explosion. Screams and shouts erupted from the guests as they witnessed the planet disappear into dust and they fell on top of each other as the ship swayed violently.

Vegeta moved into action, picking up Lacy and flying off in blur to the launch bay. He thoughts were turbulent as he made his way there, wondering why the rebel female had decided to take out Planet Okeanos and how she did it with apparent ease. Where was she? And was she planning to abandon the ones fated to have their blood spilt like cattle? No, she had something up her sleeve, he could feel it. He was pulled out of his thoughts when he reached the doors of the launch bay and put Lacy down, who seemed a bit winded from his mad dash.
“What the hell!” She yelled at him as he opened the doors and dragged her inside with him.

“Just do as I say,” Vegeta said as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her over to a door that lead to a pod.

“Prince Vegeta!” He heard Nappa yell in his ear, causing him to wince. He heard a ki blast go off followed by terrified screams.

“Nappa! What are you doing!” Vegeta growled into his communicator as his free handed tightened into a frustrated fist.

“I've been…” Nappa slurred and then all was silent.

Vegeta froze. She was here. He had to move fast to get her but first he needed to make sure his female was safe above all else. He looked up at her and saw the worry and anger on her face, “It's dangerous here, don't fight me any more and listen to me.”

“Would you please just tell me what this is about?” She shouted in frustration.

Vegeta ignored her and went to the launch controls of the pod and started punching in the sequence to prepare for launch. After he finished his command, the controls beeped at him angrily and glowed red. Vegeta slammed his fist next to the controls, “What is this!”

Lacy looked over his shoulder to examine it, “It's locked.”

“Obviously,” Vegeta said humorlessly.

Lacy rolled her eyes at him and reached over him to elegantly tinker with the controls. “Someone is in there, and in stasis. You can't open it now,” she explained calmly.

Vegeta bent down to peer into the window of the pod and tensed. The PTO soldier he had witnessed acting strangely was in there. Vegeta felt a coldness seep into his chest as he dashed to the other pods and saw that they were mostly all filled with Frieza’s soldiers that he just saw moments ago, wandering around the ship.

“How…” Vegeta was left dumbstruck as he stood in the middle of the room. He felt his control slipping away and a feeling of helplessness he was not familiar with started to take root in his chest. He had to get everything back in control. His control. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. This situation was getting out of hand and there was only one other option left for him...kill everyone on the ship. He turned to his female who waited for him with a look of anxiety on her pretty face. He walked over to just stop right in front of her, “You need to wait here.”

She blinked at him, “What? Why? I thought you were trying to get me off this ship?”

“That won't be necessary any more,” he said as he moved to step pass her.

She grabbed his arm and looked at him with concern, “What does that mean?”

“It's nothing to concern yourself with,” he said with finality and began to walk away from her.

“Wait!” She yelled in what seemed like panic and reached for him again. “You're just going to leave me here like this?”

He turned to her and could see the apprehension in her eyes and he narrowed his eyes at her in suspicion. He rounded on her, “What? You're not afraid to be here by yourself, are you?”
She looked at him in alarm, “No! I just don't have any way of protecting myself!”

She tried to step back but Vegeta was too quick and pulled her to him and he could feel her shaking in his arms. He stared at her coldly, “What are you hiding?”

“Nothing! I'm just scared!” She defended herself but he knew something was up.

“I don't have time for this, I'll deal with you later,” he said coolly before releasing her to turn away.

“Wait a minute!” She yelled forcefully.

Vegeta sighed as he turned back to her and stopped in his tracks when he felt something soft touch his lips. His eyes grew wide when he saw his female's face in front of his, her lips were pressed against his gently. His moment of shock slid away as he relaxed into her delicate kiss and he pulled her in close to him. He carefully moved his lips over hers, savoring the softness and her sweet taste. She gasped softly and opened her lips when he licked the closed seams and took advantage of her surprise and began to devour her. He had to stop when he felt her having trouble breathing and he realized that she was inexperienced in this as much as he was, though he was going on instinct. He pulled away to allow her to breathe and he nipped her bottom lip before he looked up at her starstruck eyes and passion flushed face.

He stroked her tiny waist with his thumbs as he marveled at his little female and he felt his limbs begin to grow numb and his eyes began to droop. He blinked up at her and she looked down at him with confusion as his body grew heavy. He stepped back away from her and stumbled, “What did you…do to…me?”

“You were getting out hand, I wanted to calm you down,” she replied quietly.

He glared at her before moving quickly to grab her upper arms to pull her against him, causing her to squeak. He shook her, “Why? Why are you always resisting me?”

She yelped when he suddenly went to his knees, bringing her down with him. She looked up at him with fire in her eyes that stirred his blood, “It's in my nature.”

Vegeta chest rumbled with a growl but he toppled forward and heard her gasp as he fell heavily on top of her. He was still aware but his body wouldn't obey him. Lacy poked him a few times as though checking that he had fallen asleep and he felt her sigh of relief against his chest before she used her small amount of strength to roll him off her. He heard her struggle and breathe heavily on his face from the physical exertion.

“It's clear,” he heard her say and a few moments later he heard the launch bay doors open. He cracked one eye open slightly to see Roseae walk into the room.

“Help me,” She told Roseae and he came over with a serious expression that seemed ill placed on his face. Roseae grabbed Vegeta’s legs as he felt Lacy grab his upper arms and they hoisted him up and carried him. They stopped and Lacy freed one of her arms and he heard her punching buttons. The sound of a door being opened perked his ears and he felt himself being placed in the soft padding he knew all too well to be the interior of a pod. He heard her female fall against him from fatigue when she finally had him placed where she wanted him.

“We need to hurry,” he heard Roseae say, his voice severe.

“I'm on it,” he heard her say over him as she pulled away. She was typing in commands on the control panel and he heard the hiss of air release, signally the beginning of the stasis stage. The door began to close and he heard her speak softly to him, “Bye-bye, Bad Man.”
Vegeta’s world stopped. There was silence. His ears began to ring. His breathing stopped. His body
turned cold. He opened his eyes in time to see his female walk away and she touched her earring and
began to speak, though he couldn’t hear her words. Her expression turned methodical and cool as
Roseae looked up at her with a stern expression and crossed arms.

Why didn’t he see it? He studied his female with detachment. She was intelligent, clever, aggressive,
and bold, she shared all the qualities of the rebel female, of course it could only be her. He mistook
her nervousness around him for her unwillingness to be caught up in his and Frieza’s machinations.
She played him well, using her emotions to hide her secrets, but he had to admit he was also at fault.
When he found his mate in her, his Oozaru could not be reasoned with and only saw her as his to
protect and cherish.

And her voice. The voice from the messages of the rebel female and his female were the same but he
had not put them together even though they both teased him in his mind. They finally merged when
he heard her parting words to him as his female. He felt his chest grow hot in anger and indignation.

His Oozaru howled within at her betrayal. This wasn’t over. Now he knew. He knew exactly who
she was. He knew her scent, her face, her touch, and her mind. He would have her in his hands
again and she would pay. She would beg for mercy. And he would not grant her it. He etched her
face to memory as sleep took hold of him and he could only see her in his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this chapter lived up to the hype, please comment!
Frieza maniacal, gleeful laughter had not stopped for the past half hour. He was clutching his stomach and his head was thrown back as the sound of his cackling reverberated off the walls. The bodies of the PTO soldiers that had been on the ship with Vegeta littered the floor as their blood was splattered across the walls and drenched the ground, even so Vegeta knelt before Frieza, feeling the sticky wetness soak into his battlesuit. Every soldier, including himself had been sent here to Frieza like a care package, courteous of Lacy, and after they had all awaken they immediately reported to Frieza. He asked them all questions as to what happened, and after learning that they had been drugged without their knowledge and thrown into a pod, not remembering any other details, Frieza killed them all...slowly. Except for Nappa and Vegeta. Nappa was sent away and Vegeta was told to remain and relate the chain of events that had unfolded that night, but left the details of Lacy out of his report. Vegeta’s jaw clenched at the thought of that female. He wouldn’t let anyone else have the satisfaction of having her before he did, especially not Frieza.

Frieza’s laughter finally settled and he wiped a tear away with a single finger, “Ah, so not only did she got the drop on you again and sent you here without your knowledge, but she also went and blew up the planet.” Frieza sighed with happiness, “My, my, what a dangerous little creature we have on our hands.”

Vegeta said nothing but agreed wholeheartedly that the female was more dangerous that he had ever imagined. “My apologies, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta forced the words out, trying to gain control of his temper.

“Oh Vegeta, none of that, this is all highly amusing,” Frieza said with another sigh. “I know you are trying your best, but perhaps you need a break.”

Vegeta head snapped up to Frieza at his words, “Lord Frieza…”

“Patience, Vegeta, patience. I didn’t say you could stop, I just think you need to switch tactics. And what better way to get your mind off of the job, then a vacation,” Frieza smiled bemusedly.

“Vacation?” Vegeta dead-panned.

“Why, it sounds like you never heard of it before? Have I never really given you one? Oh how naughty of me,” Frieza chuckled. He looked at Vegeta with an evil grin, “Go clear that head of yours Vegeta and come to me with another plan. It seems like you’re having so much fun with this creature and I can’t wait to see what she will do next.”

Vegeta stared at Frieza for a moment before nodding, “As you command, Lord Frieza.”

“Yes, yes, now, leave me Vegeta, I’m trying to decide if I like this new color scheme,” Frieza said as he glanced at the blood the soaked the floor and dyed the walls. Vegeta said nothing more as he stood and walked out of the bridge. When the door close behind him, he took a deep breath to cool his temper and then moved to his quarters to strip out of his dirty uniform.

He entered his sparse room that was small and grey with a small cot to the far wall and there was a divider that separated the bathroom from the rest of room. He ripped the offending uniform off his body and incinerated it with his ki before blasting the shower on. He stepped in and watched as
water turned red from the blood that had caked onto his skin from his time on the bridge. He thought turned to Lacy as he watched the water swirl down the drain, now that he knew her name and face all there was to do was a find a way to catch her off guard. One thing was certain, she didn't know that he learned of her identity and he was going to use it to his advantage.

Vegeta quickly washed off and dried, and went to the wall to press on it, revealing a small storage compartment. He pulled out his battle suit and armor. As he was pulling on his chest plate he heard a beep from his personal communicator, alerting him that he had received a message. He pulled out the palm-sized tablet and sat on the hard cot. Before his meeting with Frieza, he had sent Aves a private transmission to gather information on one weapons developer, Lacy Bottom. He needed to learn more about her, study up on her before he decided to make his next move.

Vegeta opened the attached file and right away, an image of Lacy flashed at him. In the image she had obviously caught the photographer taking her picture as she was looking over her shoulder at them, giving a playful wink and a small seductive smile while her eye twinkled with mischief. Vegeta looked over image for a few minutes before remembering to breathe and then scowling down at her. He scrolled down to her info. Her whereabouts and origins were unknown but she appeared a year and a half ago out of the blue and quickly rose to be one of the best weapons developer in the Galactic Shadow Market. She had dealings with many kinds of people, from warlords to the heads of underground criminal organizations. She had a hundred percent performance rate and was the most sought after weapons expert in the universe.

Vegeta was then faced with a list of the different weapons and devices that she had created and were available for customers to examine. Vegeta fought his feelings to be impressed with her as he went through her products. At the end of the message he was given candid images of her, speaking with different clientele. Only a few images had her openly looking at the camera with a client to commemorate after what Vegeta assumed was a deal. There was also a couple images of her interacting with PTO soldiers, seemingly enjoying their company as they partied and drank. Vegeta heard something crack and he realized that he was holding his tablet too tightly, his anger subconsciously coming through as he saw Lacy hanging onto a random male. Vegeta grinded down on his teeth at his own behavior and took a deep breath to calm down. When he looked back at the images, he noticed someone that triggered a memory.

Vegeta zoomed in on the image of Lacy and the male she was with, her body language spoke of flirtation and her soft smile was teasing. Vegeta recognized the male from when he first met her. She was trying to get away from the male at the time, apparently her flirtation had gone farther than she anticipated. Vegeta remembered the lust in the male's eyes when he looked at Lacy…. or had that been an act? But she clearly had no idea who Vegeta was, of that he was certain. But perhaps that male knew something that could help him learn how she was able to befriend a PTO soldier to help her place her program into the PTO’s server.

Vegeta grabbed his scouter and attached it onto his ear. He remembered that she had called the male “Tama” and quickly scanned the PTO soldier files, separating them by species and then looked for his name. Vegeta found him with ease and learned that he was stationed on Frieza’s ship, currently on a feeding break, which meant he was at the mess hall. Vegeta tucked away his tablet into his armor and pulled off his scouter to place it back in the storage container. That's when he saw her card. He reached in to take it and examined it for a moment before also placing it in his armor. He closed the storage compartment door and made his way to the mess hall.

When he walked into the large, gray room, he studied the long steel tables, searching for the male, Tama. Many soldiers were there rambunctiously talking, laughing, or fighting small skirmishes here and there. Vegeta ignored them all until he found his target. Tama was sitting at a table in the middle of the room, apparently the center of attention as he captivated rowdy soldiers with stories, who
listened actively, chuckling at appropriate times. As Vegeta made his way to him, soldiers moved out of his way, glancing at him with apprehension but quickly went back to their own conversations after he walked past and realized his attention was not on them. Vegeta moved to stand behind Tama and the crowd the feline was entertaining grew silent and their eyes were wide.

“But oh man, you guys! That one could clench so tight it could make you weep!” Tama chuckled with sick delight. “I get hard every time I think about it.”

“How interesting,” Vegeta spoke from behind. Tama had not realized that his audience had grown quiet.

“Oh, she's better than…” Tama trailed off when he turned and froze in place when he saw Vegeta standing there with his arms crossed. The crowd surrounding Tama quickly evaporated when they discovered that Vegeta was not there for them. Tama’s fur turned to a sickly color and bowed deeply. “V-Vegeta, sir!”

“I hope none of your…fascinating tales had me playing a part,” Vegeta said with narrowed eyes.

“No sir, of c-course not!” Tama spat out quickly.

“Good,” Vegeta said as he moved to sit, looking at the seat next to him, motioning Tama to do the same. Tama stiffly moved to the seat and sat upright as he waited. Vegeta could smell the stale sweat of fear rolling off of him. “Now, I have some questions for you.”

“I'll try my best to answer them, sir!” Tama said and began to shake slightly to Vegeta’s annoyance.

“I want you to tell me about the nature of your relationship with…” Vegeta stopped. The word felt strange in his mouth, “Lacy.”

Tama blinked, “Y-your f-female?”

Vegeta glared, “Not anymore.”

At his words, Tama seemed to relax a little, “What would you like to know, sir?”

“When did you first meet her?” Vegeta began his line of questioning.

Tama looked up in thought, “I think about a year or so ago.”

“How did you meet her?” Vegeta asked patiently.

“I was at some watering hole and she was there. Chatting with anyone and everyone. She likes to be around people and she likes talking even more. I thought she was beautiful, so I went up to her,” Tama explained as his eyes seemed drawn back at the memory.

“She didn't approach you?” Vegeta was surprised but didn't express it.

Tama chuckled, “You approach Lacy, Lacy doesn't approach you. She likes go-getters. And she smelled great! I couldn't resist.” Tama seemed to forget who he was speaking to.

“Her scent is what drew you to her?” Vegeta asked quietly.

“Yeah, it was almost like being back at home. You see, we have these flowers on my planet that have this musky herbal smell that's very nice. She smelt like that and I had to go talk to her,” Tama explained further.
Vegeta frowned, he knew her scent well and it was not floral by any means. “What happened after you met?”

“Oh, we just talked and drank. She's very easy to talk to.” Tama then leaned in a little to Vegeta as though to tell a secret. “She let me complain about work a lot.”

Vegeta said nothing and remembered that this moron worked in security, something that he did not doubt would be useful to Lacy. “What did you speak about specifically?”

“Well, I don't remember everything we spoke about. I told her I worked for security and how nothing exciting ever happens. She told me she designed weapons. Then we talked about the planets we've both been to and other things, I forget,” Tama replied and seemed to try and recall their previous conversations.

“How many times did you meet?” Vegeta asked with a slight twitch of his brows.

“A dozen times,” Tama paused and looked at Vegeta in horror. “I'm not in trouble am I?”

Vegeta smirked at him, “No…but she is.”

“Oh, what did she get herself into this time?” Tama asked as though exasperated.

Vegeta resisted the urge to rip his head off, apparently Tama was all too well aware of the female's proclivity for getting into trouble. “She took something of mine.”

“Oh...well, that's Lacy for you,” Tama laughed.

“Yes…” Vegeta said as he stood and Tama jumped up to do the same. Vegeta realized that the feline male could not have been the one to help the female plant the program in the server, he wouldn't have the mental capacity to do it. Nor would he be able to keep his mouth shut. “So, you never spoke of anything...important?”

“No, it was all just nonsense, sir,” Tama replied looking relieved that Vegeta seemed to be in good mood. Tama hesitated for a second before bending down to whisper to Vegeta, “So, sir, how was it?”

Vegeta stared hard at him, “What do you mean?”

“You know,” Tama waved his hand as though to point to the obvious.

“No, I don't know,” Vegeta replied with narrowed eyes.

“Sir, how can you forget a woman like that,” Tama said wagged his eyebrows.

“What's your point?” Vegeta said calmly.

Tama grinned conspiratorial at Vegeta, “I'm just saying, I won't be forgetting that body any time soon. She had the softest skin, right?” Tama licked his lips, “Just the the thought of running my tongue down her…”

Tama began to gurgle and clawed at this throat, his eyes were large in fear. He coughed, spewing blood on Vegeta’s armor and the floor, trying to drag air into his lungs. Tama fell to his knees as he began choking on his own blood and Vegeta threw the offending bloody appendage that was once Tama's tongue loudly on the table. The whole room fell silent and watched in fear as the only sounds to fill the room was Tama's wet gasps. Vegeta smirked with evil glee as he watched the life from
male's eyes began to fade and the sounds of choking died down to soft suckling as Tama fell forward and began twitching. In moments, Tama's muscle seized up and he no longer moved as the room was left in eerie silence.

Vegeta looked up at the crowd, his smirk of satisfaction still in place. “Carry on,” he said and strolled out of the room, soldiers jumping out his way in fear. Vegeta’s spurt of bloodlust calmed him as he made his way back to his quarters. He took a deep soothing breath when he walked through the door, and as soon as he breathed out, he felt something vibrate against his chest. He reached into his armor and pulled out the card that Lacy had unknowingly given him. The odd red symbol was glowing and Vegeta frowned at it as he rubbed his thumb over it.

“Hey there!” Vegeta almost dropped the card when he heard Lacy’s voice. “Thank you for your excellent support.”

Vegeta moved to sit on his cot when he realized that it was a recorded message and continued to listen. “It's my great honor to tell you about a special event that we here at the Galactic Shadow Market will be hosting. It's time for the annual Shadow Auction! You know what that means! All your favorite toys you can't get anywhere else will be there…for the right price, of course.” Vegeta could practically see her wink.

“We'll be waiting for you on Planet Noches one month from today. Don't forget to bring this card! It will show you the way to the auction location and it's also your private invitation. See you there…” She finished with a sultry tone.

Vegeta grinned maliciously as he stared at her calling card. She just served herself on a silver platter. She finally made a mistake, one that would cost her dearly. Vegeta chuckled evilly, the time has come for him to win the war.

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! Sorry another short chapter. But don't worry, they'll meet again! Please comment!
Bulma smoothed down the front of her white silk maxi dress with a deep V-shaped neckline that plunged just below her bust. The back was cut the same way and her arms were bare, creating an illusion of almost exposing the flesh of her breasts. A sewn-in gathered sash wrapped around under her bust as though it was the only thing keeping the dress in place. The long skirt was cut up to mid-thigh of her left leg and fluttered behind her as her white sandal heels clicked while she walked along the private rafters that looked down to the auction floor that was filling in with buyers. She sighed as she gingerly touched her hair that was coiffed in a low elegant braid updo and stopped to lean slightly over the railing to glance at the glittering room below.

It was designed almost like a movie premier. The carpeting was red, the lighting soft and low, and the tables with gold tablecloth were arranged around the auction stage. Plates, tableware, napkins, and wine glasses were carefully placed and red flower pieces gave a hint of color. People mingled, talked, and intimidated one another as allies and enemies came together to this one place to buy questionable merchandise. As Bulma frowned slightly at the event, she felt a tingle at the back of her neck as though eyes were on her. She straightened and scanned the room below and then over her shoulder to the rafters, peering into the shadows for the source but she didn’t see anything or one out of place.

“You look jumpy,” a voice said beside her. She nearly leapt out of her skin and turned to see Jaco there, wearing a black cloak over his Galactic Patrol uniform.

“And you look ridiculous,” Bulma said as she glanced away from him and turned back to the event with Jaco following suit.

“I don’t know how you can stand to be in the same room as them,” Jaco said with distaste as he observed the room.

Bulma shrugged, “You get use to them.”

“I feel like you’ve gotten yourself in too deep,” Jaco said quietly.

“What are you trying to get at, Jaco?” Bulma asked with a hint of steel in her voice.

“This thing we started with Frieza, I think it’s becoming too dangerous,” Jaco said as he crossed his arms as though preparing to defend himself.

“It’s never been a problem before,” Bulma said with a dismissive wave of her hand.

“Yeah, but Frieza is coming after you now. He’s a psychopath,” Jaco said firmly.

“But he doesn’t know it’s me, does he?” Bulma scoffed.

“It might be a matter of time before he does. We should quit while we’re ahead,” Jaco replied severely.

“Jaco, we can’t,” Bulma argued.

“Yes, we can,” Jaco paused. “I’ve meaning to talk to you about this.”
“What?” Bulma turned to him.

“I think it’s time…for you to go home, Bulma,” Jaco said softly.

Bulma stared hard at him before she spoke with deceptive calm, “What did you say?”

Jaco took a step back in dread, “It’s getting too risky for you to be here.”

Bulma closed her eyes and took a deep breath before she spoke, her eyes flashing open in anger. “How dare you! You’re the one that asked me to come here in the first place! You practically begged me to join the Galactic Patrol, to help you because no one can tell their head from their ass. And now because it’s gotten a little bit ‘dangerous’ you want to pull out! I’ve been here for almost two years, I’ve seen things Jaco! And I’ve had to bottle it all up!” Bulma took a threatening step toward him, her hands in fists, shaking by her side, “I’m millions of light-years away from home, I have spent all my time with this undercover project making weapons for murderers, I hangout with said murderers, and now I have a sociopathic, genocidal maniac coming after me! I’m always in constant danger, so don’t you dare try to play the concerned, nice guy, when you’re the one that put me there in the first place!”

Bulma’s chest was heaving and had a sheen of unshed tears in her eyes. Jaco swallowed to try to get moisture in his dry mouth, “Bulma…”

“Species of all, we would like to inform you that in thirty minutes we will begin the auction. Please find your seats in that time,” a woman spoke over the room.

Bulma straightened and looked up at the ceiling to clear the moisture in her eyes. After few moments, when she was satisfied, she looked back at Jaco with a determined expression, “I have to go and you need to get out before someone sees you.” She walked away from him to go to the door that lead to the stairwell.

“Bulma!” Jaco called out as she reached the door. She placed a hand on the handle before turning back to him with a look of weariness. Jaco took a breath before speaking, “I’m sorry. I’m just worried about you. I’ve known you since you were in pigtails, and you may act strong…well, you are strong. But I know that this has been hard on you. Just…take care of yourself.”

Bulma only nodded before she slipped out the door and took her time down the stairs to calm her racing emotions. When she reached the bottom and was standing in front of the door that was between her and her undercover life, she took a deep breath before placing a winning smile on her face and stepped forward.

As soon as her presence was known, many of the guests came over to her to greet her and engage in small talk. The fifteen minute bell rang to warn everyone to get to their seats and Bulma only managed to make her way in a quarter of the room before she politely excused herself and went to her table that was to the back of the room, where she could watch the proceedings. People quickly took their seats and silent murmuring became the only sound in the room as they waited for the event to begin.

Soon, the lights in the audience dimmed and the stage was illuminated brightly as the red curtains parted and a figure walked toward to the glass podium. The auctioneer was a one-eyed, light yellow alien with large teeth and thin lips that smiled sweetly at the crowd. She had four arms and underneath her satin red gown with a poofy jellyfish skirt with red shear streamers, she had wide, circular hips that narrowed down to four slim legs and feet that were curled up like seashells. Her black, seaweed-like hair spilled over her back to the floor, dragging behind her as she floated along the stage.
She stopped at the podium and eyed the crowd, waiting for them to become entirely silent. Once she had everyone's attention, she raised all her arms dramatically and enchanted them with her sultry accent as she spoke, “Welcome to the Galactic Shadow Market Auction!” The audience quickly broke into rowdy applause and jeering and it would take several minutes for the crowd to settle back down to silence. She continued once the room was calm again, “I hope you have your special auction tablets ready as we have many amazing items for you tonight. Many of which were created by our own Lacy Bottom!”

A spotlight was shone on Bulma and she smiled widely and stood to wave at the crowd like a beauty pageant queen. Applause, shouts, and catcalls could be heard throughout the room, celebrating her appearance there. Some of the buyers there stood up out of respect for her while others shouted her name like a prayer. Bulma was finally able to sit back down after what seemed like ten minutes of uproar. As soon as the audience quieted, a large screen came down from above the stage and lit up to show the score of the bidding wars and soon the auction was on its way. Bulma watched with mild attention and the sounds in the room became background noise as she played back the conversation she had with Jaco.

She knew that Jaco was only trying to help and he did have a point, this game she was playing had become more dangerous than she had anticipated. She wouldn’t lie and say that it wasn’t fun. She was enjoying the battle of wits, especially with a certain “Destroyer of Worlds” but she did a need a moment to breathe and get away from her undercover work and battling Frieza. Her last run in Vegeta had been too close and she was afraid that he would soon put two and two together and come gunning for her. And perhaps going home for a quick spill would help her gain new ideas. She wanted to stop Frieza more than anything but she needed a fresh mind so she could stay two steps ahead of him and Vegeta.

Bulma sighed as she heard someone pull out the chair next to her and she only gave the person a glance, but quickly snapped her head back to the man sitting next to her. “How did you get in here?” She glared.

“You gave me this, remember?” The bear man from the last bar shootout held her calling card between his two fingers before slipping it back into the pocket of his ill-fitting, green suit jacket. Bulma forgot to deactivate his card and she mentally cursed at herself as his name came quickly to the forefront of her mind. She almost rolled her eyes at his poor choice of nicknames, “You need to leave before I have someone kick you out, Clawz.”

“I don’t think so, you see, I have you where I want you,” he said and Bulma felt something cold touch her side. She looked down to see an energy blast weapon in Clawz’s hand, pushing the tip against her.

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“Really? You’re going to kill me with my own weapon?” She said with an arched brow.

“Why not? Aren’t creators always brought down by their own creations?” He grinned evilly.

“How original,” Bulma replied, her voice droll. “So what, you’re going murder me, right here? You know you’re in a room full of people who like what I do…and me for the matter.”

“No, first I’m gonna hold you hostage, get my credits, and then I’ll kill you,” he said with a flourish of his hand.

“Fantastic,” Bulma said with a bored tone and felt him dig the weapon deeper into her side. She didn’t make a sound as she felt the pressure on her ribs increase, refusing to give him the satisfaction of knowing that he was hurting her.
“Don’t push me Lacy, I’m desperate,” he growled.

“Tell me something I don’t know?” Bulma said with a sigh. “Look, can we get this over with? I have things to do.”

“You damn bitch, you won’t be so confident when you’re dead,” he snarled.

“I don’t think I’ll care when I’m dead, but what do I know?” Bulma said with a one shoulder shrug.

“Hey! What are you doing to Lacy!” They heard someone yell next to them. They looked to their right to see a bipedal, black beetle-like alien in a tuxedo with large pinchers who sat next to Bulma, staring at them. He obviously saw the weapon that was jammed to her side.

“Don’t get involved, just look away,” Clawz said quietly, trying to placate the other man.

“You’re not going to hurt her,” the beetle said and turned his head to yell, “Security!”

The shout caught the attention of many of the guests and threw Clawz into a panic. He jumped out of his chair and roughly grabbed Bulma’s arm, violently pulling her to him to use her like a shield as he pointed the blaster at her temple. Bulma stayed calm, knowing any wrong move would not end well for her. “Don’t anyone move, or I’ll blow her pretty head off!” Clawz yelled, his voice cracking and shaking. The whole auction house was now drawn to them, watching the situation with rapt interest.

“What do you want, sir?” They heard the smooth voice of the auctioneer. Clawz looked over at her and dug his fingers into Bulma’s arm, which would bruise later.

“This liar sold me bad shit, I want my money back! And she had her boy toy break my arm, I want compensation!” He shouted at her as he shook Bulma.

“Very well, sir. As soon as we give you your credits, will you let Lacy go?” She asked calmly. Bulma saw his hand relax slightly on his weapon, “I’d be more than happy to.”

“Great, can we have someone get this settled so we can quickly move on,” the auctioneer said, sounding just as bored with the situation as Bulma. The crowd dithered and murmured as they grew uninterested and Clawz took a breath and lowered his weapon from Bulma as they waited.

Out of the corner of her eye, Bulma saw the beetle man shift in his chair and her eyes grew large as he suddenly lunged at Clawz. Clawz reacted quickly and shot the beetle man in the chest with his blaster. The man flew back into his chair, toppling over backwards onto the floor. The room was silent. A beautiful, gold skinned woman who had been sitting next to the beetle man, screamed at the top of her lungs.

“My husband!” She shrieked as she flew out of her seat to him, throwing herself over him and began to sob unattractively as she held his unresponsive face, while the red carpet was rapidly becoming soaked with dark green blood. After several minutes of wailing, her posture went rigid and she sat up straight, before turning to Clawz. Her pretty face was tear stained and scrunched with hatred, “You!”

The woman soon whipped out a blaster strapped to her thigh and aimed it at him and Bulma. Bulma’s eyes became large as she watched the distressed woman seemingly slowly pull the trigger. Bulma felt herself being shoved forward by Clawz and she was helpless to save herself as she watched in horror as the woman squeezed the trigger.

Bulma sucked in a breathy gasp and threw her arms up in preparation for the inevitable. She felt the heat of the energy blast pass her shoulder as she was suddenly yanked to the side and pulled back in
a hard embrace. Bulma was breathing heavily with her eyes squeezed shut and after a few seconds she slowly opened one eye and then blinked when she saw she was out of danger. She gave a sigh of relief as she put her arms down and realized someone was holding her. She looked over her shoulder and smiled thankfully at the security guard holding her. He was wearing the black, high collar military-style jacket with breast pockets and black cargo pants stuffed into to combat boots. He had fingerless gloves and a black round helmet with a black shaded visor that came down to his nose to hide his identity. But Bulma knew him from the Roman numeral on his collar.

“You certainly know how to save a girl, Ao. Remind me to kiss you later,” she winked. The man said nothing but nodded. Bulma laughed, “Quiet as ever too.”

The sound of energy blasts brought Bulma’s attention back to the situation at hand and her breath was caught in her throat when she saw the woman start shooting at Clawz, who was ducking behind guests. The woman was shooting the other patrons without a care in her quest to avenge her husband. Some of the aliens saw her energy blasts in time to jump out of the seats to take cover while the ones that didn’t, slumped in their chairs, dead. That’s when all hell broke loose. Bulma watched in horror as other patrons pulled out their own blasters and started opening fire in the golden beauty’s direction.

Ao swiftly flipped a table nearby over on its side and dove behind it with Bulma as energy blasts came their way. As Bulma went down, she witness an energy blast go between the eyes of the woman and her weapons slipped out of her lifeless hands before she flopped over her dead husband, her gold blood cascading out and mingling with his.

The sound of energy blasts, yells, and screams increased as more and more guests started grabbing their own weapons and opened fire. Bulma peered over the table and watched as the auction room became a battleground. Furniture was overturned and destroyed, some of it flying across the room in attempt to damage or harm. Bodies were beginning to scatter about from the people who didn’t make it cover fast enough. Energy blasts whizzed by in all directions while some brave souls went into the middle of the chaos to settle scores more physically with knives or fists. Everything was becoming a blur quickly and Bulma could only sit there and watch.

“Bulma! What’s going on in there?” She heard Jaco in her ear.

“Why does everyone have their panties in a twist,” she said rhetorically as she pressed down on her diamond earring that also served as her communicator, using her code word to alert Jaco.

“We’re coming, stay safe Bulma,” he said and the line went silent.

Bulma took a breath, she had to get the situation under control before everyone killed each other. Bulma realized there was something she could do and started patting herself, looking for her tablet. She froze, she left it in the control room which could only be accessed from behind the stage, on the other side of the room. Bulma observed the room, mapping out a route to the stage and then looked behind her and realized there was an emergency button for fires behind glass. Bulma quickly glanced down around her and saw a stone vase from one of the centerpieces. She grabbed it, tossing the flowers out before jumping out from her safe position and smashed the glass window with the vase. The glass shattered and she used the vase to clear any sharp shards of glass to slam her palm on the blue button.

A loud bell blared in the room and coarse powder came down like heavy snow and everyone paused as they were smothered in fire extinguishing powder. Bulma tossed the vase in her hand carelessly as she hiked up her skirt with one hand and sprinted across the room, jumping and skirting over bodies, stray weapons, and broken bits of furniture. She made it halfway when the patrons started up their rampage again, realizing that there was no threat of fire and forcing Bulma to slide underneath a
table. Bulma huffed as she crawled to the other side of the table and pulled the tablecloth up to get her bearings again. She noticed an energy blaster just arms length away and snatched it. She sat back on her knees under the table as she inspected the weapon to realize it was one of her own designs and opened a panel on its side. She swiftly reprogrammed it so that it would only stun her victims. Bulma slammed the panel close and heard it charge and hum. She looked out from underneath the table again, before taking a deep breath to prepare herself and then flew out, firing her weapon as she went by, accurately hitting her targets. She dove underneath another table, but before she could catch her breath, she realized that she wasn’t alone. She came face-to-face with Clawz. His eyes slowly enlarged when he saw her, “You!”

“Shit,” Bulma said under breath as she tried to scramble out from under the table.

Clawz rose up and threw the table away as Bulma made a run for it. She didn’t get far when she felt something cold and sharp swipe against her side, causing her to turn and fall on her back, her weapon flying out of her hand and she found herself looking up Clawz, who stood a few feet away with a large wicked knife in his hand. He smiled predatorily as he stalked over to her. Bulma made a move to stand but she tripped on the train of her dress and stumbled back down. Clawz laughed as she shuffled back away from him, trying to gain purchase on the carpet that grew slippery from the powder to get up. She almost pushed herself up and ran when Clawz brought his foot down and stomped on the train of her dress, halting her escape and sending her back down on the floor.

“I’ve been waiting to do this since that night on Planet Kiken,” he said as he licked the knife slowly, coating his tongue with her blood. Bulma felt her chest go cold and her limbs turned numb as he stepped closer, his knife in position to come down on her. Bulma tried to think what to do next, refusing to give in to this fate. She breathed in sharply when he swung his arm down to stab her.

Suddenly, he stopped. Bulma watched as he gurgled and blood dribbled out from his lips. Clawz looked down at himself and Bulma followed his line of sight to see that there was hole in chest made from an energy blast weapon. Clawz brushed his hand over the wound in confusion, covering it with his blood and brought it up to study it. Bulma panicked when she saw his eyes roll back in his head and begin to fall forward. She tried to move away, but she was still trapped underneath his foot. Just as she was getting ready for his heavy body to crush her, he was yanked back and carelessly thrown aside away from her.

Bulma closed her eyes and sighed heavily in relief. Ao was standing there with his blaster in hand. He quickly threw the blaster over his shoulder and stepped forward to grab Bulma, putting an arm around her waist to pull her along with him. He rushed them over to hide behind a rectangular column close by and ducked down with her. “Thanks again, Ao,” Bulma smiled as she moved to look around the column. She saw that the stage was only a few yards away from her, and she eyed the hidden door she knew to be there. She turned to Ao and found him studying his hand. “What’s wrong?”

Bulma grabbed his hand and saw there was blood on it, “Are you okay? Did you get hurt?” Ao shook his head slightly and moved to rest his hand on her side. Bulma looked down and saw a ragged tear in her dress, revealing a deep knife wound, her blood seeping through her gown, streaking down and brightly staining it. She looked back at Ao, “We’ll worry about that later, help me to get to the stage.”

Ao seemed to hesitate before he nodded and Bulma slapped his shoulder and smiled brightly at him, “That’s the spirit!” She turned back to the room to look for an opening, but Ao pushed her back instead. She stepped close to him to whisper in his ear, “There’s a door right in front of us at the stage, if we can get in, I can put an end to all this madness.”
Ao nodded in reply and just as he was going to make a move, there was an eruption of glass shattering as Galactic Patrol officers busted into the room through the windows. Bulma held in her sigh of relief as they moved in to shoot and stun some of the buyers, but they were given return fire and the enemies’ weapons were not as kind. Bulma tried not to let her emotions get the best of her as she watched some of the officers go down. She saw Jaco running fast, twisting and tumbling as he dodged blasts and shot his weapon. Bulma knew that he would be okay, but she still needed to stop the guests before they took out all her friends. She poked Ao in the shoulder, “We need to go now.”

Ao turned as though to look at her for a moment and nodded, he threw his arm around her waist and prepared his blaster. He ran out with her and began firing as they swiftly made their way to the stage and ducked down. He released Bulma and turned to the chaos to protect her as she worked on opening the hidden door. She pushed her palm against it and it beeped, recognizing her and slid open. She turned and tugged on Ao’s arm to let him know she was in, he turned and nodded again as she went through and he followed after. The door slid back close once they were in the dark room, muffling the noise just outside. Bulma breathed more easily as the lights came on and revealed a passage that went down to the back of the stage. They would have to crawl to get there and Bulma threw the train of her dress aside to free her legs and moved down the passage.

When Bulma reached the end, she put her palm against the wall and it beeped brightly and allowed her in. She went through and moved aside to allow Ao to come in. They were in the wings of the stage, it almost pitch black, save for a few headlights above. Bulma saw the black spiral staircase that lead up to the catwalk and took a step toward it, but her vision tilted and she put a hand to her head as she became dizzy. She felt Ao’s hands steady her and she ignored the intense burning at her side from her wound to continue moving forward and started her climb up the stairs. She ran down the narrow catwalk that lead to the control room, feeling sweat form at her temples from the strain of her injury. When she reached the door, she opened the small panel beside it and pressed in her code that granted her access. The door slid open and Bulma walked in and heard footsteps follow her, she glanced over at Ao for second to double check it was him. The room was small with the only lighting flooding in came from the auction house, and had a large control panel along the one side of the wall with windows that looked out to the auction room.

Bulma only glanced out the window for a moment to see that the shootout had grown even more chaotic with the appearance of the Galactic Patrol. She walked over to a shelf that was at the corner of the room and reached up on her tiptoes to the last shelf and grabbed her white palm-sized tablet. She felt her head grow fuzzy as she walked back to the windows while she swiftly typed and started going through programs before finally finding the failsafe she was looking for. She took a breath and pressed a button on her tablet. She looked out the window and watched as all of the patrons in the room began convulsing as they were shocked from the calling cards that she had given them all. Soon all of the patron were passed out on the ground and the Galactic Patrol officers were looking around the room in confusion before they burst into action and went to check out the damage. She could see Jaco shouting at the other officers with what she assumed was orders to arrest the buyers still living and getting a crime scene under works.

Bulma gave a massive sigh of relief as looked over to Ao to think of how she was going to deal with him, but was surprised to see him down on his knees and breathing slightly heavily. “Hey, what happened?” Bulma asked as she went to his side to check on him. She looked him over and didn’t find any signs of injury and looked at him with worry, “Are you okay?”

Ao took a breath before reaching into his breast pocket to reveal her calling card. Bulma grabbed it and looked it over, “Oh, did you take this off of someone? Sorry about that.” She giggled a little awkwardly and she realized that she had to get out before someone spotted her. “Look, I have to go, see you later!”
She winked at him and made a move to go but he reached out and grabbed her wrist, and that’s when it registered in Bulma’s mind. He wasn’t unconscious. Her device should have knocked him out cold. She looked at him in confusion, “Wait, how are you still awake?”

“It would take more than that little shock to bring me down.” Ao spoke but it wasn’t his voice, “Female.” Bulma fell back with wide eyes and watched as he removed his helmet and cold, coal-black eyes stared at her while an evil, amused smirk taunted her.

“Vegeta!” She gasped as she felt his hold on her tighten almost painfully but she ignored it. “How did you get my card?”

“You gave it to me, remember?” He said as he moved closer to her, placing his other hand down on the floor beside her to trap her.

Bulma’s brows pulled together in confusion and that’s when it hit her, she gave it to him at the night of the shootout at Planet Kiken, “Shit.”

Vegeta chuckled darkly, “For someone so clever, you can be brainless at times.”

“F*ck you!” She yelled and glared at him. And she saw it. Lust flashed in his eyes for a moment before returning to icy boredom.

“I wouldn’t lower myself by taking a whore to bed,” he said with cold calmness. Bulma snapped and swung her arm out to punch him, but her world shifted and she almost fell over when he dodged her fist and the force of it propelled her forward. She felt Vegeta quickly catch her before she could hit the ground, she slumped over his arm and she was breathing hard while her side grew cold but her body was hot. He put a hand down on her wound and she hissed in pain. “Stupid female, how can you let that overgrown fur ball do this to you?”

“Shut up,” she gritted between her teeth, too weak to give a good comeback.

“Hn,” he replied as he turned her over in his arms and she found herself looking up at him.

“Bulma, where are you?” She heard Jaco in her ear. But she couldn't respond as she and Vegeta stared at each other, waiting for the other to make their next move.

“What do you want from me?” She finally asked him.

Vegeta stared at her for a moment before he spoke with no emotion, “I want to know how you did it.”

“Did what?” Bulma forced out.

“How you managed to put Frieza in a panic,” he said, almost bored.

Bulma looked him in the eye as she spoke, “I have no idea…”

“Don’t,” he stopped her with furious eyes. “Don’t deny it. I know it’s you.”

“You don’t have proof,” she said.

“I don’t need it,” Vegeta stated.

Bulma stared hard at him, “If you’re planning on killing me, you better do it now while you can, otherwise you can just leave me to bleed out.” Her head was swimming and it was taking all her focus to stay conscious.
“You have no idea,” Vegeta started to speak coldly, causing a shiver to go up her spine. Vegeta brought his hand up to her face and she didn’t flinch from him. She wanted to look him in the eye when he took her life. Her eyes grew in surprise when he brought his forehead down on hers and he looked deep into her eyes, “You have no idea what you do to me...Bulma.”

Bulma stopped breathing as felt her chest go cold in panic and she struggled to push him off her but he pulled her into his embrace and held her close. “Why do you know my name!” She began to cry, her tears hot with fear and anger.

Vegeta rubbed her back as though to soothe her. “Hn, I have my ways, just as you do,” he said in her ear. She heard him breath in deeply as he put his face in the curve of her neck, “I wondered why when I heard your other name it sounded out of place.”

“What are you planning on doing to me?” Bulma asked as she tried to keep the pathetic sobbing out of her voice.

Vegeta kissed the spot behind her ear, as an attempt to calm her, “First, I’m going to get you medical attention and then we are going to talk.”

“I’ll kill myself before I let you or Frieza use me,” She said with heat and felt Vegeta stiffen at her words.

“I have no intention of giving you to Frieza, you are my mate,” Vegeta replied vehemently.

“What are you talking about,” Bulma said as she started to feel herself slip away.

“You will know soon enough,” Vegeta said as put an arm under her legs and stood up, carrying her bridal-style against him. Bulma wanted to protest but she couldn’t form the words as her eyelids closed without her permission. As she fell into darkness, she heard him speak against her temple. “Rest, my mate. You fought well.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it took me so long to post, I wanted to get this just right. I hope it's worth the wait!
Please leave a comment!
Vegeta glanced down at Bulma in his arms and frowned at her wound, it wasn't so deep but it hadn't stopped bleeding, which was quickly becoming a concern of his. This was not what he had expected when he came to the auction tonight. He learned that patience was key when it came to his mate and wanted to catch her off guard at the last possible moment, hoping to lure her in his disguise before he pounced. He wanted to play with her, be cruel to her at first, but after witnessing her getting attacked and subsequently injured, he threw his plans out the window.

His Oozaru had howled as he watched his mate get hurt and swiftly moved into action to save her before he could lose her. He just found his mate and he would destroy anyone who tried to harm her. After she was safe beside him did his Oozaru finally realize the logic that's she had not betrayed him, but was only doing what she felt was right and obviously had no idea what she had initiated or what she meant to him. But he planned on setting the record straight. Vegeta clutched her closer as he remembered how, within minutes, she had restored order to the situation, her mind was quick and she had executed her plan with ease. He could see how calculated she was behind her bright, big, ocean blue eyes as though she could see things that others couldn't. She was perfect.

Vegeta heard someone opening the door from the other side and quickly he shifted Bulma into one arm and grabbed the helmet to put it on, just as the door opened, revealing the auctioneer from before. She stared at him for a moment before glancing down at Bulma and frowned as she returned her attention to him.

“Come with me, quickly,” she said and raced down the catwalk. Vegeta hesitated for a second before he followed after her. She lead him down the stairs, going backstage and to a black door at the back. She opened it, revealing a small purple dressing room with mirrored vanities lining one side of the wall, while the other side had a rack of gowns and jackets. The auctioneer ran over to it to ripped a black cloak off of it and handed it to Vegeta.

“Put that on her, we need to get her out of here before the GP sees her,” she said as she went to one of the vanities and pulled out a white clutch from a drawer, while Vegeta wrapped the cloak over Bulma and pulled the hood over her face, trying not to chuckle at the irony that he was taking her away from her allies. The auctioneer handed him the clutch. “This is Lacy’s, knowing her, she probably has all she needs in here.”

Vegeta nearly grunted in affirmation but kept silent and nodded at the auctioneer slightly as she went to the back and parted a purple dressing room curtain and went to the wall to press her hand on it. He heard a soft click and a secret door opened to a dark alley.

“Take care of her,” the auctioneer said. Vegeta didn't respond as he dashed out the door, hearing the door close behind him.

Vegeta was on Planet Sucrose, it orbited a white dwarf star and was half water, half land and was a relatively normal trade planet, where many species came and went. It had its good points and bad, rendering it pretty normal and unremarkable, which was probably why the Galactic Shadow Market choose it to hold its auction. Vegeta knew the seedy parts well enough to find illegal medical aid and even with Bulma wrapped up in his arms, he would not seem out of place as he went deeper into the dark maze of the shady underbelly of the city. There he passed many people with their faces covered, a few looked over conscientious, guilt apparent in their actions. Vegeta studied them and his
surroundings carefully, wanting to be prepared for any scenario. He slid into a slim alley that forced him to press Bulma into his body tightly as he reached over and pressed a black button to a dark navy door.

It opened and Vegeta slipped in and found himself in a monochromatic sterile medical lab. The walls were checkered in black and white, while the hard floor was swirled with black and hints of silver as the ceiling mirrored the same pattern in white. In front of Vegeta were silver cabinets and he could smell the cadavers inside that almost made his nose twitch while to the right was various medical equipment that Vegeta couldn't identify. The other side had empty medical beds with black curtains for privacy and Vegeta walked over to one to gently place Bulma down. He heard a door open on the other side and a female in a navy lab coat walked in. She was doll-like in appearance, her skin was ivory white and her features seemed carved as though out of wood while her body was slim and androgynous. She had a white shaggy mop of hair, narrow black eyes that were glassy, and perfect bow lips that were a striking scarlet red. She moved almost mechanically as she approached Vegeta.

“How can I help you?” She spoke, her voice small.

“My…wife, was injured,” Vegeta replied as she approached Bulma and removed the cloak away from her body. The wound was still bleeding and the doctor grabbed gloves and gauze before moving in to clean it and revealed a long, jagged cut.

“That's quite the injury.” The doctor glanced sideways at Vegeta from the corner of her eye, “Domestic violence?”

Vegeta worked his jaw before he growled, “No.”

“No judgment here,” she shrugged as she grabbed a spray bottle and used it on Bulma. “That should keep it from getting infected.”

“Great,” Vegeta replied, annoyed with her chatty demeanor.

“Well, she'll live, but be careful with your foreplay next time. She seems…delicate,” she said as Vegeta grinded his teeth and crossed his arms to strum his fingers on his bicep to keep from strangling the doctor. She grabbed a pink aerosol spray bottle and spritz it on Bulma’s wound, creating a blue gel that adhered to Bulma’s skin and hardened, sealing the wound. “This is flexible and it should wear off as soon as she is healed. What's her species?”

Vegeta was almost taken aback by her sudden shift in subject. He looked down at his beautiful mate and frowned, “I don't know.”

“Well good thing I have some of her blood,” the doctor said as she went to the other side of the room and returned with a squeaky cart with a computer and an analysis scanner. She took one of the gauze she had used on Bulma’s wound from the trash receptacle and placed it on the scanner. She tapped on the surface on the cart, grating on Vegeta’s ears for a few minutes before the computer beeped angrily at them. The doctor squinted at the results, “Huh, that's unusual, her species isn't on here.”

Vegeta’s brows drew together, “What does that mean?”

“Well, she's obviously not from around here,” the doctor scratched her chin in thought. She glanced at him and seemed to study his form carefully, trying to peer under his helmet, “What species are you?”

Vegeta sighed as he pulled his sleeve up, “My species is nearly extinct. You can compare our DNA but I doubt it would be helpful.” Though they looked almost similar in appearance, Vegeta doubted
that he and Bulma had any common DNA, but he would humor the doctor.

The doctor grabbed a small syringe and quickly jabbed him and took a small amount of blood, which he allowed by bringing down his energy. She put his blood on the scanner and ran a comparison analysis with Bulma’s DNA. The computer beeped almost happily and she looked at the results with a careful glance. “Hmm, yes, you’re not the same species, more like a distant cousins twice removed. There are similarities though with different chromosomes and all that. If you were worried that you and your wife couldn’t have children, well I hope I can put your mind at ease, you should be okay,” the doctor muttered without thought.

Vegeta froze, “Children?”

“Yeah, have at it, maybe knocking her up will keep you from knocking her down,” the doctor waved her hand dismissively.

“You mean, we can breed?” Vegeta clarified, ignoring most of her statement.

“Oh dear, do I need to explain to you how that works? I thought you were married?” the doctor asked at him, though Vegeta stopped listening as he looked down at Bulma, the mate he never thought he find.

While he had berated Nappa about siring offspring with other species, there was less of them that Vegeta could count on one hand that they could actually breed with. Vegeta reached out his hand to gently place it on Bulma’s cheek and stroked her soft skin. He never thought he would sire offspring or had the mind to do so, but knowing it was possible, with his mate, stirred something in Vegeta’s chest. He was nowhere ready to consider offspring nor probably did Bulma, but hopefully with the threat of Frieza out of the way, he would revisit the idea. Vegeta smirked, if he had it his way they would have many offspring…or at least make many attempts to.

“Well, that’s all I can do for her, since I don’t know how she would react to medication. Just make sure she gets plenty of fluids, sustenance, and rest and she should be fine. Any questions?” the doctor rambled, bringing Vegeta out of his thoughts.

“No,” Vegeta replied as he pulled his hand away from Bulma.

The computer beeped again and the doctor glanced at it. “Hmm? You’re Saiyan? You guys are really almost extinct! And here I thought Frieza had them all working for him.” The doctor shrugged, “Imagine that. Well, I’ll just put her DNA in the database for future reference.”

The doctor moved to the computer but it rolled away from her grasp and Vegeta was in its place. His eyes looked coldly down at her before he spoke calmly, “That won’t be necessary.”

“Why?” the doctor blinked at him before there was a loud crack and her head rolled back. Vegeta released his grip on the doctor’s neck and let her drop to the floor lifelessly. He turned to Bulma and glanced at her face for a moment, checking that she was breathing before he covered her with the cloak again.

Vegeta surveyed the room and found volatile chemicals and placed them on the cart with the computer. He carefully lifted Bulma into his arms and walked toward the door before he turned around and shot a pinhead-sized ball of energy at the cart, lighting it on fire. Vegeta leisurely strolled out the door with Bulma and after he was a few blocks away, he heard a massive explosion that abruptly broke the silence. Screams and shouts soon trailed after as Vegeta smirked at the mayhem.
Hi there! Sorry for the wait! I'm still teasing out the details. I'm trying to think of new alien species, and the doctor was inspired by mechanical dolls I saw on vacation. Let me know what you think, sorry to leave you hanging! Please leave a comment, I do read them 😊
Bulma moaned as she felt her head throb and her side burn, she brought a hand to her temple to try and ward away the pain. As she began to wake, she slowly started to become aware of her surroundings. She was on a plush soft bed and the lights were low from behind her eyelids, she felt the bed dip from someone's weight and a slightly calloused hand stoke her face. Bulma forced her eyes open and blinked a few times, her vision slowly coming into focus and found herself staring into jet-black eyes.

On instinct, she panicked and took a swing at Vegeta. He caught her fist easily and she struggled as he pushed her down with his own body and pinned her arms over her head on the bed. She heard him chuckle amusedly over her, “A fighter as ever, that's my mate.”

Bulma glared up at him, seeing his signature smirk across his face, “That's the third time you said that, what does that mean?”

“It means you're mine,” he said as she stroke the inside of her wrist with his thumb.

“I don't belong to anyone!” She yelled.

Vegeta only seemed to grow more amused with her words, “Don't misunderstand, it also means I belong to you.”

Bulma gave him a confused look, “What the hell are you going on about? And get off me!”

Vegeta tilted his head at her, “And how will I know you won't try to run?”

“Does it look like I can even move?” Bulma said with an arched eyebrow.

“Hn,” Vegeta replied as he pulled away, releasing his grip on her.

Bulma looked down at herself and sighed in relief when she saw she was still in her dress, “At least you didn't go obsessive super evil villain and change my clothes while I slept.”

Vegeta's brows drew together, “Why would I do that?”

“It always happens in the stories,” Bulma said.


“You know what, never mind,” Bulma said as she took in the room she was in.

It was a large hotel suite room with soft gray walls and gold trim edging, while the carpet was a soft eggshell blue with white flowers where the petals bloomed to gold edges. Seamless windows wrapped around half of the corner room, leading to gold balcony and a night view of a beach. In front of the queen-size bed that Bulma laid on was a small seating section with two stone gray sofas facing each other and a dark, circular wood table between them. To the right of the bed was a small kitchen alcove with a gray marble countertop that had a two-burner stove and a black bowl sink. The cabinets were also a dark wood and a gold refrigerator was built-in underneath the sink. The lighting in the room came from two gold lamps with the same eggshell blue lantern lamp shades with gold
swirls that sat on dark wood side tables. Bulma looked over to her left and saw two gray doors, one she assumed led to the bathroom and the other was the entrance...and exit.

“You've been out for two days,” Vegeta said as he watched her carefully.

Bulma snapped her head over to him, “Two days!”

Vegeta flinched slightly at the sound, “You had a fever.”

“Great,” Bulma said and she laid back on the bed and started at the ceiling, she blinked at her reflection in the mirrored ceiling. She didn't want to think about what they were for, she wanted to think about how she was going to get out. But she needed to know what Vegeta intended to do with her. “What now?”

“You need to eat,” he said as he stood and walked over to the kitchen alcove, turning his back on her. Bulma glanced at him before squeezing her eye shut and took a deep breath to sit up, feeling the wound stitch at her side. She sat there for a moment, listening to Vegeta move about in the kitchen before she gave him another glance and carefully shifted her legs as to not make any noise over the side of the bed. She put her feet down on the soft carpet and tested her weight on her legs and she moved to stand. She gave mental sigh of relief when she didn't collapse on the floor and slowly backed way toward the door, keeping Vegeta in sight. When she halfway there and Vegeta had not moved from his task, she turned and ran toward the door. Just as she was about to touch the gold doorknob, she was gently snatched up by a strong arm and she reached into the front of her sash to grab her device but came up empty.

“Looking for this?” Vegeta's voice rumbled in her ear and brought his other arm around to show her his open palm with her high frequency sonic device. She jumped slightly when he nipped her ear with his teeth, “I didn't do anything untoward, but I'm on to your tricks...Bulma.”

Bulma sharply sucked in air at hearing her name coming from his lips, “How do you know my name?”

Vegeta tucked the device into his black battle suit before he moved to put his arm under her knees and lift her up. She gasped and threw her arms around his neck for support and he looked at her as though pleased that she was touching him. He started at her for a moment with a playful glint in his eye, “When I came to the auction, I came early to put on my disguise and I immediately sought you out.” He turned and walked toward the bed and smirked, “Of course you are not hard to find and I followed you all evening. You didn't even notice and I happened to hear an interesting conversation between you and that Galactic Patrol officer.”

Bulma sharply sucked in air at hearing her name coming from his lips, “How do you know my name?”

Vegeta put her on the bed gently, “You shouldn't concern yourself, I was the only one who heard,” Vegeta said walked over to the kitchen and brought over a bowl of soup and a glass of water.

“Yeah, and I'm sure it's something Frieza would like to know after you hand me over to him.” Bulma raised her arms up in emphasis, “Well, what are you waiting for? Take me to your fearless leader.”

“I'm not taking you to Frieza,” Vegeta said as he put the soup down on the table beside her and held the glass of water to her. “Drink.”

She eyed him suspiciously before she took it and took a small sip as he stood over her with his arms crossed, studying her closely. She felt the cool water soothe her parched mouth, giving her more
freedom to speak, “And why aren't you?”

“Because you are my mate,” Vegeta said. She glared at him again when she heard that word. He sighed, “I know, and I will explain later. But first you will eat.”

Vegeta reached over and grabbed the soup to hand it to her. Bulma reluctantly took it and made a face when she swirled the thick green sludge and lifted the spoon up and watched as some of it fell off the spoon and splat back into the bowl. “What is it?”

“It's edible and will restore your strength,” he said stoically though Bulma caught his eyebrow twitch in amusement.

Bulma took a breath before she took a spoonful and sipped a small taste. “Well, it tastes better than it looks,” she grimaced. Vegeta said nothing as he moved away and opened a drawer at the side table and brought out her white clutch.

“The auctioneer gave me this. I went through it but I only found your makeup and this,” Vegeta said as he pulled out a capsule from her family's company.

Bulma swallowed her soup loudly when she saw it, “That's...”

“Before you lie to me, try to make it more convincing. For an undercover agent, you show too many expressions,” Vegeta interrupted forcefully.

Bulma sighed, “Click it and toss it on the floor.”

Vegeta studied her face for a moment, looking for deceit in her words before clicking the top of the capsule and gingerly tossing it. There was a poof of pink smoke and on the floor appeared a box. Vegeta's brows rose in the air in surprise, his jaw slightly slack, “What?”

“It's a capsule, you can use them to store things,” Bulma shrugged as she took another sip of soup.

“What do you have inside?” Vegeta asked as he approached the box.

“Clothes and other capsules that have medical supplies, snacks...weapons and vehicles,” Bulma looked at the box thoughtfully with the tip of the spoon against her lips. “I always bring it in case of emergencies.”

Vegeta said nothing as he opened the box and saw a little white box on top of her clothing. He opened the box up to see six capsules inside and labeled in language he hadn't seen before. He traced his finger over the lettering, “What planet are you from?”

Bulma didn't look at him as she stirred her soup in thought, “My planet is far from here, it's insignificant and has no real value. We haven't even figured out space travel.” Bulma looked at him and grinned with pride, “Except for me of course.”

“So you won't tell me?” Vegeta's voice was low with warning.

Bulma's eyes flashed in challenge, “No.”

Vegeta was mesmerized by her for a moment before he smirked, “Hn, it seems like I have a stubborn mate.”

Bulma frowned, “Stop calling me that.”

Vegeta ignored her as he inspected the capsules in the box, “Tell me what each one contains.”
“The first one is food, the second is medical supplies, and the other three are weapons, a hover bike, and a hovercraft. Don't open those, they're too big to be in this room,” Bulma explained as she put the soup down on the table.

Vegeta clicked the first one and tossed it and a mini refrigerator appeared and Vegeta only gave it a glance before clicking the second one and a red tool box with a white cross on the top appeared. He opened it and carefully shifted through the contents, putting things back in place after examining them. The labels this time were in the Universal Language and he saw nothing out of the ordinary. He nodded when he was satisfied that he saw nothing suspicious and that she was telling the truth.

“Perhaps food from your own planet will help you recover faster,” Vegeta said as he turned back to her.

She looked at him for a moment, “I want to shower first.”

Vegeta only nodded in response and Bulma shifted off the bed and went to grab her clothes and took the medical box with her into the bathroom. She opened the door and leaned against it as she closed her eyes to clear her fuzzy brain. She opened them to see a large room with the floors, walls, and countertops covered in red marble. The vanity counter to the right took up the whole side of the wall with mirrors and soft lighting from above and black bowl sink. There was a shower to the left with clear doors and multiple shower heads coming from different angles next to a small countertop. A large square tub rose up in the middle of the room, also in the same red marble and had a remote for different bubble options and it looked out to the windows that also had a view of the beach. Bulma looked up to see the same mirrored ceiling as in the main room, but quickly glanced away and Bulma walked over to the vanity to put her clothes and medical box down. She eyed the windows before walking over to them. She saw that they were high up, and by her guess on the fifth floor.

She dismissed the view and walked back to the vanity, her body feeling heavy while her head was weightless. She looked at herself in the mirror and was startled by her appearance. Her hair had come down at some point and it was oily and tangled, while her complexion was paler than usual and dark circles were under her eyes. She noticed that her earrings were missing, her only way of communicating with Jaco. No doubt the work of Vegeta. “He's getting smarter,” Bulma mused.

She sighed before reaching back and pulling down the zipper of her dress. It pooled to her bare feet and Bulma glanced at her body in the mirror. She had a bruised handprint from where Clawz had grabbed her arm as well as other minor bruising. Her hips, knees, and legs looked worse from diving under tables and trying to escape from Clawz. Bulma then saw the knife wound on her side, she looked down on herself and touched the blue spongy gel that sealed it in. She noticed that it was bumpy and jagged in some places, “What a hack job.”

She opened the medical box and pulled out an aerosol spray can and used it on the blue gel. She grabbed one of the red towels that were neatly folded by the vanity and cleaned it off. Bulma took a closer look at the wound and found that it had become inflamed and pus was seeping out, she wrinkled her nose at it and quickly grabbed gauze and antibacterial solution to begin cleaning it up. She hissed in pain as she had to dig into the cut to remove the pus and when she finished, she grabbed a cream to prevent infection and scarring, her own creation, and spread it on. She grabbed another aerosol spray can and carefully sprayed the contents on her skin, creating a neat pink seal. It dried within moments and she fished through her box and found her pill box of antibiotics and pain medication. She looked at it for a moment and decided against the pain medication to keep her thoughts steady and took only the antibiotics. She put a couple pills in her mouth and turned on the sink to swallow some water to wash them down.

Bulma looked over at the shower and peeled off the white silicone adhesive bra cups that protected
her modesty and white lacy panties before she moved to the shower. She stepped into the shower and turned it on to be gently blasted with hot water. Bulma groaned as the water hit her, feeling the tension leave her body. She stood there for a few moments before she started to wash up, taking her time to massage her aching body as she went. Bulma glanced up and froze, over the shower, between the stall and the counter was ventilation grate, big enough to let someone her size through. Bulma’s mind raced as she saw a solution to her problem.

She finished washing and left the shower on as she stepped out and dried herself off. She tiptoed over to her clothes and threw on her undergarments, jeans, and black t-shirt. She quickly brushed her hair and found a complimentary hair tie and tied it up into a messy bun. Bulma quietly looked through her medical box and found a flashlight and tiny thumb-sized syringe which she filled with the anesthetic she located. She recapped the syringe and placed it in her bun, hiding it in her hair and hoping that she wouldn't have to use it on anyone in her attempt to escape.

Bulma stuffed the flashlight in her pocket as she grabbed the aerosol can that she used to remove the gel and walked over to the counter next to the shower and climbed on top of it. She examined the grate and saw that it was pretty easy to remove and took the spray can to spritz the contents around the edges. Bulma looked over at the door and waited for a moment to make sure Vegeta hadn’t heard and came in, before she reached up and slipped the grate off, not making a noise as the substance worked to lubricate the surface. Bulma arms strained a little as she put the grate down with care and she looked at the opening. She took a deep breath before she jumped up and bit her lip to keep silent as she pulled herself up into the vent.

She wiggled in and pulled out her flashlight to turn it on and peer into the darkness. She saw that there was two turns, one lead outside to a drop and the other she assumed was the continuation of the ventilation duct system that ran along the walls. Bulma used her arms to push herself further in and turned left to find another room to escape to. Bulma tried to stay quiet as possible as she moved along the ducts, weaving in between the walls so if Vegeta saw what she had done, he would not locate her so easily.

When she felt she was a good distance away did she move to a bathroom grate. She peeked through the bars and found that the bathroom was empty before she slipped her fingers through the wide mesh and pushed with all her might. She felt the grate give way and she held on it to make sure she didn't drop it. She slid the grate down the wall until her arms could go no further before she let go of it. It made small noise as it landed on the countertop and Bulma sighed in relief when it didn't fall over. Bulma saw that the layout of that bathroom was almost the same as the bathroom she left and used the shower wall to help pull herself out of the vent.

After she was safe on the ground, she walked over to the bathroom door and pressed her ear against it. She didn't hear anyone and proceeded to open the door slightly. Bulma took a deep breath when she visually confirmed that she was alone and went to the entrance door to only open it an inch to look out. Bulma saw no one in the hallway and left the room. She quickly found the staircase that was next to the elevator and weighed her options, if she took the stairs, Vegeta may not believe she would do so to due her injury but he might catch her easily, but the elevator was quicker, though the most obvious choice.

Bulma nodded to herself when she made her choice, she looked down the hallway as she opened the door to the stairway. It was silent and there was no sign of Vegeta. She let out a breath as she stepped through the door and turned into a hard wall. She bounced off it a little and looked up into Vegeta’s face. Her eyes went wide when she saw his smirk and then turned to run, but of course he was quicker and scooped her up easily, strolling away as though on a leisurely walk in a park.

Switching tactics, Bulma started screaming at the top of her lungs, “Let go of me, you brute!”
Vegeta chuckled as she continued to scream and started punching him ineffectively. One of the room doors open and an purple feathered alien with a sharp beak and beady eyes in a bathrobe peered around the door. Vegeta smirked at him, "My wife and I are playing a game, I hope we didn't disturb you."

The man nodded at Vegeta in understanding and chuckled, "Quite alright." The man sighed as he went back to his room, "Ah, to be young again."

Bulma growled as she stopped struggling and started to pant from the exertion, "I'm going to murder you!"

Vegeta nuzzled her cheek, "Such a bloodthirsty female."

Bulma huffed at him, "You say that like it's a good thing."

Vegeta gave her a feral grin, "It is."

"Kami, you're weird," she replied as he entered their room.

"I'm Saiyan, and we males enjoy feisty females," Vegeta said as he closed the door with his foot and walked to the bed to lay her down.

Bulma glared at him, "I'm sure there are tons of feisty women in the universe, go find one of them."

Vegeta frowned as he sat beside her, "No, there is only you."

"What does that mean?" Bulma shrieked.

Vegeta sighed heavily through his nose, "As I said before, I am a Saiyan and our species is known for harboring the power of the Oozaru, the Great Ape."

"O...kay," Bulma replied, not sure how his reply answered her question.

Vegeta reached down and grabbed one of her hands to examine it before he started to massage it and continued speaking, "During the night of a full moon, we change into the Oozaru. We become the Great Ape."

Bulma said nothing as her thoughts strayed to Goku, he had turned into a large monkey and nearly killed her and their friends. He also had a tail like Vegeta. She wanted to ask him but she had a feeling that it would not be a good idea to have him interested in coming to her planet. "So you actually change into a large ape?"

Vegeta looked up at her, "Yes, I have control over mine. Perhaps I'll show it to you one day."

Bulma tried not shiver at the memory of being nearly squashed by Goku, "You don't need to."

"Hn," he replied as he continued massaging her hand. "My Oozaru is why you are now my mate."

"Excuse me?" Bulma blinked at him.

"That night on Planet Kiken, the moon was almost full and my instincts were heightened as my Oozaru was coming to the surface. For Saiyans, that night is a time to fight to prove our strength…or to mate," Vegeta explained and Bulma thought she saw his cheeks become a bit pink at that last part. She found it unusual that he would blush at talking about sex, considering all the times he freely touched her. He seemed as innocent about as she was, but it didn't stop her from shying away from the topic.
“You're telling me you either want to fight or fuck?” Bulma asked, purposely loud.

Vegeta turned pinker at her words, “Vulgar, but yes.”

“And what, you're Oozaru wanted you to ‘mate’ with me?” Bulma asked with an arched brow.

“It's not that simple, the mating ritual is initiated by the female. A male cannot do so, it is the female's choice, though we males will use fighting to show our potential as a strong mate,” Vegeta explained as he marveled at how tiny her hand was in his.

“You're saying I initiated you're Saiyan mating ritual at just the right time? How is that possible? I don't even know what I did!” Bulma protested in disbelief.

“You challenged me,” Vegeta said as he put her hand down and moved to grab the other.

“You said that before too, how?” Bulma asked quietly.

Vegeta looked at her intensely, “When you threw down your tablet out of anger, you garnered my attention. You made your posture wide and big when you put your hands on your hips and puffed up your chest. And then you walked toward me with aggression, your eyes were fiery, and your words biting…I've never seen anything as beautiful as you in that moment.”

Bulma ignored that last part, “I got angry and it turned you on? That doesn't make sense.”

“You're body language called out to my Oozaru the Saiyan way and I accepted,” Vegeta said as he took her hand and nuzzled her palm.

Bulma blinked at him, “Wait, did you just say accepted? You mean you could have rejected?”

“The male can accept or reject, but an Oozaru knows its mate,” Vegeta spoke into her palm.

“Mate? As in…wife? Significant other?” Bulma clarified.

“Yes,” Vegeta stated.

“And you just knew I was your wife?” Bulma wanted to scream at the illogical explanation he was giving but at the same time it sounded…almost romantic.

“Yes, I didn't reject you because I saw you as my equal. You are intelligent and strong willed, and you don't cower before me,” Vegeta said a he kissed the tip of her thumb.

“I still don't see why you didn't reject, couldn't you have mated with some Saiyan woman instead?” Bulma asked flippantly.

Vegeta’s eyes darkened, “There are no female Saiyans, we're all but extinct.”

“Oh,” Bulma could merely reply.

“But even if there were, they could not be my mate. There is only you,” Vegeta said as he kissed her palm this time.

“You don't know that,” Bulma argued.

“I do,” Vegeta stated as though a fact.

“There's no way to undo it?” Bulma asked carefully.
Vegeta smirked darkly at her, “No.”

Bulma puffed out a breath of air in frustration and looked at him as he inhaled her skin at her wrist, “Why do you keep touching me?”

“To comfort you,” Vegeta replied.

Bulma stared at him for a moment, “How did you figure out where I was?”

Vegeta grinned at her, “My hearing is greater than most species and once I knew where you went, I thought how you would think to outmaneuver me. And I was right.”

“Great, you are getting smarter,” she said enthusiastically.

“Hn,” Vegeta replied.

Bulma studied him carefully and he seemed docile at the moment, something she could maybe use her advantage. She sat up to get closer to him and he watched her without giving away his thoughts. “So you said I'm your wife, what do we do now?”

“If we were both Saiyans we would be...mating by now,” Vegeta’s blush returned.

“Oh?” Bulma said as she leaned closer to him and saw him stiffen slightly but she saw the interest in his eyes.

“But I will not force all my Saiyan culture on you,” Vegeta said, though he looked hypnotized as she scooted into him, her face only a few inches away.

“How thoughtful of you,” she said as started closing in on him.

“You are my mate, I will take care of you,” Vegeta replied and for a brief second he paused before grabbing her to close the small space between them and took her lips with his.

Bulma’s breath escaped her when their lips touched, she felt sparks as he conquered her mouth and he pushed her down on the bed. Bulma felt her body growing hot when she felt his hard chest pressed against her and she tried to keep her head on straight as she reached up to pull her hair down in a rouse to grab the syringe. Bulma wrapped her arms around Vegeta and though she didn't need to fake it, she moaned loudly into his mouth to hide the sound of uncapping the syringe. She felt his tongue lick her lips and she complied and opened for him, he swiftly swept his tongue into her mouth and Bulma used her own to battle with his. As the kiss intensified, Bulma waited for the right moment and brought her hand down to stab him with the syringe.

But her hand was trapped a mere inch from his neck by Vegeta’s hand. Vegeta chuckled into her mouth and slowly pulled his lips away from her and nipped her bottom lip. She glared at him as he smirked down at her and brought her hands over head to pluck the syringe from her. He studied it for moment before destroying it with his ki.

“That's my mate,” he grinned at her with pride before pushing himself down to kiss her forehead. Bulma said nothing as her head was starting to feel dizzy from all her exertions. Vegeta noticed her distress and frowned, “You pushed yourself too hard.”

“A girl's gotta do, what a girl's gotta do,” she said as she started to pant.

Vegeta said nothing as he put his hand on her forehead, “You have a fever again.”
“I'll be fine, just let me go,” Bulma pleaded.

“No, you will stay here with me and rest,” Vegeta said as he released her. He moved to the other side of the bed and laid next to her before pulling her into his arms. Bulma didn't fight him as she felt her body chill and his warmth called out to her. Vegeta kissed her temple as she felt herself drifting off, “Sleep mate, and we can play again.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait! I hope you'll enjoy it. Please tell me how I'm doing
“Tell me, mate, is Tama your agent on the inside of Frieza's ship?” Vegeta's voice caressed Bulma's ear from behind.

Vegeta was sitting against the headboard of the bed and Bulma was sitting between his legs with her back facing him, reading a book while he was combing her hair gently, a habit he started after Bulma woke from her escape attempt four days ago. Bulma decided to wait and heal before she attempted to escape again and also learn more about Vegeta to arm herself. She was being docile for now, playing house with him until she made her move. She was slightly worried about her next step because aside from when they had to shower, he never left her side, taking care of her needs from feeding her to helping her clean her wound. But he didn't try anything inappropriate or attempt to kiss her again, though he had started slowly increasing his small touches every day, something she strangely allowed.

He often tried to ask her questions not only about her undercover work and her rebel movement against Frieza, but also her planet, life, family and personal tidbits like her favorite color or her hobbies. When he did, she would either be closed lipped or give him the shortest vague answer possible. She could see the frustration in his eyes but he never got angry with her and tried to change tactics by changing the subject. But little by little, he was slowly charming her and Bulma needed it to stop before she found herself falling for him. And despite his proclamations that she was his wife, his mate, she was very wary of him. She wasn't sure if this was a ruse to get her to trust him so that he could later take her to Frieza. It was a shame, she would have liked talking to him as he was very intelligent and not only that but he was the most dangerous, handsomest bad boy in the universe, something that made Bulma weak in the knees. And here he was, running his fingers through her blue locks as he softly brushed them, being taken in by the color and softness.

Bulma snorted at his question, “Tama couldn't find his tail.” She looked up from her book to turn back to look at Vegeta, “Why are you bringing him up?”

“I spoke with him after I saw images of you interacting with him,” Vegeta replied, surprising her with his honesty.

“Now I'll have to find those pictures and destroy them all,” Bulma muttered to herself.

“If he isn't your mole, why did you speak to him?” Vegeta asked.

Bulma narrowed her eyes at him, “He was an easy target, which I assume you know by now.”

Vegeta smirked, “I just want confirmation.”

“I used him for information on Frieza's weapons,” Bulma shrugged as she returned to her book.

She jumped slightly when he nipped her ear lightly, another habit of his when he was a bit displeased with her or was feeling playful...or a combination of both. “I know there's more your not telling me, female,” he whispered in her ear and Bulma had to force herself to reject her physical desire to lean into him.

She scoffed, “I don't see why I should tell you anything.”
Bulma heard him purr as he nuzzled her neck, habit three when she would “challenge” him as he would put it, though sometimes he would enact habit four, infuriating her to get to habit three. She shivered when she felt his warm breath on her neck and he placed his hands on her hips to hold her in place, but then he stilled. “He said he touched you,” Vegeta said with deceptive calmness.

“Who did?” Bulma asked, her voice coming out breathy as her eyebrows came together in confusion.

“Tama,” Vegeta growled.

Bulma blinked before she broke into uproarious laughter. She felt Vegeta's hands tighten on her hips and growled in warning, but she ignored him as she couldn't contain herself, clutching her stomach as her boisterous laughs bounce of the walls. She started to calm when she felt her side stitch in pain and tears rolled down her face. She wiped them away, “Oh, I haven't laughed so hard in a while.”

“Bulma,” he said sternly in her ear.

Bulma sighed to catch a moment to answer, “No, he never touched me.”

“Good,” Vegeta sounded pleased as he kissed the spot behind her ear, habit five when he was super pleased.

Bulma tilted her head in thought, “Well, not unless you count my feet.”

Vegeta became still as stone at her words, “Your feet?”

Bulma shook her head in disbelief, “Yeah, he has a foot fetish, it was so weird!” Bulma shuddered in disgust, “Ugh, and I let him lick my toes.”

“He won't have the opportunity to do that anymore,” Vegeta said into her neck.

“Like I would let him,” Bulma huffed. She then realized something, “Wait! Did he say we did something together? That asshole! He used to tell stories about being such a stud when he was just sucking toes! He's more of a virgin then I am! I swear to Kami I'm going to neuter him!”

“You're untouched?” Vegeta asked softly.

“Is that all you got from that? What? Now you want to take my V-card to prove your such a man?” Bulma said in a scathing tone.

“I will not force myself on you. It is your choice when we take the next step. I only wanted to know if there were any males I needed to eliminate,” Vegeta said darkly as he brushed her hair to one side.

Bulma paused, “Wait...did you kill Tama?”

“Hn, of course you would figure it out,” Vegeta said as he breathed in her scent.

Bulma froze for moment before sighing, “He said something to you that you didn't like, didn't he?”

“Yes,” Vegeta spoke into her neck

“Well, he had a big mouth, if wasn't you, it would have been someone else. I'm surprised he survived this long,” Bulma mused.

“Hn,” Vegeta replied as breathed her in again.
“Why do you keep doing that?” Bulma asked.

“What?”

“Always sniffing me?” Bulma clarified as she looked at him from the corner of her eye.

“I'm learning your scent,” he replied making intense eye contact with her.

“Is this another Saiyan thing?” Bulma asked, trying not to get lost in his gaze.

“Yes,” Vegeta replied, leaning in slightly closer to her.

“Shouldn't you know it by now? You do this all the time,” Bulma said, though out of observation rather than complaint.

Vegeta chuckled softly, “I do, but there is nothing more pleasing to a Saiyan male then his mate's scent.”

“Great,” Bulma sighed and looked away before he could close the gap between them.

Vegeta sighed heavily through his nose in resignation before he spoke again, “Though most Saiyan females would try to claw their mates' eyes out for attempting to get so close, you've allowed me to touch you without complaint.”

“Don't give me any ideas,” Bulma said as went back to her book. “If you're going to complain about it, you can find another mate.”

Vegeta chuckled evilly at her words, “Nice try. But I enjoy the fact that I can touch you without physical violence from you,” Bulma could feel his smirk on her skin. “Though a small, physically weak female like you couldn't hurt me if you tried.”

Bulma snapped her head around to glare at him, “If I wanted, I could have you begging for mercy without the help of physical strength, you beast.”

Vegeta purred in response to her biting words as he rubbed his face into her neck. Bulma cursed herself for allowing herself to be baited again so easily, he was learning very quickly how to get under her skin. He paused his actions for a moment, “Your scent is intoxicating, I smell your soft femininity but I can't place this other smell you carry. It's something I've not smelt before.”

Bulma decided to ignore that first part and tilted her head in thought, “Can you describe it?”

“Sweet,” Vegeta said as he grazed his teeth across her skin, causing chills to snake up her spine. “A fruit perhaps.”

“Maybe...” Bulma went into her thoughts and slapped Vegeta's hands away to get off the bed. He growled slightly but allowed her to move and she went to get her capsule with her food. She had capsulized it again, not wanting to use her earth food quite yet. She clicked and tossed and her refrigerator appeared out of pink smoke. She opened it and rummaged through the contents. “Ah, here it is.”

Bulma pulled out a bowl and walked over to the bed, climbing on top to sit close to Vegeta and put the bowl in front of him. “These are called strawberries,” Bulma said as she settled into the bed.

Vegeta blinked at the foreign word before reaching over to grab one of the berries between his fingers and examined it. He slowly brought it to his nose to smell it and his eyes widened before
snapping over to her. “This is your scent,” he said in awe.

Bulma giggled in mirth, “They’re my favorite, go figure.”

Vegeta turned the strawberry in his fingers, “This is also the symbol on your card.”

“Yep, and no one else knows, so keep my secret would ya,” Bulma winked at him while smiling at him playfully.

Vegeta stared at her hard, “That's the first time.”

Bulma frowned, “First time for what?”

“For you to smile at me,” Vegeta said, almost like a pout.

“Oh,” Bulma said but quickly switched back to topic. “Well, aren't you going to try it?”

Vegeta eyed her suspiciously and Bulma rolled her eyes before she leaned over to grab his hand and took a bite from the strawberry. She exaggerated in swallowing it, “See?” She grinned mischievously, “What? Are you afraid of little old me, bad man?”

“Hn,” Vegeta replied as he took a bite from the strawberry in his hand. He blinked for a moment to snap his gaze to her with a look of surprise.

Bulma smiled, “It's good, right?”

Vegeta finished the strawberry before moving the bowl aside, Bulma stared at him in confusion. There was a naughty glint in his eye, “It was good, but not as sweet as you.”

Bulma didn't get any other warning as she was tackled flat on the bed and Vegeta claimed her lips with his savagely. Bulma let out a breath in shock as Vegeta grabbed her hands and pinned them above her head, deepening the kiss and took advantage of her surprise by slipping his tongue between her lips. Bulma’s logical side fled as she moaned into his mouth when she tasted his rich spiciness and the lingering flavor of the strawberry on her tongue and she felt his chest rumble against her in response. He slowly pulled away to lick her lips before sucking on her bottom lip for a moment and then moved to kiss the corners of her mouth. Bulma moved her head to try to capture his lips, but he moved away and Bulma mewed in complaint as she started panting from his assault.

Bulma looked up into his expressionless face, he was stroking the inside of her wrists with his thumbs, his eyes looking at her expectantly. It hit her, he was waiting for confirmation from her to continue. Reality seeped in and the logical part of her returned, the feeling of being doused with a bucket of icy water came over her and cooled her ardor. Vegeta must of seen it on her expression and for a moment she thought she saw sadness in his eyes before he reluctantly let her go with a cold expression in place. He rolled off her to sit beside her as she laid there and turned her head away to avoid looking at him, trying to calm her racing heart while she felt him studying her.

“Bulma,” he said softly. “As I said before, the choice is yours. I know you don't trust me yet, but I'll wait, no matter how long it takes.”

She felt him grab her hand and placed a kiss on her wrist in an effort to reassure her. Bulma said nothing and closed her eyes as he massaged her hand and felt his intense stare. She heard a beep and Vegeta growl as he moved to grab his personal tablet he left on the bedside table. She glanced at him and saw him reading something with a mask of indifference. He sighed through his nose and turned back to the table to open the drawer to pull out a gold bracelet. He grabbed her wrist and put it on her before she could protest, she heard a cheerful beep after he clasped it on her.
“What the hell did you do?!” She shrieked as she sat up.

Vegeta smirked evilly at her, pleased that her fiery spirit had returned, “This is a tracker, I will know if you leave.”

Bulma snatched her wrist from his grip, “A tracker! What am I, a dog! You planned this from the beginning, didn't you! Fuck you, Vegeta!”

“Hn, eventually,” he grinned wickedly at her and she sputtered in outrage as she watched him stand and walk away with his tablet in hand.

“And where the fuck are you going!” Bulma yelled as she threw her legs over the bed.

“I have errands to run, I'll see you in a few hours,” he said as he opened the door. He took a step before halting, turning back to look at her and licked his lips, “Oh, and I was right, you are sweeter than strawberries.”

Bulma let out an outraged shriek, “Get out, you animal!” She grabbed her book and chucked it at him with all her might, but he was already out the door, chuckling when the book hit the door.

Bulma growled as she flopped back on the bed and stared at her reflection in the mirrored ceiling. This had to end. That last kiss had her worried because she didn't want him to stop. And if she was being honest with herself, she could feel herself rapidly warming up to him. She wanted to believe that he only wanted her in the interest of romance, but he worked for Frieza. And Vegeta had a reputation for being cunning, ruthless, and bloodthirsty, he would do just about anything to get what he wanted, and she had no doubt that included her.

Bulma made her decision, she had to leave before it was too late and her heart paid the price. Bulma rubbed her chest to soothe the strange pain in her heart and sat up to get off the bed. She sighed as she went to the refrigerator and opened it, bending down to push in the bottom part of the fridge. A secret compartment popped open and Bulma pulled it out, revealing a capsule that held her tools and devices. She picked it up and held it close against her chest as she closed her eyes to prepare herself. It was time to leave this life behind and Vegeta, forever.

Vegeta strummed his fingers on his bicep as he impatiently waited for the elevator at the hotel lobby, he just received word from Nappa that Frieza was getting antsy and was asking for him. “Tch,” Vegeta cursed, he wasn't due back for another two weeks. He knew he shouldn't keep Frieza waiting but he wanted to be with his mate and decide the best way to protect her from Frieza. The elevator bell rang, forcing Vegeta out of his thoughts and he wrinkled his nose when overpowering perfume hit him square in the face.

A matronly female in a tight dress that hugged her slightly overweight figure stepped off the elevator. She had wrinkly, light blue skin, a pig snout, and sharp teeth. Her pink hair was styled into a pointy bun and her eyes were hidden by sunglasses despite being inside a building. She wobbled on high heels as she walked but stopped briefly when she saw Vegeta and made a face of disgust as she dismissed him. She walked with her head held high as she went past and Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her.

He smirked when he saw the matronly female trip on the gold carpet and stumbled ungracefully into
a janitorial cart. The janitor, dressed in a high collared, yellow jumpsuit and matching hat covering the majority her face, came around the cart when she heard the commotion. The matronly female turned on the janitor and started digging into her, the janitor raised her hands up to placate her and bumped into the cart, which rolled away and smacked into a female who had her back to them, who had been studying the hotel floor chart. The female was wearing a racer red leather jacket and matching mini skirt with a black corset, fishnet tights held by garders, and knee high boots. Her skin was glittery gold and her red hair was in a short bob. She stumbled when the cart bumped into her and she threw her hands up to catch herself on the wall. Vegeta shook his head at the inanity as the elevator door shut.

He found himself feeling anxious as the elevator opened to floor of his hotel room. His mate didn't trust him. No matter what he did to put her at ease, she deflected or ignored it and was being very stubborn and strong-willed. And although it frustrated him, he respected and adored those traits about her. She didn't fear him but he saw the wariness in her eyes as they calculated his every word and action. He knew she was attracted to him as she responded to his small touches, her eyes dilating, her breath coming in short, her body turning hot, and scent sweeter. However she never succumbed to him, and while he loathed the fact the reason was due to his involvement with Frieza, he couldn't begrudge it as it was how he was able to meet his mate in the first place.

Vegeta paused in front of the door where his mate awaited him, he could only hope time would give him the answer in securing her trust. He put the key card to the door scanner and allowed himself in to only freeze and drop his key card. Bulma was sitting on the bed, wearing a dress that had a silvery strapless, sweetheart neckline bodice sewn into a dark gold pink ribbon belt and a short flirty pink skirt, revealing her long shapely legs. Her wavy hair was curled more than usual and rested gently on her bare shoulders, while a silver locket on a long silver chain laid underneath her bust. Her makeup was tasteful and she looked up at him coyly with her big blue eyes from underneath her long lashes as she brushed a stray stand behind her ear. She had a glow around her, as though she was ethereal and Vegeta had to blink to make sure he wasn't hallucinating.

“You don't like it?” She asked almost shyly.

“Mate, what are you up to?” He asked as he slowly approached her, his vision of her growing softer.

“I thought we could start over,” she said and looked away from his intense gaze.

Vegeta frowned, “Why did you change your mind?”

Bulma squirmed a little, “I-I wanted to please you.”

Vegeta stopped in front of his mate, she was nervous and he wanted nothing more to put her at ease. She was so beautiful and he went down on his knees before her and took her hands. “You already please me.” She glanced at him for a moment before turning away from him again, seemingly fearful. “You have nothing to be afraid of, you're my mate.”

“I-I know,” she said as she began to shake slightly.

Vegeta looked at her hands and blinked, they looked like her hands but something was off as he started massaging them, wanting to calm Bulma. But he dismissed it as he head started feeling light and he just wanted the touch of his mate.

“C-can you let go of me, please,” she pleaded timidly.

“No,” Vegeta said as his body was beginning to feel heavy and he rubbed his cheek against her
wrist. He took a deep breath and smelled what he could now identify as strawberries, but it was strange. Vegeta looked at her hand and frowned, his mind becoming hazy as he smelled her again. He dropped it like it was diseased and tried to stand but ended up stumbling backwards and fell to the floor. Her smell was artificial. He smelt the strawberries, it was strong but it wasn't strong enough to mask the scent that unmistakably not Bulma.

Vegeta glared murder at the female in front of him and spoke with a calmness he didn't feel, “Who the hell are you?”

The female with Bulma’s image stared at him with open fear, “S-she hired me. She s-said t-that you would enjoy t-this.”

Vegeta was beginning to see red, “Enjoy what, exactly?”

“T-talking to a s-shy version of her. She said you wouldn't be able t-to touch me when you walked into t-the room,” the female started to shake in fear.

Vegeta froze and looked up at the air control system in the room, he saw a small canister spraying a gas that dissipated in the air. Bulma had gassed him and he was quickly feeling the paralyzing effects, she had made it stronger for him. “How are you unaffected?”

“She gave me a drug and said to give you this,” the female said and pulled off the locket and Bulma’s image vanished. A humanoid, bald, red-skinned alien with yellow eyes and white horns jutting from the top of her head stood in front of him. She placed the necklace on the bed and stood up to move around him to keep out of his reach.

“What else did she say?” Vegeta asked dangerously.

“T-to run,” the female said as she dashed for the door and fled.

Vegeta roared and reached a hand out to the glass to blast it with a small ball of energy. The glass shattered and the room was immediately filled with fresh air. Vegeta struggled to get to his feet and went to the window, glass crunching underneath his boots as he went to the balcony. He felt his blood pound against his eardrums as his adrenaline spiked but he took a deep breath to calm his anger and clear his mind from Bulma’s mind-altering, paralyzing drug while his excitement took over.

His mate was challenging him again and he smiled ferally at the thought of capturing her, putting his hands on her to caress her body and seduce her as she fought him. His Saiyan blood never burned so feverishly. He just needed to calm his mind and think as she did. She knew he would come looking for her and the most obvious place to look would be the launch port, but she would avoid it to hide from him and lay low. He also had no doubt she had learned which planet she was on. Planet Umi was a private vacation resort planet and while was popular for its shopping district and theme parks, anyone coming and going needed authorized permission to enter or leave, which would make it slightly difficult for her to snatch a spaceship.

He had no doubt she could do it easily with her hacking skills, although Bulma must have just slipped out from under him as it would have taken time for her to not only prepare the gas and drugs but also the female she hired to take her place. However, she did get away and all under the two hours that he was gone with device and tools she had somehow managed to hide from him, she had been biding her time and was just waiting for the right moment to act. Vegeta smirked with pride at the cleverness of his mate. He walked back inside the room to the bed and saw the locket, which he picked up and examined.
A memory tickled the back of his mind and he remembered that Bulma had worn this the first time they had met. Vegeta opened it to find that there was a small keypad inside and he realized that he was holding a hologram device, and it was the means in which Bulma had escaped him that time. He saw a piece of folded paper inside and took it out to open it. He saw her feminine messy scribble on it but he was able to read it.

Dear Prince Vegeta,

As much as I enjoyed our time together, I think it would be best if we went our separate ways. I really don't think it would work out between us as I'm a beautiful genius fighting for justice and your a cold-hearted soldier working for the enemy. I hope there won't be any hard feelings!

Bye-bye!

B

P. S. Please keep this to remember me by.

“Hn,” Vegeta grunted at her cheekiness before he grinned evilly.

She wasn't going to get away that easily. She just barely managed to flee and if she only had tools for emergencies then she most likely would just have carried one of these devices on her. She must have used an old fashioned way to disguise herself. He was instantly struck with realization, she had been there in the lobby…and she made a mistake. Vegeta chuckled, now that he knew what she looked like, he only needed to think where she would go next. She was well aware that Vegeta was avoiding using his abilities as it would no doubt get back to Frieza in some way and the best way to keep him from causing a commotion was to go to a busy area. And she would choose the biggest shopping mall as there was a constant flow of people and it would make it almost near impossible for him to find her, were he not Saiyan. Vegeta laughed malevolently, he was sure of where she went, all he had to do was stalk his prey. And his little mate would soon learn that there was no way for her to escape a Saiyan male like him.

Bulma sighed as she sat in the back of the food court of the busy shopping center, sipping on a cold drink to help her think of a new plan of attack. She had barely just managed to escape from under Vegeta’s nose, she had only a moment to throw on her disguise and nearly panicked in the lobby. But she was out and she wanted to lay low for a while before she decided to leave the planet. She also needed to get a hold of Jaco as she knew that he would be extremely worried about her and would blame himself for her going missing.

Bulma glanced around the gleaming square skyscraper made out of glass with shops lining along the walls and was open in the middle so that a view of the sky from the open ceiling could be seen from below. It was the most popular shopping mall in the city with all sorts of people coming and going, which would make it difficult for Vegeta to look for her if he even knew where to look or what she looked like in the first place. For a while, Bulma would be safe.
She was lost in her thoughts when she felt a dark gaze on her. Bulma looked up and felt the blood drain from her face and her heart stopped. Vegeta was standing across the room from her in the shadows, his arms crossed as he had the most dangerous grin on his face as he pinned her with eyes, his stare malicious. He found her.

Bulma’s heart slammed into her chest at that look and she felt a mixture of apprehension, excitement, and anticipation. She knew he was waiting for her to make the next move and she wouldn’t disappoint. Bulma slipped her hand in her bag and lifted out a gun. She saw a glimmer of excitement in Vegeta’s eyes as she looked at him with determination and pointed the gun up straight into the air and fired.

A whistling sound shrieked through the air followed by an explosion. Shoppers screamed and shouted at the sound and there was a movement of panicked as people started to running away from the sound. Bulma jumped out of her chair and ran with the crowd toward the exit as the sound of explosions continued but bright lights flashed and the smell of sulfur permeated the air, causing many of the shoppers to pause and look up. Above them was a fireworks display with different creatures moving across the sky as though alive and the shoppers stood in awe and began to clap for the fireworks.

Bulma had lost sight of Vegeta in the crowd and he must have done the same as she had not been captured yet. She found the exit and dashed out into the busy city. The cityscape was covered in the same glass buildings, theme park rides, elaborate water fountains, and pink-leaved palm trees with a major highway intersection in the middle where hovercars zoomed by at high speeds. Bulma made a decision and ran out toward the road to get to another part of the city. She ran at full speed while keeping an eye on the direction of where the cars were flying by. A few of the swerved around her and came very close to swiping her as drivers swore profanities after her.

She could see the other side of the road, when she heard a horn blare and she turned her head to see a car coming straight for her. Bulma’s eyes widened, her heart pounded in her ears as her instincts kicked in and she threw her arms over her head and jumped. She heard the sickening crunch of metal and breaking of glass as she hit the unforgiving hood of the car with her body, knocking the wind out of her. Bulma rolled off the side and landed on the ground with a hard thud, just as another car flew over her and she could feel the heat of the engine on her face.

Bulma found herself staring at the bright purple sky as her ears began to ring and body felt numb. Bulma gasped and coughed as oxygen returned to her lungs and she felt tender hands on her face and she opened her eyes to see Vegeta bent over her. He had a look of anguish she had never seen before and he was shouting at her though she couldn’t hear his words. He looked panicked when she didn’t respond and continued to stroke her cheeks with his thumbs, he felt warm and she didn’t want him to stop. He was shouting at her again as her breathing started to normalized, her hearing came back in an instant.

“...Stupid, reckless female!” Vegeta’s voice boomed. “Are you that desperate to get away from that you would kill yourself!”

Bulma managed to find her tongue and spoke softly, “Vegeta…”

Vegeta breathed out a loud sigh of relief when she finally responded, but his expression turned stony. “From now on, you’re going to be tied to the bed and I’m going to remove every single item in the room to keep you from creating your...stupid inventions!” Vegeta was yelling at her unintelligible.

At the back of Bulma’s mind she could comprehend everything that was going on around her, but she felt like filter was covering her as she grinned at Vegeta in her daze. “I could probably make something out of the bed.”
Vegeta growled in warning, but seemed to calm minutely from her words, “Then I’ll pin you to floor with just my body!”

Bulma smiled playfully, “Is that a promise?”

She could see a blush slowly forming on his cheeks, “You vulgar female! Why do you have to be so infuriating even when concussed.”

“You know, you’re cute when you’re angry,” Bulma giggled, unable to stop the words coming out of her mouth.

Vegeta’s blush deepened, “Stop that, Bulma.”

“Make me,” she said seductively before laughing in his face. Vegeta growled again but said nothing more as he carefully gathered her in his arms. Bulma sighed in his embrace, “Where are we going?”

“Back to the hotel, you need to see a doctor,” Vegeta said as he began to walk away.

“But I am a doctor!” Bulma squealed cheerfully.

“Gods of Vegeta-sei, help me,” Vegeta said in exasperation. Bulma felt a wave of sleepiness take over her and she nuzzled her face into Vegeta’s warm chest, feeling safe as her consciousness left her.

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! Sorry for the wait! And the cheesy romance novel title. This chapter took a lot of time to plot out and I hope it’s what you’ve been waiting for! Please comment 😊
Vegeta stroked Bulma's hair as he laid beside her on his side, looking down on her with concern. When he had ran out of the building to find her after her diversion, he had heard the accident before he saw it. His heart froze when he saw Bulma on top of a hovercar and fell over the side to only have a car swerving out of the way fly over where she had landed. Despite wanting to keep his abilities hidden, he had flew to her side in an instant.

When he saw her staring up at the sky unresponsive, he thought his worst fears had been realized and he had lost the mate he thought could never have existed. But she had looked at him and after calling his name, relief had washed over him and he knew she would be okay after she started teasing him. He did learn one thing, if she ever acted the way she did dazed when she was in her right mind, he would be in serious trouble.

After he returned to the hotel and brought in a doctor, he was glad to learn that she suffered no real significant injuries. The car had slowed down before impact and if it were not for her quick thinking to jump on the hood of the car, she would have been dead. She only had some scrapes, bruises, and a slight concussion and Vegeta had to wake her every two hours to check she was not suffering from a brain injury. She would grumble at him every time and call him indecent names that made him smirk at her boldness. She had been out for twenty-eight hours except for his occasional wake-up calls and she nestled against him the whole time, clutching him as though she needed him there. And he never left her side, holding her close as he inhaled her scent stroke her hair as he did now.

She shifted and Vegeta watched as consciousness started to slowly take over her and she moaned in displeasure before blinking to open her eyes. She blearily looked up at Vegeta and frowned in confusion, "Vegeta?"

"Who else would it be, mate?" Vegeta said as he brushed a strand of hair away from her face.

"Why couldn't you've stayed a nightmare," she said as she rolled onto her back.

"Hn," Vegeta grunted as he watch her struggle to gather her wits.

"What happened?" She asked as she stared up at her reflection in the ceiling

"After you tried to escape, you had what I assume was a moment of insanity, and ran into traffic to be hit by a car," Vegeta explained, his displeasure evident in his tone.

Bulma blinked at the ceiling, "Oh, yeah."

"'Oh, yeah'? Is that all you have to say for yourself?" Vegeta growled dangerously.

"I'm okay, aren't I?" she shrugged.

"Bulma, you could have been killed!" Vegeta yelled.

Bulma looked at him with a no-nonsense expression, "I could have been killed many times and I believe you had been one of those threats on several occasions."

Vegeta snarled as he left the bed to pace like a caged animal, "That was before you were mine!"
“Vegeta, you need to calm down,” Bulma moved to sit up.

“I will not be calm!” He snapped as he stalked toward her and gently laid her back down on the bed.

Bulma sighed and decided to change the subject, “How did you find me?”

Vegeta sat down beside her and took her hand to rub it against his face and took a deep breath to fill his lungs with her scent. There was nothing false or artificial about her smell, it was his Bulma. Vegeta felt mollified and went on to explain, “I figured you would try to hide in a very public place and with your limited resources, you would have to use a disguise the more conventional way. And seeing as you only had two hours at most to put your plan in motion, I figured you had just escaped.”

Bulma blinked at him in surprise, “I can’t believe you worked that all out.”

Vegeta smirked, “I’m lucky to have a mate who challenges me mentally.”

“O-kay, but how did you figure out my disguise?” Bulma said, curiosity etched on her face.

“You made a mistake,” Vegeta said as he kissed her palm.

“And what was that?”

“You have a habit of standing in a power stance and stroking your chin when you’re studying something, which I vaguely noticed when you were reading the hotel floor map,” Vegeta explained and then grinned dastardly. “That and you were wearing your black messenger bag, I just happened to see it as the elevator was closing but thought nothing of it until I realized you were gone.”

Bulma looked away, “Shit.”

“You’re losing your touch, female,” Vegeta smirked into her skin.

Bulma turned back to glare at him, “Don’t underestimate me, Vegeta. I will get away from you.”

Vegeta purred at her challenge, “We’ll see.”

“You’re such a freak,” Bulma said.

Vegeta paused at her words, deciding to push her further and growled dangerously low, “Watch how you speak, mate.”

Bulma arched an eyebrow at him, “Or you’ll what? Cuddle me to death? Oh, I’m so scared.”

Bulma found herself on her back with Vegeta hovering over, trapping her with his body. “Care to say that again?” Vegeta said with careful calm, relishing in her feistiness.

She didn’t disappoint as she smirked at him but she surprised him when she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling herself up to him. “You know, I learned something interesting,” she hummed.

Vegeta could see the playful teasing in her eyes and tensed slight, “Oh? Enlighten me, female.”

Bulma brought her cheek to his to whisper in his ear, “You can’t handle it when the tables are turned against you.” He felt her lick his ear before tugging the lobe with her teeth somewhat forcefully, causing him to jump with a blush beginning to form across his cheeks. Bulma laughed, “Aw, you’re so cute!”
“Bulma,” he warned.

“Oh, what are you going to do about it, bad man?” Bulma giggled as she placed a kiss on his chin as her hands wandered down his chest.

Vegeta froze for moment as though a snake ready to strike before he went in for the kill and claimed Bulma’s lips. Bulma surrendered to him immediately and parted her lips for him, moaning when his tongue invaded her mouth and curled around hers. Vegeta’s chest rumbled with approval as he wrapped his arms around her and his tail uncurled from his waist to take possession of her thigh for the first time to hold her firmly in place against him. He felt her nails dig into his back possessively, as though to show him who he belonged to. Vegeta growled into her mouth in pleasure and pulled away to pepper her jaw with open kisses. He could hear her panting as she began to rub herself against him, her body burning feverishly.

“Vegeta,” she whispered hoarsely as his lips trailed down her neck with feathery kisses. Vegeta’s grip on her tightened and he forced himself to stop to look at his mate, her face was flushed and her parted lips were swollen from his kisses while she took short shallow breaths. She looked up at him, her big blue eyes slightly dazed, causing a jolt of pride to shoot through him that he had been the one to make her look this way and would be the only one to ever do so.

He looked at her for several moments, waiting for her to realize what he was asking her. Bulma’s breathing began to normalize and she stared back at him, taking in his features. He didn’t see panic in her eyes like last time but he saw some hesitancy. He didn’t want to push her so he pulled away, but stopped when he felt her nails in his back cling to him deeper. He held himself still and watched as she slowly came to a decision and he could hear her heart begin beating rapidly in her chest as she gave a slight nod to him.

Vegeta’s chest grew hot with triumph, his Oozaru howling with euphoria that he could finally lay claim to his mate. Vegeta’s heart also began to hammer in his chest, almost in tune with Bulma’s as he moved to nuzzle her neck and breathe in her fragrance. He licked the spot where her shoulder and neck met and he could feel her fluttering pulse against his tongue, calling to his animalistic side. Vegeta smiled before he grazed his teeth over her soft skin, sending a shiver to race through her body and he pulled back his lips to reveal his teeth, ready to put his mark on her delicate skin.

An insistent beeping distracted him from his goal and Vegeta pulled back and growled in annoyance. He looked down at Bulma, who was now looking at him wide-eyed and while she wasn’t anxious, she seemed to have been released from the magic that had overcome them. Vegeta cursed as he moved away and pulled out his personal tablet from the bedside table drawer. He saw that he received a transmission from Nappa and planned a world of hurt for the older Saiyan as he opened the transmission.

Vegeta went still as ice when he read the message, panic creeping into his chest and he had to control himself from snapping the tablet in his hands. “Is something wrong?” He heard Bulma speak and he looked down at her and saw her concerned expression.

“We have to get you off this planet,” Vegeta said, his demeanor changing an instant as he rolled off of her.

“What happened?” Bulma asked as she sat up.

Vegeta looked down at Nappa’s message to make sure he read it properly before he answered her, his voice going cold, “Frieza put a bounty on you.”

“What!” Bulma shrieked at him. “What did you do!”
Vegeta turned back to glare at her, “I didn’t do anything, but I think I know who did.”

“That’s not helpful!” Bulma said as she massaged her temples. “How did he learn my name?”

“He didn’t, he wants Lacy Bottom...alive. He’s sent it throughout the galaxy,” Vegeta said as pulled Bulma to his lap to hold her close, his instincts calling for him to soothe and calm her.

Bulma stopped and took a deep breath before looking at him, her eyes became steal with determination, “Vegeta, where is my stuff? If we’re going to get out of here then I’m going to need my tools.”

Vegeta stared down at her hard, he knew giving her what she wanted would make it easy for her to get away from him but if they were to get out of this situation then he needed her expertise. Vegeta nodded at her as he sat her down on the bed and moved in to reveal a hidden closet. He pulled out her messenger bag and the capsule case he had taken from her and returned to her, handing back her belongings. Bulma tossed the capsule case on the bed and went into her messenger bag to pull out her little computer, one similar to what she used when he first met her. Bulma immediately turned it on and her fingers went flying elegantly across the keyboard and Vegeta watched in awe as she started pulling programs out of thin air and altered them with ease.

“What are you doing?” Vegeta asked as he stood closer to her with his arms crossed against his chest.

“I’m removing all evidence of us ever being on this planet. I’m sure that incident of me getting hit by a car didn’t go unnoticed, luckily I was in a disguise but I need to make sure there was no footage or images of us,” Bulma replied, not looking up from her task. “What ship did you come on?”

“It’s a SPS-741 model called Lunar,” Vegeta replied.

Bulma didn’t respond as she brought up a new window and started typing commands as Vegeta watched on, pride swelling in his chest at his intelligent mate. His Oozaru had made the correct choice. Bulma suddenly stopped and slammed her computer close, “We need to leave here in fifteen minutes, I fixed the cameras on the whole planet so that they will be practically invisible.”

“The whole planet?” Vegeta asked in shock.

“Yeah, it’s simple enough to do,” Bulma shrugged as she threw her computer and capsule case in her messenger bag. “But we have to go now.”

Bulma found her red wig and leather jacket on the sofa where Vegeta had threw them and quickly put them on before she rummaged through her messenger bag and pulled out a pair of sunglasses and slide them on her face. Vegeta had not removed her clothing, as he felt it was disrespectful, though her tights and clothing were torn in places and there were a few smudges from where she fell on the ground. She turned and looked at him expectantly. “I have everything I need, let’s go,” he said and turned to the door, hearing her follow behind him. He opened the door and looked out for any passerbys.

“Vegeta, just walk out naturally, it’ll be fine,” Bulma said as she wrapped an arm around his and leaned against him slightly.

Vegeta glanced down her, realizing her intent and strolled out the door with her hanging onto him like a trophy. They reached the elevator and as they is arrived, the door opened and the same feathered alien from before walked out and noticed them. “Oh, how are things with the...wife,” he said and gave Bulma in her disguise a side glance.
“Fine, she’s out shopping,” Vegeta replied with no intonation.

“Ah, when old ball and chain is away, it’s time to play, eh?” The alien smiled slyly at Vegeta.

Vegeta frowned in disgust but Bulma pressed herself closer into him and grinned at the alien, “What’s a vacation without a little fun.”

The alien chuckled, “Good point.” The alien moved away and leered at Bulma as she and Vegeta went into the elevator, causing Vegeta’s hand to twitch, wanting to blow the male into oblivion. As the door was closing the alien spoke again to Bulma, “If you’re looking for some more fun, you can look me up anytime.”

Bulma giggled teasingly, “Promises, promises.” She blew the alien a kiss as the door closed and Vegeta growled when they were out of ear shot, pulling her flush against his body possessively.

“You’re acting it too well,” Vegeta glared at her murderously.

“You’re acting it too well,” Vegeta glared at her murderously.

“Stop being jealous, I only did it to keep him off our backs.” Bulma wrapped her arm around his neck and licked the tip of his nose, “Besides, why would I want him, when I have a prince wooing me.”

Vegeta blushed a little, “Stop it, Bulma.” Bulma laughed as she pulled away from just as the elevator reached the lobby and she wrapped herself around his arm once again. They walked out of the lobby without a care and left the hotel with Bulma pulling him over to the hovercar parking lot. She went to a random car and reached into her bag and grabbed her tablet, quickly bringing up a program to override the car’s systems. The hovercar gave a playful chirp as the door popped open for them. Vegeta shook his head, “You have something for everything, don’t you.”

Bulma grinned at him, “Almost everything, I don’t have Saiyan-be-gone spray yet.”

“Hn,” Vegeta grunted as he watched her climb into the driver’s side and he walked over the passenger side to get in. Bulma raced out of the hotel parking lot and drove like a madwoman, zooming and weaving pass cars with practiced ease, Vegeta faced forward with a stony expression though amazed with her skill. She didn’t stop until they reached the launch port and she jumped out of the car once they were no longer in motion as she took out her tablet while Vegeta stepped out. She typed something and then the car took off by itself as Bulma walked on to find his ship.

Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched in amusement as he followed after his mate, it was a little strange for him to watch her do all the work while he hung back almost useless, but he was out of his element and he enjoyed watching her work. He grinned as he followed after her and found himself at his ship.

The Lunar was a shiny, jet black ship in the shape of spiky star, it stood on three of the spikes and Vegeta pulled the remote from his suit and pressed the a button to lower the platform. He stood next to Bulma as she examined the ship. “Not too bad,” she said as she walked up the platform of the ship, causing Vegeta smirk as he went after her. They walked to the cockpit and as Bulma took in the room, Vegeta went to the pilot chair and began pressing commands.

“I’m guessing you obtained authorization,” Vegeta said as he started pressing in coordinates.

“Of course,” Bulma said as she walked to his side. “Where are you taking us?”

“Somewhere safe, we'll need to go into stasis,” Vegeta explained.

“We should go to the patrol,” Bulma said as she flopped down in the chair beside him.
“No, they can't help us,” Vegeta said.

“But you can help us,” Bulma said softly, causing him to turn to her.

He stared at her for a moment before answering, “I'm not going to help you Bulma, I have my own agenda.”

“And we can't be of use for your ‘agenda’?” Bulma asked with a tilt of her head.

“No,” Vegeta replied as he turned back to the controls and he received the transmission that okayed their launch.

“Do mind if I do a diagnostic on the ship before we go into stasis,” Bulma asked as she put on her seat belt while The Lunar began its ascent toward the atmosphere.

Vegeta glanced at her, he saw no harm in her request, “Fine.” Bulma smiled at him and reached over to the control panel in front of her and began her work. Vegeta leaned back in his chair as he observed her testing different parts of the ship and writing commands. She was biting her lip in concentration and Vegeta smirked at the excitement he could see in her eyes, his mate was something to behold when she was working and he could watch her forever and never be bored. But he also wanted her attention, “You better not be planning anything funny, female.”

Bulma snorted, “What am I going to do? Blow up the ship with me in it? I'm not crazy.”

“Hn, you could have fooled me,” he said insultingly.

“Shut up, Vegeta,” she said as she continued her work, they had left the planet and sped away to their new destination.

Vegeta grinned as he stood quietly, “Is that all you got?”

“Don't start with me Vegeta, you won't win,” she replied, too focused to notice that he had moved to stand behind her, bending down over her.

“Don't underestimate, mate,” he whispered in her ear causing her to jump.

“Vegeta, cut it out, I'm working here,” she said as he rubbed his face in her neck. He scowled when his cheek felt the texture of the red wig and pulled it off her head to allow her sky blue curls to come free. He wrapped a lock around his finger and stroked it with his thumb, hypnotized by the softness and color.

“Blue is my favorite color,” he said into her hair.

Bulma paused and turned her head to look at him with slightly taken aback expression, “... I like red.” Vegeta said nothing as he continued to play with her hair and after a few moments she went back to the control panel. Several minutes passed and Bulma pulled away from the control's with a sigh, “That should take care of that.”

Vegeta released her only to pull her up from the chair and stare at her to memorize her features, he wanted to see her in his dreams. She stared back at him with concern and moved to place a brief kiss on her lips to comfort her. “We need to go into stasis now,” he said as he grabbed her hand and led her to lower level of the ship that held the stasis pods. Vegeta went to one of them and began programming commands before turning to Bulma, “Get in.”

Bulma glanced at him before she hopped onto the pod and laid back, watching him with slight
worry. “Vegeta, are you really going to protect me?”

Vegeta expression became impassive at her words but his eyes held anger. “Never forget, Bulma, you are mine. Anyone who would dare to lay a finger on you, I will rip their limbs off one by one very slowly before I take their head. You're my mate and you come before all others.” Vegeta saw the alarm in her eyes and took a deep breath to calm himself, releasing a heavy sigh through his nose. He spoke gently, “I know you doubt me, my Bulma, but I'll show you my words ring true.”

Bulma licked her lips before she spoke, “Vegeta, you make me want to trust you, but I just can't.”

Vegeta smirked, “Stubborn mate.” Vegeta bent down to kiss her lips briefly, “We'll discuss this later. Now rest, my mate.”

Vegeta closed the lid of the pod and watched as the stasis command was enacted and Bulma drifted to sleep. Vegeta put his hand on her pod, hating the separation between them, but he reluctantly pulled himself away and prepared his own pod before he climbed in and allowed stasis to take over. He closed his eyes and saw fiery blue eyes challenge him behind his eyelids.

“It's time to get up, bad man,” Vegeta heard Bulma's voice in his ear and he his heart picked up with pleasure as he heard the stasis pod door open, releasing him from the barrier between him and his mate. Vegeta sat up and rubbed his face, glancing around for Bulma but he couldn't locate her. He frowned when he remembered that he had set his pod to wake before hers and stood to walk to her pod, only to find it empty. Vegeta felt anxious as he quickly made his way to the cockpit, hoping to locate her there but it was also empty and he saw that he was almost to his destination. Vegeta turned to go look for her at a different part of the ship when window monitor flashed.

Vegeta quickly spun around and his eyes went wide when he saw Bulma’s image on the screen. “Bulma…”

“Hey Vegeta, if you haven't guessed by now, I'm not on the ship anymore,” Bulma smiled a little sadly at him. “I rigged the stasis so that I would wake me up thirty minutes after it was set when it read my vital.”

Vegeta’s heart froze in place with panic and he clenched his fists by his side, “Bulma, I need you here next to me to protect you, you're my mate.”

“There's something you should know about me, Vegeta, I don't like to play damsel-in-distress,” she said passionately.

Vegeta felt his ire recede slightly at the sight of her feisty expression, “You think I don't know that? I'm just trying to keep you safe.”

“And I'm trying to do the same,” Bulma replied.

Vegeta brows furrowed perplexed, “What are you going on about?”

“Vegeta, I don't know how I feel about you but what I do know is that I don't want to see you get hurt, and that's what will happen if Frieza finds us out. I won't take that risk,” Bulma explained carefully.

Vegeta growled, “I won't let that happen.”

“Vegeta, be reasonable, this is for the best,” Bulma pleaded.

Vegeta looked at her with a cold, hard gaze, “Are you with the patrol? If you don't return to me, I
will slaughter every last one of them.”

Bulma scoffed. “Then do it, you're threats won't work on me.” Bulma shrugged one shoulder, “Besides, I'm not with the patrol right now, I'm going somewhere else.”

“I'll just ask that patrol officer then,” Vegeta said, his tone dangerously low.

“You can, but he has no clue either,” Bulma gave him a cheeky grin.

Vegeta flashed her his own grin, but this one was cruel and malicious, “But he knows where you're from, doesn't he?”

Bulma frowned, “Vegeta, if you hurt Jaco or my planet, I promise you will never see me again, and I can make that happen.”

Vegeta paused at her words and heard the truth behind them, his panic returned, “Bulma, you don't understand because you're not Saiyan, a male must keep his mate safe. A female Saiyan would understand this.”

“It sounds like you're complaining again,” Bulma tilted her head her teasingly.

“As I said before I want you as you are, I prefer that you're not Saiyan, but I need you here.”

“No,” Bulma simply said.

Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her, “I will tear apart the universe Bulma if you don't return.”

Bulma sighed, “Calm down, bad man and hear me out. This mate thing happened to fast for me, that's not how things work where I'm from.”

“I don't care,” Vegeta gritted his teeth.

“I do, and don't get me wrong, I am attracted to you and like you somewhat but I don't know you,” Bulma explained.

“Come back, and I will show you who I am,” Vegeta replied, almost pleading.

Bulma shook her, “Sorry, no can do. I may not know you well but I do know if I did that you'd only keep me locked up.”

“I would keep you safe,” Vegeta protested.

Bulma wagged a finger at him, “Let me finish Vegeta.” Vegeta clenched his mouth shut to keep from arguing and took a deep calming breath before waiting for her to continue. “Vegeta, we're too young right now, and we should get to know each other before things go any farther. So here's my proposal, we keep in touch and when I feel the time is right, I'll come back to you.”

Vegeta grinded his teeth, “I don't like this Bulma, my instincts are telling me to search you out. And how do I know you would even keep your word?”

“Go look at the present I left you on your chair,” Bulma motioned her head in its direction. Vegeta paused for a moment to take in her expression before he went to the chair and saw a small box with a blue bow. Vegeta took it and pulled the bow off and removed the lid, inside was a small tablet.

“Honestly Vegeta, if I didn't want anything to do with you, I would have left without saying a word. But now we can talk anytime! That tablet is safe to use, no one can trace it to you or me.”
Vegeta took the tablet and froze when he saw what lied underneath it, with careful hands he cradled the small plastic bag in his hands. “That's so you don't forget me,” Vegeta could hear the playfulness in her voice.

Vegeta glanced over at his mate, “You are etched into my being, I could never forget you.”

Bulma smiled at him, “Then no hard feelings?”

Vegeta closed his eyes and huffed a heavy breath through his nose to control his anger, his Oozaru was warring with his logic and he had to tamp down his instincts. He knew that she was right, if Frieza got a whiff that they knew each other and top of that mated, things would not turn out well. If he didn’t know where she was, she was safer from Frieza...from him. She wasn’t Saiyan and he would not push her until she felt ready to surrender to him completely. He smirked at the thought that he would have to woo her, knowing that he would be battling words and wits with her, it was an intriguing notion.

“Fine, female, have it your way,” Vegeta said as he turned to her image.

Bulma sighed in relief, “Thank you, Vegeta.”

“Don’t thank me yet, mate, I wasn’t finished,” Vegeta said with a Cheshire grin. Bulma narrowed her eyes at him as he continued, “I will allow this, only if you agree to contact me every seventy-two hours and if you don’t...I will be paying your friends a visit. You act as though you don’t give a damn, but I know better. Don’t press your luck, female.”

“Fine,” Bulma snapped, her expression stormy and Vegeta’s tail twitched in excitement. “Just stay out of trouble, you asshole Saiyan.”

“Hn, I’ll be fine, female, you’re lack of self preservation is what concerns me. It makes me question your intelligence,” Vegeta’s eyes gleamed with challenge.

Bulma glared at him, “You’re lucky I’m not there Vegeta, otherwise you would be in a world of hurt.”

“Like you could hurt me,” Vegeta said as he allowed his tail to unravel from his waist and the tip wagged playfully behind him.

“You want a bet?” She threatened.

“Then come back here and prove me wrong,” he smiled mischievously.

Bulma huffed, “Nice try, bad man. I’ll talk to you soon.”

“I’ll be waiting,” Vegeta replied and they stared at each other for a while. Bulma broke into a gentle smile before she winked at him and cut off the connection between them. Vegeta felt hollow inside when he could no longer see her and looked down at the small plastic bag in his hand that contained a lock of her hair. He brought it to his nose and could detect a trace of her scent through the bag and closed his eyes, bringing her image to mind and praying to his gods that he would see her again.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Thank you so much for your comments, they really encourage me and
make me so happy! I'm glad you're enjoying my story!❤

Sorry for not updating sooner, this chapter took a lot more thought process then I originally planned but I hope you'll like it! And don't worry, this is far from the end 😊
“Good work, Zarbon, that’ll teach my brother to cross me,” Vegeta heard Frieza speak as he walked onto the bridge. He continued forward until he was a few feet away from Frieza before going down on one knee and awaited for Frieza’s attention. Frieza saw him from the corner of his eye and grinned amusedly, “Leave me, pretty Zarbon, I have a monkey to entertain me now.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Zarbon bowed and made his way toward the exit, glaring at the apparently bored Vegeta as he went.

Frieza turned to Vegeta when they were finally alone, “You certainly kept me waiting, Vegeta.”

“My apologies, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta said as he stared at the floor.

“No matter, I just wanted to inform you that I received very interesting information. I was given an anonymous message with info about this Lacy Bottom and it also hinted that you were investigating this cute little morsel… Is this true, Vegeta?”

Vegeta felt his rage boil to the surface, he knew it was Aves that sent Frieza the information, possibly hoping that he would be killed. She put not only him in jeopardy but also his mate, she would have to pay, painfully. He looked up at Frieza with a neutral expression and decided to give him enough of the truth that would not cause suspicion, “I was. When investigating the breach, I came across this female. She gave me insight about the hacking.”

“Oh? And why did you suspect her?” Frieza asked as he began to pace slowly around Vegeta, his tail twirling behind him playfully.

Vegeta forced himself to stay still, despite his instincts yelling at him to not have his back exposed. He spoke calmly as he explained, “She's a weapons developer for the Galactic Shadow Market, she's very intelligent and has had many dealings with our own soldiers.”

“Yes, I saw the pictures, she's a very pretty little thing, anyone would be taken with her…what do you think, Vegeta?” Frieza whispered in his ear, but Vegeta kept his gaze forward, unflinching and bored.

“She's…adequate,” Vegeta replied neutrally.

Frieza chuckled as he walked away, the tip of his tailed twirled in front of Vegeta’s face, close but never touching, “You're no fun, but I guess you wouldn't be interested in such a beauty unless she looked like an ugly monkey.” Vegeta let the insult slide, he mentally smirked at the thought of seeing Frieza’s shocked expression if he only knew that Vegeta was forever tied to one of the most beautiful creatures in the universe. Vegeta realized that Frieza had paused and he glanced at him from his peripheral vision and saw Frieza looking up at the ceiling, a finger to his lips in thought, “She would make an excellent addition to my personal entourage, smart, beautiful…crafty. I can see it now! The things we could accomplish!”

Vegeta clenched his jaw, the thought of Frieza putting his hands on Bulma made his blood boil but he forced himself to relax, “Yes, Lord Frieza.”

Frieza came back around to face him, “Ah, yes, I almost quite forgot.” Frieza smiled at him cruelly,
I interrogated all of the soldiers I could find in those photos. They told me what a delightful sassy creature she is but I found out that you killed one of them…any reason why?"

"The buffoon gave her information about our weapons and technology, so I removed his wagging tongue." Vegeta shrugged, "Him bleeding to death was unintentional."

Frieza laughed in mirth, holding his stomach, “Oh Vegeta, I'm glad we're on the same page, because I already disposed of the other soldiers." Frieza sighed as he looked down on Vegeta dangerously, “However, what I really want to know is why you never mentioned seeing her at the gala party, when even your bald monkey friend said he saw her with his own eyes.”

Vegeta expression remained impassive, Nappa has already reported to him what he told Frieza: the female was there as a special guest and only interacted with Lady Roseae and the other guests. Nappa was smart enough to leave out that he had saw Vegeta interacting with her. Vegeta spoke with quiet confidence, “She was a special guest to Lady Roseae, it would have been suspicious if I had made a grab for her or she disappeared. By the time I could get her alone, the planet was about to be destroyed and I lost sight of her.”

Frieza hummed, “And you no doubt came to believe she was the one behind these attacks?”

“Yes,” Vegeta replied factually.

“What do you think her motives are?” Frieza asked as he turned his back on Vegeta, clasping his hands behind him.

“Business…maybe the Galactic Shadow Market is looking to expand. Or she's a bleeding heart trying to save the unfortunate,” Vegeta shrugged one shoulder as though it was unimportant.

Frieza said nothing as he turned back to Vegeta to stare at him in thought. There was a few moments of silence before he spoke, “I guess it doesn't matter, in any case she's seemed to have disappeared. I've had a few planets cleared out and she was a nowhere to be found and I know the Galactic Shadow Market would refuse to give her to me due to some code of honor.”

“We may have scared her away,” Vegeta suggested.

Frieza nodded, “So it seems, we have been rather aggressive…well, for now I'll rescind the bounty and I'm sure she'll appear eventually, when she believes it's safe.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied, almost bored though felt relieved that Bulma would be safe for now.

“Now Vegeta, I am quite miffed you failed to mention this sweet creature but I know you were only trying to surprise me,” Frieza chuckled. “So I do believe this deserves a reward, my precious monkey.”

Vegeta glanced up at Frieza with disinterest, “A reward?”

“Why yes, you've done well to learn the identity of the rebel and I know no one else could have done what you have, so I'm promoting you to captain,” Frieza smiled deviously.

Vegeta wanted to blink at his words but remained stoic, he ranked as a Master Chief in Frieza’s army and had now jumped up nine ranks. “Captain?” Vegeta asked as though he misheard.

“Why yes, Captain Vegeta, you've earned it. You have served me well and when this woman appears again, I need you to have enough resources for your disposal,” Frieza replied as he turned
away, his tail twirling languidly. Vegeta was slightly taken aback by his new position, he would be given more interesting missions that he could choose himself, higher pay grade, and had a higher security clearance. He could use it to his advantage when it came to protecting his Bulma. Vegeta bowed his head to Frieza, “Thank you, Lord Frieza.”

“Yes, yes, now leave me. I'm expecting a very angry transmission from my brother,” Frieza dismissed him with amusement.

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta bowed again before taking his leave.

Vegeta gave a heavy sigh of relief through his nose as walked down the halls to his quarters, when he reached them, he saw Nappa waiting for him with a look of concern. Nappa perked up at the sight of Vegeta, “Prince Vegeta! How did it go?”

“I've been promoted to captain,” Vegeta replied coolly

Nappa’s eyebrows nearly flew off his face, “C-captain?”

Vegeta crossed his arms over his chest, “Yes.”

“But why?” Nappa asked confused.

“Don't worry about it,” Vegeta replied as he turned to the door, unoffended by Nappa’s words, they both thought he was to be punished.

“Does it have to do with that female I saw you with that…” Nappa didn't finish his sentence as he brought to his knees, his head was painful slammed into the wall as he began choking and clawing at Vegeta’s arm.

“Nappa, I thought you were smarter than this,” Vegeta spoke coldly into his ear.

“P-prince Vegeta, I-I didn't tell this to F-Frieza,” Nappa managed to gasp out.

“I know, but I won't have my head removed from my shoulders because you can't learn to keep your trap shut,” Vegeta hissed low to the older Saiyan.

“I-I understand…Prince V-Vegeta,” Nappa wheezed, his face turning purple.

“Do not bring up the female ever again,” Vegeta’s gaze bore down into Nappa’s with murderous intent. Nappa could only nod, now unable to speak as Vegeta tightened his grip on Nappa’s thick neck before he let go. Nappa fell forward onto his hands and knees and took large raspy breaths as Vegeta went into his room.

Vegeta sighed as he went to take off his armor and sat on his cot, putting head in his hands that were supported by his knees. It had been two months of stasis after Bulma left him and it had taken him three more to reach Frieza to report back and determine what the situation was at the PTO. He was beginning to notice that he was becoming more agitated when she was not physically beside him and the only time he felt calm was during her video calls. She kept her word and called him every seventy-two hour, sometimes sooner and every time he saw her, his Oozaru calmed and his spirits lifted.

He heard a piercing whistling sound only his Saiyan hearing could detect, he reached over to the wall and opened the hidden shelf to pull out the tablet Bulma gave him. The sound was a design
Bulma placed to avoid them being detected and he saw on the screen an image of her winking face, pulling out an amused smirk from as he answered her call.

Bulma was lounging on a red beach chair with a matching red sun umbrella standing over her, protecting herself from the sun's rays. She was at her family's outdoor pool, created to look like a mini oasis with palm trees and other tropical planets littering the area surrounding the circular pool. Bulma was wearing gray hoodie that was zipped up to her chest and underneath she had a dark blue string bikini that was fighting to hold her in place. She sipped on a fruity drink as she looked down at her tablet with her sunglasses on.

“Bulma, are you sure this will work?” Jaco asked her, his brows furrowing in concern.

“If my intel is right, and it is, then it will work, besides what's the harm in trying?” Bulma shrugged.

“You have a point,” Jaco sighed. “By the way, that bounty mysteriously lifted, are you planning on coming back?”

“Eventually, but I'm taking a break, as you suggested. And I'm going to watch my friends’ martial arts tournament! I haven't seen them in forever and it would be nice to catch up,” Bulma smiled.

“Take all the time you need, I can't imagine what it was like being held captive by the ‘Destroyer of Worlds’,” Jaco shook his head in sympathy.

Bulma wanted laugh but held it in, she told Jaco only a few things about her time with Vegeta, leaving out that he was now essentially her husband and spent what would almost be called a honeymoon with him. She bit her cheek to keep the mirth out of her voice before speaking, “I'll get over it, but in the meantime, keep me updated.”

“Will do, stay in touch Bulma,” Jaco said and winked out from her tablet.

Bulma took a sip from her drink and removed her sunglasses in thought, it was almost three days and she needed to contact Vegeta. She smiled at the thought of teasing him, he would get worked up and blush adorably when she did. She had planned on making her call today and wore her little ensemble in his favorite color, hoping to get a rile out of him.

Bulma smiled mischievously as she removed her hoodie and put her drink down before playfully tapping on her tablet to contact Vegeta. His face appeared after a minute of ringing and she beamed happily at him, “Hey there handsome!”

Vegeta smirked as he looked her over before frowning, “Mate, what are you wearing?”

Bulma pouted, “Don’t you like it?” She shimmed a little, causing him to blush and frown further at her.

“Where are you, you vulgar female?” he growled.

“Oh don't worry, I'm all by myself. I wore this especially for you,” she smiled at him teasingly as she ran a finger down one of the strings of her bikini top.
Vegeta gaped at her and blushed further, he looked away for a moment to gain his composure as Bulma withheld from giggling. He coughed before turning back, appearing more composed as he studied her again. “You cut your hair,” Vegeta observed. Bulma touched her hair that was now in a short bob, now wondering if she made the right decision. “It suits you.”

Bulma smiled at him, “Thanks, bad man. So, how are things with you?”

Vegeta seemed a little hesitant to answer, “...I've been promoted to captain.”

“Wow, you're heading up the ranks now, aren't you,” Bulma said, a bit surprised.

“It's an apparent reward for finding the identity of Frieza’s rebel, namely you...or rather Lacy Bottom,” Vegeta explained neutrally.

Bulma was always surprised with his candid honesty, “Wow I can't believe you're telling me all this.”

Vegeta blinked at her, “You're my mate, why would I lie to you?”

Bulma smiled at him, “Well I was blowing up Frieza's planets.”

“Hn, as long as we don't get in each other's way, I don't see the point in hiding certain facts,” Vegeta replied.

“Ah, so you'll just withhold the truth?” Bulma giggled.

“Have you not done the same to me?” Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her.

“Details, details,” Bulma waved a dismissive hand.

“Hn, and when are you planning to return to me?” Vegeta asked emotionlessly, she knew he did that when he was trying to hide his feelings.

Bulma studied her blue painted nails as though bored, humming before she spoke, “I'm not sure yet, I'm kind of enjoying my vacation.”

“I know you're planning something, Bulma,” he said with a curious glint to his eyes.

“I have no idea what you're talking about,” she replied. She then gave him a devious smile and reached up to glide her hands down the string of her bikini top once more, “Oh, but I was planning on taking this off, I don't want tan lines after all.”

Vegeta sucked in a breath before glaring at her, “Female, don't you dare!”

“Oh, why not?” Bulma pouted.

“I don't want anyone ogling my female,” Vegeta exclaimed.

“But it's just you and me, don't you want a peek?” Bulma winked.

Vegeta face immediately turned bright red, “Stop it, Bulma!”

“You're so adorable!” Bulma broke into laughter as he growled at her words.

“Bulma! Oh, Bulma!” Bulma heard her mother's high pitch tones coming toward her.
Bulma sighed before smiling apologetically to him, “Sorry Vegeta, I have to go.”

Vegeta nodded, “Stay well, my mate.”

“You too, my bad man,” Bulma blew him a kiss and the connection was cut.

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Sorry for the wait! I hope this is a good chapter. Bulma was certainly fun to write. Thank you for all your kind comments!
Vegeta walked lazily with his arms crossed over his chest behind two tall soldiers who were identical in appearance, green skin with white warts covering their bodies, bald, slits for nose and ears, and large green eyes that bulged out. They wore royal purple battlesuits that came to their knees and elbows and lime green armor with a one pointy brown shoulder guard attached, marking them as a member of Cooler’s army. They lead him down the colorless corridors of Cooler’s large prison ship to the detainment sector. When the reached a grey door, one of the soldiers put his hand on the scanner which beeped happily and turned green in acceptance, allowing the three to go in.

The two males moved to the sides of the door to stay guard as Vegeta walked further into the bright white circular room. There were four bare padded rooms aligned along the wall that seeming looked open, however an invisible force field was in place, holding the prisoners within. Vegeta stealthily walked to the third room and stood in front of it to study the three males inside with a look of indifference.

The three males wore Frieza’s black battlesuits and armor and they were completely different in appearance. One male was a hulking humanoid almost similar in appearance to Vegeta except for the pale skin, neanderthal facial features, and green hair that was spiked up to a mohawk that flopped over on to one side. He was sitting against the opposite wall from Vegeta with his legs sprawled in front of him.

The male standing beside him only came to Vegeta’s waist and was covered in light brown fur with a long snout containing small pointy teeth, beady black eyes, and small round ears. His limbs and short tail had been modified to metallic robotic ones that appeared to have deadly features within, which Vegeta noticed as the creature cleaned its face by licking his arm and rubbing it against the fur of his face.

The third male sat against the adjacent wall with his arms and legs crossed as though in meditation. The male’s appearance could be called gorgeous, he was pink-skinned, slim and perfectly proportioned. His face was small and feminine with large red almond eyes, a petite nose, and pretty pouty lips while his purple hair touched the top of his shoulders. The pretty male turned his head over to Vegeta and his eyes grew large as he quickly stood to attention in fear. The other two quickly noticed his actions and visibly paled when they saw Vegeta and they both straightened themselves respectfully.

“C-captain V-Vegeta, s-s-sir!” The furry creature squeaked in a high pitched tone.

Vegeta studied them for a few minutes longer, smelling their sweat that permeated the air with fear. He tilted his head at them before he spoke, “Lord Frieza has sent me here to...question you.”

The three males turned green at his words, “W-we’ll tell y-you a-anything, C-captain Vegeta, s-s-sir!” The humanoid all but yelled.

“Good, this’ll make things easier,” Vegeta said with a bored tone. “Now, let’s get to the point, why did you clean out Planet PTOCC-083?”

The pretty male took a step forward, “We wanted to claim the planet for Lord Frieza, we heard it was rich in minerals that Lord Frieza prizes.”
“Oh? And how was it that you failed to realize that the planet belonged to Lord Cooler?” Vegeta asked with a raised eyebrow.

“We didn’t know it’s PTO planetary name, we were given it’s other name, Planet Neso,” the humanoid explained as he stepped forward.

“And it’s coordinates,” the furry one said as he stepped forward as well.

“Where did you receive this information and from who?” Vegeta asked as he began to tap one of his fingers against his bicep ever so slowly.

“We met this crazy old man at some watering hole on Planet Sourire, telling us these stories about the planet,” the humanoid said as he took another step toward Vegeta.

“Yeah, he informed us that if we went down we had to be careful because the inhabitants have never seen another being from space before,” the pretty male as he stepped in line with the humanoid.

“So, we took an illegal ship instead of the PTO pods to keep a low profile, we didn’t want anyone else to get word about this prize or spook the natives,” the furball said, also taking another step.

Vegeta looked at the three without expression but his finger was tapping faster as he couldn’t believe their sheer stupidity. Nothing they said made any sense to him, he was having a roundabout conversation with complete morons. “So, why did you not scan the planet when you arrived, that surely would have gave you info about the planet?”

“Oh, we didn’t think it was necessary,” the furball said and stepped forward again.

Vegeta began tapping two fingers now against his arm, “And what of your scouter? Why didn’t you use them?”

“We took them off, we were told that those creatures were pathetically weak and wouldn’t need to bother,” the pretty male said and also took another step.

“You took them off?” Vegeta was now strumming his fingers as his eyebrow twitched ever so slightly in agitation.

“Yeah, we wanted to check out the planet with our own eyes,” the humanoid spoke, now in row with his other comrades.

“So let me get this straight,” Vegeta began as his fingers increased in speed. “You heard about this planet from a stranger at a bar, thought it would be a good idea to surprise Lord Frieza by taking said planet, and proceeded, without scanning the planet or taking your scouter with you, to clean out the planet...did I miss anything?”

The three of them nodded in unison at him before the pretty male spoke, his eyes taking on a puppy dog twinkle, “Is Lord Frieza angry with us?”

Vegeta stopped strumming and held himself still, causing the three males to hold their breath in anticipation. Vegeta broke into smile that was unnatural on his features but seemed to calm the males, “Of course not, he sent me here to fetch you. He hopes that you learned you lesson after being held prisoner by Lord Cooler.”

The three males sighed in relief and visibly relaxed, “Thank you, Captain Vegeta!” The furball jumped up and down happily.
“Not at all,” Vegeta said and turned his head back to look at the guards. They nodded and one of them came away from the wall over to the cell and placed his hand on the scanner, bringing down the forcefield. Vegeta stepped back to allow the three males by as they nodded their thanks to him when they stepped out of the room.

“Isn’t Lord Frieza the greatest!” The pretty male clapped his hands together in praise as he spoke to his companions.

“I knew he was a great guy!” The humanoid replied but he paused when he saw a brown ball roll past him and hit the entrance of the door. He paused and his heart stopped as the color drained from his face as he stared back at his furry companion’s eyes, that were glassy and lifeless inside his head that now sat at the bottom of the entrance of the door. The pretty male screamed and the humanoid turned back to see their furry companion’s headless body slumped on the ground, hot dark red blood spurting out from the neck. Vegeta stood over it with speckles of blood coating his face, neck, and armor and his lips were twisted into a sadistic smirk.

“C-captain V-Vegeta!” The pretty male exclaimed in horror.

“Oh? Didn’t you hear me? Lord Frieza ordered me to come fetch you...or rather, your heads,” Vegeta said as he stepped on their commades body to make his way over to them. The two men bolted for the door as his approached but the pretty male never got far as he suddenly fell forward, he tried to get purchase with his feet however, he couldn’t make a move to stand. He looked down his body and eyes grew impossible large before he screamed murder, his legs were missing from the knees down. He saw Vegeta put down his two fingers as he advanced on him, the pretty male panicked and tried to crawl toward the door, using his arms to pull himself along, trailing yellow blood as he went. He tried to crawl faster when he heard the click of Vegeta’s boots come close.

“No! Please Captain Vegeta!” He begged and wailed when Vegeta’s boots were in his line of sight. He tilted his head up painfully to look up at Vegeta’s cold black eyes that held no emotion, causing him to shiver down to his soul. Vegeta smirked with murderous glee as he lifted his foot slowly which in turn made the pretty male scream in horror. Vegeta slammed his foot down. There was a loud wet crunch as the pretty male’s skull caved in onto the cold, unforgiving floor, popping like a balloon while blood, bone, and brain matter splattered in all directions as Vegeta twisted his foot as though crushing a bug.

“Let me out! Please!” The humanoid male yelled as he tried to pry open the doors with his bare hands, ripping his fingernails off in his desperation. He jerked forward from a sudden force and he looked down to see a white gloved hand covered in blue blood poking out of his chest, holding a large five chambered heart. The hand lit up and the heart was burned to ash in front of the humanoid’s eyes. He gagged sickeningly before coughing up blood, spewing it on the entrance door. The arm pulled out of his chest, the only thing holding him up and he fell forward, his face sliding down the metal door until he was a lifeless heap before Vegeta’s feet.

Vegeta closed his eyes and took a deep breath before releasing it through his nose. He heard whimpering behind him and turned around to see the guards huddled near each other in fear, they nearly jumped out of their skin when Vegeta fixated his cruel gaze on them. Vegeta stared at them for a while before he broke into a smirk, causing the two guards yelped in response. They heard the door open and Vegeta turned to see a tall, handsome teal blue-skinned male with gold eyes and pale blonde hair in a boyish cut that parted to one side and fell over one eye. He wore Cooler’s uniform though it slightly differed with the battlesuit covering his entire body. The male looked down at the body at his feet by the entrance and his gaze made its way inside the room and saw the other bodies and gore on the floor. He finally looked up at Vegeta and made a face in disgust.
“Was that really necessary?” He asked in gentle, cultured tones.

“Lord Frieza wishes to convey his apologies to Lord Cooler for the inconveniences his men have caused,” Vegeta replied with a slight tilt of his head, ignoring the comment from the handsome male.

The male snorted, “Fantastic, but couldn’t you have made an apology that was...less messy?”

Vegeta shrugged, “I did what was asked of me.”

The male sneered prettily, “Filthy monkey.”

Vegeta said nothing but narrowed his eyes slightly at the male. “If we’re done here, I need to report to Lord Frieza, Commander Salza,” Vegeta said as he walked toward the door.

“Whatever, just get out, you’re stench is intolerable,” Salza said as he moved aside to allow Vegeta walk past. Vegeta felt Salza walk beside him in an act to escort him to hanger where one of Frieza’s smaller saucer ships awaited. There was a tension filled silence between them, neither one trusting the other as they made way through the halls. When the arrived, Vegeta saw that the ship’s ramp was still lowered as he had ordered, knowing that it wouldn’t have taken him much time to return. He took a step forward to the ship when he heard Salza clear his throat loudly and Vegeta paused to glance at the male.

Seeing that he had Vegeta’s attention, Salza spoke, “I had a question for you, monkey.”

“What?” Vegeta said, no patience in his voice.

Salza frowned at his tone but continued, “Nine months ago, there was an interesting announcement made by Lord Frieza himself.” Vegeta looked at him with bored impatience though he knew exactly as to what Salza was referring to, but for what purpose he did not know. Salza went on, “The announcement was up for five months before it was mysteriously taken down, so did Lord Frieza ever find this weapons developer?”

Vegeta shrugged one shoulder, “Who knows, I’m not intimately aware of all of Frieza’s machinations.”

Salza frowned, “This is what I get for talking with a monkey.”

Vegeta ignored him walked up the ramp and to the bridge where Nappa and Raditz were waiting him, they both smirked at his bloody appearance. “I take it that things went well,” Raditz said he studied Vegeta.

“Yes, now let’s go,” Vegeta ordered and Nappa moved to the controls to begin their launch. Vegeta moved to leave the bridge, “I’m going to clean up, don’t do anything stupid while I’m away, I’ve had enough of dealing with morons for today.”

“No problem, Prince Vegeta,” Nappa said as he sat down by the controls.

“We’ll try to keep out of your hair,” Raditz replied, though his words didn’t match his playful tone. Vegeta turned back to glare at him before leaving the bridge for the quarters he was occupying for the moment. He sighed as he removed his soiled armor and battlesuit, tossing them to the side as he made his way to the shower stall. He allowed his thoughts to wander as the cold water hit him hard, never flinching as he grabbed shampoo to wash his hair. Frieza was not happy that he had to make an “apology” to his brother and had ask Vegeta to take care of the problem, the words “bloody” came out of the tyrant’s mouth as he made his proclamation.
Vegeta couldn't believe how idiotic the three males were to chase after a mere rumor without doing a follow up, even Nappa knew better. Vegeta rinsed off the shampoo and reached for the soap and quickly scrubbed down, watching different colors of blood run down the drain. His thoughts turned to Salza, it was unusual for the male to ask for anyone else beside Cooler, as his loyalty was that of a well trained pet. Salza wanted information about Bulma, and it concerned him what that entailed, hoping that Bulma didn’t make another powerful enemy.

Vegeta heard the unmistakable whistling of his tablet and he quickly rinsed of his body, turning off the water and grabbing a towel to wrap around his hips low. He grabbed the tablet from underneath his pillow as he sat on the bed and answered Bulma’s call.

“Hi hubby! How’s Captain Bad Man doing?” Bulma smiled up at him, Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched at the new endearment she had started using a couple months ago.

Vegeta studied her appearance carefully and noticed that her hair had grown out past her shoulders as well as how tired she looked, “Bulma, what’s wrong?”

Bulma’s smile faltered slightly before she sighed, “Nothing any more, my friends dealt with it, it’s all just catching up to me now.”

“You are unharmed?” Vegeta said as though ready to jump across the universe to her.

“I’m ok Vegeta, just a little tired,” she gave him a gentle smile. She looked him over and her smiled altered to a teasing one, immediately putting Vegeta on alert. “And what do we have here? I was hoping you’d give me a strip tease one day, but straight full-on nudity, not bad, hubby.”

Vegeta felt his cheeks grow hot, “Vulgar female, I am not nude!”

“Well I certainly can’t tell from here,” Bulma replied with a wicked grin. She gazed down the part of his body that she could see through the tablet and her eyes turned appreciative, “But I do love the view.”

“Bulma, knock it off!” Vegeta growled in turn made her giggle at his antics.

“Aww, am I not playing fair? If you want I can take my clothes off too,” Bulma winked at him seductively.

“You will do no such thing, mate!” Vegeta voice rumbled dangerously low as his face grew hotter.

Bulma pouted, “But Vegeta, I miss making you squirm, and you're sure making me squirm with that hot bod of yours.”

“Bulma!” Vegeta knew he was now the shade of those strawberries his female loved.

Bulma began laughing hard, she was holding her stomach as a tear leaked from the corner of her eye. Vegeta calmed down as he watched her laugh carefree, he realized that she felt the need to tease him to relieve the tension she had been feeling. He had no idea what she was going through and apparently she hid it well whenever they had their chats, he wished he was there with her to hold and calm her. Bulma laugh subsided and she smiled at him, “I’ve missed you, hubby.”

“Then come to me,” he said as though a secret promise.

Bulma shook her head sadly, “Not yet, but soon.”

Vegeta sighed through his nose to disperse his frustration and remembered something, “Bulma, have
you ever been in contact with a male by the name of Salza?"

Bulma paused at that and her face turned serious, “Why?”

“I encountered him today, and he was curious as to why Frieza put a bounty on you,” Vegeta replied studying Bulma’s expressive eyes, he knew that she was thinking about something deeply as her eyes began to glitter prettily.

She shrugged, “I may have ran into him a few times.”

Vegeta growled, “A few times? Is he your enemy?”

Bulma laughed, “No, but he’s not my friend either. I only talked to him a few times about technology, I kept away from him because he’s actually one to use his head, like you.”

“There is nothing between you?” Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her.

Bulma snorted unladylike, “He’s too high maintenance to deal with, so no.”

“Good, then I don’t have to remove his pretty head,” Vegeta replied menacingly.

“Oh, calm down hubby,” Bulma said as she rolled her eyes at him. She then turned at him thoughtfully and he waited for her to say something, “But I do have something important to tell you.”

“Tell me, mate,” Vegeta replied with slight concern.

“Well, lately I’ve been having this dream…” she trailed off and looked away.

“Bulma, tell me,” he spoke calmly.

“The thing is, whenever I have it, I have to make myself wake up because it tortures me,” Bulma said as she bit her lip.

“Female,” Vegeta all but pleaded.

Bulma gave a loud sigh before she continued, “You’re always there and just as I’m about to go to you, you…” Vegeta waited in anticipation for what she was going to say. “…Pounce on me and start putting your hands all over my naked body and then you…”

“Stop! Vulgar female! I can’t believe I fell for that!” Vegeta said as his face, ears and neck turned beet red.

Bulma began laughing triumphantly, “Vegeta! You should see your face!”

Vegeta’s chest rumbled in warning, “When you come back, I’ll show you no mercy, my mate.”

Bulma hummed, “Oh, I can’t wait.”

Vegeta sputtered, “I can’t believe I’m mated to the most vile female in the universe!”

“You can’t complain now, hubby. Besides I’m the only one that can handle you,” Bulma winked.

Vegeta gaped at her, lost for words as she giggled at him. Vegeta heard a knock at his door and his expression turned stormy and glared at the door, “Female, I have to go.”

“Okay, I’ll call you soon, bye-bye hubby!” She blew him a kiss, as she always did when they ended
Vegeta nodded and their call ended, he placed the tablet under his pillow before he made his way to the door and opened it to see Nappa there. “What is it, Nappa?”

“I just heard you shouting in your room a moment ago, are you okay, Prince Vegeta?” Nappa asked with genuine concern on his features.

“I’m fine, I’m just letting out my frustrations,” Vegeta replied smoothly.

Nappa nodded as though he understood all too well and grinned, “Well, it’s good to know you’re mortal like the rest of us.”

Vegeta froze and it dawned on him what Nappa was alluding to, “Wait, that’s not…”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about Prince Vegeta, it’s normal for all of us,” Nappa shrugged as he walked away. Vegeta felt his cheeks flush in mortification, his female would be the death of him.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait! I hope you'll like this chapter, Vegeta got a little messy back there... Thank you for all of your wonderful comments! They've really encouraged me!
Wild Games

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Club Seduire was a high end gambling and strip club that not many of Frieza’s men ever had the chance to step inside. The club was a large facility surrounded by an exotic forest and waterfall while inside was a large main room that sparkled with a pink gold haze, the walls were a shimmery honey hue as strands of sparkly pink gold crystals hung down from the ceiling artistically.

There were small, low golden stages scattered around the room as humanoid females of different races danced on them, dressed with a halter top made of strands of gold chains that held large sparkly jewels, only covering the bust of the females. Their torsos and backs were left bare as the top was held precariously by gold threads tied at the neck and center back, exposing much but also only giving a peak. They also wore a skirt with a bejeweled band and strips of pink gold fabric made the bottom of the skirt that reached halfway to their thighs, so as they twirled, their gold bejeweled bikini bottom could be glimpsed. To complete the look they wore golden heels and gold sheer veils that tucked into their hair that was also adorned with jewels.

Surrounding the stages were various gambling tables that were situated so males could eye the females without hindrance. Along the walls of the main room were heart-shaped arch doorways, leading to rooms for a different kind of nightly activity.

“Come on, Vegeta, live a little!” Raditz said from beside Vegeta. They were sitting at one of the gambling tables that was more of a game of chance than strategy. Vegeta sat besides Raditz and beside him was Nappa, who was sitting at the edge of his chair, drooling over the golden females.

Vegeta sat ramrod straight with his arms crossed with an expression of sheer boredom. Since his men also received a pay raise when he became captain, the two buffoons had been saving their earnings to come to Club Seduire, apparently it was on their bucket list. Vegeta tagged along to make sure they didn’t behave in a way that was uncouth, which if Vegeta was being honest with himself would happen whether he was there or not.

“Just play your game Raditz, leave me out of it,” Vegeta replied as he studied the room disinterestedly.

“Fine, fine,” Raditz waved a hand in exasperation.

Vegeta ignored him and noticed that there were some higher ranking soldiers not only from Frieza’s army but also Cooler’s, which was unsurprising as this club was neutral territory for both parties. But he noticed that a group of Cooler’s men were eyeing two of Frieza’s, who were absorbed in their game. Vegeta withheld a sigh, after the three morons purged Cooler’s planet, Frieza had hoped that by executing them, Cooler would be appeased. However, Cooler had no intention of forgiving Frieza and had attacked a small vessel of Frieza’s soldiers. Though Frieza hardly cared for the loss of life, he returned the favor by having Dodoria destroy one of Cooler’s planetary fortresses out of principle. Sending Vegeta to bloodily execute soldiers was one thing, but when Frieza sent Dodoria, a bloodbath unlike anyone has ever seen was guaranteed as the pink blob had a propensity to enjoy taking his enemies apart slowly.

To say the least, tensions between the two armies were rapidly growing hostile and small little skirmishes were already breaking out, and it seemed one was slowly brewing here. Vegeta sighed through his nose in exasperation as he watched Cooler’s men approach Frieza’s with aggressive
“Hey, why if it isn’t Frieza’s dogs, how did you manage to get into this classy establishment?” A tall male with yellow skin, braided orange hair, and pig features in Cooler’s armor spoke.

“Listen pig, we don’t have time to mess with Cooler’s freaks, we’re here for the entertainment,” One of Frieza’s men said, he was also yellow with tentacles for arms, narrow eyes, large nose, and a tuft of brown hair at the top of his head.

“Yeah? Doesn’t seem like it to me, looks like you’re causing trouble,” another of Cooler’s soldiers spoke, he was identical to his friend, though red skinned and chubbier.

“Just fuck off, we can’t help it if you’re insecure in Cooler’s army,” a muscular male with black feathers covering his body and a sharpy point beak spoke.

“That’s Lord Cooler to you!” The third Cooler soldier, also similar to his partners but with green skin said. “I think you two need a lesson in respect!”

Vegeta sighed again as the green pig pulled back his fist and sent it flying toward the feathery male, who dodged it before grabbing the arm and squeezing it, causing the green male to squeal. Soon the other two were on top of the feathery male, knocking over the gaming table and the females on the stage screamed while the yellow tentacle male was slapping at the pig males ineffectually, trying to help his friend.

“Hey look at that, Prince Vegeta! A fight! Should we join in?” Nappa punched a fist into his hand before cracking his neck and knuckles.

“No, stay here,” Vegeta ordered as he stood and went to the males.

Vegeta grabbed the yellow tentacle male by the shoulder when he reached them and slammed him on the ground, knocking him out cold. Vegeta snatched the raised fist of the red pig and twisted his arm behind his back. The pig screamed in pain but it was abruptly brought to an end when Vegeta knocked out his knees before slamming his head on the overturned table. Vegeta released the unconscious male, who fell over on the table hard. The green pig noticed Vegeta and his face turned to pure rage when he saw his friend’s body and jumped at Vegeta. Vegeta merely tilted his head to avoid the poorly executed punch just as he slammed his fist into the male’s gut. Vegeta moved aside as the pig dropped to his knees, clutching his stomach before puking. Vegeta made a face in disgust as he elbowed the male at the back of his neck, which sent the male to land in his own vomit. He was unmoving but still breathing.

Vegeta watched as the feathery male finally got the upperhand and rolled over with the yellow pig male, straddling his chest and throwing punches into the pig’s face. He didn’t stop even after blood was flying and the pig’s face was unrecognizable. Vegeta tapped the feathery male on the shoulder to gain his attention. The male whirled and threw a punch at Vegeta, who caught it with ease.

“That’s enough,” Vegeta said calmly.

“Captain Vegeta! Sorry about…” The male didn’t get to finish as Vegeta slammed their combined fists into his face and he flopped over to the side.

Vegeta heard footsteps running over to him and looked over his shoulder to see a small blue alien in a black suit with black slicked back hair, pointy ears and eyes, and a pencil mustache standing beside him with a look of horror. A muscular male with bull-like features stood behind the little alien for defense.
“Good gracious!” The little alien gasped and turned to Vegeta. “My humble apologies, Captain Vegeta and thank you for handling the problem.”

“Hn,” Vegeta replied as he walked away.

“We’ll compensate you for the inconvenience!” The little alien yelled after him.

“Why do you get all the fun,” Raditz pouted as Vegeta plopped back down on his chair when he reached them.

“It wasn’t worth the energy, they’re weak,” Vegeta replied as he studied the wall ahead of him. Vegeta only intervened so that the fight didn’t get out of hand and it became a problem for both Frieza and Cooler.

Vegeta sighed heavily again but all of a sudden he was assaulted but pale limbs and only caught an eye full of gold as a female wrapped her arms around his head and pushed her bejeweled chest into his face.

“Oh, you’re so strong! Why don’t you try taking me on, you sexy beast!” The female said in cheerful tones.

“Get off me you…” Vegeta growled as he took hold of the female by her shoulders to push her away and froze. “...female.”

Vegeta stopped breathing as he watched Bulma smile playfully at him, perched on his lap with her legs straddling him. She moved her hands back so that they were resting at the top of his armor and leaned in closer to him. His hands felt weightless as he moved them away from her shoulders to rest them on her naked, small waist. It was then that he noticed she was wearing one of the dancers’ outfits and while he was angered at the thought of other males looking at her, he was entranced, especially with her sparkly ocean blue eyes gazing at him gently over the veil. Bulma moved to put her arms around him once again and the tip of his tail twitched as he stroked her with his thumbs, frowning slightly when he realized he was wearing his gloves.

“Hey Vegeta, if you don’t want her, I’ll take her off your hands,” he heard Raditz say beside him. Vegeta’s Oozaru turned hostile at his words and he glared at Raditz before growling low in his chest in warning. Raditz quickly backed off and bowed his head down low in submission. “Sorry, Vegeta.”

Vegeta moved to stand, which forced Bulma to slide down his body to get her footing, but her toes only touched down for a second as she was lifted into Vegeta’s arms like a bride. Vegeta began to walk away but paused to glance at his companions, “Do not disturb me for any reason.”

Nappa grinned wide at him, not hiding his glee at all, “Don’t worry, we won’t, Prince Vegeta.”

Vegeta glanced at Raditz, who meekly nodded and turned his gaze away, recognizing Vegeta as the alpha male. Vegeta said nothing more as he walked away with his prize, who had her arms around his neck as she ran a hand into his hair, making him purr in response. She giggled at his reaction before burying her face into his neck and sighing deeply.

Vegeta went through one of the arched doorways that lead to a staircase and he took two steps at a time with ease to go to the closest room available, slamming the door shut and locking it. The room was a small hotel suite also in the club’s signature gold pink. Large windows were on the opposite end of the room, showcasing a night view of the forest and the beautifully situated waterfall. The walls shimmered in gold and the carpet swirled with sparkling gold waves which Vegeta noticed but
he was only interested in the large bed that faced the windows in gold silk sheets.

He placed Bulma on the bed carefully before letting go to tear off his armor and offending gloves and boots. She waited for him, leaning back on her elbows with a small smile. Vegeta quickly joined her on the bed and gathered her into his arms as his face dived into her neck, breathing in her unmistakable feminine scent. Vegeta rubbed his face into her neck and purred, causing Bulma to giggle as she put her arms around his neck.

“I don’t even get a hello?” she said playfully.

Vegeta reluctantly raised his head to look down on her, frowning slightly at the veil and he reached up to gently pull it off her face. “Bulma,” he said her name like a prayer as he gazed down at his beautiful mate.

“That’s better,” she smiled.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?” Vegeta asked as his tail unwrapped from his waist to twirl behind him happily.

“I wanted it to be a surprise for my hubby,” she said as she moved to kiss the tip of his nose.

“I could have hurt you, Bulma,” Vegeta growled slightly as he gathered her tighter to him.

“But you didn’t,” she said as she moved her hand to trace a finger down his jaw line, studying his features as she went.

“Hn, over-confident female,” he jabbed.

Bulma’s eyes sparkled in challenge, “And you’re an arrogant jackass.”

Vegeta purred, sending vibrations into Bulma’s body and she smiled at him as her body grew hot. Vegeta could smell her rich arousal before he spoke huskily, “Did you come here to be mine?”

Bulma moved her hand to put a finger to the corner of her lips and looked away in thought, “Well, the thought did cross my mind, but now I’m having second thoughts, those bouncers had some cute butts.” Vegeta growled before he nipped her ear in retaliation. She giggled before she sobered, looking him straight in the eyes, “I missed you, Vegeta.”

Vegeta felt his chest grow warm, no one ever told him that they missed him, only his mate ever spoke those words to him. “Then don’t ever leave me again,” he said as he placed his forehead to hers and looked deep into her eyes.

She smiled at him teasingly, “We’ll see.”

Vegeta growled at her words but she put her hands on his nape, running her fingers through his hair, he closed his eyes and began to purr again at her touch. He moved his head so that he could rest it on her shoulder to breath in her scent deeply once more. He moved his hands, brushing them down her sides and he heard her sigh from his touch. When he reached her exposed belly, he paused, remembering something and he pulled away from her to straddle her body.

Bulma looked at him with concern as he stared down at her stomach, “Is something wrong?”

“We’re compatible,” he said softly.

Bulma smiled teasingly, “Well, I certainly hope so.”
Vegeta heard her comment but didn’t react, “No, I mean we can have offspring.”

Bulma blinked at him as he placed a gentle hand on her flat stomach, he observed curiously how pale she was compared to his caramel skin. “How do you know this?” She asked with interest in her eyes.

“When you were injured, I took you to a doctor,” Vegeta began, never taking his gaze off her body.

“Wait, that quack doctor who’s first aid is to slap a bandaid on a stab wound?” Bulma snorted, “Please, enlighten me.”

“She analyzed our DNA, and while we’re different in many way, we are compatible enough to have offspring...it’s very rare,” Vegeta continued to explain as he moved his gaze to make eye contact with her.

Bulma glanced at him with uncertainty, “Vegeta, do you want children?”

Vegeta stared at her with no emotion in his gaze as he spoke, “I don’t know.”

Bulma nodded, “Me too.” She laid her hand on top of his, “We have time to think about it.”

Vegeta nodded, “I want you.”

Bulma grinned, “I want you too, and you can have me.”

“But…” Vegeta began.

“I’m on something that will prevent from having...offspring.” Bulma explained as she moved her arms above her head to present herself to him like a prize.

“Are you certain?” He asked as he put both hands on her sides.

“It’ll be okay, it changes my body chemistry, don’t worry,” she smiled.

He frowned, “Is that safe?”

Bulma laughed, “Completely.” Vegeta glanced down at her as he stroked her sides with his thumbs, a little unsure what to do. He could see something come across her mind as her eyes flashed. She moved to a sitting position, “Why don’t I slip into something more comfortable.”

“Fine,” Vegeta replied, reluctantly letting her go.

She got off the bed to stand as Vegeta moved to sit on the bed with his legs over the side. She had her back to him and she looked over shoulder at him with a coy smile as she reached back and pulled on the string at the center of the back. Vegeta’s mouth went dry as she turned around to face him and she reached around her neck to untie the gold string that was the only thing holding the golden halter top in place. The string came on done and Vegeta’s breath caught as the halter top slid off her body to the floor with a muffled thud, exposing her large, full breasts to him. Bulma grinned at him and while she appeared confident, Vegeta could hear her heart pound with nervousness and anticipation as he also smelled her sweet arousal.

Vegeta held still as she kicked off her gold heels as she hooked her thumbs at the waistband of her skirt and bikini panites and began to peel them off her body painfully slow. Vegeta didn’t move a muscle as he stared at his mate’s naked form for the first time. His female was all curves and pale skin, her neck slender and her legs long and shapely. Her womanhood was hidden behind blue curls that matched the hair on her head that she was currently loosening from the elegant coif she had
twisted it in.

Before either of them realized it, Vegeta put his hands on her wide hips and pulled her on his lap to straddle him. She smiled as she put her arms around him and he could feel her shivering. He frowned, “Are you cold?”

“No, just a little nervous,” she said as pushed herself closer to him.

“Me too,” he said as he reached up to touch her cheek. She grabbed his hand and placed a kiss on his thumb. Vegeta’s eyes glittered and he moved so that she was lying at the center of the bed underneath him. He raised up to glance down her body, “You’re perfect.”

She giggled, “What would be more perfect is having you naked too.”

Vegeta smirked before he crawled off to the foot of the bed, never taking his gaze off of her. He stood and reached up to pull off the stretchy battlesuit material from his neck to push it down his body, quicker than Bulma had done with her small strip tease. He heard Bulma’s intake of breath as she gazed down his hard, lean muscular frame and traveled down to his narrow hips and the sharp V that lead to his manhood. Her eyes widened, “Now I’m starting to wonder if we really are compatible.”

Vegeta smirked, “Don’t worry, I’ll make sure we are.”

Vegeta’s tail whipped around playfully as he climbed back on the bed like a panther on the hunt. He heard Bulma’s heart beat faster, almost in tune with his as he hovered over her. Bulma slowly moved her hands up to put them on his naked chest, tracing over scars she found as she glided down his torso, his muscles twitched at her touch. She stopped when she reached his hips, unsure where to go from there. Vegeta sat up to take her hands in his, threading their fingers together as he placed them over her head.

Bulma gasped when she felt his hard naked body lie against hers and instinctively she parted her knees to allow him to snuggle his lower body closer to hers. She felt his hardened masculinity against her belly, foreign but not unwelcoming as it caused moisture to pool between her thighs. Vegeta’s nose flared as her scent grew stronger and he was please to see her skin begin to grow flush. He bent down to tentatively kiss her, their first kiss in over a year. She returned the gesture and her taste invaded his mouth, she tasted as sweet as she remember if not better and his kiss grew aggressive. Bulma moaned as he licked her lips and she allowed him entrance which he took full advantage of and explored her mouth before tangling his tongue with hers.

She began to rub her naked womanhood against him as he pulled his lips away from hers to trail hot kisses down her neck, his hands released hers to run his fingertips down her arms, sending shivers throughout her body. When she was free, she put her hands on his shoulders to knead them as he moved his kisses down to her sternum. He paused and raised his head to stare at her breast before turning to one of them to gently kiss it. Bulma whimpered when Vegeta softly lapped her pink nipple with the flat part of his tongue. He purred at her taste and response before continuing, moving one of his hands to massage the other breast, forcing Bulma to arch off the bed at his assault and moan. Vegeta traded off to the other breast as his free hand trailed down her body, feeling her tummy spasm at his touch as he made his way lower, wanting to touch her feminine sex. His fingers threaded down her soft down and he stopped abruptly after he heard her gasp sharply when he touched a small hard bud.

Vegeta looked up at Bulma’s face with concern, “Bulma, are you okay?”

Bulma nodded, “Keep touching me, it feels good.”
Vegeta smiled gently at her as he continued to rub her carefully with his fingers and watched as her lips parted and her body arched, her legs moving farther apart. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as she started panting and her legs twitched as her feet rubbed the sheets restlessly. Vegeta realized that he was touching her pleasure spot that he heard females had and stopped, not trying to be cruel, but wanting her to feel her release with his. Bulma looked at him disappointedly as she breathing calmed a little. Vegeta chuckled as she kissed her again in apology.

He pulled away to gaze down at her beautiful blue eyes, “Bulma, my mate, are you ready?”

Bulma bit her lip and stared at him for a moment before nodding, “I’m all yours.”

Vegeta grinned in triumph, his Oozaru howled in delight within as he kissed her again passionately. He raised up as put his hands on her hips gently, while she placed her hands on his forearms, and he carefully positioned himself at her entrance. They were both breathing heavily as they looked down their bodies, watching as he began to enter her. He paused when he heard her gasp and her grip on his arms tightened, he looked at her face, but instead of pain, he saw pleasure on her features.

“Keep going,” she moaned.

Vegeta never took his eyes off of her as he continued to slowly push forward into her tight, wet passage. Vegeta’s chest rumbled as Bulma moaned loudly when he could go no further. Vegeta gathered her in his arms as she wound her arms and legs around him tightly, while his tail wrapped underneath her hips to keep her in place against him. Vegeta put his forehead on hers, breathing heavily to keep still to let her adjust to him, while pleasure snaked up his spine as he never felt anything like it before.

“My mate, my Bulma, did I hurt you?” Vegeta asked with concern as he looked deeply into her eyes.

Bulma shook her head and smiled at him, “No, you could never hurt me.”

She reached up to kiss him and he responded in kind, they were so absorbed in their kiss that without thought, they began to move their hips against each other. Bulma moaned into his mouth and he growled when she broke away from her kiss and closed her eyes as she started to pant in pleasure. Vegeta gradually moved his hips faster, causing Bulma to tighten her legs around him and claw her fingernails down his back, making him bury his face into her neck and purr in pleasure. Vegeta moved a hand down to touch her small bud and Bulma bucked against him, her moans growing louder. Vegeta felt her shudder and realized she was getting closer to release.

He raised his head to look at her face, he spoke with a command, “Bulma, look at me.”

Bulma opened her eyes and stared at his passion-filled jet-black eyes, the intensity of his gaze helped send her over the edge and she gasped sharply. Her body arching to get closer to him as she felt warmth bubble up low in her womb and explode, sending pleasant tingles throughout her body.

Vegeta felt her tighten on him and they never broke eye contact as he joined her, feeling his lower body coil with tension before rapture burst forth and he growled loudly as his seed filled her womb. Before their pleasure waned, Vegeta moved his head to the joint between Bulma’s neck and shoulder and bit down. She cried out as she clenched him tighter in her arms while he bit down harder.

“Vegeta,” she gasped after a few moments when he did not let go.

Vegeta finally pulled away and licked his lips, tasting and smelling his mate's blood for the first time, committing it to memory. He licked her wound clean and his Oozaru howled in satisfaction at the
mark he left before he raised his head to look at Bulma’s flushed but slightly startled expression. He kissed her lips as he looked down to stare into her eyes deeply, “You're mine now, Bulma, forever.”

Chapter End Notes

Well I hope you've enjoyed this last chapter! Thank you for all your comments and kudos! 😊
Bulma sighed in pleasure as she felt hot open kisses on her neck and slight callous hands trail down her side. Warm full lips covered hers aggressively as she found herself on her back and felt those lips pull away. She opened her eyes and smiled sweetly up at Vegeta who was staring at her with single-focused intensity. They had spent two days in bed, exploring each other’s bodies and only moving when the necessity for food came calling. Bulma quickly learned how insatiable Saiyan men are and her body was a little sore and exhausted in a pleasant way while she was still adjusting to the feeling of having him inside of her as he was her first lover and most likely would be her only and last as she was his. The one thing that did take her by surprise was the mark he left on her that now took on the form of a large hickey that would never go away, after he had bitten her and it was something she would never forget…

“You’re mine now, Bulma, forever,” Vegeta said as he gazed down at her with an intensity she never saw before. Bulma removed a hand that had dug deep into Vegeta’s back and brought it up to the spot where he had roughly bitten her. She pulled back her hand to look at it and saw a few drops of blood on her fingertips, blinking at it in disbelief.

She glanced up at Vegeta who looked very pleased with himself and could feel the tip of his tail thumping against her hip like a happy puppy. “You bit me,” she finally said after the shock wore off.

“Yes,” he said as he shifted to rest his body on hers and put his chin on her chest to look up at her.

“You bit me,” Bulma repeated again as though he hadn’t heard her.

Vegeta frowned slightly and his tail stopped moving, “Do males on your planet not do this?”

Bulma blinked at him, “No!”

Vegeta flinched a little at her voice but looked concerned, “Did I hurt you?”

Bulma stared at him for a moment before sighing, “No, I’m just...surprised. I’m guessing this is one of those Saiyan habits.”

Bulma studied the blood on her fingers and watched as Vegeta grabbed her hand to put her fingers in his mouth. She felt his hot tongue glide across her fingers and Bulma’s body reacted to the sight. She saw his nose flare and he stared at her with an intense knowing look as he pulled her fingers away.

He placed a kiss on her palm as he spoke, “Saiyan males mark their females to make sure other males know they are taken. Other alien cultures are known to practice this.” Vegeta moved to place kisses up her arm and her body began to grow warm.

“No, I’m just...surprised. I’m guessing this is one of those Saiyan habits.”

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“Now that you’ve...marked me, what happens now?” Bulma asked as her breathing began to increase and she felt him harden inside her.
“An emotional bond between us will form over time,” Vegeta replied as he reached her shoulder and nuzzled her neck.

“Am I supposed to bite you back?” Bulma asked as she ran her free hand into his thick but soft mane of hair.

Vegeta raised his head to look at her and thrusted his hips, causing her to gasp sharply, “Yes, to complete our bond you have to.”

Bulma felt her heart speed up as her legs tighten against him and she moved a hand to the place where his neck and shoulder met. She traced his skin, “That might be difficult for me to do.”

“Hn, weak female,” he baited into her ear.

“Me? Weak? I just don’t want to sink to your level, you savage animal,” Bulma said as she tightened her legs further and thrusted back into him. Vegeta’s chest rumbled low in approval and started placing kisses on her face. She turned her head to kiss his chin, “Besides, I don’t think it would be safe to have my mark on you. Frieza would try to use it against you.”

Bulma froze and looked down on her before puffing out a sigh through his nose in yielding displeasure, “You’re right.”

Bulma grinned, “Of course I am.”

“Hn,” Vegeta replied. “But when he’s not hanging over our heads anymore, we’ll finish completing our bond.”

“You got it, hubby,” Bulma smiled as she reached up to nip his chin. Vegeta growled at her as he captured her lips, causing Bulma to moan into his mouth while they moved their bodies against each other once again.

Bulma was pulled out of her memory at the feeling of Vegeta’s lips leaving kisses down her body. She looked down when he paused and made eye contact with his fierce jet-black eyes. “Do I have your attention now, female,” Vegeta said as he licked her belly button, he was positioned between her legs and his tail was wrapped around one of them, stroking her ankle.

“I was thinking,” Bulma began as she reached down to stroke his hair.

“Oh?” Vegeta said as he continued to kiss his way downward.

“Vegeta, stop for a second, we need to talk,” she said as she yanked on his hair. He only purred in response and Bulma growled in frustration as she placed a hand over his mouth. “Vegeta, listen!”

He removed her hand to glare at it before he kissed her palm as he looked up at Bulma with a naughty glint in his eyes, “I want to taste you again.”

“Fuck, Vegeta, you’re playing dirty,” she said as she felt moisture gather between her legs and he smirked with evil glee. They both had learned that she was easily aroused when he spoke a little dirty to her, well as dirty as he could go before blushing. And even then he would push himself to go
further and to Bulma, his blushes were also a major turn on for her and Vegeta would find himself on the submissive end of their love-making.

“I’m a Saiyan, we never play fair when it’s necessary,” he chuckled darkly as he nipped her hip and soothed it with his tongue.

Bulma bit her lip to keep from moaning, “Vegeta, please, this is important.”

Vegeta stopped nibbling on her skin, leaving a small mark, which seemed to be his new favorite pastime. He looked up into he eyes and huffed in annoyance to only put a lingering kiss on her stomach before moving up to lay on his side next to her, propping his head on his hand to look down at her. Bulma shifted to move closer to him and felt his tail glide up her leg to wrap around her thigh while placing a hand on her side, stroking her skin gently with his thumb.

Bulma reached a hand up to place it on his cheek, rubbing her thumb on his cheek bone in soothing motions, “I need to leave soon.”

Vegeta stopped stroking her and gripped her tightly, but not painfully, “You want to leave me.”

“No, I don’t, but I’m returning to the Galactic Patrol,” Bulma explained, moving her hand to his nape to stroke his hair, hoping to calm him.

“And what if I say no?” He said darkly as he moved to loom over her, using his tail to bring her leg over his hip.

She smiled wickedly at him, “You know that’s never worked before.”

Vegeta huffed while he gathered her into his arms and placed his forehead on hers to look into her eyes intently, “Sometimes I wonder if you’re not Saiyan, always doing what you want and never relying on me.”

Bulma laughed, “I call it being independent, which if I’m correct, you’re the same way too. You don’t need me, Vegeta, you never have before.”

“Maybe not, but without you I feel incomplete,” Vegeta said as he kissed her forehead sweetly. He pulled away and his eyes turned cold, “That reminds me, what were you doing here?”

Bulma wrapped her arms around his neck, not afraid in the slightest, “To see my hubby of course.”

“Yes, so you’ve said, but that’s only part of the reason, isn’t it?” he said in a deceptively calm, bored tone.

Bulma bit her lip, she found him very attractive when he turned to his ruthless cold self and ran her hands down his chest though he didn’t respond, “I told you, I’m returning to the GP, as in I’m going back undercover.”

“But you’re wanted by Frieza,” he reminded her as he gazed down her body with indifference.

“Yeah, that’s why I’m working backstage now, no more public appearances for Lacy Bottom,” she explained as she felt herself grow hot under his icy gaze and felt moisture seep down her thighs.

“And that’s all you’ll be doing? No more games with Frieza?” He asked as he returned his stoney gaze back to her face.

“Nope, that’s all done with,” she shrugged.
He moved his face to hers, his eyes unfeeling, “I don’t believe you.”

She tilted her head at him, “And what are you going to do about it? Interrogation won’t work on me, I’m a trained GP officer.”

“I have other ways of making you talk,” he said cruelly.

She narrowed her eyes at him, “Do your worst.”

“You’ll regret this,” he vowed. Bulma watched as he crawled down her body, his gaze never leaving hers as he pulled apart her legs wide and place them over his shoulder. Her breathing grew shallow and her heart beat against her ribs cage rapidly as he moved to grab her thighs to hold her in place before he put his head between her legs and she arched off the bed as mewed at the first touch of his tongue.

Frieza’s tail slapped the floor in agitation, “I can’t believe this is happening! I’d slaughter them all if it wasn’t bad for business!” Vegeta said nothing from his kneeling position on the floor, he had been summoned by Frieza the moment he had landed, as for what purpose he wasn’t quite sure. Frieza turned to him with fury in his face, “Vegeta, I'm in need of your skills.”

“How can I be of service, Lord Frieza?” Vegeta asked, his tone and expression neutral.

“Vegeta, you have yet to disappoint me and now I need that brain of yours again,” Frieza said as he approached him.

“Sir?” Vegeta asked with a slight tilt of his head.

“I'm having trouble with some of my buyers, they're peeved that I haven't delivered their requested merchandise. I need you to go handle negotiations for me and if they're not feeling…cooperative, well, I'm sure you'll think of something,” Frieza said with a wave of his hand.

“As you wish, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied.

Frieza tossed a small tablet at Vegeta, who caught it deftly, “Here's all you need, handle it at your discretion.” Frieza narrowed his eyes at him, “Don't make me regret putting my trust in you, Vegeta.”

“You won't, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied with confidence.

Frieza smiled gleefully, “Good, now you're dismissed.”

Vegeta bowed respectfully before he left the bridge and made his way to the mess hall to find Nappa, who had immediately made his way there like a raging bull as soon as they had docked. Vegeta had avoided him and Raditz when he parted from Bulma, knowing he would slit their throats the moment they spoke one word about him disappearing for five days with her. He was unhappy that he had to be away from her but she made a valid point that it was dangerous for them to even be in the same star system. He stopped at the entrance of the mess hall and gave a heavy sigh and closed his eyes,
remembering the softness of Bulma’s skin, her feminine scent, her flirty blue eyes, and her soft smile. He couldn't get enough of her and wanted her in his arms to know that she was safe but he would be patient until it came time for him to overthrow Frieza. In the meantime, they would stay in contact and his memories of their time together would help to appease his Oozaru from being separated from his mate.

Vegeta clenched his fist and walked through the doors to the mess hall. He quickly found Nappa gluttonously stuffing his face at the corner of the room and strolled over to him and noticed from the corner of his eyes, soldiers jumping out of his way or snapping their heels in salute. He ignored them all and soon found himself standing over Nappa with his arms crossed, waiting patiently for his subordinate to look up from his slop. Nappa noticed the shadow looming over him and glanced up to only freeze when he saw Vegeta before jumping out of his seat and knocking over the table loudly.

“Prince Vegeta!” Nappa yelled.

“Calm yourself, Nappa,” Vegeta commanded and the large Saiyan nodded as he sat back down. “I'm only here to inform you to ready a ship, we're leaving tomorrow.”

Nappa nodded, “Understood, Prince Vegeta.”

“Good,” Vegeta replied and moved to leave but was stopped when he saw Nappa lean in and his nose flare. Vegeta glared, “Is something wrong, Nappa?”

Nappa grinned, “This female seemed good for you…well she must have been good if her scent is still clinging onto you.”

Vegeta clenched his teeth to remind himself not to hurt Nappa. Vegeta had regrettably tried to wash off Bulma’s scent but before they separated, Bulma had pulled him into a heated kiss and ran her hands into his hair, which she found fascinating to his delight. And while he should have tried to remove all lingering hints of her from his skin, he couldn't bear it and let it be. “What of it Nappa?”

Nappa smile grew even bigger, “Nothing, Prince Vegeta, you just seem calmer…she must have done her job right. With a sweet scent like that, I wouldn't blame if you tied her to the bed and pumped her full of your seed.”

Vegeta narrowed his eyes at him and growled deep in his chest before he took a threatening step toward him and Nappa bowed his head in submission, “Nappa, if you know what's good for you, you'll shut your mouth.”

“Y-yes, Prince Vegeta,” Nappa replied as he pulled himself into a ball.

Vegeta glared at him for a moment before walking away and made his way to his new Captain’s quarters. He sat on his new bed when he arrived and took the tablet Frieza gave him to study the clients he would interact with it. As he was reading, he paused at a name and frowned. Lord Sord was a very wealthy noble who was a recent buyer of Frieza's and had wanted one of the planets that had been destroyed courtesy of Bulma. But what flashed warning signs was that he remembered seeing Lord Sord at Club Seduire and had many of the golden jeweled females hanging on his arms. And while he did believe Bulma came to see him, she was also an opportunist and he knew she had something up her sleeve, but before he could accuse her anything, he would need to gather information. He smirked, his female was truly back and couldn't wait for the challenges that would come.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the delay! I hope you've enjoyed this chapter! Thank you for all the kudos and comments! ❤ ❤ ❤
Lord Sord’s office was a very unique room, the circular arched entrance with purple triangular leaf ivy hanging down like a curtain, opened to an almost bare, white oval room. Soft purple moss carpeted the floor while the walls had the same purple ivy stretching across the windowless walls and glass ceiling. The large desk at the back of the room seemed to be made out of glass with a large table that floated on one end while the other end curled down to the floor to only twist up into a chair, creating one large piece of furniture. The soft edges of the desk glowed with purple neon lights. Two matching glass chairs sat in front of the desk, the seats curved on one side to the floor and also had the same neon lights as the desk. The chairs were stylish but appeared uncomfortable as Nappa and Raditz squirmed in them while Vegeta stood behind them with his arms crossed over his chest, staring at Frieza’s client with indifference.

Lord Sord was a thin, androgynous, gray-skinned humanoid with severe sharp features, his cheekbones were pronounced, his chin was long and pointy, and his four purple eyes were narrow and slanted high as though being pulled back against his hairline. His silver hair was pulled up into a high ponytail that sat on the top of his head and shot straight up several inches, being held by a tie made of silver braids, before the sleek strands fell down his back. He wore heavy shadowy makeup around his eyes with purple precious stones underneath two of his eyes and his nails were purple points with the same sparkly stones he had on his face attached to them. He wore a long black latex coat with a high collar that opened and plunged down to his smooth torso while wearing matching tight latex pants on his slim legs that ended in sparkly purple knee high boots with four-inch heels.

He was one of many nobles from his home planet, but one of the wealthiest as he was a fashion icon and had amassed his fortune from his fashion line and decor. He eventually turned to Frieza, wanting to buy “property” and ironically he had wanted Planet Ursal, the one that Vegeta had gone to prepare over a two years ago but Bulma had destroyed, which lead him to her. Frieza had put off the sale for a time and eventually told Sord that it was no longer available and afterwards he had refused to talk to Frieza out of pettiness, though Frieza had sent counter offers, wanting to have the noble in his back pocket.

Unlike most other clients that balked at the mere sight of Vegeta and changed their tune instantly, Sord was being stubborn, even if Vegeta could smell his fear wafting over to him. Usually when the clients were obstinate, Vegeta would have Raditz or Nappa intervene and threaten a love one or just take them out all together. However, he wouldn’t be able to do the same to Lord Sord due to his high profile nature. Any violence toward the noble could result in backlash from the Galactic community and threaten Frieza’s recent slowly collapsing market.

“Lord Sord, is there anyway we could come to an understanding?” Vegeta asked with a tilt to his head, he appeared bored but he his patience was running thin after arguing with the noble about counter offers.

“You don’t seem to understand, that planet was perfect and now you have the gall to tell me that it’s unavailable? Why should I put my trust in Frieza if he can’t even deliver on a promise,” Sord said in a soft, low feminine tone.

“Lord Frieza found that planet unacceptable to be given to anyone, he doesn’t want to give...damaged goods,” Vegeta lied fluidly.
“Is that so? And what exactly was wrong with it?” Sord asked as he steepled his fingers under his chin.

“The desired brightness you requested was not up to par,” Vegeta shrugged.

“Excuses,” Sord waved a hand dramatically as he sat back in his chair. “This level of unprofessionalism isn’t the only reason I refuse to bargain with Lord Frieza.”

“Enlighten me,” Vegeta drolled.

Sord stood and walked behind his chair, “You see I had a very good friend who was helping me buy some… priceless furs as well as gorgeous little toys. And after Frieza put a bounty on her, she disappears!”

Vegeta clenched his jaw at the mention of Bulma. He didn’t know what Sord was playing at by dropping her name and if Vegeta’s suspicions were right, as they always were, then Bulma had to have spoken to Sord at Club Seduire. Vegeta was hoping that his meeting with Sord would help him flush out exactly what Bulma was trying to accomplish but so far the male had only been stubbornly refusing their offers, which was not something out of the ordinary.

“What do you mean?” Nappa asked who had perked at the mention of the female.

Sord scoffed as offended, “Seriously? Are you stupid? Lacy Bottom was the most sought after weapons developer in the galaxy, she was the princess of the Galactic Shadow Market and she looked good doing it. Hell, I even asked her to model for me a dozen times. But since that bounty, she disappeared and everything has been falling apart.”

Sord looked contemptuously at Raditz and Nappa who were processing this new information, “You really don’t know anything about her, do you? What age am I living in?”

“So you’re not negotiating over a female?” Raditz interjected.

“Did you not hear me! She’s not just any female, Lacy Bottom had the universe eating out of her hand,” Sord exclaimed with a flourish wave of his hand.

Vegeta pondered over his words, there had to be more to Bulma’s ploy then having Sord refuse Frieza in her name, but he couldn't delve into a conversation about Bulma without suspicion. Vegeta dropped the topic, “There is no way to convince you?”

“No,” Sord replied as he straightened his back.

Nappa and Raditz grinned, preparing themselves to do some damage to the thin male. “Very well. Nappa, Raditz, we’re leaving,” Vegeta said as he turned away.

“What?” Raditz asked in confusion.

Vegeta turned to him to glare coldly, “Are you questioning my orders?”

“No, Prince Vegeta,” Raditz replied quickly as he made to stand.

“Let’s go,” Vegeta said as he walked out of the room and heard Raditz and Nappa’s heavy footsteps follow.

As they walked down the purple ivy covered hallway, Vegeta saw Salza walking toward them with his own small entourage. They both stopped a foot of each other. “What are you monkeys doing
here? Providing entertainment?” Salza sneered, causing Nappa to growl.

Vegeta tilted his head, already deducing why Salza was here. “I didn't realize Lord Cooler was desperate for leftover crumbs.”

Salza’s eyes darkened in anger, “Lord Cooler is just taking advantage of a good opportunity, something I'm sure Lord Frieza excels at.”

Vegeta shrugged, “You don't become the best by being lazy.”

Salza snarled, “Watch it, Saiyan trash! You're lucky you're one of Frieza's favorites or I would have annihilated you.”

Vegeta smirked, “Hn, keep telling yourself that.” Salza didn't get another word in as Vegeta walked past with his lips twisted in a grin of mockery. Salza sputtered incoherently after him as Vegeta strolled out of the building.

“Prince Vegeta, why didn't you let us kill him?” Nappa asked as soon as they were on the ship.

“Killing him would only have made matters worse in Frieza’s favor,” Vegeta explained as he made his way to the cockpit.

“Won't Frieza be upset?” Raditz asked.

“Probably,” Vegeta replied dismissively.

“Aren't you worried?” Raditz asked with concern.

“No, because if Frieza can't do business with him, than neither can Cooler,” Vegeta said as he he started pressing coordinates into the ship.

“So, we are gonna kill him?” Nappa said excitedly.

“No,” Vegeta stated as he sat in the pilot's chair.

“Then…” Nappa began confused.

“Sord had his eye on Ursal for a specific reason and I know Cooler has a similar planet,” Vegeta explained as Nappa and Raditz also sat.

“Oh.” Nappa scratched his head, “Why is that important?”

“If the planet doesn't exist, then Cooler can't sell it,” Vegeta gave Nappa a side glance.

“But it does exist,” Nappa replied, his brows pulled together in confusion. Vegeta gave him a patient look and Nappa’s confusion cleared in moments before grinning evilly, “Oh, I see.”

“Won't that make things worse between Frieza and Cooler?” Raditz asked.

“Only if they're witnesses,” Vegeta smirked.

It was Raditz turn to grin, “We can't have that, can we?”

“Hn,” Vegeta replied in agreement and said nothing more as their ship began to launch.
“I only agreed to this because you've been one of our best customers, and now you're threatening me? Are you sure you want to play this game, Xlovo?” Bulma spoke to the species trafficker in front of her. She and her companion were sitting in a sequestered corner of a run down little bar that was composed of dark blue wood with an island bar in the middle as black tables and chairs were scattered about the room.

Xlovo was a hairless humanoid with white frosty skin and massive icy blue eyes that took up most of the space on his face while he had a small nose and mouth. He was wearing a fur white coat that covered almost every inch of his body to fight the cold that was sweeping in the shady hut of a watering hole. He specialized in enslaving creatures from the universe, many came to him for his work and he had become a pain in the Galactic Patrol’s side due to his elusiveness. Lucky for them, Bulma had been corresponding with him for years and had been building up a huge case against him.

Bulma learned back in her chair and crossed her legs in a show of nonchalance. She was also dressed for the cold, a dark navy turtleneck, cable-knit sweater dress that touched the top of her thighs, black wool tights, navy suede ankle boots, and a black pea coat with a fur lined hood. She was sporting a long black wig while hiding her blue eyes behind large reflective sunglasses.

“We all know Frieza is like a wild animal with a bone when he wants something, so I refuse to believe that he suddenly lost interest in you,” Xlovo shrugged.

“And you're going to milk it for all its worth?” Bulma said as a statement rather than a question.

“Of course, I want what I want and I'm not above threatening the most important woman in the universe to do it,” Xlovo replied with a casual wave of his webbed hand.

“You know if you call Frieza's goons to come get me, you won't get what you want,” Bulma explained as she toyed with the hair from her wig as though a relaxed woman.

Xlovo tilted his head, “But I'm sure I'll get a reward. That was a heavy amount he put down on that pretty head of yours.”

“But is the reward worth the risk?” Bulma asked casually.

That seemed to catch Xlovo off guard, “What do you mean?”

“As you said, I'm the most important woman in the universe, I didn't get there by making enemies you know. It's important to have lot of close friends. Friends that are…not above taking out small-time species traffickers,” Bulma said with a hint of an evil smile pulling at the corners of her lips.

Xlovo's hairless brow twitched at her words, “You can't bluff me, Lacy.”

“Oh, I'm not bluffing, just laying out the facts for you,” Bulma replied as she grabbed her drink and took a slow sip from it.

Xlovo seemed to consider her words as he clenched his jaw, “You win, Lacy.”

Bulma smiled, “I knew you would see things my way, now let's talk shop.”
Bulma heard the door open from the entrance but she couldn't see it as she had her back to it to avoid being seen. Whoever walked through caught Xlovo’s eye and his expression turned smug after he waved the person over and glanced at Bulma.

The chair between them was pulled out by a black gloved hand. Bulma watched in horror as Vegeta sat beside them, dressed in a black tight, high collar jacket with one side crossing over his chest to be held in place at the shoulder, slightly opening at the bottom, tight black pants with the seams running down the front, and shiny black boots. He looked incredible, she had never seen him in fashionable clothes before unless she counted that one time at the gala. She also felt her body warm at the sight of him. After their wedding-slash-honeymoon-slash-anniversary or whatever, she had not seen him for several months, at least they haven't been physically in the same room. His little marks that had covered her body were long gone but his mate mark was still present as ever, which she often covered with makeup or if she was feeling lazy, she would tie on a scarf.

They still stayed in contact and only planned to meet when it was considered “safe”, but she still missed him and every time they ended their calls it felt bittersweet. However, she had promised him to stay publicly low to avoid Frieza and he would not be happy to know that she was here, talking with a dangerous species trafficker. Bulma subtly pulled the coat around her face, and prayed that Jaco would stay silent as he and other GP officers were there, listening in and waiting to arrest Xlovo. Having Vegeta here changed everything and she knew Xlovo was trying to force her hand by inviting him here but while it may have been a clever move had it been an ordinary PTO officer, Vegeta was unpredictable. She hoped Xlovo wasn't dumb enough to call her name out in the open.

"Captain Vegeta, it's nice of you to join us," Xlovo said lightly as he gave a sly glance at Bulma. "My dear, this man here is one of the best soldiers in Frieza’s army."

Bulma only nodded and Vegeta glanced at her with indifference though she knew he was taken her in to see her potential as a threat, but felt her arousal grow at his gaze and she took a deep breath to calm herself, knowing he would be able to smell it and recognize her in an instant. Vegeta frowned slightly, "What is the meaning of this?"

"Don't mind her, Captain Vegeta, she's an…old friend of mine," Xlovo said, throwing a lusty leer at her. Bulma had to bite her cheek to keep from skewering one of his eyes out with a table knife.

"I don't have patience to make sure your whore will keep her silence, get her out of here or I'll snap that slender neck of hers," Vegeta spoke with deadly calm.

"You shouldn't worry about her, Captain Vegeta, she won't cause trouble," Xlovo said a little nervously, obviously trying to find away to keep Bulma there and use Vegeta as a threat against her.

Bulma wasn't going to play this game and moved to stand, but Xlovo jumped up and reached over the table to grasp her wrist painfully, keeping her from leaving. “The situation has become compromise, you need get out of there, Bulma,” she heard Jaco’s voice yell in her ear.

Fuck. Bulma saw Vegeta tense from her peripheral vision. “Oh?” She heard Vegeta and her heart began to pound in her chest. “She must have an enchanting…asset, if you're so desperate to keep her here.”

Xlovo swallowed uneasily, “Yes, it's…one of a kind.”

“Is that so? Then you won't mind if I sample it for myself,” that was the only warning they received before Vegeta snapped Xlovo’s wrist that held Bulma, sending him to the floor in pain. Xlovo gave a guttural yell as Vegeta hoisted Bulma into his lap so that she was straddling him, flush against his body. He held her tight by her thighs and immediately his arousal was apparent as it was pressed
against her covered feminine sex. She bit her lip to keep from gasping and she felt his chest rumble against hers in response though he also kept silent.

“She's not so bad on the eyes, but I've seen better,” Vegeta said as his gaze raked down her body.

Bulma dug her nails into his shoulders in retaliation and she could see the slight smirk tugging at his lips. Xlovo, who was holding his wrist against his chest, looked panicked as he spoke with traces of pain, “I could find you someone prettier.”

Vegeta tilted his head as though assessing her worth, “Despite her looks, her body appears… adequate, hopefully her skills will make up for it.” Vegeta’s eyes were cold but she could sense his playfulness as the tip of his tail uncurled enough to trace up her inner thigh, unseen to others.

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“Bulma, what do you want us to do?” Jaco asked with worry.

“It's getting too hot in my bra,” she muttered low, causing Vegeta’s eyebrow to raise slightly for a moment.

“Shit, everyone pull out and go into radio silence until further notice,” Jaco ordered. Her code word activated a security protocol that if she were in danger and possibly unable to escape, she would be left behind. It was something she created early on when she began going undercover to protect the other GP officers.

“A-actually, Captain Vegeta, she's my sister,” Xlovo gasped in pain from his position on the floor. He was beginning to sweat with fear as he watched Vegeta slide his hands up from Bulma’s thighs to her hips.

Vegeta looked at him with mock surprise, “Sister? I didn't know your kind had hair.” He reached up to twirl a bit of the wig around his finger.

“That's just a wig, she always wanted hair, so I got her that,” Xlovo tried to explain, his desperation becoming more apparent.

Vegeta hummed, “Is that so?” Vegeta studied her features as he caressed her cheek with the back of his gloved fingers. Bulma tried not to lean into his touch and held still as he spoke, “How much do you love your sister, Xlovo?”

Xlovo paled, “I-I would do anything for her.”

Vegeta looked at him and smirked before moving fast and taking Bulma by her neck as he flicked the tip of his tail against her feminine core, causing her to gasp. The act looked violent but his grip was gentle and Bulma clawed on to his forearm to act the part of being choked. Vegeta pulled her to him so that his cheek was pressed against hers and rubbed his tail against her again, this time making her whimper.

“Shh, shh, shh,” Vegeta shushed her gently into her temple as nuzzled her cheek with his and rubbed small circles on her lower back with his free hand as though to comfort her. He spoke gently with a hint of menace that sent shivers down hers and Xlovo’s spine, though for two entirely different reasons, “Don't be afraid, you have nothing to fear from me.”

“Captain Vegeta, please let her go,” Xlovo pleaded, his panic setting in.

Vegeta glanced at him emotionlessly, “I could be persuaded to…for the right incentive.”

“Anything,” Xlovo begged.
Vegeta smirked darkly, “Lord Frieza is willing to still sell, but since you've annoyed my…employer and inconvenienced me with this little stunt, the price has been doubled.”

“D-doubled!” Xlovo exclaimed in shock.

Vegeta flicked his tail again with a false show of tightening his grip on Bulma. “Ah!” She gasped and had to keep from squirming against him.

Xlovo paled, “Okay, I'll do it!”

Vegeta smiled triumphantly, “Good.” He looked at Bulma before giving her a rough kiss and then abruptly released her as he stood, dropping her on the floor. Bulma winced a little and rubbed her neck as though to soothe it as Vegeta glared at Xlovo, “Don't ever do this again.”

Xlovo nodded and Vegeta turned without a second glance at them. Bulma stood and took off her sunglasses, chucking them at Xlovo. It hit him square in one of his large eyes and he yelped in pain. “You owe me,” Bulma said and stormed out the door.

“Wait!” he called after her but she was already gone.

Bulma pulled her coat together tighter as she walked down the cold stone-laid street. There were buildings lining up both ends, all similar in design, small buildings in various trapezoid shapes in navy wood and triangular windows that were covered in frost from the cold.

Bulma began walking toward the launch port to get to her ship, taking off her earrings to deactivate them, when she was pulled into a narrow dark alley. She bit her lip to keep her startled cry from escaping as she knew exactly who was holding her in their strong arms.

“You know I'm a screamer Vegeta, you need to be more careful,” she winked at him as she wrapped her arms around his neck, enjoying the heat that came off his body.

Vegeta’s cheeks pinked slightly but stared at her hard and pulled her close, “What are you doing here?”

Bulma sighed at the feel of his hard body against her soft one, “I'm doing my job.”

“I thought you were going to stay under the radar,” he growled softly, obviously displeased but by the way he wrapped his tail around her waist, he was pleased to see her.

“I was, until that asshole thought he could play me,” Bulma spat in annoyance. “He was hoping to scare me into giving what he wanted by having you there.”

“You're lucky it was me and not some other PTO officer,” Vegeta replied.

Bulma snorted, “No, I'm lucky you’re my mate.” Bulma suddenly smacked his chest, though she knew he barely registered it, “And what was that? With your tail, you bad man?”

Vegeta smirked mischievously, “It worked, didn't it?”

“You know I would have played along with you,” she smacked him again.

“But your…performance was more convincing that way,” he said as his hands moved to her hips to press her even closer to him.

“Jerk, you're lucky I like you somewhat,” she said as she kissed his chin.
“Hn,” Vegeta replied as he moved his head to her neck to smell her scent but paused abruptly before looking at her again, “I didn't hurt you, did I?”

Bulma shook her head, “No.” Vegeta gave a small sigh of relief as Bulma smiled playfully, “But you know, I like it when you're a little rough with me.”

Vegeta blushed a little and spoke in reprimand, “Bulma.”

“I missed you,” Bulma said, suddenly changing the subject as she rubbed herself against him, causing him to purr in approval. She put her lips to his ear and trailed one hand down his body. “I also missed your, what did you call it?... Assest?”

Vegeta hissed when she groped his hard sex and he flushed red as he pulled his hand away, “Bulma, not here.”

Bulma laughed as she pulled away and pouted, “What's the matter, you don't like when the tables are turned on you or you don't want me to touch you?”

“Bulma, that's not…” Vegeta trailed off.

“Then what's the problem, I know I want you to touch me.” Bulma smiled wickedly as she moved her hands down her breast teasingly.

Vegeta snatched her hands away, his face beet red, “Vulgar female!” Bulma laughed at his discomfort and he silenced her with his mouth on hers. Bulma moaned as he coaxed her lips open to deepen their kiss. He explored her mouth hungrily before tangling his tongue with hers as though trying to remember her taste. He pulled her to him as close as possible as he gently pulled his mouth away from her, nibbling her lower lip before trailing hot open kisses down her neck. He nuzzled her neck as he spoke, “A blizzard is coming.”

“I heard it won't let up for three days,” she murmured in his ear as she kissed the spot below it.

“I was to leave before it happened,” Vegeta said as he breathed in her scent.

“Well you can't help it that...negotiations took longer than expected,” Bulma said as Vegeta moved his head back to look at her with an intense gaze.

“Yes, they were very long and...heated,” Vegeta said with a slight plinking of his cheeks.

Bulma giggled before kissing his chin. She sobered slightly and looked at him lovingly, “Vegeta, keep me warm.”

Vegeta kissed her forehead tenderly, “I always will.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi! Sorry for not posting sooner! The story will pick up more soon, but I hope you enjoyed this chapter! 😊
“Vegeta,” Bulma threw her head back and moaned on top of him.

Vegeta was propped against the headboard as he watched his Bulma ride him, her hands were on his chest, leaving little red scratch marks on his skin as she dug her nails into him in pleasure. His chest rumbled low in approval while taking in her appearance, her skin was flushed with a sheen of sweat, her long sky blue locks was wild and untamed, her lips parted as she breathed heavily, and her breasts trembled at every movement. She was beautiful beyond compare and she was his, and watching her as she was now quickly made this his favorite position.

He could start to feel her reaching her release and he unwrapped a bit of his tail from her thigh and slid it toward her sweet spot. She gasped as she bucked against him and he felt her twitch around his hard member. He gripped her hips tighter and began to thrust into her as he continued to rubbing her with his tail.

“Oh, Vegeta! Don’t stop!” She gasped with a breathy moan.

“Are you enjoying yourself, female? Do you like riding your mate?” Vegeta said, blushing slightly at his own words, but enjoyed watching her shiver at them.

“Yes! Oh Vegeta! Faster!” She all but yelled as she dug her nails deeper into him, causing him to growl loudly and obey her plea. She moaned louder, “Harder!”

“Such a shameless, vulgar female,” he growled as he complied, making her cry out at every powerful thrust. He could feel her clenching him tighter and he rubbed his tail faster on her swollen bud, coaxing her further to her release. He stared at her intensely as he spoke with a command, “Bulma, look at me when you cum.”

Bulma opened her eyes to make eye contact with him and that seemed to be the breaking point for her as she gave a throaty scream while her body arched and tensed when her inner walls clasped him like a vice as she went over the edge. Vegeta only had to thrust a few more times before he joined her, growling in his own liberation and spilling inside of her, never breaking eye contact with her.

They were both breathing heavily before Bulma broke into a gentle smile that he could only usual see in his dreams and she moved to lay her body against his as she slid her arms around his neck. She giggled as she kissed him softly while Vegeta wrapped his arms around her as he returned her kiss. She pulled away to leave tender kisses down his chin to his throat. He tilted his head back, enjoying her attention and purred as his tail moved to wrap around her waist to hold her closer to him. He rubbed his thumbs against her warmed skin and closed his eyes in pleasure.

“The tail is new,” Bulma said into his throat. “I’m guessing it’s a Saiyan thing.”

Vegeta hummed, “Yes, usually mates entwine their tails together during intimate moments.”

“Are you complaining again?” He could hear her pout.

“Why should I complain when I found a way to put it to better use,” he smirked.

“Yeah, you did,” Bulma sighed contently and rested her head on his shoulder.
Vegeta rubbed his cheek on her hair, and inhaled her scent deeply that he missed so much and had haunted his memories for months. They were both very relaxed and he decided to speak, “I think I know what you've been doing, Bulma.”

Bulma hummed, “Post-coital interrogation…you're getting smarter and smarter, knowing that women love to talk after sex.”

“Hn,” Vegeta replied as he felt her leaving kisses on his collar bone.

“So tell me you're theory,” she said as she ran a hand up his nape to thread her fingers in his hair.

He groaned, “I saw Lord Sord and he refused to buy from Frieza due to his relationship with you.”

“Oh yeah, I modeled for him a few times,” she replied nonchalantly.

“What kind of modeling?” Vegeta asked suspiciously.

Bulma giggled, “Just some sexy swimwear, I'll send you pictures later.” Vegeta growled in displeasure and Bulma laughed as she stroked his hair to soothe him, “So he likes me, what does that have to do with anything?”

“I know he's petty person so his story was possible but he was also at Club Seduire the night you gave yourself to me,” Vegeta went on.

“Was he?” she asked innocently, but he wasn't fooled.

“He was, and while I was fine with him refusing Frieza, I was annoyed to find Salza sniffing after him like an animal in heat,” Vegeta explained.

“And what did he want?” Bulma asked as she started sucking on his skin.

Vegeta moaned, “To barter an agreement for Cooler.”

“Cooler? The name sounds familiar,” Bulma said as she moved on to another section of skin to nibble.

“He's Frieza’s brother,” Vegeta replied as he purred when she licked the hollow of the throat.

“Oh, that's right,” Bulma said brightly as she teased the skin there with her teeth.

“I'm sure you've noticed but the relationship between their two armies has been deteriorating,” Vegeta said as he felt himself begin to harden inside her.

“Really? Why?” Bulma asked as she rubbed her breasts against his hard chest.

“Ever since Cooler purged one of Frieza's planets by mistake, they've been retaliating against each other out of pettiness. But that's not the only problem,” Vegeta explained as he groaned in pleasure at the feel of her softness.

“Oh, what could that be?” she asked as she peppered kisses along his jaw.

“Frieza's been losing customers and they've been turning to Cooler, believing he's the better choice to take over the Cold empire, especially with rumors flying that Frieza hasn't been able to deliver merchandise, courtesy of you. Which Frieza won't publicly admit,” Vegeta replied as his tail began to rub her hip excitedly.
“Oh, how terrible,” she cooed mockingly as she nipped his chin.

Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her, “Yes, very.”

“So what does this have to do with me?” Bulma asked as she looked up at him innocently with her huge ocean blue eyes.

“You're persuasive, Bulma, and have many powerful people in your pocket, it wouldn't be hard for you to whisper into the right ears to convince them to help you undermine Frieza's business,” Vegeta said accusingly but pride swelled in his chest at his amazing mate.

Bulma shrugged, “Sounds like a lot of work.”

“And destroying planets wasn't?” Vegeta asked with a hint of amusement.

“What do you expect me to say? I told you I'm just doing my undercover work for the GP,” Bulma said as she rubbed his scalp.

Vegeta looked at her coldly, his expression becoming indifferent but he felt excited at her response whenever he turned on his “bad man” look, as she called it. Her eyes dilated and he felt her moisture drench his hardening sex, allowing him to smell her arousal. She accused him of being insatiable in bed, but she was just as equally guilty. He spoke menacingly, “I know you better than anyone, female, and I refuse to believe you don't have your games.”

Bulma bit her lip as she moved to run her hands down his chest and rubbed herself against him, though he didn't move and refused to respond, which in turn aroused her more. It pleased him that she became stimulated with his ruthlessness, a very Saiyan-like trait. Bulma licked her lips seductively, “The only game I'm playing is with you.”

Vegeta had to keep himself from reacting when she moved her hips on him. “Don't deflect, female,” he said darkly.

Bulma continued to rock on his now hardened member and began to pant, “If you want answers from me, you're going to have to work on your interrogation method, Captain Vegeta.”

“Oh? You should know better than to challenge me, female,” Vegeta said as he suddenly surged forward to pin her to the bed and lifted her legs over his shoulders, grabbing her hips firmly to keep her from moving as he began to thrust into her cruelly. Bulma to cried out in pleasure as she clawed at the sheets and squirmed against him, unable to do anything more as he continued his assault. Vegeta smirked, “I'll get you to talk soon.”

Frieza's tail whipped hard onto the floor in agitation, “Why were you late, Vegeta? You were supposed to be here a week earlier.”

“My apologies, Lord Frieza, when I learned of that blizzard, I saw it as a good opportunity to train,” Vegeta replied as he knelt submissively before Frieza.
Frieza scoffed, “You Saiyan monkeys and your training. It better have been worth it.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta said with his eyes downcast as though reprimanded, although he felt anything but as his Oozaru was purring inside as he remembered the time he spent with his stunning mate.

Frieza stood there with his arms clasped behind his back for a moment as he pondered over something and grinned evilly, “By the way, Vegeta, I have some…interesting news.”

Vegeta glanced up at him carefully and noticed Frieza's tail twirling behind him playfully. Vegeta spoke with a hint of interest, “Yes, Lord Frieza?”

“Well, I was informed that pirates laid waste to one of Cooler’s planets…a planet that was of particular interest to Lord Sord,” Frieza said with an amused glint in his eye as he turned to gaze at Vegeta.

“That's unfortunate,” Vegeta said flatly.

“Yes, it is, and for some reason my brother thinks that I had something to do with it. But, unfortunately, there's no proof,” Frieza shrugged with open arms.

“I see,” Vegeta replied with indifference, his face neutral.

“Well, there is nothing we can do about it, can we, Vegeta?” Frieza asked as he approached.

“No, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied tonelessly.

Frieza chuckled, “Well, things are beginning to look up. I read your reports, Vegeta, and you've done an excellent job…aside from Lord Sord, but it can't be helped.”

“Thank you for your praise, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta bowed his head in false gratitude.

“I'll have you rewarded, but before that I have one more job for you, Captain Vegeta,” Frieza said as he walked closer to him.

“Yes, Lord Frieza?” Vegeta asked with slight curiosity.

“I discovered this lovely planet that could turn this…dry spell around. I need you to prepare it for me, I'll give you a small team and take your time, I don't want anything too damaged,” Frieza explained.

Vegeta bowed his head in compliance, “As you wish, Lord Frieza.”

Frieza smiled gleefully, “Let's remind the universe who their true emperor is, shall we?”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter! Thank you for all the kudos and comments! 😊❤️
Vegeta studied the small forest clearing with interest, it was something he had never seen before. The trees had dark brown bark and the leaves were lush and green, the rich soil of the forest floor was carpeted with moss, and the air was cool and clean. The planet was also eye catching from space, it had emerged from the darkness like a pretty deep blue marble with swirls of white. Vegeta read its PFR file, learning from scans taken of the planet that it was abundant in water, the air was perfect breathing quality for most species, the soil was fertile, it contained various different kinds of plant life, the temperature changes were not so severe, and it lied perfectly in the habitable zone of its giant blue star. It was ideal for life to take root and according to the scans, there were creatures that lived on the planet, however Vegeta had yet to find any.

Vegeta’s scouter beeped, alerting him that it found energy signatures and turned his head toward its direction. The signals were very small, just like the life signs he picked up previously. When he and his group of nine men arrived, they split up to look for energy signals, but when they arrived to those areas, the signals had mysteriously disappeared and no creature was seen. And while his men kept running around the planet like a feline with a laser, Vegeta realized immediately that something was off.

“Captain Vegeta, there is no sign of life here,” a soldier spoke in his ear as the life signs on his scouter disappeared.

“Understood,” Vegeta replied as he saw life signs appear in another area. “Everyone halt all activity.”

“Captain Vegeta, what do you want us to do?” Another voice asked.

“Stand down until further notice,” Vegeta ordered as he casually walked over to a tree and placed a gloved hand on its bark to ensure it was real and not a trick of the mind.

Vegeta noted that the tree appeared young, and taking in the forest, it all screamed of youth and vitality, it all seemed...new. There was also silence. Vegeta could hear the creaking of trees, the rushing water from a river nearby, and the occasional rustling of leaves from gentle winds dancing by, but he did not hear the tell-tell signs of life. There was no noise from movement or activities or sounds of breathing. But no only that, that electric feeling of another living creature was absent. For a normal being, it would have been eerie, however for Vegeta it was a feeling he was accustomed to after years of cleansing planets.

Vegeta returned his attention to the life signs and tapped on his scouter to zoom in until he had an exact location on one signal of life and placed a pin. Either all these creatures had a way of teleporting or hiding their energy signal or...their scouters were being tricked.

Vegeta took off into the air and broke the sound barrier with his speed and was only airborne for a few minutes before he abruptly stopped and floated in the air to observe the small stretch of forest. The life signals vanished again and he saw no trace of a living creature as he gently touched down. He went to the area he had pinned and stopped dead in his tracks. Before him lied a bush with deep green, rounded leaves, little white flowers, and...red strawberries.

Vegeta removed his scouter as he stared at the plant dumbfoundedly and slowly approached it as
though it would suddenly attack. He squatted down to examine the plant and its familiar smell wafted over to him, already reminding him of Bulma. He pulled on the fingers of his glove to take it off before he reached out and plucked one of the berries. He studied it carefully, not sure what he should think before he popped it into his mouth. Its sweet but slightly tart juices spilled into his mouth, a taste he only tried once before and frowned. Why was this plant here?

Vegeta put his glove back on and proceeded to move the leaves away, when a sliver of light flashed in his eye. He reached in after locating where the light was bouncing from and pulled out a small circular metal device the size of a raindrop. He put it in his palm to examine it and turned it over with his finger and saw a pin size hole. He didn’t have a way to open it but it wasn't necessary as he already knew its creator.

Vegeta heard a deep rumbling and looked up at the sky and saw eleven pods enter the atmosphere. He put his scouter back on and tapped it, frowning when it identified Salza and Cooler’s soldiers inside the pods. Vegeta slipped the tiny device into his armor and flew off into the direction were Salza was landing.

“Change of plan, meet me at Salza’s location,” Vegeta ordered coolly into his scouter to his men, knowing that he had also heard and seen their new visitors.

Vegeta touched down near the pods that left scorching craters into the ground and crossed his arms as he heard his men land beside him, waiting for the pods to open. He heard the stasis disengage and the doors opened with a hiss. Salza was the first to emerge and stepped out of his pod to only pause when he looked up to see Vegeta. His expression quickly turned to rage and his jaw and fists clenched tight as he flew up to stand a few yards away from Vegeta. Vegeta’s men tensed beside him and stepped a little closer to him, some of them out of fear, while others in anticipation.

“What are you doing here, monkey?” Salza finally spat.

“I could ask the same thing, Commander Salza, as you can see we arrived here hours before you did, under Lord Frieza’s orders,” Vegeta stated factually with a hint of boredom.

“Excuse me, Lord Cooler sent me here,” Salza said as his men joined him, they had a look of fury about them and stood rigidly as though ready to attack. The air soon charged and crackled with hostility and aggression.

Vegeta shrugged, uncaring, “We take precedence.”

“I don’t think so, Saiyan trash!” One of Salza’s men yelled as he took a stepped forward.

“How dare you insult our captain, you son of a whore!” One of Vegeta’s men yelled back and took a menacing step toward them.

Vegeta released a heavy sigh through his nose when that was all it took for a physical fight to break out. Some of the men charged and tackled one another to the ground while a few others took to the sky to share blows or energy blasts. It soon became overtly noisy with battle cries and grunts of pain. Only Vegeta and Salza stayed where they stood while their men battled around them, and Vegeta looked bored as Salza rubbed his temple in annoyance before he gave Vegeta a look of disbelief as he walked over to him. Vegeta tilted his head in curiosity when Salza stopped a few inches from him and gave a smile that was supposed to come off as friendly while relaxing his posture as though talking with an old friend.

“Captain Vegeta,” he began. “Don’t you think this has gotten out of hand?”
“And what would you suggest we do to stop our lords from destroying the universe?” Vegeta asked with a raised eyebrow, not missing a beat.

Salza’s eyes seemed to gleam for a moment in respect, “I’m glad you understand, Captain Vegeta. Now Lord Cooler was interested in this planet, but it would be ashame if it were...not so great as he originally thought.”

“I see. Lord Frieza loses interest quickly with planets that don’t have any potential,” Vegeta said as he deflected a stray energy blast with a flick of his wrist.

“Ah, I’m glad our lords seem to have similar opinions,” Salza said and tilted his head slightly to avoid an energy beam and turned to observe the soldiers fighting and frowned. “Such a waste, you can’t find good soldiers anymore, the news ones are always to brash and fly off the handle.”

“It’s a hindrance when you want to get something done right,” Vegeta replied, following Salza’s line of sight.

They glanced at each other and seemed to come to an understanding as they smirked at one another before they both rose to the air. They raised a palm in different directions and formed a ball of energy, one in purple, the other hot pink and fired. They obliterated half of the men to ash and the soldier that noticed turned to their leaders in shock before screaming as they scrambled to run away and escape. They never made it far as Vegeta and Salza were quick and send energy blasts that never missed their mark. When the last soldier was dead, the ground was littered with ash that quickly scattered into the wind.

Salza sighed in relief, “Finally, some peace and quiet.”

Vegeta said nothing as he pulled the remote to his pod from his armor and pressed a button to call his pod over. Salza took his own remote to make it raise up in the air and float above them in the atmosphere as Vegeta’s pod joined it, while Vegeta and Salza both slowly levitated up to the sky and stepped onto the doors of the pods. Salza looked at Vegeta with acknowledgement, “It was a pleasure doing business with you, Captain Vegeta.”

“Let’s never meet again,” Vegeta replied, causing Salza to smirk in amusement.

“As you wish, captain,” Salza replied and raised a palm with Vegeta to power up a ball of condensed energy.

Vegeta wasn’t sure what Bulma had to do with this planet but he didn’t hesitate to release his energy with Salza into it. They burrowed down into the core and there was an explosion that could be heard from the surface as the planet began to rumble and shake violently. Vegeta and Salza went into their pods and typed in their coordinates without concern as the planet began to break and crack, causing deep chasms to form. Vegeta felt eyes on him and looked over to see Salza give a two finger salute in farewell, Vegeta only nodded as his pod blasted out of the atmosphere into space. Vegeta laid back in his seat with his arms crossed as he waited for stasis to engage and watched Salza’s pod leave the planet as it began to crumble.

Vegeta had no inkling of how vast Bulma’s reach was across the universe or that her plan had been more elaborate than he had originally thought, Bulma had not only been whispering in the ears of Frieza’s most powerful customers but she was also manipulating both Frieza’s and Cooler’s soldiers, but in what capacity he still did not know. This incident also had obviously been her ploy to manipulate Frieza and Cooler and perhaps start a war between the brothers, which meant she had access to both brothers’ mainframe. And had her ruse succeeded, she would have single-handedly upset the entire balance of the universe.
Vegeta felt a shiver race up his spine, his Bulma was a powerful female and he felt pride bloom in his chest for his intelligent, beautiful, defiant mate. They next time they met, he would make sure to show her his appreciation of having such an amazing mate and he licked his lips at the image of her screaming his name in pleasure. The stasis engaged and his lusty imagination followed into his dreams.

“Brother, dear, I think it’s about time we bury the hatchet, don’t you? Even our own men are putting their foot down” Frieza said at the image of his Cooler in front of him, he stood with his hand clasped behind his back and a business-like smile was plastered on his face. Vegeta stood to the side with a look of indifference as he was asked to be present for the meeting between the two brothers.

Cooler nodded and spoke with a smooth masculine voice, “Yes, Commander Salza explained to me the situation, I commend your captain for being cooperative.”

Frieza glanced at Vegeta with a look that could almost be considered pride, “Yes, he has become quite indispensable to me.” Frieza turned back to his brother, “Now, brother, why don’t we start at the beginning? What lead to you destroying Planet Frieza-131?”

Cooler stared at his brother hard, “It is as I said before, we had false coordinates.”

Frieza paused, “Similar to what happened with this new planet?”

“Yes, I received information about the planet and sent orders to my men, though their arrival was supposed to be a week earlier,” Cooler explained with a bland tone.

Vegeta saw Frieza’s eyes gleam excitedly, “Is that so?” Vegeta tried not to tense, Frieza knew exactly who was orchestrating this plot and Vegeta could see the gears turning.

“Do you know something brother?” Cooler asked with no inflection.

Frieza chuckled, “Brother, I think I know exactly what happened, though it’s something you don’t need to worry about.”

“And what of our feud?” Cooler asked curiously.

“I wish to extend you an olive branch, brother. Now tell me, what would like from me?” Frieza asked with sincerity that was out of place.

Cooler sighed, “I ask for nothing, brother, other than to keep out of each other’s way.”

Frieza nodded, “Understood, well, until next time, brother.” Cooler only nodded and his image blinked out. Frieza turned to Vegeta with a please grin, “Well, well, well, that certainly was enlightening.”
“Lord Frieza?” Vegeta asked, he could see the determination in Frieza’s eyes and it made his chest grow cold in warning.

Frieza studied him with a glint in his eye that Vegeta could not decipher, “Vegeta, I’m giving you paid leave.”

Vegeta tried to blink at his words, “Paid leave?”

“Yes, I’m rewarding you for a job well done. You’ve worked very hard for me and you deserve it,” Frieza replied.

“For how long?” Vegeta asked carefully.

“Hmm, let’s say... four months,” Frieza said with a wave of his hand.

“Four months?” Vegeta couldn’t keep the surprise out of his voice.

“Oh don’t worry, I am still in need of you, Vegeta. I can’t seem to function without you now. So, take this time to relax or train as you usually do. Take your Saiyan comrades with you, they’ll get paid leave as well,” Frieza stated as his tail was twirling behind him playfully.

Vegeta was immediately suspicious but said nothing and bowed, “As you command, Lord Frieza.”

Frieza smiled pleasantly as he turned to look out into space, “What an interesting universe we live in.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! I hope you're not disappointed, I know a lot of you believed Earth was next, sorry!

I'm not so confident with this chapter, so please let me know what you think 😊
Vegeta was finally in her arms. She ran her hands down his muscular back, feeling his muscles ripple under fingertips while the raised skin of his scars left different textures on his smooth skin. He had many and she had asked about them before, but he would only state that they were marks of battle with pride. He probably didn’t want share the details with her, afraid that she would turn away in horror and had saw the apprehension in his eyes when they had been together in bed the first time and she traced over them intrigued. She saw that he was worried that she would find them ugly, but she thought they were beautiful and enjoyed touching them whenever she had the chance. She smiled when she remembered she had told him so and he had blushed to his ears.

She moaned when he began suckling on her neck, leaving his mark on her skin. She was so relieved that he was safe. When she heard that he had been sent to the planet that she had planned for Cooler’s and Frieza’s armies to have a skirmish had been destroyed, she panicked. She tried to contact him but realized he had to been in stasis and continued to be so for two months until he reached the planet. And she would have to wait two more to hear if he was alive, but more than two months had passed since the planet’s destruction and so she decided to go to Club Chastity, which was well known to be frequently visited by Frieza’s soldiers, hoping to learn what happened to Vegeta. And then, she had been literally thrown at his feet. She had to keep herself from jumping into his arms at that moment and act the part of a lusty whore, and she almost cried in happiness when he wrapped his arms around her and his cold black eyes stared deep into hers.

Bulma felt her tears now involuntarily slip down her cheek when she remembered how she thought she might have lost him and held him tight. Vegeta froze, smelling her tears and looked up to see her in distress. He had only seen her cry once before and he quickly became worried and panicked. “Bulma, what’s wrong? Did I hurt you?” He asked as he placed a hand on her cheek and rubbed a tear away with his thumb.

“I was so worried something had happened to you,” she sobbed, unable to control her tears.

Vegeta looked at her in confusion for a moment before it cleared instantly, “The planet, you thought I may have died.”

Bulma nodded in affirmation, “I didn’t know he would send you.”

Vegeta gathered her into his arms and kissed her gently to soothe her, “Frieza gave the orders to me directly, they were placed in the records later.”

“Yes, I saw the file and I tried to reach you,” she said as she clutched him tighter.

“You know I don’t carry my tablet with me on missions,” Vegeta reminded her as he left kisses on her face to try to calm her.

“I know, but I still tried and you never got back to me afterwards,” she sniffled as she felt his tail wrap around her waist and started stroking her hip in soothing motions.

Vegeta looked down at his beautiful mate and felt guilty and angry at himself for putting her in this state of upset, “My mate, I never meant to worry you, I left the tablet on my personal ship. I hadn’t had time to retrieve it. Be calm, my poor little female.” Vegeta held her closer as she broke into fresh
tears. “Tell me what I can do to make it up to you.”

“Please just hold me,” she said into his chest.

“Of course my mate, my Bulma,” he said as he turned them over onto their side to keep from crushing her.

He held her gently as she cried onto his chest and he left kisses in her hair. He had never had to comfort another living creature before, but with Bulma, he knew instinctively what to do as his Oozaru came to the surface, cooing in concern as he petted his mate. Bulma began to settle down, feeling embarrassed about her sudden outburst and nuzzled her face into his chiseled chest, relishing in his masculine, animal scent. She sighed heavily and began to relax when she could hear his steady heartbeat.

Sensing that she had calmed, Vegeta spoke, “Bulma, Frieza is planning something.”

Bulma lifted her head to look at him, “Isn’t he always?”

Vegeta gently pushed away a stray blue lock from her face, “This is different.”

“What do you mean?” Bulma asked as he stroked her cheek with the back of his fingers.

“He knows you have access to Cooler’s mainframe and that you’ve been plotting to have them wage war,” Vegeta explained. Bulma opened her mouth to protest but he stopped her, “Bulma, don’t bother.”

Bulma looked at him for a moment before she sighed, “Yes, I was hoping they would take each other out.”

“Did you plan this from the start?” Vegeta asked as he ran his fingers through her hair. “Cooler mentioned he received false coordinates a couple years ago and Frieza knows that was you.”

“Not at first, when I sent those coordinates, it was a test,” she said as she closed her eyes and enjoyed his tender touch.

“A test?” Vegeta asked confused.

“I’m a scientist, Vegeta, so before I hacked into Frieza’s mainframe, I had to try it on other people, warlords, species traffickers, what-have-you, and I was successful for course, but I needed my program to be perfect...so I used Cooler. He was easier to access compared to Frieza, so I put in my program, tested it, and it all worked out,” Bulma explained as he leaned down to leave kisses along her hairline.

“So running your test just happened to lead to Cooler and Frieza’s feud?” Vegeta asked.

“Well, I was hoping Frieza’s pride and pettiness would begin to lead to conflict but at the time I was mostly focused on destroying his business by ridding him of his planets. But when you came into the picture and started breathing down my neck, I had to abandon my initial plan and switch tactics,” Bulma continued as Vegeta carefully rolled them so that he was on top of her and his tail snaked around her thigh.

“So you took advantage of the situation, convincing buyers to change over from Frieza to Cooler and manipulating their soldiers,” Vegeta paused and looked at her hard. “You were responsible for those three soldiers destroying Cooler’s planet.”
Bulma looked at him with a small innocent smile, “Oh, that wasn’t me.”

“Bulma,” he reprimanded.

“I didn’t personally talk to them,” Bulma’s smile turned mischievously.

“The GP officers,” Vegeta said with realization. “They’ve been helping you.”

“Jaco makes a convincing crazy old man,” she chuckled in amusement.

“They used your hologram technology, not just to play civilians but to also impersonate soldiers, spreading rumors and starting fights,” Vegeta said with astonishment, looking at Bulma in awe.

“Well, I can't be everywhere at once,” she smiled coyly.

The tip of Vegeta’s tail began to rub the inside of her thigh languidly as he was pleased at how intelligent his mate was. His nose flared when he could smell her sweet scent grow stronger from his touch, “But you only needed them to plant the seed.”

“I forgot how smart you are,” she smiled teasingly at him as she brought her hands around to place them on his hard chest to massage his muscles. “My friends only needed to really put themselves in harms way a few times and soon, everything else came naturally.”

“And Frieza and Cooler were quickly at each other’s throats...I didn’t realized how much work you put into this plan,” Vegeta said as he nuzzled her cheek with his face.

Bulma sighed as she ran her hand up his hair, “Unfortunately it’s back to square one, now that Frieza is aware of my antics.” Bulma paused, “Wait, how did he find out?”

Vegeta kissed the corner of her lips, “When Salza and I met at that planet, we came to an understanding.”

Bulma narrowed her eyes at him, “An understanding?”

“We both believed it would be best if Frieza and Cooler made...peace. They had a talk that was enlightening for Frieza and he realized that you were the mastermind and they are now on...speaking terms,” Vegeta explained as he started kissing her jaw.

“You and Salza accomplished this how?” She asked suspiciously.

“We thought it would be best if they lost interest in the planet,” Vegeta said a little apprehensively as he moved his tail closer to her womanhood, hoping to distract her.

Bulma snapped her thighs close, halting his progress, “You blew up the planet, didn't you?”

Vegeta moved to look at her, trying to not flinch at her glare, “Salza also shares the responsibility.”

Bulma groaned, “Really, Vegeta! I worked hard on that planet!”

Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched, “What do you mean you ‘worked hard on that planet’?” Bulma bit her lip, not wanting to answer, but the look on Vegeta’s face was that of astonishment and wonder when he realized what she meant. He spoke in reverence, “Planetary engineering …you’ve…you’ve done it…”

Bulma shrugged, “Of course I did, who do you think I am?”
Vegeta couldn't believe it, in his arms was the only creature in the universe who cracked the code to planetary engineering and succeeded, creating a perfect paradise. Vegeta’s arousal came back in full force as he took in his intelligent, gorgeous mate. He always found her fiery nature and intelligence sexy and right now she was irresistible, he was going show her just how much he desired her.

“That planet, it had strawberries,” he said as his heart began to race and moved to kiss her lips gently as he made eye contact with her.

Bulma hesitated to answer, “That planet was my very first experiment, so I based on my own.”

“I see,” Vegeta said as he kissed her again.

Bulma looked at him in concern, there was a sudden shift in his behavior, he was looking at her like she was prey, “Vegeta is something wrong?”

“No, I just remembered something,” he replied as he raised up on his elbows as though preparing to strike like a snake.

Bulma licked her lips in anticipation, seeing the intense lust in his eyes, “And what's that?”

“That I, the prince of all Saiyans, was granted the most perfect female in the universe as my mate,” he stated with pride before he attacked, assaulting her lips with his.

Bulma gasped at his ferocity and he immediately took advantage and his tongue dove into her mouth, tasting her sweetness. Bulma moaned into his mouth, her nails dug into his scalp as his tail found her sensitive bud and began to knead it gently, causing her to rub her feet restlessly on his legs as she panted from the sensation. Vegeta’s chest rumbled in delight after he pulled his lips away to let her breathe and licked his lips as he took in her flushed skin, reddened lips, and her blue hair scattered across the pillow.

Vegeta tried to push down the heat creeping into his cheeks from the words he was about to say, “Bulma, I'm going to taste you and make you cum on my tongue.”

“Oh, fuck, Vegeta,” Bulma shuddered as she felt her moisture coat her thighs from his words and tried to arch her body closer to him.

“But that's only the start, my perfect mate. I'm going to worship you, pleasure you as a true Saiyan male should,” Vegeta spoke as he flicked his tail a little faster, causing her to gasp.

“Vegeta, please, I need you inside me,” Bulma whimpered, her body writhing beneath his. “Fuck me, please!”

Vegeta pined a little at her words, “Patience, my vulgar mate.”

Vegeta began to leave hot wet kisses down her throat, pausing at his mating mark to breathe in her scent before continuing down. He stopped every so often at her chest to leave his mark on her pale skin and continued to massage her breasts, only leaving one lingering kiss on each as he started leaving kisses on her belly. He swirled his tongue around her belly button and felt her body shudder in response.

When he reached her pubic bone, he removed his tail and gently raised her thighs over his shoulders, spreading her wide. His mouth watered at the sight of her moistened, puffy nether lips and gripped her hips tight. He looked up to see Bulma watching him with lust in her eyes as she took shallow
breaths in anticipation, and he smirked as he kept eye contact with her while he lowered his mouth to her and licked her feminine entrance slowly to her clit. Bulma gasped and arched off the bed at the touch of his hot tongue, pulling on his spiky hair hard, causing him to purr and send the vibrations up to her core. Bulma cried out loudly when she felt her vaginal walls flutter as Vegeta continued to leisurely lap at her lower lips and flick her swollen bud. Bulma rocked her hips against him, trying to get closer to his hot, unrelenting mouth as his pace increased, spasming when his tongue dipped teasingly into her before latching onto her small bundle of nerves and suckled it, while his tongue flicked faster.

Bulma jumped as she whimpered, “Vegeta, please!” She started to pant, “Fuck me with your tongue!”

Vegeta blushed slightly as he pulled his mouth away, “Such a wanton, shameless female I have.”

Vegeta complained but he secretly enjoyed her vulgarness and complied to her wishes, ruthlessly thrusting his tongue into her dewy core and his chest rumbled in satisfaction from her rich, sweet taste and her nails digging deeper into his scalp.

“Oh! Vegeta!” She screamed as she grinded her core into his mouth and her thighs clenched his head, causing him to growl in response as he continued to drive his tongue inside her. Bulma cried out as she felt her walls tightening around his scorching tongue, the beginning of her climax. Vegeta must have sensed it too as he brought his hand down and began rubbing her hardened clit with his thumb in slow circles, slowly building up speed. Bulma panted harder and moaned loudly, her voice bouncing off the walls, “Vegeta, make me cum hard! Fuck me faster!”

Vegeta curled his tongue, causing her to jump off the bed but he put his free hand down on her belly to hold her down as he moved his tongue faster and deeper inside her while his thumb also picked up in speed. Bulma all but slammed her feminine core into his mouth as she felt her inner walls tighten more and more until it became too much. “Vegeta!” She screamed as she peaked. The room seemed to grow brighter behind her eyelids as ripples of intense pleasure coursed through her body, leaving a warm tingling sensation in its wake. Her vaginal walls clenched one last time as her feminine juices coated Vegeta’s tongue and he groaned while he devoured them, savoring her unique female flavor.

Bulma seemed to go limp as her body settled into the soft sheets and her hands released her hold on Vegeta’s hair. She continued to pant as she started to come down from her release, but whimpered when Vegeta continued to lick her now sensitive lips, trying to get every last drop of her sweet nectar. She jerked when he gave her tender clit a final caress with his tongue and he licked his lips before he used the back of his hand to wipe away the remnants of her wetness.

Vegeta looked up at his Bulma and had to control his breathing as he almost spilled himself on the sheets at the sight of her satisfied smile and her flushed, relax body. “What a pretty picture you make, you lewd female” he said with pride as he kissed her belly before moving up her body. Bulma smiled at him as he laid on top of her and felt his hardness against her stomach.

She slid her hand down his hard body until she wrapped her hand around his stiffened member, making him jerk at her touch, and he quickly grabbed her wrist but didn't remove her hand. “Bulma, what are you doing?”

“My prince, don't you want relief too?” She asked coyly, using her new pet name for him.

“Mate, I'll find relief in your body soon,” he said as he thrusted into her hand as she pumped him.

“But Vegeta,” she began as she moved to whisper in his ear. “Don't you want to cum as I fuck you with my mouth.”
Vegeta hissed at her words, blushing furiously, “Shameless female, I swear you've become bolder with your sharp tongue.”

Bulma smiled mischievously as she increased her pace on him, “Of course I have, seeing you blush like this makes me so wet.”

“Bulma,” he whimpered as she moved to push him on his back, which he allowed. She started leaving kisses on his chest and licked his sternum as he spoke to protest, “Bulma, I want to please you tonight.”

“But this does please me,” she said as she ran her free hand down his hard abs as she squeezed his member, forcing him to growl in pleasure.

Bulma continued her way down, kissing and nibbling on his skin, pausing to lick some of his scars that made their way to her mouth. Vegeta was breathing heavily when she reached his hard member and she looked up at him to make eye contact as he had done, watching his eyes glitter with lust as she poked out her tongue and gave his tip a little flick. Vegeta's body shivered and she smiled in satisfaction as she moved to lick him from base to tip with the flat of her tongue, feeling him tremble. She licked his tip a few more times before she engulfed it with her full lips.

Vegeta moaned at the feeling of her wet mouth as she sucked on him while using her tongue to rub against the small slit there. He tried to hold still as she started taking him inch by inch into her mouth. Bulma grabbed one of his hands clutching the sheets and put it on her head, giving him permission to hold her down, but he merely fisted her soft blue locks as she continued to to work him further into her mouth until he hit the back of her throat. He was large and she had to use her hands to squeeze the base of his shaft as she moved her mouth up and down, alternating from sucking and licking his thick, hard member.

“Bulma,” he growled and his fist tightened in her hair, but he didn't push her down.

Some of his salty seed leaked out and she moaned against him, sending the reverberations down his shaft. She knew he was getting close to his release as his body began to tense and she moved her other hand to gently massage his sack. He unintentionally thrusted into her mouth but she took him easily and moaned around him. She could hear his breathing become erratic as he whimpered and growled, his sounds were animalistic, causing moisture to drip down between her thighs, relishing in the power of having him in her mouth. She moaned again as both her hands squeezed him a little tighter as she worked her mouth faster on him.

“Bulma!” Vegeta shouted loudly as the tension coiled at his sack erupted and he thrusted into her one last time as his seed surged down her throat, while intense pleasure pulsed up his body.

Bulma moaned again at the taste of his saltiness on her tongue before giving him a final lick and pulled away from him. Vegeta felt her eyes on him and he looked down at her to see a mischievous smile on her lips and when she knew she had his attention, she swallowed loudly.

Vegeta swiftly became hard again, “So vulgar.”

He pounced on her in an instant and Bulma gave a throaty scream as he entered her wet sex in one hard thrust. He cut her off by savagely claiming her mouth with his, tasting themselves on each other's tongues. Vegeta reared up to sit straight up on his legs, bringing her with him and began to thrust mercilessly into her tight passage as she wrapped her leg around him. Bulma whimpered into his mouth as she slammed her hips against him and felt his tail slide between them to rub her swollen hard clit furiously. Vegeta pressed her closer to his body and she clawed at his back to keep him to her, he growled in approval as their movements grew more frantic. He felt her walls begin to clench
him tighter and he put an arm around his hips to drive himself harder and faster into her.

Bulma ripped her mouth away to scream again, “Vegeta! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!”

“Lewd as usual!” Vegeta growled at her words, but it spurred him to comply.

Bulma was now bouncing on his thick shaft, mewing at every thrust, “Vegeta! Don't stop! Make me cum! Make me cum hard on your cock!”

“If you want to cum, shameless female, look at me,” Vegeta replied as he blushed.

Bulma obeyed and gazed into his intense heated eyes and he moved faster when she did while she tightened her legs around his waist. They both felt the tension build in their bodies. Bulma’s walls were spasming and his Vegeta’s sack tightened. Vegeta knew how to send them both over the edge and thrusted his tail harder against her clit, triggering her release as she raked her nails down his back and she shouted as her walls squeezed him, milking him for his seed. He growled loudly as he submitted to her body as the tension from sack violently broke and he spilled himself deep inside her. Euphoria enveloped their bodies and Vegeta took her lips again with his, wanting to show her the depth of his feelings.

Vegeta finally released her so they could catch their breaths and fell backwards onto the bed, bringing her with him. Bulma giggled and kissed his chin before she settled against his chest, listening to his heartbeat as his tail found its way around her thigh and stoked her skin lazily.

“I think we're getting better at this,” Bulma laughed as she kissed his collarbone.

Vegeta snorted, “How can we not when you're always making demands of me what to do to your body without an ounce of shame, audacious female.”

Bulma rose up to look down on his face, “Hey, if I like something, I'm going to tell you, it's not my fault you're a prude. Which I don't mind by the way, I love shocking you, you blush so easily and makes me want to tease you more.”

“Tch,” Vegeta replied and turned his head away in annoyance.

Bulma laughed as she kissed the corner of his mouth, “But I think I know your secret.”

Vegeta looked at her from the corner of his eye suspiciously, “And what's that?”

“You like it when dirty words come out of my mouth,” she said as she licked her lips.

“I like it better when it's on me and not speaking,” he grumbled.

“Oh, I know you do,” Bulma winked at him and he turned red and looked away again. Bulma giggled and kissed him again, “Aw, my poor Saiyan Prince, he can't handle his shameless…” Bulma paused to leave a kiss for every word down his jaw, “Vulgar… loud… lewd… audacious… mate.”

She smiled up at him with a knowing, playful smile when he looked at her with heat in his eyes, accepting her challenge, “You'll regret baiting me, female.”

Bulma squealed in delight when he tossed her gently to the other side of the bed and flipped her over to pull her up on her hands on knees. He gripped her hips with an unyielding hold as he used his tail to pull her legs wide apart and slammed his hard shaft into her hot core.

“Yes! Vegeta!” She cried out, her vaginally walls immediately tightened around him as he touched
places inside her from a different angle.

He pulled himself almost all the way out, only leaving the tip of his member at her entrance before he forcefully shoving himself inside her as he spoke with deadly calm, “Did you think that the Prince of all Saiyans would let your comment slide?” He pulled out again like before thrusted into her again cruelly, making her scream. Bulma clawed at the sheets, trying to keep herself from buckling from his onslaught. His cold words caused her feminine nectar to soak his savage hard-as-steel member. Vegeta held back his groan at the sensation as he fought the blush seeping in his cheeks, “Does this make you wet? Being brutally fucked by your prince?”

“Oh, yes! Fuck me harder, Prince Vegeta!” Bulma yelled.

Vegeta pulled away again, “How bold of you to make demands of me.” His voice was cold as ice while he rammed himself into her again, forcing her to hold herself up on her elbows and keen in delight.

“Then what do you demand of me, my prince?” Bulma managed to pant out as he retreated once more.

“I want to you to admit you were wrong in challenging your prince,” he said coldly as he held himself still.

Bulma bit her lip as she tried to rub herself on him but he held her firmly, “Never.”

Vegeta chuckled evilly, “So brave to defy your prince, we'll see how long you'll survive.” Bulma received no other warning as he drove into her and didn't stop his powerful thrusts, forcing her to clutch the sheets as her inner walls trembled around him, whimpering and moaning loudly with every vicious stroke of his thick shaft. “Nothing to say, shameless, vulgar, lewd female.”

“You forgot loud, my prince,” Bulma gasped into the sheets.

“Is that so? Let's see how loud you can be,” Vegeta replied artically, sending shivers up her spine. Vegeta moved faster, creating delicious friction inside her feminine core, filling the room with sounds of slapping flesh, growls, and screams.

“Prince Vegeta!” Bulma yelled as she felt her uterus tighten, wanting relief.

“Do you want to cum, female? Beg your prince, and I may spare you,” he spoke with calm he didn't feel, relishing in the feeling of her tight wetness and enjoying the sight of his thrusting member disappearing into her tender feminine red lips.

“Please, Prince Vegeta! I beg of you, let me cum on your cock!” Bulma managed to cry out.

“Such a filthy mouth dares to speak my name, I'll have to finish you off,” Vegeta said as he slid the tip of his tail to her aching bud and stroked her with fever. Bulma’s body arched as she suddenly clenched his member hard and a scream tore from her throat as intense heat flooded her body as her release came. Vegeta growled as her tightness coaxed him to join her after a few more thrusts and poured his seed inside of her.

Vegeta pulled out of her after a few moment and allowed her to collapse onto the bed as they both panted heavily. Vegeta moved to lie beside her and pulled a lethargic Bulma to his side to hold her close, his tail whipping around happily. He pushed her hair away from her sweaty forehead and smirked with pride when he saw her tranquil face. She smiled when she looked up at him, “Good job, Captain Bad Man, you successfully made me speechless.”
“Hn, apparently it wasn't good enough if you're still yapping,” he grinned.

Bulma slapped his chest without effort, “Jerk.”

Vegeta ran his hand down her side, enjoying the warmth of her flushed skin. He froze when he reached her hips and saw small bruises the shape of his fingertips, “Bulma, I hurt you.”

“Hm?” Bulma replied as she looked down her body and shrugged. “I didn't feel it, I was too caught up in the moment.”

Vegeta cupped her face in concern, “Did I hurt you anywhere else?”

Bulma shook her head, “No, relax Vegeta, I'm tougher than I look.”

“But…” Vegeta words died as she kissed him.

“You worry too much,” she said as she kissed his chin and traced his cheekbone with her finger.

“You're my mate, of course I worry about you,” he replied as he took her hand and kissed her palm.

Bulma smiled, “That's one of the things that I love about you.”

Vegeta froze and looked at her wide-eyed, “What?”

Bulma seemed to realize what she said without thought as she clenched her jaw shut. Vegeta felt his heartbeat pound against his eardrums as Bulma bit her lip in uncertainty. She opened her mouth but snapped it close and he could see her thoughts churning in her eyes before she came to a decision, licking her lips to moisten her suddenly dry lips. She took a deep breath before she spoke quietly, “I love you, Vegeta.”

Vegeta felt his chest constrict, not sure if he heard her correctly, “Say it again.”

“Vegeta, I love you,” she repeated a little louder.

“Again, say it again,” he demanded.

“I love you,” she said, this time tears beginning to form in her eyes.

“Again!” Vegeta said as he held her tighter.

“I love you!” Bulma yelled as her tears fell and Vegeta grinned in happiness as he kissed her passionately.

Vegeta pulled away to kiss away her tears, “My Bulma, why are you crying?”

“Because I love you too much,” Bulma sobbed.

“Good,” he said as he continued to leave tender kisses on her cheek.

“Do you love me?” She asked carefully.

Vegeta paused and looked down at her, seeing her fear, but answered truthfully, “I don't know what love feels like Bulma, but when I'm with you I just want make you smile at me and when you're not by my side, I want to tear the universe apart to get to you.”

Bulma laughed through her tears, “I think you answered my question well.”
Vegeta looked at her in confusion, “What do you mean?”

“You have the feelings but you don’t know the word to associate it with,” Bulma explained.

“I only feel this way for you,” Vegeta replied seriously.

Bulma smiled, “I know.”

“Teach me more about love, my Bulma,” Vegeta said as he kissed her.

Bulma smiled happily as she returned his kiss, “Don't worry, we have a lifetime for me to teach you.”

Vegeta smiled as he nuzzled her hair and breathed in her scent deeply as they both started to feel sleep pull them into its embrace, “I'll make sure we'll have that life.”

Chapter End Notes

I think this is my longest chapter! I hope you've enjoyed it, please let me know what you thought! And again thank you so much for the comments and kudos! 😊
Bulma sighed happily as she felt Vegeta leave tender kisses up her spine and caressed her sides with just his fingertips while she laid on her stomach with her arms raised above her head. He paused every so often to nibble and suck on her skin to leave a little mark, when he was satisfied he continued kissing his way up to her neck. He gently brushed her hair aside and moved to breathe her scent in deeply, she moaned softly when he skimmed his mate mark with his teeth. He carefully gathered her in his arms and turned them on their side as his tail wrapped around her waist to hold her close.

Bulma moved a hand up to reach behind her to thread her fingers in his hair as he kissed her neck and moved his hands to massage her breasts tenderly. She moaned again and tilted her head to give him better access as she rubbed her round bottom against his hardened sex. She moved her other hand to pet the fur of his tail, making him purr into her neck. She smiled at the sound and turned her head to kiss his cheek, enticing him to pull away from her neck and claim her lips with his. He took his time coaxing her lips apart before he slipped his tongue into her mouth and she moaned into his as he teased her tongue with quick flicks before capturing it to suck on it. She sighed, enjoying his dominance as she moved to rub his thick length between her vaginal lips, coating him with her feminine moisture as she continued to stroke his tail and felt his pleased growl against her back.

Bulma whimpered when he finally had enough and began to slowly enter her from behind as he teased her nipples with gentle pressure, using his tail to pull her closer to his body. They moved their hips against each other, leisurely at first before picking up the speed and building up friction. Bulma pulled her lips away to breathe and panted against his mouth, sharing the same air as him as he started to breathe heavily. She bit her lip as she started to feel her walls tightening on him, her body jerking against his as he increased his speed.

“Vegeta,” she cried out softly as she pulled on his hair roughly which in turn made him purr loudly. Her silently plea lured him to drive into her with more force while maintaining his speed and she was glad that he held her securely in place against him as his powerful thrusts would have her slipping off of him. She wound one of her legs around his, spreading herself wider for him to go deeper and he snapped his hips with more power and vigor, the sound of slapping skin joined their pants and moans.

Bulma looked up to see him staring at her face intently and she squeezed her walls around him, making him lose his rhythm for a moment and he growled low while thrusting into her harder and deeper. Bulma gasped and sunk her nails into his scalp while holding onto his tail for dear life, trying to match each one of his forceful strokes. She didn't glance away as she was mesmerized by his black eyes, “I love you.”

Vegeta suddenly stopped for a moment, staring at her in awe before he slammed into her core brutally. Bulma cried out as she felt her walls quiver from his aggressive thrust as she drew him in further than she thought possible, tightening almost painfully. Vegeta growled and slid his hand down her body, gliding over her hips to her thigh to then teasingly brush his fingers up her inner thigh until he found her clit and began to pinch it between his fingers. Bulma jumped and arched her body, trying to get impossibly closer to him. His fingers swirled around her bud with slow tight circles and increased his pace more and more. Bulma felt her womb clench, wanting to release the overpowering tension and take his essence in, “Vegeta!”
Vegeta moved his hand on her clit faster and faster making her pant and squirm on him uncontrollable until he suddenly pinched her swollen bud firmly. Bulma screamed and bucked against Vegeta one last time as the tightness in her core exploded, dousing her in bright warmth as she grasped Vegeta’s member unbearably tight and soaked him with her feminine fluids, forcing Vegeta to growl viciously as the tightness at the base of his sex erupted after one last thrust, his warm semen jetting into her womb, “Bulma!”

They were both trying to catch their breaths as their shared euphoria began to slowly slip away. Vegeta nuzzled Bulma’s neck and closed his eyes as he inhaled her unique fragrance, purring with satisfaction. He slid his hand away from between her now drenched thighs up to her belly to settle his hand there. A thought came to mind seeing his tan hand against her pale skin, “These contraceptive drugs must be excellent, I've filled you to the brim so many times with my seed that we should have a litter of offspring by now.”

Bulma turned her head to look at him with an arched brow, “Are you talking dirty to me or are you just being weird?”

“Hn, impertinent female, it was merely an observation,” he replied as he nipped her ear in reprimand.

“And I hope that was a joke about giving birth to a litter, the thought of pushing out multiple Saiyans, that are just like you, out of my body at one time, makes want to flee to another galaxy again,” Bulma narrowed her eyes at him.

Vegeta nipped her ear again playfully, “It was a figure of speech, Saiyan females only carried one offspring at a time before the use of birthing pods were implemented.”

“Birthing pods?” Bulma asked in confusion.

“Saiyans enjoy nothing more than to fight and females felt that to carry any offspring to full term would be a hindrance to that, so they found a way to have offspring outside the womb,” Vegeta explained.

“Wait, so you basically made artificial wombs? Did you guys have artificial insemination?” Bulma asked as he stroked her belly gently.

“Some did yes, but most of the the time the fetus was just transferred,” Vegeta said as he kissed her shoulder.

“Geez, that sounds cold, no wonder you're a heartless psychopath,” Bulma said and giggled when he nipped her ear once more.

“So your kind don't have birthing pods?” Vegeta asked as he licked the shell of her ear to soothe his bite.

“Nope, we do it all naturally, though I'm sure I could figure it out, but I wouldn't want that… if we have ‘offspring’,” Bulma replied as she entwined the hand that had been in his hair with his on her stomach.

An image of Bulma, swollen with child, his child sprung to mind and he was quickly aroused, but he held back, knowing that she was a little bit tender from their love-making and kissed her shoulder. However he could still verbally spar with her, which he enjoyed just as much as mating. He smirked into her skin, “You said having offspring like me would be terrifying but there is something worse.”

“Yeah? And what's that?” Bulma asked, sensing his playful mood as his tail was practically wagging
against her hip.

“Having a tiny female that is your exact copy running around under foot, getting into trouble, making demands of me… I’ll have to put her in a pod and shoot her into space to get any peace,” Vegeta said into her hair.

Bulma snorted, “Please, she’d have you wrapped around her little finger.”

Bulma paused and suddenly burst into laughter and Vegeta’s brows pinched together, “What?”

“I just had an image of you sitting at a tiny table playing tea party with a little girl! You’re wearing that scowl you always have as you listen to every word she says and drink out of cute little pink cups!” Bulma laughed into another fitting of giggles.

“Tch,” Vegeta replied before smiling into her shoulder, as he savored the sound of her laughter.

They suddenly heard a chirping sound and Bulma groaned, “I need to get that.” She tried to move but Vegeta held her tightly, “Vegeta, let go.”

“No,” he replied as he kissed the spot behind her ear.

“This is important, I set it to alert me of urgent messages,” Bulma replied as she tried to wiggle out of his hold to no avail.

“There should be nothing more important than your mate,” Vegeta replied as held onto her tighter.

“Vegeta, just let me grab my tablet and we can cuddle all you want,” Bulma replied as she stroke his tail to placate him.

Vegeta grumbled like a petulant child, “Fine.”

He released her hold on her and she tried to slip away but didn't move an inch, “The tail too, Vegeta.”

“Tch,” Vegeta replied as he unwound his tail from her waist.

Bulma gasped slightly when she moved and his hardened member slipped out of her and felt their combined fluids trickle down her thighs. She heard Vegeta growl behind her and looked to see him lick his lips as he stared at the sight. She turned away, knowing that if she didn't get to the task at hand, she wouldn't be leaving the bed soon. Bulma slid over to hang over the edge of the bed and only had to reach down to grab the red brasserie that Vegeta had viciously torn off and opened up the secret pocket inside one of the cups that held her palm-size tablet. She saw she had an emergency message and opened it to find it was from Ms. Cyan, a Galactic Shadow Market member that specialized in negotiations and marketing who had transferred to her base almost a month ago. She was well respected, having helped the GSM for years before Bulma came and she was recommended to work with Bulma to help with deal negotiations now that Bulma could not venture out into the open anymore. Bulma opened her message:

L.

We received an SOS signal from a private ship of Aynons that were attacked by pirates and their ship was heavily damaged, we are the only ship close enough to reach them. What are your orders?
Ms. C

Bulma sighed as she wrote her reply:

Ms. C.

Retrieve them but do not let them leave the hanger, inform them that they are on a simple refueling station. Make sure they don't see the exterior of the base or give our location. I'm a few days away, I'll be there as soon as I can.

L.

Bulma waited and her tablet chirped as she received a reply:

Understood.

Bulma gasped as she jumped when she felt Vegeta’s tail slip between her legs from behind and stroke her feminine entrance that was still wet from their last session. “Are you quite done, mate? I'm not finished with you,” he said icily as the tip of his tail dipped into her tight passage.

Bulma shivered in delight, “Vegeta, you're so evil.”

Vegeta chuckled darkly into her ear, she had not heard or felt him move, “You don't even know the half of it.”

Bulma hummed as he put a hand on her hips as his tail continued to teasingly play with her entrance. “Vegeta,” she gasped. “I have to go.”

Vegeta’s hand on her hip tightened, “I won't let you.”

Bulma clutched the tablet still in her hand tightly and moaned as his dexterous tail slid into her tight wet sheath. “I don't want to leave you,” she replied as he left kisses on her neck.

“Then don't,” he replied as his tail slowly inched inside her, stroking her with little flicks.

Bulma squirmed and whimpered, “I have work to do.”

Vegeta puffed a heavy sigh through his nose, “Fine.”

He removed his tail and she moaned at the loss of it, she turned her body around to look at him. His face was impassive and cold as she cupped his face, “I don't do this to be cruel.”

“Just go,” he replied coldly, his eyes indifferent.

Bulma sighed gently before placing a kiss on his immovable lips. She sat up, throwing her legs over the side of the bed and grabbed her brassiere again, taking out the capsule she had hidden in the other
cup. She put the tablet down as she stood and walked to the bathroom door that was hidden behind
the wall, feeling Vegeta's hard gaze on her back, following her every move. She placed her hand on
the wall and the door clicked open, allowing her to walk through as she clicked the top of her
capsule and gave it a toss. A small box appeared on the floor with her clothing and supplies and she
moved it to the side to access the glass shower and turned the water on as she stepped inside.

Bulma didn't want to leave Vegeta on bad terms as she wasn't sure when she would see him again,
but she couldn't blame him for being frustrated with her as they never had much time to be together.
Bulma sighed as she stepped into the spray of the shower, letting the water cascade down her body.
She wasn't sure how long she was there lost in her thoughts as she startled when she felt herself
being pulled into a hard body from behind. Strong arms held her as she felt Vegeta nuzzle her neck
before leaving a kiss.

He breathed in her scent deeply, “My mate, I didn't mean it.”

Bulma smiled gently as his apology, “It's okay, Vegeta, I understand. I don't want to go either.”

“I'm aware and I'll let you go, but you have to come back to me,” Vegeta said as he left a line of
kisses down the curve of her neck.

“But we're both busy,” Bulma said, tilting her head for him and sighing at his touch.

“I have three months of leave left,” Vegeta replied into her neck.

Bulma blinked at that, “What? Why?”

“I told you, Frieza is up to something, he gave me four months of leave,” Vegeta said as Bulma
turned in his arms to look at him as she put her arms around his neck, pushing her body into his.

Bulma stared at him for a few moments before sighing loudly and putting her head at the crook of his
shoulder. “Vegeta, what am I going to do? I need to regroup since you ruined my plans again,
asshole,” she said the last part playfully.

Vegeta rubbed his hands on her back in soothing circles. “Work with me,” he whispered in her ear.

Bulma pulled back to look at him and stared deeply into his intense jet-black eyes, seeing only
sincerity, “But you didn't want to before.”

“Yes, however I realized that if I have any hope of defeating Frieza, I need you. You have nearly
changed the balance of the universe and your influence is so vast, it stretches across the cosmos. And
while your ideas are brilliant, Frieza is still too strong, you need me as much as I need you,” Vegeta
explained.

Bulma sighed, “How long will that take?”

“I'm not sure, but I get stronger with each suicidal mission he throws my way,” Vegeta said as his tail
wrapped around her thigh and teasingly stroke her skin.

Bulma raised an elegant brow, “I thought he liked you?”

Vegeta snorted, “He likes me like a pet, he keeps me around if I'm useful. And it amuses him to give
me missions which I might not survive. When I was a young cub I would barely scrape by. These
scars bare witness to my success and I only failed once to meet Frieza's demands and I only needed
to learn once to never do it again.”
Bulma’s eyes watered at the thought of a child version of Vegeta, fighting tooth and nail to survive in a place where strength was the most important asset. He had been a child soldier and she could see how it hardened him to be one of the coldest and ruthless beings in the universe. “Vegeta,” she spoke softly.

“Mate, do not waste your tears on me, I am Saiyan, this is only natural,” Vegeta said as he brushed a tear away that had slipped down her cheek.

“It's not natural Vegeta, no matter what you are,” Bulma said as she took his hand and kissed his palm.

Vegeta stared at her, taking in her sorrowful expression, there was no pity, just sadness and heartbreak for him. No one ever looked at him as she did now and he felt his chest warm for his mate, “A Saiyan female wouldn't say such things to her mate.”

“I’m not Saiyan so I'll say what I want to you, so get over it,” Bulma said with heat in her eyes.

Vegeta smirked before giving her a gentle kiss on her lips in a silent apology, “Believe me female, I wouldn't have it any other way.” Vegeta kissed her again before changing the subject, “You need to lie low even more Bulma, no more games with Frieza. He knows you're still around.”

Bulma sighed, “I thought you wanted to work with me.”

“I do, but at the moment we need time until I'm strong enough,” Vegeta replied as he stroked her bottom lip with his thumb.

Bulma stared at him before sighing again, heavily, “Fine, but I'm still doing my GP work.”

“I won't stop you unless you put yourself in harm’s way,” Vegeta said as he gently slid a stand of hair away from her face.

“Well, Jaco will be in for a surprise,” Bulma said as she moved to kiss his chin.

“We should probably keep my involvement a secret from the GP, I don't trust them,” Vegeta said with narrowed eyes.

Bulma snorted, “I'm not dumb, Vegeta, but I trust Jaco. He would be the only one to know.”

“If you trust him, why haven't you told him about us?” Vegeta asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Because he would have locked me in jail for committing the crime of insanity,” Bulma laughed humorlessly.

“Hn. Also you should pull out your spy on Frieza's ship,” Vegeta said as he nuzzled her cheek with his nose.

Bulma bit her lip and spoke quietly, “There is no spy.”

Vegeta froze and didn't move for seconds before he pulled his head away and looked at her in disbelief, “What do mean there is no spy? How did you get your program on the ship?”

Bulma licked her lips as she hesitantly answered, “You remember Tama?”

Vegeta’s brow pulled together in confusion, “You said he wasn't…”

“No, he isn't,” Bulma interrupted. “But he was security personnel on Frieza's ship and he was very
Vegeta stiffened at her words, “What do you mean seduce?”

Bulma slid her hand up his neck to his scalp to run her fingers through his hair to soothe him, “Not in the way you're thinking, I mean come on Vegeta, we took each other's virginity.”

“We both know that there are other forms of sex other than vaginal penetration,” Vegeta growled at the thought of males touching his female.

Bulma massaged his scalp, “Well no, I didn't seduce him with any form of sex, I befriended him.”

Vegeta tilted his head at her, “I remembered he said that your scent was floral, which I immediately realized it was you wearing a scent you knew would entice him to be attracted to you and then approach.”

Bulma blinked at him, “How…?”

“I explained before that I spoke to him before I killed him. He told me of his first meeting with you and mentioned that your scent was what he remembered most, and his description of it lead me to believe that it was a trick on your part as I already knew your real scent well,” Vegeta said as he ran his hand down her shoulder.

“Your smart talk is almost as sexy as your dirty talk,” Bulma replied before she continued her story. “Yes, I would wear a perfume made from a plant on his homeworld every time we met and we became ‘friends’ to the point that he would tell me things about Frieza's weapons and ship. When I had enough information, I lured him to a love hotel, let him make out with my feet before knocking him out.”

“And how does this lead to you breaking into Frieza's mainframe?” Vegeta asked as he tried to keep his cool after hearing his mate in a precarious position with the overgrown feline, wishing he had made him suffer a bit longer. But he let it go at the comforting touch of Bulma’s fingers in his hair, the clever minx knew how to play him well.

“Well I used my hologram device,” Bulma shrugged as though it explained everything.

“As him?” Vegeta stated. “And what did you do with him? Surely he would have woken up and have caused trouble as there would be an inconsistency of him being at two places at once.”

“Oh that wasn't a problem at all because he was with me,” Bulma smiled mischievously.

Vegeta blinked, “What?”

“I put him in one of my bio-capsules that cryogenically freezes a living being and stuck him in my pocket,” Bulma explained and felt his arousal grow between her thighs.

Vegeta’s eyes grew large, his beautiful mate alway found a new way to surprise him, “You can do that?”

“Of course, how else would I have stored thousands of alien species after evacuating them?” Bulma replied with a coy smile.

A piece of the puzzle was finally put into place for Vegeta, “We'll return to this subject later, continue your narrative of Tama,” Vegeta said as his hands roamed down her back.
“As Tama, I snuck onto the ship, dumped his body in his room and hacked into the system to help me deceive the ship's security cameras,” Bulma said as she began to unconsciously rub his hard member between her lower feminine lips.

Vegeta froze, “You were on the ship?” He scowled angrily, “What were you thinking!”

“Don't get angry, we didn't even know each other then,” Bulma said as placed a kiss on his chin to placate him as she picked up speed and her vaginal juices coated him.

Vegeta’s chest rumbled slightly, “Fine. How were you not discovered?”

Bulma bit her lip as he put his hands on her hips to urge her to move faster on him, “Well, I was invisible.”

“Invisible?” Vegeta halted their actions, holding her still as he stared at her dumbfounded.

“Yeah, my hologram has one other function: I can make myself invisible,” Bulma said as she started rubbing her breast on his hard chest to feel his body on hers.

Vegeta wasn’t sure if he could get any harder. Invisibility, bio-capsules, holograms, planetary engineering… no one could ever compare in intelligence to his Bulma. “Invisibility?” he dumbly asked again for clarification.

“Yes, and then I snuck into the mainframe when those little toad guys were out, plugged in my program, and got on an exiting ship.” Bulma finished her tale as though she had merely taken a stroll on the beach rather than break into the walls of the most dangerous psychotic tyrant of the universe's fortress. “The program was made to take information, hide it, bounce it around in other little code like the lighting system or what have you, before going into the ship's cargo manifest and transmitted to me after the supply list was sent out.”

“So you had no need for a spy,” Vegeta purred at the feeling of her softness against him as he began to rub his thick length between her puffy wet vaginal lips again, almost coming undone after hearing her genius at work. His Bulma was incredibly sexy when she explained the inner workings of her brain to him.

“Nope, I'm cut out the middle man, I trust a PTO soldier as far as I can throw them… present company excluded, of course,” Bulma said as she kissed the tip of his nose while her breathing was growing erratic.

“So let me get this straight, you snuck on Frieza's ship, hacked into his server, evacuated alien species, and then blew up planets… how?” Vegeta asked as he changed the angle of his hips to rub her clit just the right way.

Bulma’s breath hitched, “A lot of drilling and strategically placing the right amount of energy between tectonic plates.” Bulma’s eyes seemed fade away to horrible memory, “Planets are a little bit harder to destroy.”

“And you are creating these new planets for these alien species you've helped?” Vegeta said as he put his forehead against hers, enjoying the sensations only her body could give him.

“Why yes, my smart captain, but it takes a few years to create them, hence the cryogenics,” Bulma explained as she moaned when he jerked his member a little harder on her swollen bud.

“My beautiful Bulma, you could have the entire universe in the small palm of your hand, and I want to give it to you,” Vegeta said as his hands roam ed up her sides.
“I don't want the universe Vegeta, I just want everyone to be happy,” she replied, causing him to look at her in awe. What she was doing had never been about her but what she could do for others. Perhaps it was a naive idea, but it was something she believed in wholeheartedly if she was willing to work this hard and put herself in harm's way.

Vegeta took her face into his hands gently and gave her a heated kiss, “I will help you, mate, since this is something you want. You can't stop a Saiyan male from giving what his mate desires.”

Bulma smiled sweetly, “Oh really? Then this female mate desires to have her Saiyan inside her right now.”

Vegeta slightly blushed but smirked, “Then she'll get it.”

Vegeta suddenly kissed her passionately, quickly devouring her mouth as he raised her legs for her to wrap them around his waist and entered her in one swift thrust. Bulma moaned into his mouth and held onto him tight as he pumped into her slowly, only using his own strength as he grasped her hips. Bulma clenched her legs on his waist to get leverage as she rode him, matching his strong strokes. Her vaginal muscles began to clutch his hard length more and more as he picked up speed, creating exquisite friction.

Vegeta released Bulma’s mouth, allowing her to breathe as she found herself only able to hang on due to the fast pace he had set, bouncing on his thick member, crying out between pants and becoming wetter at the sound of their slapping wet flesh.

“Ahh! Vegeta! Go deeper! I need you deep inside me!” Bulma moaned into his ear as she clawed down his back, hard enough to break skin. Vegeta purred and slipped one of his arms under her leg as he picked up his speed. “Yes! Vegeta! Kami, you're so fucking strong! I want to cum on your thick cock!” Bulma cried out into his ear as the different angle had him thrusting into her deeper.

Vegeta blushed as a shiver went down his spine. “As you wish, my vulgar little female,” Vegeta said as he ploughed into her faster and harder, the tip of his tail quickly found her swollen clit and flicked it.

Bulma mewed as her core tightened each time he flicked her clit with his tail until he felt he teased her enough and rubbed her furiously as he increased the pressure. Bulma threw her head back and gave a husky scream as the building tension in her womb detonated, her back arched and her muscles clenched Vegeta’s member one last time as pleasant tingles crawled up her body. Vegeta became entranced by her pleasure-filled features as her feminine fluids soaked his member while he pumped into her vice-like sheath a few more times until he came to completion, growling as his warm seed jetted into her womb.

He was breathing heavily as he felt the warmth of his orgasm spread through his body and moved to capture Bulma’s lips. She whimpered as he invaded her mouth with his tongue, dominating hers with strong strokes. He eventually pulled away as their euphoric highs began to fade. Bulma laid her head on his shoulder, humming in satisfaction as he buried his face into her hair to inhale her scent deeply, his Oozaru was purring with pride at sating his lusty mate.

“I don't think I can walk,” Bulma said into his skin as she kissed his shoulder.

Vegeta smirked, “There's a perfectly good bed waiting for us.”

Bulma chuckled, “Nice try, Bad Man, but I know I'll never leave if I let you seduce me.”

Vegeta kissed her neck, “Hn, be careful of challenging me, mate, or you'll find yourself tied to the
bed.”

Bulma hummed, “Maybe next time.” She reluctantly released his waist and gingerly put her legs down as Vegeta helped her by supporting her for security, his softened member slipped out of her with a wet noise and their combined fluids seeped down both their thighs. Vegeta pleasurably growled at the sensations while nuzzling her shoulder. Bulma sighed, “I really hope my contraceptives hold up, especially the way we've been at it.”

“Having offspring wouldn't be the worst thing in the universe,” Vegeta said as she stepped away from him to wash herself.

Bulma scoffed, “You don't have to carry it and I'm not having children with a sociopathic tyrant looming over our heads. Besides, I thought you didn't want children.”

Vegeta took the shampoo and turned her around to wash her hair, “I wasn't opposed to the idea, but it's starting to grow on me.”

“Like a tumor, I imagine,” Bulma said as she enjoyed his soft touches.

“Hn, believe what you will female, but the minute we're free of Frieza you better be prepared to give me an heir,” Vegeta said as she rinsed off her hair while he grabbed the soap to help wash her body.

“Any other royal commands, Prince Vegeta?” Bulma said as she rinsed off and turned to face him this time, grabbing the shampoo and lathering it in his thick mane that she loved.

Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her, “You're impertinence is noted, female, your prince will have to punish you.”

Bulma hummed, “I look forward to it, my prince.” She kissed his chin as she continued to wash him, “But it will have to wait until next time.”

“Contact me when you're available so we can rendezvous,” Vegeta replied and moved them around to stand under the shower and rinse before turning off the water.

“I'll take care of this emergency quickly and give myself a vacation,” Bulma said as she gave him a quick kiss on her way out of the shower.

Vegeta watched as she dried off, absorbing the image of his naked mate and frowning slightly when she dressed herself in her undergarments and light blue coveralls. He stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel to dry himself as Bulma ran a brush through her wet hair quickly and then twisted it up and placing a baseball cap over it. She sat on the toilet lid to tie on her brown working ankle boots and pressed the button on her box to recapsulate it after she finished. She walked over to Vegeta who was still watching her every movement and cupped his face with both her hands to give him a heated kiss. She pulled back to look at him intensely in his dark eyes with her emotion-filled ocean blue eyes, “I love you.”

“Be safe, my mate,” Vegeta said as he pulled her in for another kiss before moving his head to breath in her scent. When he was satisfied he pulled away, taking in her soft smile as she turned away and left.
Bulma laid back in her pilot's chair as she let the gravity of the asteroid do its work while her ship angled itself to the right position to land. It had only taken her two days for her to reach her new base that she had created by hollowing out the large metal rock, building a vast network of labs for her to develop her technology. On the outside, the asteroid looked like normal space debris, hiding Bulma’s secrets perfectly as its location altered when it flying through space. The outside hangar doors opened for her arrival and she took manual control of her ship to land it perfectly among the other ships that belonged to the GSM. Only a few members had been given the location of her base while the people working under her had living quarters and were often “blindfolded” as it were, being put into windowless ships when they came and went.

The hangar doors closed behind her and the artificial atmosphere returned to that area of the vessel as she power downed her ship. Bulma stuffed her hair under her baseball cap as she walked down the loading ramp of her ship, there waiting for her by the ship’s main entry doors was Ms. Cyan. She was a small alien maybe three feet tall with blueberry color skin, a short pink bob with bangs, two slits for a nose, large piercing orange eyes, and a mysterious smile that seemed to always be present when Bulma saw her. She wore a long sleeved, ankle length dress with a black vest that crossed over her chest, it was simple but professional in a way that commanded respect. Ms. Cyan bowed with her arms behind her back, floating a foot or two from the floor to give herself some height as Bulma approached.

“Ms. Cyan, I hope our new guests haven’t caused any trouble,” Bulma said as she stopped in front of her.

“Why no, they’ve been well behaved,” Ms. Cyan said, her voice cultured and matriarchal.

“That’s good to hear,” Bulma said as Ms. Cyan turned slightly to allow her to pass.

“We brought their ship in, if you wish to have a look,” Ms. Cyan said from beside her.

“Yes, that’s a good idea, please show me the way,” Bulma said as she rolled up her sleeves of her coveralls.

“Of course,” Ms. Cyan replied as she turned left and floated down a shiny, silver hall with Bulma following close by.

They walked to another hangar where unused ships, kept for research laid and walked inside the large room with spaceships of various designs from different parts of the universe scattered across the space. Each spaceship had a large workbench beside them, holding tools and tablets to analysis and test the ships. Bulma was lead to a green octangular prism shaped ship, a typical color and design from the Aynon’s home world. It had been baraged mercilessly by energy blasts, the hull was dented and burnt in many places while there were large holes that had pierced through, exposing the insides of the ship.

Bulma tilted her cap back to look up at the ship and whistled, “I’m surprised anyone survived.”

“We almost didn’t,” Bulma heard a smooth masculine voice from behind her.

Bulma turned around to see a tall Aynon alien dressed in a green form-fitting spacesuit and helmet, fitted for him to breathe the high amounts of carbon dioxide their species needed as the helmet was shielded to protect their sensitive eyes from light. She saw the gold octangular badge on his uniform,
informing her that he was a soldier from his planet.

“L, this is Captain Fos, he was in command of the ship,” Ms. Cyan explained.

Bulma had to tilt her head back to get a good look at him, “So tell me what happened, Captain Fos.”

Fos took a step forward, “We were on our way to deliver a shipment of Suapayl for our employer to Lord Frieza when we were attacked.”

Bulma raised an eyebrow, “How did they know that you were even delivering such precious cargo?” Suapayl were highly prized stones that could contain ridiculous amounts of energy like a battery but more efficient. They were very expensive and the Aynons knew how to exploit it and only traded with only a few of the wealthiest beings in the universe. It was also something Bulma had wanted to get her hands on for a long time.

“I’m assuming it’s a spy from our competitors,” Fos shrugged.

Bulma hummed, “Sabotage at its finest.” Bulma turned to the ship, “I’m assuming your shipment was taken.”

“Unfortunately, yes,” Fos said as he took a step closer to her. “Is there any way you could help us?”

“What? Track down pirates? We’re a refueling vessel not a detective agency,” Bulma said as she turned back to look at him, her professional face in place.

“I was thinking more along the lines of sending us home,” Fos said.

“Oh, but what will you give me in return? I don’t run a charity,” Bulma said, knowing very well how the Aynons hoarded their wealth.

“We an offer you credits,” Fos suggested.

Bulma snorted, “I have all the credits I could ever ask for, don’t I, Ms. C?”

Ms. Cyan smiled knowingly as she nodded, “Why yes, L, we are certainly not lacking in that area.”

Bulma cocked her hip as she crossed her arms, “I’m sure you can think of something more enticing.”

Fos sighed wearily, “If you wish, I can have you speak to my employer to make arrangements to trade… products.”

Bulma grinned, “Excellent, now was that so hard?” Bulma turned back to the ship, taking in the damage, “I can try to make repairs on this, I know your homeworld doesn’t take kindly to having foreign ships enter its atmosphere.”

Bulma felt a strong hand on her shoulder and she turned to see Fos right beside her, “Thank you, L, you don’t know how much this means to me.”

“I’ll accept your thanks after you get me that meeting with you boss,” Bulma said as she pulled away from his touch and glanced at the ship before turning to Ms. Cyan. “Ms. C, can you please escort Captain Fos and his men to Hangar 4, it should be empty and provide them with necessities, if you haven’t already. I’ll need to do a diagnostic on their ship.”

Ms. Cyan looked at her piercingly for a moment as though searching for something before she smiled and gave a small nod, “Understood.”
Bulma turned to the ship and sighed, “It looks like I have my work cut out for me.”

“How long will this take?” Fos asked as Ms. Cyan tried to lead him away.

Bulma put her hands on her hips as she studied the ship, “Maybe a few weeks, sooner if I can get more hands to help.”

“That fast!” Fos said in surprised tone.

“Yeah, it shouldn’t take too long,” Bulma replied absentmindedly as she saw one of her employees walk by. “Hey Ully! Get the schematics for this thing, we got work to do!”

The lime green skinny alien with a pudgy bald head and fish-like features stopped and looked at the ship Bulma was pointing to, “Got it boss!”

Bulma turned to Ms. Cyan, “Ms. C, we’ll need to go over some marketing strategies later today, if that’s okay with you?”

Ms. Cyan nodded, “Of course.”

“Great, I’ll see you later,” Bulma replied as she went to take a closer look at the ship as Ms. Cyan took their guest away.

Bulma went to grab a tablet that was sitting on the work bench by the ship and went inside the vessel to setup a diagnostic. When she was finished the setup, she let the diagnostic run on its own as she left the hangar and leisurely walked down the maze of hallways to her private lab located in the middle of the ship as she paged Chrysa, the auctioneer from the GSM auction night.

Bulma walked in to her lab, a large light pink circular room with a high ceiling and work benches scattered across the room with different inventions she was working on while the floor was littered with papers, schematics, tools, and machine parts. It appeared disarrayed but Bulma knew exactly where everything was and had a system to her madness. She went to her desk at the back corner of the room and sat behind it to pull out her private computer and began opening windows to type in code as she waited for the Chrysa to appear.

She looked up when she heard the door slide open and Chrysa walked in, who looked at her in interest even though she appeared bored, "You called?"

"Ms. Cyan is working for Frieza," Bulma said without preamble before looking back at her computer and continued typing.

Chrysa's one eye grew large as she dropped her suave facade, "Bulma, how do you know that?"

Bulma turned her computer around and played the footage of her conversation with Captain Fos and paused it at a particular scene, "He's an Aynon."

"Yeah, I've noticed," Chrysa replied as she came closer to look at the image.

"But do you see anything off?" Bulma asked her fellow GP officer.

Chrysa blinked, "No, what's wrong?"

Bulma tapped the screen, "He's touching me."

Chrysa gaped at Bulma, "They don't touch aliens outside of their species! It's almost an obsession!"
"Exactly, and Ms. Cyan is well aware of the mistake and she may or may not know that I know," Bulma sighed as she turned the computer around to type on it again.

"Then who is the man in the suit?" Chrysa asked, quickly putting two-and-two together.

"General Zarbon," Bulma said as she played the audio of their conversation, followed by a voice recording of Zarbon's voice. "I used a voice recognition program."

"Oh no, oh no, no, no, no!" Chrysa exclaimed as she started to pace back and forth in front of Bulma's desk. "What are we going to do! Captain Vegeta was bad enough but General Zarbon!"

Bulma watched as Chrysa, who was a great actress, went into one of her panics. She had done this when she had learned that Bulma had been captured by Vegeta after the incident at the auction. She had thought that Ao, who was actually Vegeta, would take Bulma to one of the GSM bases for medical treatment. But when Bulma had never appeared, she was beside herself with worry and it wasn't until Bulma returned that she was put to ease. "Chrysa, it'll be okay," Bulma said in a relaxed tone to calm her down.

"But what are we going to do! Are you sure Ms. Cyan is involved?" Chrysa stopped to stare at Bulma, hoping she was wrong.

"It took a lot of digging because they did a relatively good job deleting all info of her but I found what I was looking for," Bulma said as she showed Chrysa her computer screen again. It contained an image of Ms. Cyan in an older version of the Cold Empire's uniform, standing just behind Frieza, almost concealed by the large soldiers standing beside her, but undoubtedly her.

Chrysa put a shaky hand to her lips in disbelief, "Bulma, this is bad! Really bad! They're here for you!"

Bulma took a calming breath, "I know."

"But how did you know Ms. Cyan is working for Frieza?" Chrysa asked as she paced again.

"She has access to this ship and she was the one to contact me about the Aynon's SOS signal and looking at the ship, there are too many energy blasts coming from the inside. And everything is too convenient, the Suapayl and easily agreeing to let me meet their 'boss'... Ms. Cyan is smart, she was probably hoping to lure me to Frieza quietly and Zarbon ruined everything," Bulma explained as she continued typing on her computer. "I saw it in her eyes, Chrysa, she saw the mistake in an instant and was expecting me to put it all together, but we're both good actors."

"So what now?" Chrysa asked almost shrieking.

"Chrysa, I need you to listen to me very carefully," Bulma said in soothing tones.

Chrysa took a deep breath to calm herself as she turned back to Bulma, "You have a plan, you always do."

Bulma looked at Chrysa stoically, "Right now Zarbon, his men, and Ms. Cyan are in Hangar 4, I'm tracking them as we speak. In a few minutes my diagnostic of their ship is going to detect a radiation leak and set off the alarm to evacuate everyone off the ship. At the same time, Hangar 4 will go into lockdown, it won't hold them for long and I know Ms. Cyan will figure out what I'm doing the moment it happens. I need you to escape and get to Jaco to tell him the situation. I'll try my best to follow after."

Chrysa swallowed loudly in fear, "Bulma..."
"Don't worry about me, you'll see me soon," Bulma winked as the lights snapped from bright white to angry red.

A blaring horn went out through the ship. "Radiation leak detected. Evacuate immediately. Radiation leak detected. Evacuate immediately," A robotic female voice calmly informed the crew. Chrysa gave Bulma one last worried look before she raced out of the room.

Bulma waited before she opened a drawer to the side of her desk and pulled out the secret compartment at the bottom, typing in her code to access its contents. The little door popped open with a happy chirp and Bulma pulled out her black messenger bag. She looked inside to check it's contents, there was a small energy blaster, her high frequency sonic device, a small canister holding her knew invention, and a capsule box. She took her sonic device and put in her pocket of her coveralls and proceeded to pull out the capsule box to open it, studying its contents before she slid a finger down one of them, "Hopefully I won't need you."

Bulma snapped the case lose and placed it back in her bag as she grabbed her tablet and threw the strap of her bag over her head, standing up to make her way out of her lab. She checked her tablet to see that her employees were beginning to evacuate to the other hangars in pods that she created by mirroring Frieza's ships. Bulma tucked the tablet under her arm as she stepped out of her lab and dashed out the opposite direction of where her employees were running, dodging them swiftly as she made her way to the other end of the asteroid.

She had a plan in place, she wasn't going to let anyone get a hold of her tech, especially Frieza, and the only way to do that was to destroy it all. Bulma had devised a way to destroy the whole asteroid when she first made her base, she would have to break it into to smaller pieces and have them self destruct. But to do that, she would have to give the command manually as she was paranoid that someone could hack into her system and take control of it.

As Bulma was running, there was a loud explosion that shook the asteroid and screams of terror followed after as some people lost their balance and fell over, while others stumbled just as Bulma had. She grabbed onto the wall to stay upright as she realized what the explosion meant, Zarbon was out. Bulma whipped out her tablet and quickly confirmed her suspicions by watching the security footage of him and his men removing their suits with Ms. Cyan following after them as they stepped through the hole that Zarbon created.

Bulma took a deep breath before she sprinted down the hall, her cap flying off her head while avoiding her panic employees once again as she made her way to her destination. When Bulma reached the control panel in a small alcove, she quickly opened it and started the process of typing in her security code to begin the self destruct sequence. She had placed these small control panels at different areas of the ship when she first created it, so if there had been a problem in one area, she could easily shut it down so the other areas were unaffected. Bulma checked her tablet to ensure that section furthest from the hangar was completely empty before she initiated the self destruct. A wall a few feet beside her slammed down from above, closing off that section from the rest of the ship before she heard a series of small explosions. The asteroid shook violently as the dead section began to noisily break away from the main body.

"One down, three to go," Bulma said as she ran back toward the hangars and she heard a massive explosion that rocked, signalling the destruction of the part of the asteroid that had just broken off. Bulma checked her tablet as she ran and saw that more than half of her employees had abandoned ship and more pods were being deployed as she reached the second panel and began the self-destruct process once again.

"You're intelligence never fails to surprise me, Lacy," Bulma jumped at the sound of Ms. Cyan's
voice close behind her. She turned around to see Ms. Cyan there with her usual amused smile and Zarbon beside her as five other PTO soldiers stood behind them, weapons drawn and scoters out. They studied Bulma with interest as she had her hand on the control panel, ready to set off her program with just a touch.

"Ms. Cyan, it seem you brought some interesting friends with you," Bulma said, watching them with unease.

"Allow me to introduce you, this is General Zarbon, he was the one responsible for the little slip, but you already knew that," Ms. Cyan said with amusement in her voice, but Zarbon seemed to tense at the accusation.

"Not everyone can be as smart as you and I, Ms. Cyan," Bulma replied, watching Zarbon frown slightly.

"Please, call me Beriblu, after all, we are friends are we not?" Ms. Cyan, now Beriblu said with her smile never slipping.

"I thought we were, but now I'm going to have to take it back," Bulma said calmly as she moved closer to the control panel.

"Don't do that Lacy," Beriblu said calmly as one of the soldiers raised his energy blaster.

"Sorry Beriblu, I don't take orders," Bulma said as she pressed the button on the control panel, but she heard the powering up of an energy blaster.

"No! Stop!" Zarbon yelled as he made a grab for the blaster the soldier was holding.

It was too late. Bulma's eyes went wide as she tried to move away as Zarbon only managed to tilt the blaster as it went off and hit Bulma's side. Bulma screamed out when the energy blast cut through her side, burning her as it tore through her flesh and she slammed against the control panel just as the wall beside them came down. As Bulma was sliding down the wall she moved quickly and touched her earring as she dug through her pocket to grab her high frequency sonic device, clicking it before she tossed it at Zarbon and Beriblu's direction. In an instant they all went down on the ground, some of them fell unconscious while others like Zarbon and Beriblu were writhing on the floor with their palms pressed against their ears. Bulma reached into her messenger bag and pulled out the canister to click and toss, it made a small pop as it threw out a glowing energy dampening net over them that would suck away their energy.

Bulma clutched her burning side and refused to look at it as she felt sweat begin to form at her temples and her blood trickling from between her fingers. She tried to ignore the pain as she pushed herself off the wall and stumbled, taking deep breaths before she made a run for the hangars. Bulma was dizzy from the blood loss as she reached one of the hangars that was now empty and went inside, locking the large door and reinforcing it with an energy shield, praying that it would give her enough time to escape. Bulma ran to a nearby by ship but the strain of her wound caused her legs to give out and she fell to her knees and she looked back to see a small of trail of blood following behind her. She whipped her messenger bag around and quickly grabbed her capsule case, panting as she opened it and took out the medical capsule. She tossed and clicked and quickly grabbed the aerosol that sealed wounds, messily spraying it on her wound and felt it dry instantly. She saw some blood capsules that would help her body in the production of blood and swallowed one quickly before she pressed the button on her medical kit to recapsulate it.

Bulma grabbed the capsule she had previously studied and quickly popped it open beside her to reveal a bio-capsule. She pressed a button on the capsule and the plastic covering pulled back and
returned to a capsule as it left behind a warm cadaver in Bulma's image. The cadaver was wearing a simple robe and Bulma quickly undressed herself from her coveralls, ignoring the pain and dizziness, leaving on her undergarments and her hologram locket that Vegeta had returned to her. She struggled to get the robe off the cadaver and put her clothes on it but she managed to do it quickly just as she heard large bang against the metal door, someone was trying to get in and she knew immediately that it was Zarbon.

She took out her blaster and programmed it for silence as she stood on shaky legs and aimed at the cadaver's side, the same area where she had been hit and fired. Soon red blood was trickling out and Bulma quickly turned the cadaver over to make it look as though she had just fallen over and bled out, paying attention to small details such as blood on her hands, her earrings and her messenger bag while being careful not to step on any of the blood. She heard another loud bang, this time it was followed by the twisting sound of metal.

Bulma looked at her handiwork and felt satisfied as she made a grab for the robe, the bio-capsule, and her case of capsules and dashes to a corner of the hanger and jumped under a table as she fiddled with her locket to make herself invisible. As soon as she activated it, she heard the door explode. She closed her eyes tight and shoved her hands against her mouth to cover the sounds of her heavy breathing just as she was beginning to feel light headed. She heard Zarbon's heavy footsteps just as another alarm boomed across the ship, "Alert! Lacy Bottom declared dead. Alert! Lacy Bottom declared dead. Self-destruction in ten minutes."

"What!" She heard Zarbon yell wildly.

"Lord Frieza will not be pleased," Beriblu spoke calmly.

"What's going on?" Zarbon asked in shock.

"There," Berublu said and Bulma heard Zarbon walk further into the hangar.

There was silence for a few moments before Zarbon spoke, almost in a whisper, "She's dead."

"Lacy created a failsafe that if she were to be killed, her base would be destroyed," Beriblu explained softly.

"Alert! Self-destruction in nine minutes," the robotic female voice spoke.

"I didn't think the wound was that bad," Zarbon replied, his voice incredulous.

"I don't know her species, but Lacy was very delicate," Beriblu said as Bulma had to fight for consciousness.

"Lord Frieza is going to kill us," Zarbon said, his voice shaking.

“Alert! Self-destruction in eight minutes.”

“We need to return to Lord Frieza,” Beriblu replied calmly, seemingly unconcerned with the turn of events.

“Let me take an image for evidence,” Zarbon said and Bulma heard him tap something plastic, which she assumed was his scouter.

“Perhaps taking her body would be better,” Beriblu said.

“She’s dead, what can her body do?” Zarbon stated as Bulma heard his footsteps begin to walk and
“Very well,” she heard Beriblu’s reply as her voice also seem to float off.

“Alert! Self-destruction in seven minutes.”

Bulma held herself still as she felt her body grow cold and waited for few moments before she turned from her hiding spot to peer into the hangar and found it empty.

“Alert! Self-destruction in six minutes.”

Bulma made a move to stand but her legs refused to obey. “Come on Bulma,” she whispered to herself as she grabbed the edges of the table to pull herself up, biting her lip to keep from making noise.

Bulma managed to get her legs to stand under her and carefully walked toward a pod with unsteady jerking movements as her head swam and her vision tilted. Bulma somehow opened the pod and fell into it, panting as she tried to right herself and sit in the cushioned seat.

“Alert! Self-destruction in five minutes.”

Bulma felt the asteroid begin to shake as little explosions were beginning to detonate and she hoped that everyone managed to get off the ship as she started pressing buttons to launch her pod with shaky fingers.

“Alert! Self-destruction in four minutes.”

The edges of Bulma’s vision were beginning to grow black as she watched the pod door close and the stasis engage. “Kami, please let me see him again,” Bulma whispered as darkness flooded her like a gentle cloud.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I'm so sorry that I haven't posted in the longest time! Work got crazy busy and this chapter was super important and I had to work on the plot points more than I had imagined. I probably should have made this two chapters.... But I'm so happy to reveal all that Bulma had done finally, I had how she snuck on Frieza's ship and evacuate aliens since the beginning of the story! I hope you enjoyed this chapter and look forward to the next one. It ain't over yet! Please leave a comment and thank you for all your support! ❤❤❤
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The dark feeling of trepidation grew thicker with each step Vegeta took as he made his way to Frieza's bridge. The day before yesterday, he had received urgent summons from Frieza and quickly returned as he had not strayed far due to the unease he had felt for whatever Frieza was planning. Vegeta's heart pounded heavily against his chest when he reached the door of the bridge and frowned. He only had this feeling once before when he had been a cub and made his first and only mistake, even when he had failed to bring in Bulma he had not felt apprehensive, just accepting of the fact that he could potentially be dead. Vegeta knew not to ignore his screaming instincts as he took a deep breath and returned his facial expression to its usual indifference, before he took a step and walked onto the bridge.

Vegeta paused in shock by the door but schooled his features to hide his surprise of Frieza standing before him, his hands clasped behind his back, face stoically neutral, and his tail wrapped around Zarbon's neck. Zarbon was making wet, sucking sounds as Frieza's tail would periodically twitch in release for a fraction of a second, only giving Zarbon enough oxygen to survive, though it appeared painful as his lungs could be seen shallowly heaving. That's when Vegeta took notice of the rest of his appearance.

Zarbon was on his knees and his arms, drenched in dark purple blood, hung uselessly by his side as it was apparent that they had been broken in several different places given the tell-tale signs of the trail of small energy burn marks that buried all the way through the tissue, muscle, and bone. No doubt the work of Frieza. More of these small wounds had been strategically placed all over Zarbon's body as to avoid vital areas, they were not fatal but a small pool of blood was forming under Zarbon as he slowly bled out. Zarbon's face was littered with bruises as one eye was swollen shut and his nose broken, even his earrings had been violent wrenched away and dried blood had caked down his neck.

Aside from Zarbon's continued retching, Vegeta could hear the pained moans, yells, and screams from the soldiers he could see from his peripheral vision. There were five of them and had been severely tortured, they all had extensive bruises, energy burns, and lacerations but also sustained different injuries, exposed broken bones, pieces of broken armor embedded into their flesh, and missing body parts... there was one humanoid soldier panicking to push his intestines inside his body, but it was ineffectual as they slipped from his bloodied hands and slithered onto the floor. Vegeta resisted the urge to wrinkle his nose at the foul smell emanating from the soldier as it mingled with the scent of blood and piss.

Vegeta quickly gathered his thoughts and moved toward Frieza, ignoring the squishing sounds his boots made from stepping on the wet sticky floor. He stopped a few meters before the dais to get down on one knee and bow to Frieza with a hand over his heart, feeling the moisture of bodily fluids seep into his battlesuit.

"Lord Frieza," Vegeta greeted, unbothered by the chaos surrounding him.

"Vegeta," Frieza began as he walked toward him. Zarbon fell over, unable to move as he was dragged across the floor, making painful gagging noises and coughs that spewed flem and blood. Frieza appeared oblivious to it all as he studied Vegeta, "I learned something very important recently."
Vegeta only stared back emotionlessly, “My lord?”

“You see Vegeta, some people are good at somethings while others… not so much. Allow me to elaborate…” Frieza stepped off the dais and tugged his tail slightly, throwing Zarbon on the floor beside him, who hit the ground forcefully and whimpered in pain, but it was short lived as Frieza tightened his grip that had never released. Frieza began to leisurely pace around Vegeta with Zarbon in tow, leaving a streak of dark purple blood in his wake. “I sent Zarbon here to handle a very simple task, something even your bald monkey friend could have done… but what does he’s do?”

Frieza paused beside Vegeta and turned to him with rage contorting his features. “He screws it up!” Frieza shrieked and thrashed his tail, throwing Zarbon up into the air momentarily before slamming him down on the ground. Zarbon gave a strangled squeak as Frieza continued his rant, “I had everything laid out perfectly! All he had to do is stand there, keep his mouth shut, and look pretty! It's what he does best! But as soon as he leaves my sight, he can't obey a simple directive!”

Vegeta said nothing, he was confused as to why Zarbon’s mistake had anything to do with him but knew better than to speak up, especially when Frieza was in one of his rages. Frieza resumed pacing, “I should have known better than to send him, he's had an inflated ego as of late and his amphibian brain can't see past his vanity. And now I regret not sending you in the first place, Vegeta. I know you would have handled this mission with care, but I had to go and surprise you!”

Vegeta’s brow twitched slightly, “My lord?”

Vegeta fought the impulse to flinch as he felt Frieza at his back, his lips near his ear, “My poor monkey, you'll be quite miffed with what I have to show you.”

Frieza moved away, walking back to the dais and whipped his tail to toss Zarbon away as he stepped onto it. Zarbon landed violently with his face flat on the ground as he sucked air into his lungs and wheezed, “I’m… sorry… Lord Frieza.”

Frieza turned his head to the sound and pointed a finger in Zarbon’s direction, releasing a minute ball of red energy and pierced Zarbon’s chest. Zarbon screamed for a moment before he hacked loudly, sending an arc of blood across the floor. “You,” Frieza addressed a soldier who was standing in a corner with his head down.

“Yes, Lord Frieza?” the soldier stepped forward.

“Get that lazy toad into a healing pod, I'm not done with him yet,” Frieza ordered darkly.

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” the soldier bowed, moving quickly to grab Zarbon by his feet and drag him out of the room, the sounds of retching faded away when the door closed.

“Now where was I?” Frieza continued as though nothing had happened and turned back to Vegeta. “Ah yes, Vegeta, as I can imagine you were rather confused as to why I would send you away for such a long time. Well, I was hoping to have a rather unique present for you, for always performing your duties with excellence.”

“You are too kind, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied with no inflection. He knew whatever “present” Frieza wanted to bestow him was meant to humiliate and hold over his head.

“Now, now, none of that,” Frieza said with a casual wave of his hand. “Let me cut to the chase, I had sent Zarbon to collect someone for me and I was able to locate this person of interest with the help of some crafty maneuvering from Beriblu.”

Vegeta vaguely remembered the face to the name, Beriblu was one of Frieza’s closest followers and
had faded away unnoticeably... unease settled into the pit of his stomach like a stone ball, his instincts were warning him that he was going to hear something he wouldn't like.

“However, Zarbon made a costly mistake, I won't even repeat what it was as it was so infantile that it boils my blood! The plan was simple! Lure this person into a sense of security, build trust, and then bring them to me! But no! He just had to touch her!” Frieza paced while he went on his wild rant as Vegeta felt the blood pound in his ears... her.

That pronoun caused Vegeta to tense as he felt tendrils of ice seep into his limbs. “Her?” Vegeta managed to force the word out from his dry mouth.

Frieza paused and put a finger to lips as though he had been naughty, “Oops, did I let that slip?” Frieza frowned, “Yes, her. The fascinating creature that we've both been wanting to get our hands on... the Galactic Shadow Market Weapons Developer, Lacy Bottom.”

Vegeta’s lungs froze in place and he controlled his features to continue looking bored as panic was settling into his bones, “You captured her?” Vegeta asked but he knew something was wrong when his brain caught up and realized that Zarbon would not be in his current predicament, and Vegeta would be having a completely different conversation with Frieza.

He knew exactly why Frieza had sent him away, by capturing Bulma, Frieza could have humiliated Vegeta by accomplishing the one thing that he had yet to do. Frieza hoped to lord it over Vegeta and by giving him Bulma, he would have owed Frieza a favor. But Vegeta tossed that thought away and calmed himself, Frieza could only be this annoyed if Bulma slipped through his fingers. But Vegeta did not feel relieved, if anything the unease and panic had increased heavily in his chest.

“I'll pretend that I didn't hear that stupid question leave your monkey mouth, you're usually smarter than that. She wasn't captured, she immediately realized that Zarbon and Beriblu were not as they seemed and went on to destroy her base of operations,” Frieza explained as he turned away from Vegeta and walked to his chair. Vegeta’s sense of foreboding increased with every step Frieza took. “However, there was an incident...”

Vegeta’s heart turned to lead, “An incident?”

“Yes, as this Lacy was running around causing havoc, Zarbon and Beriblu cornered her and she would have been ours but that one over there...” Frieza pointed to the soldier losing the battle to keep his innards from slipping out of his body. “Shot her with an energy blaster.”

Vegeta’s head snapped to the soldier and powerful rage like any he ever felt rose to mix with his dread, but his impassive expression never shifted. “Did he?” Vegeta asked with lethal calm.

“He did, and she managed to run away from them with the aid of her special little devices but... unfortunately... the wound she sustained proved fatal.” Frieza pressed a button from his chair’s com and an image appeared before them.

Vegeta slowly turned his head as his heart pounded in his ears to look and nearly lost control of his facial features. In the image, a female in Bulma’s clothing that he had last seen her in, lied face down on the floor in a pool of blood with an angry energy blast wound to her side, blood had soaked into her clothing and soiled her sky blue hair. Vegeta took in the image and had hoped it was another female, but she had Bulma’s delicate features. Vegeta’s vision tunneled the longer he stared at the image and could barely register Frieza’s next words over the roaring in his ears.

“Apparently her death set off the destruction of her base, so we weren't able to recover any of her technology. Even the data in the GSM’s server vanished,” Frieza said as he also studied image as
though in forlorn.

“Her body?” Vegeta softly croaked.

“Yes, her body, another tidbit that has been a pain in my side. Zarbon failed to retrieve it!” Frieza yelled as his tailed slapped the floor, leaving a mark on the floor.

Vegeta felt his rage gradually subside… Bulma was a quick thinker and always had a plan in place. Vegeta shoved his emotions down and analyzed the image again, but with cold calculation. Something about the image felt… off. Even if she had been bleeding out, his Bulma would have fought tooth and nail to cling to life. The body in the image showed no signs of the vibrant creature his mate was. She was alive!

Frieza sighed and turned back to a stoic Vegeta, “You must be positively vexed! You've worked so hard and now you have nothing to show for it! How can I make this up to you, Vegeta?”

“I ask for nothing, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied patiently but felt antsy. He wanted to run out of there to get answers but could not leave and decided bide his time.

“Oh come now, how boring,” Frieza smiled amusedly as he walked back toward him. Frieza snapped his fingers, “I know! As an apology, take the rest of your leave and go have fun! Whatever that means to you monkeys. I'm sure you need time to mourn the loss of this enchanting woman, I know I do”

“Thank you, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta bowed, secretly grateful for given the time he needed.

Frieza sighed and glanced around the room splattered with blood and gore to the soldiers writhing on the floor moaning in anguish, “Now what am I supposed to do with this mess?”

“Allow me to be of service,” Vegeta said and stood.

He pointed two fingers at one of the soldiers and quickly vaporized him with a purple beam of energy, before snapping his wrist over to the other three, turning them to dust. Frieza looked on with an intrigued expression as his tail twirled playfully. Vegeta walked up to the soldier he had left alive, the one that had dared to shoot his mate. The soldier, who had been oblivious to the obliteration of his comrades, looked up when Vegeta’s shadow hovered over him menacingly and he turned green.

“C-captain… V-Vegeta…” he choked out between wet coughs as he pressed down on his stomach to keep his guts from further falling apart.

Vegeta stared down at the male responsible for hurting his mate and gave him a reassuring smile that seemed unnatural on his severe features, “Here, let me help forget the pain.”

The male looked relieved, but it was short lived as he screamed out in pain. Vegeta lifted his foot off the male's now shattered knee and moved to the other and pressed down ever so slowly, feeling the bones crack under his boot as he added pressure. The male continued to cry out as Vegeta turned his kneecap to dust.

“Feel better?” Vegeta smirked sadistically, reveling in the male's anguished screams.

Vegeta chuckled darkly as he moved to continue breaking the male, taking pleasure at the satisfying sounds of snapping bones as he bore his weight down on the male's ankle, shattering it into tiny pieces. Vegeta deliberately took his time fracturing the male's other ankle, wrists, and elbows, making sure he didn't lose consciousness or die from the added shock.
Vegeta examined his work as the male withered on the floor helplessly. “Vegeta, his screams are a bit too loud for my taste…” Vegeta heard Frieza's teasing voice from the dais.

“My apologies, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied coolly, sounding anything but apologetic as he placed the golden tip of his white boot on the male's chin. The male's eyes grew wide and whimpered uncontrollably at Vegeta’s malicious smirk, just before Vegeta pressed down with controlled strength and felt the meager bones give way, cracklingly until they shattered. The male screamed but it was muffled as he was no longer able to open his jaw.

“Oh my, don't you think he's suffered enough, Vegeta? I think he's learned his lesson,” Frieza said though his tone disagreed with his words as he watched on, his tail wagging in delight.

“Yes Lord Frieza, it appears he knows better now,” Vegeta replied and the male closed his eyes, grateful for the reprieve.

A muffled guttural scream escaped the male's closed lips while his eyes grew large and squirmed helplessly on the ground as a beam of energy like a laser sprung from Vegeta’s finger, hitting the male's side in the exact same place Bulma had been hit. Vegeta moved unhurriedly, steadily bringing his energy laser across the male's torso and grinned evilly as he watched the male begin to make gurgling noises that gradually replaced his screams. Vegeta chuckled cruelly when he finished cutting the male in half, who was now twitching feebly as he gagged on his own blood, unable to expel it. Vegeta watched in glee until the male's blood no longer flowed from his body and his eyes took on a lifeless glassy sheen. Vegeta took a deep breath through his nose and released it slowly, feeling slightly satisfied at avenging his mate.

He heard Frieza chuckle happily beside him and Vegeta forced himself not to tense, “I do love your work Vegeta, it's almost on par with Dodoria.”

“Thank you for your compliment, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta said as he stepped away to bow to him.

“Oh, that was satisfying to watch, I feel my mood positively lifted!” Frieza said as he moved away, his tail swaying leisurely behind him. “Now leave me Vegeta, I have to ponder over what to do about that narcissistic toad.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Vegeta replied before turning away and left the bridge with languid steps. When he heard the door close behind him, his footsteps took on heavy purpose as he made his way to his quarters. He threw off his soiled armor and clothing as soon as he entered his room and went straight to the shower.

Vegeta closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, seething in rage as the cold water struck him. He slammed his fist against the wall, crumbling the plaster and growled like a caged enraged beast. His Oozaru wanted to howl, vocalize his anger, but he knew better than to do so and grinded his teeth as he pressed his forehead against the cool wall and closed his eyes in thought. He cursed himself for never completing the mating bond with Bulma, if he had, he would have known instantly if she was safe and alive. And if she were dead, than so would he as the bond, from his understanding, would have tied their souls to one another. He shouldn't have agreed to her demand to not have her mark him, as logical as it was at the time, he was now regretting their decision.

Bulma had to be alive, she wasn't one to go down easily without a fight as feisty as she was, and she could always find a way out of any situation no matter how dire. And he would just know if she was gone, but the doubt was clawing at him. She was injured, so she might just be laying low, he knew her species took three times as long to heal than his as he remembered the time that fat fur ball had the gall to lay a hand on her, and Bulma had been on bedrest for almost a week. Even then she still had an angry wound he constantly aided her in keeping it clean and the bruises she sustained had
changed color only after a few days, but they were still dark and painful.

An energy blast was much worse than a knife and he could only imagine she would be recovering for a long time. But he needed confirmation. And he knew one person who would most likely know the answer… the scrawny purple GP officer that was Bulma’s partner. Vegeta straightened and opened his eyes in determination as he clenched his fists, it was time to pay the Galactic Patrol headquarters a visit.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Thank you so much for your awesome comments! You guys are so sweet! I really enjoyed writing this scene as I wanted to really bring out Vegeta’s cruel side, especially when it’s related to Bulma. Please let me know what you think! 😊
Jaco’s head throbbed and he tried to release the tension by massaging his temples, flinching at the bright light as he stepped onto the bridge of the GP’s headquarters. But as soon as he entered, the pink fairy-like alien intel officer, Siog, ran up to him, “Officer Jaco!”

Jaco cringed away from her high-pitched squeaky voice, “What is it?”

“A guy came in with info on Xlovo, and he’s pretty skittish. He didn’t want to show his face. We put him in an interrogation room but he made us turn off the cameras. He’s really scared,” Siog said apathetically.

Jaco pinched the bridge of his nose, he didn’t want to deal with this at the moment but he could use some good news right now. “Fine, I’ll go talk to him.”

Jaco turned on his heel and left the bridge, sighing as he crossed his arms while walking down the hall to the interrogation wing. The last thing he needed was to handle some cowardly thug but he couldn’t let a possible lead get away, even if it was shady. He went through the doors of the interrogation wing and stopped at the reception desk that came up to his chin. “Ahem,” he coughed into his fist. A woman alien that had periwinkle skin and massive wavy pink hair with large sultry gold eyes, straight nose and pouty purple lips in a heart-shaped face peered over the desk. Jaco blushed at the sight of the attractive alien, “Um, I’m here to… gawk… talk! To someone that just came in with information.”

The pretty alien narrowed her eyes at him before she turned to her desk and grabbed a piece of paper to hand to him. Jaco glanced over the info with the room number attached, “T-thank you!”

“Sure,” she spoke with a masculine voice as she shrugged, tossing her hair to dismiss him.

Jaco blinked and gaped at her until he shook his head to clear his mind and walked away awkwardly. Jaco recovered and started to hum a tune as he made his way to the door where his special guest awaited and typed in his security code. He walked in the dimly illuminated room where a single steel table stood in the middle with two chairs on either side. One of them was already occupied by a single lone figure all in black who cut a lean muscular figure underneath the hoodie that covered the top portion of his face. The man also wore a black cloth facial mask and gloves and Jaco tried his hardest to not roll his eyes at how far the man went to cover his identity. He couldn’t even see his eyes!

Jaco sighed as he took a seat in the other chair, “So, you have some information for the GP regarding Xlovo?”

“Yes… are the cameras off?” The man whispered in a raspy voice.

“Yeah, they’re off. Don’t worry about it, we’ll protect you from Xlovo,” Jaco said as he leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms. “So, tell me what you know.”

The man hesitated before speaking quietly, “I saw the bounty for information on Xlovo, how will I know if I’ll be compensated for putting my life in danger?”

Jaco snorted, “Of course that’s what you’re after. Don’t worry, if the info you have is of worth,
you’ll get your credits.”

The man nodded and stood, crossing his arms as he paced around the room, “How do I know I can trust you?”

Jaco raised a hairless brow, “You can leave any time you want.”

“Is that the type of attitude a GP officer should have?” The man asked as he paused beside Jaco.

“Hey, you’re wasting my time here. Now, are we going to do this or not,” Jaco said unfazed by the man’s close proximity.

The man turned to stare at the wall, “To tell the truth, I am in a position where I could deliver Xlovo to you.”

Jaco scoffed, “Oh yeah? And you’ll do this for some measly credits?”

“Actually, there is something else I’m after,” the man said over his shoulder.

“And what’s that?” Jaco sighed.

“I want to know where Bulma Briefs is.”

Jaco jumped out of his chair and swung around with blaster in hand, but it was swiftly knocked out of his hand and he was slammed down against the table by his throat. He glared at the man as he struggled against the man’s grip that merely held him down, grabbing the man’s arm while squirming to try and get away. “Who… the hell… are you?” Jaco choked out.

The man loomed over Jaco and brought his free hand up to pull down the facial mask and tip his hood up slightly. Jaco’s eyes grew impossibly big in shock… standing over him with the coldest eyes he had ever seen in an expressionless face, was none other than the Destroyer of Worlds, Captain Vegeta. Jaco got a hold of himself and narrowed his eyes at him in anger, “What are you doing here?”

“I believe I already told you,” Vegeta said with a tilt of his head.

“I don’t know who you’re talking about,” Jaco replied vehemently.

“If that were true, you wouldn’t have tried to shoot me, now answer my question,” Vegeta said with quiet menace.

“Bulma Briefs is dead!” Jaco yelled angrily.

“Come now, we both don’t believe that,” Vegeta said with bored conviction.

“Whatever answers you came here to find, you won’t get them,” Jaco spat.

“She trusted you, so I know you are the only person who can tell me where she is,” Vegeta said as he leaned in closer to Jaco threateningly.

“How do you even know her name? Was it when you kidnapped her? Did you torture her!?” Jaco shouted.

Vegeta smirked cruelly, “Oh, that wasn’t necessary. I learned very quickly that for as intelligent as she is, Bulma has a weakness for evil males… and I’m the worst that ever was. She was more than happy to spread those pretty legs of hers for me and whisper her secrets in my ear, while she was in
my bed... being ravished by me over... and over... again.”

“Bulma would never have done that!” Jaco protested as he continued to try and break free from Vegeta’s powerful grip.

“No? Then how else would I know about her bio-capsules where she put those alien species in that she rescued? Or the planets she created through planetary engineering?” Vegeta tossed the information carelessly at Jaco with a raised brow. Jaco said nothing but seethed in anger as he glared up at Vegeta. Vegeta chuckled darkly, “See? Even she is fallible. Now tell me where she is.”

Jaco worked his jaw, “We’ve been over this, she’s dead! She died on her base! That was almost a month ago! If she were alive I would have heard from her by now!”

“If anyone can fake her death it’s her, so don’t toy with me,” Vegeta threatened calmly.

“Why would I be dumb enough to yank your chain? And why are you so obsessed with her? I never would have taken the Destroyer of Worlds to be a lovesick fool,” Jaco replied with heat in his voice.

“That’s none of your concern,” Vegeta said coldly.

“It is when you’re breaking in here, trying to capture a dead woman to bring to Frieza!” Jaco countered.

“She’s not dead! And she’s mine! Not Frieza’s!” Vegeta growled viciously like a savage animal.

Jaco blinked at the enraged Saiyan, he had heard stories of how cool and collected he was, he never would have imagined seeing such anger etched in his features... of course Bulma had that effect on people. “You make me sick! She's not someone’s property! Even if she were alive I wouldn’t tell you anything!”

“Is that so?” Vegeta said icely, controlling his temper as he grabbed hold of Jaco’s hand. “We could have done this the easy way, but you leave me no choice.”

Jaco bit his lip to keep from yelling in pain as Vegeta snapped the bones in his little finger, “Shit!”

“Do you want to keep going? You don’t strike me as the type that can handle a lot of pain,” Vegeta said as he broke his ring finger but Jaco refused to scream out.

“Do what you want! Break me! Cut me! Burn this place to the ground! But it won’t change the fact that she dead!” Jaco shouted in anguish as Vegeta stared at him hard. “Do you think I want it to be this way! She was like a little sister to me and I brought her into this universe! And she paid the price for my arrogance!”

Vegeta stared at him for a few more moments before letting go. Jaco sat up while rubbing his neck as Vegeta returned the facial mask. “I will find her,” Vegeta said like a fact.

“Good luck with that,” Jaco said as he jumped down from the table. He moved to the door, sensing that their conversation was over and turned to Vegeta, “Are you coming or what? I’m not stupid enough to think I could bring you in.”

Vegeta said nothing and followed after Jaco, who hid his broken fingers by clenching his fist. Jaco walked out of the interrogation wing and navigated his way to the hanger. He saw a GP cruiser and made his way over to the officer beside it, “Hey, take this guy back to where he wants to go. I got what I needed from him.”
“Yes sir!” The officer said and scrambled into the cruiser to start it up.

“You have more guts than I thought,” Vegeta said as he followed after the officer.

“Whatever, just don’t ever come back here again,” Jaco replied which only caused Vegeta to chuckle humorlessly.

Jaco watched on as the cruiser moved to the launching pad of the hangar and the doors closed to seal in the atmosphere of the rest of the ship. Soon the cruiser sped off with Vegeta inside and Jaco waited until it faded from view and turned on his heel to walk out. As he walked down the hall, his legs began to shake before turning to jelly and he placed his hands on the wall for support as he slid down onto the floor until he was sitting in a W-shape.

“Get a hold of yourself Jaco, he’s gone now… oh why did it have to be him of all people!” Jaco was muttering to himself as other GP officers walked past with curious looks. “Bulma, what did you do to get the Destroyer of Worlds to chase after you like a lovesick puppy? What? You couldn’t find somebody more dangerous to flirt with? What next? Is Cooler going to come by and ask for you hand in marriage? Ugh, this is just terrific! I’m going to have a heart attack if any more of her ‘suitors’ come waltzing in here.”

Jaco took a deep breath after finishing his whiny rant and winced when he felt his fingers throb. He looked at his broken fingers and sniffed, holding back tears, “What did I do to deserve this? I’m not dealing with anymore of her stalker boyfriends.” Jaco sighed as he stood and continued his way to the medical wing.

The sterile white room was empty, save for the doctor who was at her desk at the back center of the room, she looked up when she heard Jaco approach, “How can I help you?”

“I uh… got my fingers slammed into a door, I think I broke them,” Jaco explained as he raised up his hand to show her.

“I see, I’ll be right with you in a second,” the doctor said as she stood to go grab supplies.

As she was preparing, Jaco touched the communicator in his ear, “Siog, come to the medical wing please.”

“Yes sir!” Jaco flinched at her cheery voice.

Jaco wandered over to the side of the room that was blocked off by curtains and pulled them back gently. He walked over to a healing capsule and put his hand on the glass window, “You sure know how to make some interesting friends.” Inside the healing capsule laid Bulma, where had been put in a medically induced coma. She had yet to invent an advance healing capsule like those the PTO used as she had been busy with her bigger projects. It was something he regretted that he didn’t push for as he remembered when she came to him injured.

Jaco would never forget that day when her pod arrived to headquarters, a day after she had destroyed her base, it had been slightly damaged from the blast but survived. However, he never expected to find her inside clinging to life, covered in blood with an energy blast wound to her side. It had been held together haphazardly by a wound seal that had been messily thrown on, as blood had been dripping out from the side. She had been barely breathing and he remembered screaming for medics as he surged forward to try and wake her, only receiving a moan in response, but it was enough for him. He stayed by her side as the medics came and carefully rushed her to the medical wing. Jaco’s heart almost stopped when she had stopped breathing and they had defibrilated her heart. The doctors had been successful to stabilize her as they performed surgery to close up her wound.
been extremely lucky, the energy blast had hit her side and managed to avoid anything vital, only causing her to bleed out furiously.

They all had to wait patiently to see if she would make it, as her condition was very precarious. But after a few days, she had no signs of deteriorating and they left her in coma for her to heal faster. They had still not awaken her because she was far from being healed and didn’t want her to experience any pain. Jaco heard the door open and turned to see Siog walk over to him, “Siog, I have something very important for you to do.”

“What would that be, sir?” Siog asked, happy to be of service.

“I have a feeling someone might be trailing me, I need you to grab one of Bulma’s hologram devices and go out in place of me when needed,” Jaco told her.

Siog looked concerned, “No problem sir, but what will you be doing?”

Jaco turned to look at Bulma, the one woman who could have easily uprooted the entire universe. She created great feats of technology, had Frieza and Cooler running around in circles, befriended aliens any where she went while capturing the hearts of many. She was force to be reckoned with, but to him, she was the bright-eyed little girl he had promised to protect, “I’m taking Bulma Briefs home.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi there! I had some time on my hands and was able to produce this! Sorry that it's short! What did you think of Jaco?

Thank you for all of your wonderful comments and kudos! Your support means the world to me! 😊❤️❤️❤️❤️
Bulma’s yellow hovercraft touched down gently on the dry grass as she pressed a few buttons to disengage the engine. As the hovercraft powered down, she smoothed down her hair that was cut in a pixie bob and stepped out of her vehicle. She ran a hand down her white jacket with elbow length sleeves and matching shorts to remove any creases and checked to see if her blue tube top was in place. She glanced around the small island that contained only a few palm trees but had a beautiful view of the ocean that glimmered fairy lights reflected from the sun high above. She took a deep breath and released it slowly to ease her tense nerves before plastering a bubbly smile on her face and ran up to the small pink house. “Hey! Anyone home?” She yelled out as she opened the door to the Kame House and was greeted by the smiling faces of Krillin and Master Roshi.

“Hey Bulma!” Krillin greeted her happily as she pranced in. He had grown slightly but was still a small guy and has his signature shaved head. He was also wearing his usual orange gi which donned the turtle chinese character that symbolized his tutelage under Master Roshi.

“Whoa ho! Aren’t you a sight for sore eyes!” Master Roshi said as he stood from his low-sitting couch, a glass of beer in hand. He was wearing a white wifebeater, tropical shorts, and his infamous sunglasses, but what she noticed most was that he had not aged a day since she last saw him at the Martial Arts Tournament.

Bulma smiled as she took in the cozy room, “This is nostalgic, it seems like everything is still the same.”

Krillin laughed, “So how’ve you been Bulma?”

She shrugged, “I’ve been good, just been busy at Capsule Corp. My father is starting to think about his retirement and has been giving me more responsibilities.”

“I’m sure you can handle it, it’s you after all,” Krillin complemented with a friendly grin which Bulma returned.

“So how’s Yamucha doing?” Master Roshi asked as he sat on the back of the couch to speak with her.

“Hm? I wouldn’t know, I haven’t seen him in a while,” Bulma replied as she walked further into the room to observe her surroundings. “Isn’t he doing baseball or something now?”

“Yeah, well I thought you guys would be an item by now,” Master Roshi said as he stroked his beard.

“Huh? We’re good friends but I’m not interested in Yamucha that way,” Bulma replied with a dismissive way of her hand. “Why would you think that?”

“Oh… well, nevermind,” Master Roshi shrugged. “But I’m surprised that a girl like you hasn’t found a boyfriend yet.”

His words stopped her short and Bulma gave him a weak smile, “Well, it could be that he just hasn’t found me yet.”
Master Roshi and Krillin noticed her sad eyes and seemed confused at her sudden shift in mood. Krillin was about to speak when he was interrupted. “Oi! Master Roshi! You there?”

They all turned to the unmistakable voice of their friend Goku. “Goku!” Bulma gasped in surprise and quickly made her way outside with Krillin and Master Roshi. Bulma stopped in shock when she took in her friend’s appearance. He was no longer the teenager she remembered at the martial arts tournament and had matured, he still had a very youthful appearance but he had filled in his once lanky body with defined muscles. He looked different, but that wild hair of his was still the same as was the goofy lopsided grin he gave them in greeting.

“Hey guys,” he waved at them

“Wow Goku, you’ve grown!” Bulma said as she walked over to him.

“Hi Bulma! It’s been a long time! I’m so glad to see you!” Goku said cheerfully.

Bulma was about to respond when she noticed a small little figure clutching Goku’s leg and peeking up at her shyly, “Who’s this, Goku?”

“Oh, that’s my son!” Goku beamed with pride.

“What!” Bulma and the others shouted in unison.

“Yeah, this is Gohan,” Goku said as he put a hand gently on top of the small boy’s head.

The little child moved slightly to peer more over Goku’s leg and Bulma’s heart immediately squeezed with fondness for the adorable child. He was wearing a yellow chinese shirt that came to his knees with a green onesie underneath and a red hat with the four star Dragon Ball on top. Bulma carefully came closer as he was obviously painfully shy and crouched down so that she was at his level and less threatening, “Hi Gohan, I’m Bulma.”

Gohan regarded her with wide eyes before deciding to be brave, moving away from the safety of his father’s body and bowed politely to Bulma, “Nice to meet you.”

Bulma’s heart almost burst with joy at how cute the little guy was, “How old are you, Gohan?”

Gohan paused to think before counting his fingers and held up four of them to her, “I’m four!”

“Wow, you’re so big!” Bulma smiled and the boy blushed at her attention. Bulma then noticed something wagging behind the boy and glanced over to see a tail. Bulma felt a wave of sadness wash over when she saw it and swallowed hard to keep the emotions out of her voice, “I see he has a tail.”

“Whoa, what!” Krillin exclaimed as he jumped over to her side, causing Gohan to dive behind Goku. Krillin tilted his body to get a better look at the boy, “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Goku, what do you do for full moons?” Master Roshi asked in a panic voice behind them.

“Huh? What do you mean?” Goku asked as he scratched his cheek in confusion.

Master Roshi blinked at him before sighing, “Oh, nevermind.”

Bulma saw that Gohan was getting more nervous with the presence of Krillin and Master Roshi and smiled gently at him, “Gohan, I brought some sweets with me, would you like some?”

Gohan looked at up at her with large doe eyes and nodded. Bulma felt a pang in her chest as she stared at Gohan, he reminded her of what she could have but may never happen. She pushed the
feeling away and reached out her hand to him and Gohan took it without hesitation. She heard her
friends’ conversation fade away as she gently led Gohan to the Kame House. She took a capsule out
of her pocket to click and toss onto the kitchen table and it popped open to reveal a assortment of
cakes, pies and cookies. Gohan chirped in delight at the sight and Bulma smiled as she picked him to
set him down in a chair by table before moving to the kitchen to grab plates and silverware. Gohan
was glancing at the variety of sweets with wide eyes as his tail wagged excitedly behind him, Bulma
silently giggled to herself at the sight.

“Pick anything you like, Gohan,” Bulma said as she set down the plates and silverware.

“May I have apple pie, please?” Gohan asked bashfully, his head bowed down shyly.

“Of course, sweetie,” Bulma replied and smiled at how polite he was. She moved to cut him out a
hearty slice of pie, figuring he may have his father’s large appetite.

He looked very excited when she placed it in front of him and looked up at her happily, “Thank
you.” He grabbed his fork and cut off a tiny piece to carefully take a bite. His eyes grew impossibly
large. “It’s good!”

Bulma smiled at him and as she sat next to him, resting her head on her palm that was propped up by
her elbow. She watched contently as Gohan continued to eat, “So Gohan, do you know what you
want to be when you grow up?”

“I want to be a scholar!” Gohan said eagerly.

Bulma blinked, “Wow, that’s amazing Gohan!”

“I like studying,” Gohan proclaimed before eating another small piece of pie, he had much better
table manners than his father.

“Is that so?” Bulma smiled as she wondered what the hell Chi Chi was teaching him. Bulma said
nothing more as she enjoyed the tranquil peace only a child could bring and let her mind wander as
she watched Gohan.

Six years. It had been six years since she last saw him. She remembered when she finally woke from
her coma she had been on her way back to Earth. The first person she saw was Jaco, who looked
incredible relieved to see her awake and well. It had taken her time to get her bearings but when she
was lucid, she and Jaco had a heart-to-heart. She explained the events of what led to Lacy Bottom’s
demise and he in returned informed her of Vegeta’s visit to the GP headquarters. She had not
expected Vegeta to go that far to look for her and she decided to tell Jaco the nature of their
relationship.

To say Jaco was shocked was a bit of an understatement and he ranted and raved, believing she
suffered from a brain injury. But she told him everything and while he understood that Vegeta would
have made a great potential ally, it was too dangerous to involve her any further with plans to stop
Frieza. He had connections in the GSM and probably in more places than they cared to imagine and
he would do anything to find her if he had even an glimmer of a thought that she was alive. So they
both made the decision that it would be best to leave Vegeta in the dark and have him potentially
believe that she was well and truly dead. It broke her heart and she cried at the injustice of it, but she
would not risk the universe.

Maybe if she had contacted him and explained it to him, he would understand but after hearing how
he had recklessly went to the GP, she wasn’t sure how he would act. He was desperate to see her
and he may even try to come to Earth to find her and it was a very long trip, a trip that Frieza would
not have failed to notice that one of his favorites was taking. She just hope that Vegeta would one day forgive her, if they could ever be rid of Frieza.

The explosive sound of splintering wood caused Bulma and Gohan to jump. She turned to the sound to see an unconscious Krillin, lying in rubble from where he had broken through the house. Bulma lunged for the terrified Gohan, gathering him in her arms as she dove under the table. Gohan clutched her tightly and his tail wrapped around her arm as he began to shake in fear. Bulma rubbed his back to comfort him and whispered in his ear, “It’ll be okay, Gohan.”

She needed to see what was going outside that lead to Krillin being thrown head first into the house and crawled carefully to the window close to where he had landed. She sat beside the window with her back to the wall and continued to comfort Gohan, who was sniffling quietly into her chest. She stretched her body up slightly to get a peek from the corner of the window, trying to not bring attention to herself. Bulma’s eyes grew wide and she immediately pulled away from the window as her heart started to beat frantically and blood rushed to her ears. Gohan must have sensed her dread as he looked up at her with tears in his eyes and Bulma smiled down at him to calm him as she was panicking inside from what she saw.

Raditz was here. She remembered seeing him from the couple times she had met with Vegeta and knew him well from the stories Vegeta had told her. According to him, Raditz was smarter than Nappa and he could rely on him at times when craftiness was needed, however he was not as strong as the pair of them. But all that didn’t answer the question of why he was here.

“Kakarot, why are the inhabitants of this planet still alive?” She heard him ask coolly.

“I’m not Kakarot!” Goku yelled. “My name is Goku!”

“How foolish, Kakarot is your Saiyan name,” Raditz said somewhat annoyed. “Now, answer my question, why haven’t you completed your mission?”

“What are you talking about?” Goku asked, sounding more frustrated.

Raditz scoffed, “This is getting old, you were sent here as a cub to annihilate the creatures of this planet. It’s what we, Saiyans are born to do. It should have been easy for you to do, these beings are incredibly weak.”

Bulma’s mind raced, how was it possible Raditz knew about Earth or how to speak the language, and why was he after Goku? “Saiyans? I don’t know what that is.” Goku tried again to get through the stubborn Saiyan.

There was a pregnant pause, “Kakarot, did you suffer from a head injury when you were a cub?”

“Yeah, and?” Bulma could practically see Goku shrug.

“Shit! That explains everything! Kakarot, you are not from this planet. Before our planet was destroyed, you were sent here as a cub to this random planet that was barely a flicker of notice to us Saiyans so that you could grow strong,” Raditz continued.

“And how do you know all this?” Goku asked angrily.

“Because you are my younger brother!” Raditz yelled with conviction. Bulma’s grew wide in surprise as she and Gohan stared at each other.

“No! You’re wrong!” Goku shouted in disbelief.
“Kakarot, You are a Saiyan! The finest breed of warriors that has ever existed in the universe! This planet has a moon, have you never felt its pull? Why have you not unleashed your Oozaru, the Great Ape?” Raditz continued, his words only confirmed what she had figured out after meeting Vegeta, Goku was a Saiyan and had explained all his oddities when they went on adventures as a child. She had never mentioned this to him as he was content to live his life as it was, never believing that a time would come when he would be confronted with the truth. The Saiyans were never supposed to come to Earth.

“I don’t know what that is!” Goku growled, ironically sounding Saiyan to Bulma’s ears.

“Where’s your tail!” Raditz asked as though offended, his voice boomed into the house, causing Gohan to bury his face into Bulma’s chest.

“It’s okay Gohan,” she cooed in his ear as she held him closer.

“It was cut off a long time ago,” Goku explained uninterested.

“What! How could you be so careless! That tail was a symbol of your ancestry! It is a Saiyan’s pride!” Raditz voice grew impossibly louder.

“It wasn’t necessary,” Goku shot back.

Goku’s remark was followed by silence. “These Earthlings have polluted your mind,” Raditz said quietly, sending shivers up Bulma’s spine and Gohan clutched her almost painfully. “How dare you turn your back on your people’s heritage.”

“You’re a liar! I’m not a Saiyan, I’m from Earth!” Goku proclaimed with finality.

“Goku,” the calming voice of Master Roshi’s ran over them all like water. “What he says I believe to be true.”

“Master Roshi!” Goku gasped in shock.

“Goku, there has something I’ve never told you,” Master Roshi began. “When your grandfather, Gohan found you, he discovered you inside of… something that he had never seen before. Something that seemed like it did not belong to this planet. Nevertheless, he took you in to raise. But you were a fierce and wild little thing, seeming more interested in destruction than his teachings. And then one day, you fell and hit your head. Gohan was beside himself with worry, but you healed and afterwards you became a very gentle child. We just never thought to tell you, as you were happy as you were.”

Bulma closed her eyes at Master Roshi words, she wasn’t the only to believe that Goku was better off not knowing his true origins or nature. She nuzzled Gohan’s hair in comfort as she heard the anguish in Goku’s voice, “I… I’m not from Earth?”

“No, you’re not, Kakarot. You are superior to these weaklings. And it’s time for you to embrace your true heritage and come with me. There are only three Saiyans left in the universe, and we need you,” Raditz interjected.

“I’m not going anywhere with you!” Goku replied passionately.

“You don’t have a choice,” Raditz laughed which was followed by a loud groan of pain from Goku. Suddenly Gohan jumped out of Bulma’s grasp, “Daddy!”
“Gohan!” Bulma cried out silently and jumped to grab him, but it was too late as he already rushed out the door and she could hear his little footsteps paddling away.

“What’s this?” She heard Raditz say amusedly before she heard Gohan’s wails of fear.

“Let me go! I want my daddy!” Gohan bawled.

“Gohan!” Goku groaned out in pain.

Bulma held her breath and dared to peek out the window again and saw Raditz’s back turned to her while holding Gohan by the back of his shirt. Bulma clenched her jaw as Raditz glanced at the child in awe, “Kakarot, this is your cub.”

“Leave him alone!” Goku yelled and Bulma glanced over to him. He was lying halfway between the beach and the ocean, holding his stomach as he struggled to stand un成功fully.

“Isn’t this an interesting development, maybe it’s a good thing you didn’t destroy these Earthlings,” Raditz said with an intrigued tone as he gazed at Gohan thoughtfully. Bulma clenched her jaw with dread, she knew what was going through Raditz’s mind. Saiyans were not reproductively compatible with many species and seeing Gohan as the end result, had now made Earthling females prized goods in Raditz’s eyes.

“Give me my son back!” Goku yelled as he pushed himself into a sitting position.

“Oh, I will, on a few conditions… You can have your cub back, if you kill 100 males of this planet and then come with me. If you don’t… then your cub will take your place,” Raditz chuckled darkly. “You have one day.”

Bulma watched as he floated up into the sky and there was a sonic boom, forcing her to cover her ears as Raditz disappeared, leaving a contrail in his wake. Bulma heard a groan and she looked over to see Krillin picking himself up off the floor, rubbing his sore head as he stood and stumbled back outside. Bulma quickly stood and ran outside to see Goku get to his feet.

“Goku! I’m so sorry! I tried to grab Gohan, but…” Bulma puffed out as she reached his side to help him up, grabbing one of his arms to put around her shoulder.

“It’s okay Bulma,” Goku smiled weakly as he accepted her help, wincing in pain.

“Goku, you’re not going to do what he wants, are you?” Master Roshi asked with concern.

“I won’t, I plan on stopping him,” Goku said with heat in his voice and fire in his eyes.

“We’ll help!” Krillin insisted as he came over to them.

“Like you’ll be of any use,” a new voice joined in that was smooth and dark. They all glanced up to see Piccolo hovering above them, wearing his purple gi, white cloak and turban.

Bulma glared at him, “What are you doing here?”

“I came to stop our new visitor. He’s a threat to this planet, which also happens to be my home. But I can’t do it on my own,” Piccolo explained as he crossed his arms and regarded them all like pests.

“So you came here to work with Goku,” Bulma ventured unafraid, she had dealt with more dangerous beings than him.

Piccolo tilted his head at her, seemingly a bit surprised at her bravery, “In a sense.”
“Bulma, it doesn’t matter, I’m getting Gohan back and I’ll use any help I can get,” Goku said as he pulled his arm away to step closer to Piccolo. “Let’s do this, Piccolo.”

“Don’t get comfortable, when this is over, I will kill you Son Goku,” Piccolo replied sinisterly.

Goku grinned stupidly at his former adversary, “Great! I always wanted a rematch!” Before anyone could comment, Goku tilted his head up to the sky, “Kinto-un!”

Goku then snapped his head to Bulma, “Bulma, do you have the dragon radar? I have a feeling we’ll need the Dragon Balls.”

“I’m on it, Goku,” Bulma replied with determination and Goku smiled at her warmly.

“We’ll help her,” Krillin replied as he punched his fist into his hand.

Nothing more was said as Kinto-un appeared, the yellow cloud zipped right in front of Goku and he jumped on without a second thought. He saluted his friends, “See you guys soon.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I hope you’re not too shocked where the story turned! I re-watched that episode when Raditz first appeared, but I took artistic liberty with the dialogue (it is an AU haha). Let me know what you thought! And thank you again for all your kudos and comments! Happy Valentine's Day! 😊
“You know, I almost didn’t join the patrol,” Bulma said as Vegeta watched her trace a scar on his abdomen. She was halfway lying across his torso, her other hand propped her chin up as her eyes wandered to her next path. He was leaning against the headboard of the bed, one arm behind his head while running his fingers through her sky blue locks with his free hand.

He hummed, “Why were you hesitant?”

“I wasn’t sure it was for me. Jaco came to recruit me but I was already on an adventure with my friends. Trekking across the planet, hoping to make our wishes come true,” she replied with a smile, lost in a memory he couldn’t see. “Except when it was all over, my friends went on to do their own things and I was left behind. Even the guy I had a crush on didn’t stick around.”

Vegeta growled at the mention of another male. Bulma giggled at him before dropping a tender kiss on the hard planes of his stomach, “Don't be jealous, besides I don't think it would have worked out.”

“Hn, why's that?” Vegeta asked amused as she continued to explore his body with her fingertips.

“Well, he doesn't have a lot of… common sense,” Bulma said diplomatically.

“He's an idiot,” Vegeta said for her, already despising the male.

Bulma laughed, “Yeah, I guess you can say it like that. Because of me, he was finally getting over his fear of girls. He use to run at the sight of me.”

“Tch, coward. You were wise to abandon him,” Vegeta said as he slid a strand of hair behind her ear. “Besides you're mine.”

Bulma smiled amusedly, “As I could ever forget.”

“So this moron is what lead you to me?” Vegeta asked as he enjoyed the feeling of her hair flowing through his fingers like silk.

“Well, he was apart of my group of friends, and they only really came to me when they needed something, otherwise I was usually on my own. But I wanted to do something more. I wanted to see what I could do and not be behind the scenes anymore. I wanted to know what I was capable of… so I decided to join the patrol,” Bulma said with a small smile.

“You were also lonely,” Vegeta guessed as a statement rather than a question.

Bulma smiled wistfully, “A bit.”

“You have me now, Bulma,” he said as he traced a finger down her cheek.

She turned her big blue eyes up at him and gave him a warm smile, “I know. Even when I can't see you, I can just feel you in my heart.”

“It's my mark, when you have placed yours on me, I will also feel you. And then the bond will only grow. But mark my words, mate, a day will come when we will complete our mating bond and we
will no longer have to be apart,” Vegeta responded as Bulma slid her hands up his body with a mischievous glint in her eyes and her smile wicked. She moved up to lay flush against his body and slid her legs apart to straddle him, rubbing her soft perky breast against his chest. He purred, pleased at the softness of her body on top of his as he trailed his fingertips down the small bones of her spine before resting his hand at the small of her back.

“It's time for me to go,” she said as she gave an apologetic kiss on his chin.

Vegeta’s fingers on her back twitched, “You're always leaving me.”

“Yes, but I always get thrown back in your path,” she said as she moved her hands up his neck to his scalp to run her hands through his mane. “I wonder if we would never have met if I hadn't joined the patrol.”

“We would have found each other. You are my mate, it cannot be changed,” Vegeta said said with heated intensity.

“Aren't you a romantic,” she smiled at him teasingly.

“Tch,” Vegeta cursed before capturing her lips to silence her. Bulma giggled into his mouth before moaning when he slipped his tongue between her parted lips. He brought his arms around her as he stroked his tongue with hers, savoring her sweet taste. He gently pulled away to leave a chain of kisses down her chin to the long column of her neck, causing her to moan and dig her fingers into his scalp. Vegeta’s chest rumbled as he grazed his mark with his lips before burying his nose into the groove of neck to breathe in her delicious scent deeply.

“Vegeta.”

Vegeta opened his eyes and regarded Nappa coldly as he was pulled back to the present. He had been resting and his mind wandered to an old memory, the time he and Bulma had locked themselves away as a blizzard raged on outside the walls of their refuge. He remembered everything vividly but the few precious memories he had with her were resurfacing less and less as time past. He hadn't really dreamed of her for a couple years as he became more and more focused on his goal to defeat Frieza, to avenge his mate.

After visiting the GP, he watched the progress of the purple patrol officer from afar, but it did not last for long as Vegeta had to return to the PTO. He did not gain any clues on the whereabouts of Bulma and knew that she would contact him when she had the chance. But the call never came and the tablet she gave him remained hauntingly silent. He thought he just needed to be patient and so threw himself into suicidal missions to grow stronger faster. And he was not disappointed as he felt his power grow exponentially as he went from one mission to another, never breaking from grueling testing the limits of his body.

It wasn't until he saw the patrol officer again while he was giving his men a small reprieve that he realized that he had not dreamt or thought of his mate for a long time. His obsession to find her shifted to pursuit of strength and he had unknowingly threw all thoughts of her in the back his mind to focus. And because he didn't want to face the thought that she was dead. He couldn't even speak it aloud. But after seeing the officer doing his mundane job of arresting some pathetic thug, Vegeta’s heart sank. Bulma was never coming back. He didn't even bother speaking with the officer because he knew he would receive the same answer as before. So Vegeta fell into himself, shutting the powerful feelings for his mate deep inside to fuel and guide him on his quest. His thoughts may have wandered away from her, but she was burned into his soul as she had been his everything.

Over the years Nappa and Raditz tried to involve him in their sexual pursuits, but it disgusted him
and no other female could ever hold a candle to Bulma. He only desired the touch of his mate and if he could only have her in his memories then so be it. He would also not dishonor her that way, there was only one mate for a Saiyan.

“Raditz is dead,” Nappa continued without a flicker of emotion as they sat by a small bonfire they had created after cleaning out the planet. The bodies of insect-like alien species littered the ground, they had all been pathetically weak and had been a waste of Vegeta’s time and energy. He was beginning to wonder if there any challenges left for him in the universe.

“He deserved it if he couldn’t handle these… earthlings,” Vegeta said coolly as he watched Nappa take a savage bite from a limb of one of the aliens. Vegeta moved to stand as he surveyed their surroundings, “However he wasn’t completely useless, now we know of these… Dragon Balls.”

Nappa spat out piece of exoskeleton, “What did the male say? They grant wishes?”

“Yes, it’s worth looking into,” Vegeta said as he kicked away the head of one aliens they had alienated out from his path as he began to walk.

Nappa noticed Vegeta leaving and scrambled to get up, “Should we wish for Raditz back?”

Vegeta stopped and looked over his shoulder to fix Nappa with a cruel, icy gaze that froze Nappa dead in his tracks, “You have no imagination. Why would I waste the wish on that third-rate mongrel?”

“T-then what do you want?” Nappa asked somewhat hesitantly, clearly afraid.

“Immortality,” Vegeta said as he continued walking toward his pod.

“I-I see,” Nappa eyes grew big as he replied before he followed after Vegeta. Nappa walked over to his pod when a thought came to mind, “What will we do with this… Earth? That child of Kakarot was powerful.”

Vegeta paused by his pod, putting a hand on it in thought, “It seems that Saiyans and Earthlings are compatible with each other, and the offspring produce have a high power level than that of full blooded Saiyan offspring.”

Nappa went into his pod to sit, “Then we can repopulate the Saiyan race and be great again.”

Vegeta sneered at the thought as move to sit in his pod, he laughed without humor “You must be joking, I have no interest in breeding with these weak Earthlings. With half-breeds stronger than us then we would have no place in the universe.”

“I suppose, but I’m hoping these creatures can provide some entertainment,” Nappa said as their pod doors closed.

“If not… create your own,” Vegeta said darkly as the stasis engaged and once again, he was surprised to see familiar blue eyes waiting for him in his dreams.
Bulma walked up to the dead body of Raditz and carefully took his scouter off of him, she pressed the button on the side and was relieved to find that it was simple older model that didn’t record footage. But Vegeta had heard the conversation between Raditz and Piccolo and was now planning to come to Earth for the Dragon Balls. She was afraid to know the answer as to why he would want them. Bulma pulled out her swiss army knife to take out her mini screwdriver to open the panel on the scouter. She quickly deactivated it so that it would no longer transmit, she had been careful to not to be seen or heard by Raditz’s scouter, so she hoped that Vegeta did not know she was here.

“Wow Bulma, you’re really smart to figure out alien technology just like that,” she heard Krillin beside her, loudly. Now she was glad she made a quick decision to take care of the scouter problem.

“Thanks, Krillin,” she smiled warmly but super relieved he choose to speak after she deactivated the scouter.

“What will we do now, these Saiyans are coming here,” Master Roshi said, holding an unconscious Gohan in his hands.

“We’ll have to gather the Dragon Balls to revive Goku,” Bulma said as she stared at the blood-stained spot where Goku’s body had been. They all heard pained growling and turned to Piccolo who was concentrating on one spot as he clenched the fist of his one hand. They all backed away from him when they saw his features pinched in agony and his teeth clenched. They jumped when his missing arm sprouted back in place.

“Shit! Are you a lizard or something!” Krillin yelled in fear.

“I’ve alway been able to this but it takes a lot of concentration,” Piccolo replied as he put his weighted clothing back on. He turned back to them and gestured to Gohan with a nod of his head, “I’m taking the boy.”

“You’re going to eat him!?” Krillin yelled in disbelief.

“I am!” Piccolo yelled back in confusion.

“What do you want with Gohan?” Bulma asked, trying to bring the conversation back to focus.

“I’m going to train the boy, he may be our best shot to defeating the Saiyans,” Piccolo said as he went to over to Master Roshi and plucked Gohan out of his hands. He tucked the boy under his arm, “I’ll see you in a year.”

Piccolo took off before anyone could stop him. Bulma sighed, “Great, how we are we going to tell Chi-Chi all this?” Bulma glanced at Raditz’s body, “Krillin, Master Roshi, can you figure out what we should we do with his body, I need to make a phone call.”

“Uh, sure thing Bulma,” Krillin replied as he scratched his head in thought.

Bulma said nothing more as she walked over to her yellow jet and went inside. She sighed as she sat in her pilot's chair and rubbed the space between her brows to work up the patience to make the call she had to do. She took a deep breath before she pulled out her tablet and placed her call.

“Listen, if you're calling to bother me about the status of your planets, then your wasting your time because they're doing fine like the last time I told you,” Jaco ranted as soon as he answered.

“Jaco, Vegeta is coming here,” Bulma said somberly.
“Damnit Bulma, we've been over this, you're not supposed to contact him,” Jaco said angrily.

“I didn't, jackass,” Bulma growled at him.

“Then how…”

“One of his… friends came here looking for my friend Goku,” Bulma interrupted as she crossed her arms and leaned back in her chair.

“Why was he looking for your friend?” Jaco asked in confusion.

“Turns out my friend was sent here to Earth by his Saiyan parents,” Bulma explained.

“What! How is that possible? Saiyans are hardwired to destroy, especially when children,” Jaco replied somewhat panicked, he knew this information as he had been in charge of protecting Earth from the Saiyans long ago. Something he choose to reveal after she told him of her relationship with Vegeta.

“Well the Earth is still rotating because Goku had the fortune of falling on his hard head, which changed him completely,” Bulma told him as she glanced out the window and frowned, watching Krillin and Master Roshi make a shallow grave with energy blasts.

“So what did Vegeta’s buddy want Goku for?” Jaco continued.

“He was Goku’s brother and wanted him to join him and Vegeta,” Bulma replied as she brought a hand up to rub her temple, feeling a headache coming on. “But they're both dead now.”

“O...okay, so why is the Destroyer of Worlds coming to Earth if they're gone?” Jaco asked bewildered.

“He wants the Dragon Balls,” Bulma stated severely.

“The Dragon's what?” Jaco exclaimed with wide eyes.

“*Dragon* Balls, not *Dragon's* balls. Look, long story short, if you collect them all you get a wish, any kind of wish,” Bulma explained exasperated.

“Sounds dangerous,” Jaco replied.

“You have no idea,” Bulma replied offhandedly.

“What now? You still can't contact him, even if he is coming to Earth. If Frieza gets even a whiff of your existence, he'll be there in a heartbeat. And he might be humoring him now, but Vegeta is a favorite of Frieza’s, he'll coming looking for him if he's gone too long. Then there's the fact that you're married to the Destroyer, Frieza would use that against both if he ever learned of it,” Jaco began his tirade.

“Yes, yes, Jaco, I get it! Listen, my friends are planning to fight him,” Bulma said as she looked up and saw Krillin struggling to drag Raditz’s heavy body into the grave. Bulma sighed as she muttered quietly to herself, “Just burn the body.”

“What?” Jaco asked taken aback.

Bulma shook her head, “Nothing.”

“Well, are you planning to tell your friends about him? How strong he is?” Jaco enquired with
concern. When she joined the patrol she was under strict orders to keep it confidential, so she never told her friends about her adventures in space.

“No, it wouldn’t do me any good anyways, these dumbasses jump head first into fights. And they always want to test their strength on someone stronger,” Bulma explained as she looked up again to find Krillin and Master Roshi putting Raditz in a respectable position before tossing dirt on him.

“Bulma, this isn't good, if your friends fail, there's no doubt Vegeta will destroy Earth once he got what he wants,” Jaco said gravely.

“I know, that's why I'm making a backup plan to evacuate the Earth, not just because of Vegeta, but also in the case Frieza decides to pay us a visit,” Bulma said as she was already working the numbers in her head the amount of bio-capsules she would have to produce.

“I'll warn the patrol and put them on standby to help,” Jaco replied.

“We have a year to be ready,” Bulma informed him.

“Understood,” Jaco replied before staring at her gravely. "Remember Bulma, do not contact him under any circumstances.”

Bulma glared at him, “Just do your part Jaco, and I'll do mine.”

Jaco nodded, “Bye Bulma.”

Their connection ended and Bulma felt tears well up in her eyes, but she brushed them away quickly with her palm, “Vegeta, why can’t you ever stay away?”

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry for the wait! I'm so glad you liked the way the story turned, I was a bit nervous about it myself! 😊 But I hope you like this chapter! Again thank you so much for your comments and kudos! You have no idea how happy they make me!
Vegeta felt the effects of stasis wear off as warm light hit his face from the yellow dwarf star the planet orbited. He took a deep breath and smelled clean air with hints of machinery and life before he opened his eyes to see Earth for the first time. From the crater that his pod made, he looked up to find that he was surrounded by humanoids similar to his appearance but in all shapes, sizes, and colors. Earthlings. They looked upon him with fear and curiosity as he stepped out of his pod and took in his surroundings. The place that they landed was littered with skyscrapers, tall cylindrical towers, dome structures, and strange buildings that had a spherical complex supported high in the air by slim stalks, and it was all in ivory white. It was a city. The structures looked advanced however the vehicles were primitive, rolling by with wheels and sprouting out a foul stench.

“So, this is Earth,” Nappa said beside him.

“So it appears. It's rather… ordinary,” Vegeta replied as he coldly eyed the Earthlings that were slowly coming closer to them in interest. Vegeta crossed his arms as he floated out of the crater, gaining gasps and screams of shock and surprise. The gravity of the planet was almost non existent for Vegeta as he quickly adjusted when he landed before the Earthlings.

Nappa joined him and smirked, “How about I greet them?”

Before Vegeta could stop him, Nappa concentrated his energy and raised two fingers in the air to release it, engulfing them in bright white light. Moments later, Vegeta frowned as he floated up high into the air to examine the destruction Nappa created. There was not a living soul for miles and the city was gone, only dirt and debris marked that there was once activity of life. Nappa grinned with evil glee as he rose up in the air to be beside him.

“Nappa, what would have happened if the Dragon Balls were down there?” Vegeta asked with cold patience.

Nappa’s grin slipped from his face quickly and fear clouded his gaze, “I-I’m sorry Prince Vegeta, I won't do it again.”

“See that you don't. Not until we have what we came here for,” Vegeta said as he glanced around. Earth was very blue that was easy on the eyes and it looked fertile from the hearty brown earth and vibrant green foliage. Something about it nagged at him in the back of his mind, it seemed familiar but he knew had never seen it before. Vegeta shook the thought away as he tapped on his scouter to read power signatures. “We need to find the male that killed Raditz, he had information about the Dragon Balls. Look for the highest power level on this planet.”

Nappa tapped his scouter as he and Vegeta scanned the planet with their scouters that beeped a few times, “Vegeta, there seems to be several high power levels here.”

“Yes, but I have no quarrel with them. It seems the highest is over there next to another high level,” Vegeta said as he turned his head toward the location of the reading. “Let's go, Nappa, perhaps we can find you some entertainment.”

“Yes, Prince Vegeta,” Nappa replied eagerly as he followed Vegeta, who had sped off, leaving a sonic boom in his wake as he glided through the air effortlessly.
Vegeta’s scouter beeped once again, alerting him that another being with a significantly high power level was approaching the other two they were on route to visit. The power level stopped to join the other two and Vegeta raised a brow as he wasn't sure what to make of the situation. Vegeta stopped abruptly when they reached their destination and Nappa was soon beside him. “Actually, Piccolo is really nice!” They heard a young voice speak.

Vegeta looked down to see a small earthling cub talking with a small bald male in an orange gi. Vegeta took in the cub’s appearance and realized that he belonged to Kakarot, given his Saiyan-like qualities, long black hair and dark eyes. Seeing the cub in person made Vegeta inexplicably angry as well as filling him with a sense of longing and pain. When he had begun to warm up to the idea of offspring, he would conjure images of what they could look like. Sometimes they possessed his strong features and dark coloring like Kakarot’s cub, but often they would take on his female’s looks and stare up at him warmly with dark ocean blue eyes as he held them in his arms. They would effortlessly grace him with her smile that melted his heart instantly. But these thoughts were pointless now and Vegeta silently reprimanded himself for being lost in thought and quickly shook his head to return to the situation at hand.

“That's enough chit-chat! They're here!” He heard a strong male voice yell.

He looked down to see a muscular green male with sharp claws and two antenna sprouting from his bald head, wearing a matching purple gi as the cub. Vegeta eyebrow twitched, they didn't have scouters but this being had known exactly where he and Nappa were as he gazed directly at them with apprehension. Either it was due to instinct or... some kind technique.

Vegeta floated down and gingerly landed several meters away from them, “It seems that you've been waiting for us.”

“Yeah, you can say that, now tell us what you're doing here,” the green make spoke.

Vegeta’s eyebrow twitched slightly as he recognized his voice, “Ah, that voice, so you're the one that killed Raditz.”

Piccolo blinked, “How do you know my voice?”

Vegeta tapped his scouter, “Didn't Raditz tell you about us? We certainly heard everything about you through our scouters.”

Piccolo didn't reply, looking at bit confused as Nappa seemed to realize something, “Wait, isn't he a Namekian?”

“So it seems,” Vegeta replied offhandedly, he made the same guess the second he saw the green creature.

The Namekian looked stunned at the news, his eyes went wide and he clenched his fists to control his emotions. “Uncle Piccolo, is that true?” the half-breed cub asked.

“Whoa, you're alien Piccolo?” the bald male looked the Namekian over as though trying to figure him out, unaware of the emotions running off the Namekian.

“I've heard of Namekians have special magical abilities, so I presume you're the one who made the Dragon Balls, correct?” Vegeta said with a tilt of his head.

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into his palm.

The Namekian smirked, “Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm not the one who made the Dragon Balls, because my specialty lies in battle!” He moved to spread his weight evenly as he slightly turned his body with his arms up in an attacking position that protected his core. He was poised for a fight, “Now, why don't you come at me!”

Vegeta smirked at the male's audacity as the cub and the other male also jumped in fighting positions. “It seems they don't want to tell us about the Dragon Balls,” Vegeta said quietly, the icy threat in his voice sent shivers down everyone's back.

“That's fine with me,” Nappa grinned as he tapped his scouter. “Let me check their power levels.”

Nappa’s scouter beeped after reading the levels of the three males and scoffed, “They want to fight when they're levels are much lower than ours.”

“Nappa, take off your scouter, it's useless when power levels can change in battle,” Vegeta said as he removed his scouter and dropped it carelessly.

“I guess you're right, it doesn't matter because they're weak as bugs like Raditz,” Nappa replied as he tossed his scouter off.

The Namekian cursed as the bald male was taken aback, “Wait didn't it take you and Goku to defeat Raditz?”

“Yes…” Piccolo replied as he tensed.

“Nappa, we still have Saibamen, correct? Why don't we use them to see what these Earthlings are capable of,” Vegeta said coolly as he crossed his arms.

“Good idea, you sure know how to have fun, Vegeta,” Nappa replied as he pulled a small dual vile from his pocket. One side contained round planet-like seeds while the other held a green liquid and the three males watched with a mixture of curiosity and unease as Nappa poked six holes ground with his finger.

“Saibamen?” the bald male asked carefully.

“Yes, Saibamen, you may feel more chatty once you've seen them,” Vegeta replied as Nappa placed a seed in each and covered them with dirt before putting a drop of the green liquid onto each mound.

Nappa stepped back as Vegeta looked on with a bored expression and the three males waited, but nothing happened. Then, the ground where the seeds laid shook as the dirt formed six large mounds before abruptly splitting. Small, ugly green creatures with sharp three fingered claws, pointy teeth and beady red eyes sprung out, shrieking in an unsettling way. They landed between them and the Saibamen looked at the three males with no intelligence but a greed to taste flesh.

“Saibamen, those three are your opponents, but keep the green one alive,” Vegeta ordered without inflection, causing the Saibamen to shriek horridly with glee.

“Make that five!” They heard a voice from above.

A large muscular Earthling with three eyes, wearing only green slacks flew down and landed beside the bald male, along with a porcelain doll-like child with large eyes and rosy red cheeks.

“Tenshinhan! Chiaotsu!” The bald male excitedly exclaimed.
“What, did you think we'd let you have all the fun?” The three-eyed male smirked at his friend.

“Enough of this! Are we going to have a fight or not!” Nappa yelled, annoyed. The Earthlings jumped into fighting poses and waited for the Saibamen to make a move.

“Hey! Don't start without me!” another male voice exclaimed.

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed and watched as a male in the same orange gi as the small bald one, jumped down and landed in a crouch beside the cub. He stood and dramatically turned, flipping his hair over his shoulder to reveal boyish good looks that was only slightly marred by the criss-cross scar on his cheek and one across his eyebrow. He stood confidently with his hands on his hips as he grinned prettily.

Vegeta instantly hated the male on sight. He ran into similar males before, good-looking, over-confident, and vain, and he had put them all into the ground. He was going to enjoy watching the Saibamen rip him to shreds.

“Hey guys! Allow me to take a crack as these guys,” the pretty boy spoke good naturedly.

Vegeta hummed, “What a great idea.”

The pretty boy turned to Vegeta and gave him a once over before smirking, “Yeah, you don't look so tough.”

“Oh? Then these Saibamen should be no problem for you. They're much weaker than me,” Vegeta replied with a shrug.

“Really? Then this will be a piece of cake,” The pretty male said as he moved into a fighting stance.

It was Vegeta’s turn to smirk, “We’ll see, won't we?”

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When Bulma saw the blast, she knew that Vegeta was here on Earth. He had arrived earlier than they had anticipated and she and Master Roshi had been warned by King Kai beforehand. They quickly gathered the Dragon Balls outside and made their wish to bring back Goku, who was now on his way. The Galactic Patrol had been on their way to help her with the evacuation plan, but they would not arrive on time and Bulma had to think fast on what to do next.

So after the blast, Bulma had raced into the Kame House and grabbed the scouter she had taken off of Raditz, which she had reprogrammed to allow her to listen in on Vegeta undetected. But what she had not been prepared for was the effect of hearing Vegeta’s rich voice that was deeper than she remembered. She had clutched the scouter to her ear as his husky timbre sent shivers throughout her body. And even though she was surprised at how cold and detached he sounded, she had sobbed and had to muffle the sound with the palm of her hand.

It had taken a few moment for her to collect herself and wiped her tears away and made a quick decision. She grabbed one of Master Roshi’s black robes, throwing it on as she had ran outside with her messenger bag and decapsulated her hover jet. She checked the scouter and saw that two strong power levels were leaving the area of the blast, which assumed was Vegeta and Nappa, before hopping into her jet.
She had heard Master Roshi call after, but she had taken off to the direction of the blast, hoping to find Vegeta’s space pod. She wanted to get a visual through Vegeta’s scouter, find out with what they were dealing with, and to get an update on the PTO. After her supposed death, Frieza did a complete overhaul on his mainframe, completely removing her program and so she no longer could spy on Frieza. Now she had a chance to learn what she could and she just hoped her friends could hold off Vegeta, distract him as she worked, but she was still concerned. Vegeta had always been strong and no doubt his strength had grown over the years.

“Sorry Yamucha, but I’m taking the first shot,” she heard Tenshinhan speak before he gave large shout.

He must have started and charged at the Saibamen. She knew what those creatures looked like as she had known they were used for training on Frieza’s ship, and could only imagine the looks on her friends’ faces when they first saw the horrid creatures. After a few moments she heard a cheer from Krillin, “Way to go, Tenshinhan!”

Bulma rolled her eyes, her friends tended to treat these kind of fights like a game and it bothered her to no end. Bulma removed the scouter and tossed it in the seat beside her, it seemed her friends would be okay for a while. She then gasped and her eyes grew big when she saw the destruction that Nappa had caused, circling down low to see that there was hardly anything left in this part of the city. Bulma swallowed her rising panic at just seeing the evidence of their power as she found the two pods Vegeta and Nappa arrived in. She landed beside them and grabbed the scouter and her messenger bag before recapsulating her hover jet.

Bulma studied the pods that were slightly buried for a moment before she walked to the back of one as she grabbed her tools. She kneeled beside it and found the hidden panel that lead to the pod’s circuitry, she had made many of these before and knew exactly how they worked. She opened the panel and quickly found the microcontroller that could manually open the pod door, manipulating to open while going undetected by its pilot. Bulma heard the hissing sound of the pod door and she quickly returned the panel back in place before walking around and stepping into the pod.

When she sat in the padded seat, she immediately knew she was in Vegeta’s pod as his earthy, masculine animalistic-like scent enveloped her. She clutched the seat and closed her eyes as her emotions warred with her, she missed the way he smelled and she couldn’t stop the tear that rolled down her cheek. Bulma took a shaky breath to calm herself and wiped her tear away. He was so close, but she couldn't give in to her instincts to seek him out.

Bulma put back the scouter on and flinched when she heard a loud explosion followed by shock gasps. “Chiaotsu!” She heard the anguish scream of Tenshinhan. Bulma paled as he reached into her messenger bag and quickly grabbed her mini computer to hook up to Vegeta’s pod. She quickly accessed his scouter with him being unaware and saw that it was at a weird angle as it was on the ground. But she was able to see the battlefield and saw that her friends all had horrified expressions as they watched Nappa emerge from a cloud of smoke.

Bulma wasn’t sure what had happened and quickly opened another window and accessed the videofeed that had been recorded on Vegeta’s scouter. She gasped and put a shaky hand to her mouth as she watched what had happened. After Tenshinhan nearly destroyed one of the Saibamen, Vegeta quickly and coldly obliterated the creature. Everyone was horrified but it gave the Saibamen incentive to not make another mistake. That’s when Yamucha joined in the fight, and he had done well, until the Saibamen he was fighting rememerged and latched onto him to only self-destruct. Bulma cried out when the smoke had cleared and Yamucha was lying in crater, dead.

She heard Vegeta laugh darkly, “I thought this was going to be a piece of cake.”
She closed her eyes as she felt guilt sink like a stone in her chest, she knew it was for the good of the planet, but watching her friends get slaughtered by the man she loved was not she signed up for. Tears fell down her cheek and sobbed noisily as she watched her friends continue on to fight. Krillin managed to defeat the Saibamen with a large energy attack and tried to hit Vegeta and Nappa, but they had emerged unfazed… And that’s when Nappa stepped in.

Tenshinhan had lost an arm from Nappa’s first attack and the fight continued until it lead to Chiaotzu landing on Nappa’s back and self-destructing. But Chiaotzu’s death had been in vain as Nappa came out without a scratch as he patted himself down, removing the dusty remains of their friend.

“Gohan! Do it now!” Bulma heard Piccolo yell out. She turned back to the live feed and saw that she had missed Tenshinhan get knocked out from the fight and Piccolo and Krillin were trying to fight Nappa. Nappa had been hurled toward Gohan, who was frozen in place and screamed as he ran away from Nappa, who snarled fiercely.

Piccolo growled out in frustration as he and Krillin launched an attack on Nappa, who brushed it away with ease. Then there was a bright light, and Nappa became engulfed in it. It was an attack from Tenshinhan, he was barely moving as he reached out with his remaining hand and unleashed his energy. When he finished, his body gave out and collapsed to the ground, he remained eerily still.

Tears continued to spill down Bulma’s eyes heavily as she weeped, what had she done?

“We can’t do this without Goku,” Krillin said as he was breathing hard from his last attack.

“We’re just going to have to hold them off,” Piccolo replied, also panting from the exertion.

“Goku?” She heard Vegeta speak. “Are you talking about Kakarot?”

“Yeah, he’s on his way here to defeat you!” Krillin replied.

Vegeta laughed humorlessly, “Really? Isn’t that interesting, and when will he be here? I’m curious to see what he’s capable of.”

“W-we’re not sure,” Krillin replied bashfully.

“What a waste of time, I want to fight now!” Nappa said as he rushed them.

“Nappa,” Vegeta halted the larger Saiyan with the cold command. Nappa looked over at Vegeta in fear, who turned to speak to Piccolo and Krillin, “How about this, I’ll give you three hours for Kakarot to appear before me, and if he doesn’t, I’ll let Nappa continue his fun.”

“T-three hours?” Krillin asked carefully.

“Shall I shorten it?” Vegeta asked patiently, in a way that made everyone pause.

“N-no, three hours is good,” Krillin replied as he backed away.

“I can’t wait for that long!” Nappa yelled as he charged forward again.

“Nappa!” Vegeta yelled angrily. Nappa stopped again at the tone in Vegeta’s voice. He looked back to see Vegeta with dark expression, “Don’t make me repeat myself, leave these Earthlings alone.”

“Y-yes, Vegeta,” Nappa replied as he moved away to stand next to Vegeta.

Vegeta picked up his scouter and placed it back on his face and Bulma watched as his camera whirled around until it was staring straight at her friends. She heard him tap on it and his screen lit up
for a countdown of three hours, “I hope your friend comes in time.”

Bulma shut her eyes and took several deep breaths in quick succession to calm herself down. Now was not the time for her to get emotional, she had a job to do. Bulma moved the live feed screen aside and opened another window to begin accessing Vegeta’s pod to try and reach into the PTO’s server. She couldn’t create a full program and implant it as she had before, but she could gather some intel all the same.

As Bulma was typing away furiously, she heard the rotors of helicopter blades and police sirens. She looked up to see that police were arriving as well as news reporters. “Shit,” she cursed as she moved down to lie in narrow groove between the seat and control panel of the pod to hide herself, and reached up to press the button to close the pod door.

Bulma paled. Her fingers turned icy numb and the blood rushed to her ears as anxiety formed into a ball in her chest when the door closed. She slowly turned her head in apprehension to glanced over at her computer screen. Vegeta’s scouter lit up and alerted him that his pod door had closed. Bulma held her breath as her heart hammered against her rib cage and waited for a reaction. But after several moments, Vegeta didn't move and she sighed heavily in relief.

But it was short lived as she heard him tap his scouter a few moments later and there was a loud click from the pod door… he had locked her in. But fortunately for her, she could bypass it with ease, though it seemed she didn’t need to do so right away as Vegeta remained unmoving. But that wasn’t her current problem, how was she going to get out without attracting attention from the people outside? Bulma took a deep breath and pushed that issue aside to continue working. She had been in worst situations before.

Chapter End Notes

Hey there! Sorry it took so long to update! And I'll just say that things are going to get a bit crazy from here on out. I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
“Kaio-ken times four!!”

Goku’s Kamehameha attack surged in power toward Vegeta. His muscles bulged as he his energy quadrupled, his body burned from the strain.

“What?!” Vegeta growled in dismay as his Galick-ho was pushed back. He held his hands steady, but Goku’s attack overpowered him and he yelled as he was engulfed by bright light.

When the light vanished, Vegeta was nowhere in sight and Goku looked around for the Saiyan Prince. He was panting in exertion from his last attack and he flinched in pain from his muscles contracting from overuse. Goku looked up into the sky and tried to sense for Vegeta, but he couldn’t find his energy signature, “Where did he go? He should still be alive.” Goku groaned loudly again when his arms spasmed, “Man, he was really strong.”

“I’m glad you think so,” a cold voice caused Goku to freeze in place. He turned around to see Vegeta standing behind him, his armor had been destroyed with only the chest piece intact, but he looked unfazed as he brushed dust off his arms.

Something wasn’t right, a few moments ago Vegeta had become emotional during the fight, becoming angrier and angrier as Goku laid solid hits on him. And his rage only gotten worse when Vegeta saw that his own blood had been spilt. But this warrior was not that Vegeta. This Vegeta swiped away blood from the corner of his mouth without a care before crossing his arms to assess Goku, his face was impassive and emotionless and his eyes were hard and cold. Goku realized he was seeing the real Vegeta as he felt shivers go down his back.

“How?” Goku whispered in alarm as he also realized that Vegeta had masked his energy, something he was sure he wasn’t able to do before. Goku looked at Vegeta with a mixture of awe and fearfulness, “I put everything I had in that attack.”

Vegeta chuckled slightly, “Is that so? I’m sorry to inform you, but I was only using a third of my power.”

Before I came to this planet, I had pushed my body to the limits more time than you can fathom,” Vegeta explained patiently.

“You were only pretending to be losing?” Goku asked in astonishment.

“What kind of warrior would I be if I lost my cool in battle?” Vegeta asked with a slight tilt of his head. “But it worked, didn’t it? I brought out your confidence by playing the part of an enraged male who was making costly mistakes, almost on the verge of losing. And you did what I expected, coming at me with all your might and power to the point of exhaustion. I learned one important lesson long ago, not all battles are won by power, but by tactic and intelligence. Although in this case, it seems I have the advantage of both.”

Goku gritted his teeth and raised a hand, “I can’t lose to you! Kaio-ken times four!”
Vegeta merely tilted his head away to avoid the ball of energy that Goku lobbed at him, only feeling the heat of it graze his cheek. Goku cried out as he launched himself at Vegeta, “Kaio-ken!”

Vegeta easily caught Goku’s fist with his palm, before slamming his own fist into the younger Saiyan’s solar plexus. Goku’s body wrapped around Vegeta’s clenched hand as he coughed up bile, and staggered back after Vegeta released him. Vegeta clasped his hands together into a large fist before bringing it down onto Goku’s head. The cliff they stood on shattered from the power of Vegeta’s hit and sent Goku into the ground. He pummeled into the dirt with a groan, leaving a small crater in his wake. Vegeta crossed his arms as he leisurely floated down to the ground in front of Goku, who was struggling to stand, his muscles giving out as he tried to push himself up.

Vegeta released a heavy sigh through his nose, this trip to Earth had gotten out of hand. The Earth fighters were more trouble than he had expected, but he did learn an interesting technique from them. He had quickly learned that they could not only suppress their energy levels but also sense it from others. So within the three hours they had waited for Kakarot to arrive, Vegeta had mastered their technique without alerting them of it. It had been a simple thing to do, all he did was focus on his own energy first before reaching out his senses to the others. He wanted to try out his new found ability and the opportunity came in the form of Kakarot, who had defeated Nappa with ease.

Vegeta had unexpectedly enraged Kakarot when he had killed Nappa without a shred of remorse or emotion. Nappa’s death would have happened sooner or later as the larger Saiyan had slowly grown feral, unruly, and less competent over time… traits that Frieza was not fond of. Both Nappa and Raditz had become too comfortable with Vegeta’s captain stasis as well as the favoritism that Frieza bestowed him, and were beginning to get carried away with their behavior. They had become oblivious to the thin tightrope that Vegeta had to dance on to please Frieza. And while Vegeta’s strength had grown tremendously, Nappa and Raditz only continued on a steady incline. Vegeta had taken many dangerous missions alone while the other two were content picking ones that were just enough to test their powers. And Vegeta realized that they would be useless to him when it came time for him to be rid of Frieza. It was the only reason he agreed to let Raditz find his brother, in hopes he would be a different breed of Saiyan.

But now both Raditz and Nappa were dead, both had merciful deaths compared to what Frieza would have done, as he also become tired of the two Saiyans’ ways. The Dragon Balls were also gone and Kakarot, who had battle spirit of a Saiyan, was not at a level he wanted him to be. The only thing left to do was to go to Namek and retrieve their Dragon Balls. Vegeta looked up as the sun began to set, this planet seemed to have valuable assets but the Earthlings were a reminder of something he would never have… his own family. Vegeta looked down at Kakarot, the fool had no idea how lucky he was to be able to have a mate and cub, and so he and Earth would pay for his ignorance.

“Get up, Kakarot, at least try to defend your planet before I destroy it,” Vegeta said quietly as he watched Goku finally get on his hands and knees. Goku stumbled onto his feet and moved to a fighting position, Vegeta applauded him, “Yes, that’s it, come at me.”

Goku yelled as he ran at Vegeta, his movements were too slow as he threw a punch. Vegeta grabbed his wrist and twisted it before he brought down his elbow and snapped the bones in Goku’s. Goku screamed out in pain as his arm was now at a strange angle and Vegeta rammed his knee into Goku’s side, breaking ribs. Goku gasped, unable to voice his pain as he dropped to the ground on his knees. Vegeta shoved him away with a flat kick to his chest, causing Goku to land on his back with the wind knocked out of him.

Vegeta heard a battle cry from behind him and he turned his body in time to miss the blade of a sword. An overweight earthling in an orange robe stumbled, giving Vegeta the chance to smash his
knee into the earthling’s gut. The overweight male wailed as he fell down into a fetal position, holding his stomach and Vegeta punted him into a cliff, shattering rock. The sword the earthling was holding clattered to the ground beside Vegeta’s feet.

Vegeta sighed, “This is becoming tiresome.”

“I will stop you,” Goku mumbled as he tried to stand.

Vegeta walked over to him, “Just stay down.” Vegeta brought his foot hard on Goku’s femur, hearing the bone break cleanly and Goku screamed out. “Any other body parts you want me to break?”

Goku reached out with his good hand, “Please… leave the Earth alone.”

“And why should I?” Vegeta asked as he watched Goku try to get up on his good leg.

“You, can’t be that… mean…” Goku replied as he hopped on his one leg.

Vegeta rolled his eyes as he shattered Goku’s knee with a vicious kick. Goku bellowed into the air as he fell over, trying to catch his breath from the pain radiating throughout his body. Vegeta stood over him patiently as he writhed on the ground, “What a naive creature you are.”

“V-Vegeta…” Goku gasped, clinging to stay conscious as the prince slowly walked over to his side.

“I respect the courage within you, Kakarot, for that I’ll make your death quick and painless,” Vegeta replied as he placed his boot against Goku’s throat.

Goku looked up at Vegeta without fear, prepared for the inevitable. Vegeta was beginning to push down on Goku’s throat, when something shiny caught his eye. He looked up and his eyes grew slightly wide in surprise when he saw his space pod come hurtling toward him. He jumped out of the way just as the pod came down and hit the ground close to where he had stood, skittering several meters away before coming to a stop.

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed at the pod, he had locked someone inside of it and apparently now, they could control it. These earthlings were proving to be too smart and he planned to ask the one inside just how they managed to break into his pod, very personally. He walked over to the pod and pulled out the remote he had in his armor. When he was only a foot away, he pressed a button on his remote and the pod door opened with a hiss. Vegeta crossed his arms as he waited for the door to reveal all, but he tilted his head in confusion when he found it empty. As he walked in closer, he gained a faint aroma of what he guessed was an older earthling and saw that there were broken pieces of a scouter inside. He took out the remains of the older model and realized that it had belonged to Raditz. He turned it over in his hand to look for clues and froze.

Vegeta felt the world slip away. His breath was caught in his throat and the blood rushed to his ears as he reached up with a shaky hand to pull away a strand of sky blue hair that had been caught on the scouter. He knew this color by heart as he remembered burying his face in it. He would enjoy the way it would change color in the light as he ran his fingers through it.

“VEGETA!!”

Vegeta felt his chest tighten painfully. He thought he heard wrong as he grasped the scouter in his hand tight enough to crack. He slowly turned around as the blood pounded against his eardrums.

Vegeta’s hands fell to his sides and he dropped the scouter from his nerveless fingers. Bulma was standing in his path in front of Goku. She had tears in her eyes as she reached up and pulled off the
overly large black robe she wore to let it flutter to the ground. She was wearing tight fitting jeans, a white t-shirt with rolled up sleeves and a blue scarf around her neck. She was the same as he remembered just a little older. The wind picked up and her sweet scent wafted over him, it was unmistakably her unique smell.

Vegeta swallowed hard as he forced himself to take the first step to her. His focus was solely on her, she was visibly shaking and large tears rolled down her cheek as he slowly picked up his pace.

“Bulma… get out of here…” Vegeta heard Goku speak before he fell unconscious from the pain.

When he finally reached her, he stopped only a few inches in front of her and stared openly at her, taking in every one of her features. Vegeta pulled off his gloves, dropping them to the ground before slowly reaching up with trembling hands. He stopped just a touch away from her face, afraid that he was seeing an illusion that would fade away the moment he touched her. He ever so gently cupped her face and gasped softly when he felt her soft skin, solid against his fingertips. She brought her hands up and placed them over his, causing him to twitch at her tender touch.

He noticed the scarf and slid a hand down her neck to remove it carefully, tossing it aside when he saw his mark on her skin. Vegeta abruptly pulled her flush against his body, causing her to gasp as he buried his face into her neck, putting his arms tight around her. She clutched the top of his armor and sobbed into his chest while he took a deep breath, filling his lungs with her scent for the first time in seven years.

“My Bulma,” he whispered into her skin as he rubbed his face against his mark, covering himself in her essence as his tail wrapped around her waist to hold her securely to him.

“Vegeta,” she cried loudly as she burst into fresh tears.

They said nothing more as Vegeta continued to hold her, taking large breaths to take in her scent over and over again until he was dizzy with it. His Oozaru was overjoyed to have her in his arms as his tail leisurely rubbed her hip in contentment. Bulma’s tears finally settled as she basked in his warmth and strength. Vegeta’s mind slowly began to clear when he realized that she was not a vision, she was solid in his arms, alive.

“How… how are you here?” Vegeta asked carefully.

“This is my home planet,” she replied softly into his jaw.

Vegeta paused, “Figures you’re a fucking earthling, you all have given me nothing but grief.” Vegeta realized something and he became very still, “Kakarot, knows you.”

“He’s been my friend since we were kids,” Bulma replied carefully, sensing a storm slowly brewing within him.

“He’s been my friend since we were kids,” Bulma replied carefully, sensing a storm slowly brewing within him.

“Then you knew I was coming here as he did,” Vegeta said quietly into her neck.

“Yes,” Bulma replied as she bit her lip with uncertainty, the quieter he spoke, the angrier he was.

“You’ve been alive this whole time and did not think to contact me,” Vegeta said coldly.

Bulma shivered, feeling the predator within him envelope him like a second-skin, “I couldn’t.”

Vegeta fisted her hair behind her neck and pulled gently but firmly so that she was looking back at his hard, cruel gaze, unable to move away. His tail tightened on her, “Couldn’t or wouldn’t?”
“I was under orders,” Bulma replied as she grasped his armor tighter.

Vegeta tilted his head, “It was that purple insect you call a partner wasn’t it?”

“Yes,” Bulma replied without hesitation, she knew it was always best to be straightforward with him.

“And when has that ever stopped you from doing what you wanted?” Vegeta said as he tilted her head back a little farther.

“Vegeta…please understand,” she whispered pleadingly as she dug her fingers into his armor.

Vegeta moved to rub his cheek against her temple, his touch was gentle but his anger burned, “What’s there to understand, you abandoned me.”

“Vegeta, that’s not what I was trying to do. I had to protect my planet from Frieza, no matter what, even if I meant I had to stay away from you,” Bulma replied, causing Vegeta to freeze.

“How noble of you to sacrifice yourself,” Vegeta said icily.

“I’m not noble at all! Because of me, my friends are dead! I stood by and watched them get slaughtered! I didn’t want any of this! I wanted you! But now I wished I had never joined the patrol if it was going to lead to this!” Bulma cried out, tears spilling.

“You wish you never had met me,” Vegeta said quietly and she felt his cruel gaze watching her carefully behind hooded eyes from her peripheral vision.

“That’s not what I said!” Bulma protested.

“Isn’t it? But unfortunately for you, no matter what you would have done, I would have found you regardless. We were destined to meet despite our choices,” Vegeta explained into her hair.

“I never regretted meeting you, the timing was just wrong,” Bulma said softly.

“You can spew whatever excuses you wish to justify your actions to yourself, but it does not placate me. You lead to me to believe that you were dead and have given me a poor excuse for staying away from me. And now that I have you, I’m not letting you go… ever … but I’m still enraged, my little female,” Vegeta spoke, but there was no emotion in his voice.

“What do you want me to do?” Bulma asked quietly as she heard him take a deep breath, smelling her.

“Ah yes, you’re a little earthling, so I’ll explain it to you. In Saiyan culture, when a mate was enraged by the other, they would spar. It was a way to settle the matter and calm the enraged Saiyan, and then they would perhaps fuck afterward, however… you’re not Saiyan,” Vegeta said as he nuzzled her temple.

“So what does that mean for me,” Bulma asked carefully as she closed her eyes at his touch.

Vegeta smirked into her temple, “You can’t spar me with, but you can certainly fuck me.”

Bulma gasped and her eyes grew large when he rubbed himself against her and felt his arousal against her stomach, “Vegeta! What are you doing?!”

Vegeta moved back and licked the exposed column of her neck deliberately slow until he flicked her chin with the tip of his tongue. He chuckled darkly, “Don’t worry little female, I don’t plan to take
you here for all to see. This is a private matter.”

“Vegeta, listen I know you’re angry, but there is something I need to tell you,” Bulma gasped as he released her and hoisted her up in his arms bridal style.

“Don’t tell me you’re afraid? Believe me, female, this is more for your benefit then mine. I’m going to make sure you never forget who your mate is. And perhaps if you have somewhat satisfied me, I maybe more willing to listen to your justifications,” Vegeta said as he walked over to his pod.

“No, Vegeta, stop! Frieza is going to Namek!” Bulma yelled out causing him to freeze in place.

He slowly turned his head to her, “What?”

“Vegeta, he’s been spying on you! When I was in your pod, I was looking through your mission files from your scouter and I found a program that should have not been there. You may have thought you turned off the function to send information to Frieza, but he put a program to override it and listened in. Even when you’re scouter was off, he’s been recording all of your conversations. He’s been doing this for years!” Bulma quickly explained.

Vegeta felt the blood drain from his face, “He gave us all new model scouters only a few months after your supposed death.”

“That was just a ruse to give you a scouter where he could keep an eye on you, he’s suspicious of you, for what reason I’m not sure,” Bulma replied as she felt Vegeta’s grip on her tighten.

“He must know what I’ve been planning.” Vegeta looked at her severely, “Perhaps it was good that you stayed away.”

“Vegeta, I was able to reverse the signal and listen in on him, and he’s planning to get the Dragon Balls. We have to stop him! I’ve seen the power that the Earth Dragon Balls wield, I can’t imagine what the Namekian Dragon Ball can do,” Bulma explained as she clutched onto his armor.

“Is this why you were willing to break your precious orders?” Vegeta said with a tilt of his head.

“It’s not the only reason,” Bulma replied with heat in her eyes that had him mesmerized. “Listen, the GP can court martial me later, right now we need to get to Namek before he does.”

Vegeta leaned into her with a smirk, “Does anyone besides that purple fool know of our relationship?”

“No, I only told him after he explained what happened when you broke into the GP headquarters,” Bulma said as she looked at Vegeta curiously.

“So, these orders are only under his authority, not the Galactic King?” Vegeta asked carefully.

“Yes, he thought it was best that we kept our ‘marriage’ a secret from everyone else. He's my superior, so I can't just go behind his back… all the time,” Bulma replied as Vegeta moved to nuzzle her hair.

“Hmm, well you can’t be court martialed… if you’ve been taken prisoner by the Destroyer of Worlds,” Vegeta whispered evilly into her ear, causing her to shiver in pleasure. Vegeta chuckled as he smelled her arousal, “Still such a vulgar female.”

“Let her go!” They both froze from Goku’s voice, they had both forgotten him.
Vegeta turned around to see Goku trying to crawl over to him with his only unbroken limb, “How much have you heard, Kakarot?”

“I passed out for a moment, so I don’t know what’s going, but I can’t let you take her!” Goku said as he moved closer.

“Goku, it’s o…”

Vegeta laughed cruelly, cutting Bulma off, “It’s your lucky day, Kakarot. This female says she can be of use to me. If she proves to be…” Vegeta glanced at her and smirked, though she knew it was playful it didn’t appear that way, “Satisfactory, I’ll leave your backwater planet alone.”

“No! She’s my friend, I won’t let you hurt her!” Goku shouted as he inched closer.

“She won’t be hurt, I need her… skills,” Vegeta said as he walked away from Goku, who was slowly making progress toward them.

“Would you stop with the innuendoes!” Bulma hissed in Vegeta’s ear as he went to the pod.

“He’s obvious oblivious to them,” Vegeta shrugged as he stepped into his pod and draped her over his lap. He smirked at her with an evil glint in his eyes, “We’re going to have to get cozy.”

Bulma snorted, “That’s an understatement.”

Vegeta chuckled as he closed the pod door and they had to squeeze in closer together. Bulma whipped out her computer from her bag and hooked it up to his pod as Vegeta watched on curiously, “What are you doing.”

“Well, we don’t want Frieza to know that you left Earth, do we? So I’m taking off the tracking system,” Bulma said as she typed away.

“Shit, he overrode that too,” Vegeta said as a statement rather than a question.

“Shit, he overrode that too,” Vegeta said as he stepped into his pod and draped her over his lap. He smirked at her with an evil glint in his eyes, “We’re going to have to get cozy.”

Bulma snorted, “That’s an understatement.”

Vegeta chuckled as he closed the pod door and they had to squeeze in closer together. Bulma whipped out her computer from her bag and hooked it up to his pod as Vegeta watched on curiously, “What are you doing.”

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“Shit, he overrode that too,” Vegeta said as a statement rather than a question.

“You’re like a dog on a short leash,” Bulma said absentmindedly as she continued programming.

Vegeta growled, “I can’t wait to rip his throat out.”

“Well first thing first, hubby… we’re going to need a bigger ship,” Bulma said as she started to placing new coordinates into his pod.

“And I assume you know where to go for that,” Vegeta said as watched her work, while he started running his hand under her shirt, to feel the soft skin on her back. He had missed this, and the years they were apart seemed to melt away as the familiarity between them returned as though it had never left.

“Yep, and it will get us to Namek faster than this hunk of junk,” Bulma replied as the pod lifted off the ground.

“You threw this hunk of junk at me,” Vegeta grumbled when the pod shot out into space within seconds. It abruptly stopped for a moment before blasting off into another direction.

“I had to get your attention somehow,” Bulma shrugged as she leaned into his touch. Vegeta paused when his fingertips felt raised skin on her side, and before Bulma knew what was happening, Vegeta lifted her shirt off of her. “Vegeta! What are you doing?!”

Vegeta’s breath held when he saw jagged scar on her side that had faded slightly. He ran a finger
over it in shock, “They hurt you.”

Bulma laughed humorlessly, “Yeah, not my best moment.”

“You could have died,” Vegeta said as he realized how large the wound had been.

Bulma shrugged without concern, “Almost did, but I’m here now, aren’t I?”

Vegeta looked at her with heated intensity, “You’re never leaving my side again.”

Bulma cupped his face with her hands, “I’m not planning on going anywhere.”

“Good,” Vegeta stated before he pulled her to him and claimed her lips.

They both moaned. It was their first kiss since their separation. Vegeta took his time moving his lips over hers, her softness was better than he remembered. Bulma moved her arms around his neck and slipped her hands into his hair, enjoying the feel of his mane in her hands again as she tugged on it, causing him to purr into her mouth. Tears formed in her eyes at the sound she thought she would never hear again. Vegeta smelled her tears and pulled away, looking at her with concern.

“No, please don’t stop, I need to feel you,” Bulma sobbed as though in pain.

Vegeta understood all too well and captured her lips again, this time coaxing her lips apart to slip his tongue inside. He groaned at the taste of her as she whimpered when he curled his tongue around hers teasingly. He slowly played with her, stroking her with little flicks that had her clinging to him as he wrapped his tail around her waist. They heard the stasis engage and Vegeta regretfully pulled away, leaving a small kiss on the corner of her now reddened lips.

Bulma kissed his chin, “I missed you.”

Vegeta felt his chest warm at her words, “Rest, my mate. We will need our strength,” Vegeta replied as she settled against him and laid her head against his shoulder as he turned his head to smell her hair. Vegeta closed his eyes as he felt the stasis start to take effect, holding Bulma tight, “Don't let this be a dream.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was really hard to write and I'm not so confident about it, please let me know what you thought. And thank you for all your wonderful comments and kudos!!
Vegeta heard the hiss of stasis disengage and took a deep breath as his eyes blinked opened. The memories of Earth flooded him and he panicked for a moment, thinking he had hallucinated Bulma. But when he felt something soft and warm stir in his lap, he looked down and he gave a huge sigh of relief. She was in his arms, alive and real. She was beginning to wake and he reached up to brush a few strands of hair from her face to study her features carefully. Bulma sighed contently as he gently traced her cheek with the back of his fingers and her eyes fluttered open. Vegeta found himself looking back at big ocean blue eyes that softened at the sight of him as she smiled warmly. His heart constricted happily at the sight, but the remembrance of her betrayal crawled back to the forefront of his mind.

“We’re here, female,” Vegeta spoke somewhat coldly, causing Bulma’s smile to slip as she studied his impassive features.

Bulma knew he was still angry with her, and she didn’t blame him, he was justified in his anger. And while he was content to keep her close and touch her, she knew he wasn’t going to open himself up to her like he once did. It had been her fault and her heart gave a her pang of pain at realizing what she had lost from her deception.

“Follow me,” Bulma said as she moved to get up. But Vegeta stopped her by holding her tighter to him as he stood and only put her down when they were out of the pod.

Vegeta took in his new surroundings. There were in a large spacecraft hanger that seemed to stretch for a mile with a high ceiling. The room gleamed brightly from the lights that reflected off the shiny silver walls, despite the sheen of dust that covered the whole area. Vegeta noticed that there were doors to the back that were hidden in the darkness but he switched his attention to the few spacecrafts that in the hangar, they all seemed rather ordinary and a couple of them looked as they had been taken apart but had yet to be put back together. “When was the last time you were here,” Vegeta asked as he followed Bulma closely, who was walking to the back of the hangar.

“Everything has been untouched since I went back to earth,” Bulma replied as the lights snapped on as they walked to the other side of the darkened hangar.

“Where are we?” Vegeta asked as he looked around, getting a lay of the land.

“We’re on an asteroid. I made this as my private base before I tried it on a larger scale for the GSM. No one knows about this place, not even the GP. You’re the only other person to have stepped in here,” Bulma explained as they were halfway across the room.

“I see… you keep secrets from everyone, not just your mate,” Vegeta said a little cruelly.

Bulma paused for a moment but didn’t respond and kept walking, much to his disappointment. They said nothing more as they walked over to the doors and Bulma placed her hand to a palm scanner on the wall beside the doors. It opened the moment it recognized her and they walked into another room that was a little smaller than the hangar and it was obviously some sort of lab by all the tools and pieces of metal and hardware that were lying around the room. In the middle of the room there was a large object that was covered by a large white sheet, making it impossible to guess its shape.
“I managed to finish this before the attack on my GSM base, but I didn’t get a chance to see it in action,” Bulma said as she walked over to the object and pulled on the sheet. Vegeta went over to her and helped her, giving the sheet a hard yank and pulled it off with ease. Vegeta’s breath was caught when he saw what the sheet revealed. It was a spacecraft that in long hexagonal diamond shape with rounded edges, being supported by retractable legs. It gleamed with a dark coal black color and Vegeta could imagine it coursing through the darkness of space without anyone noticing it as it was the perfect color and would reflect the light from the stars. It was very well made, as it should be considered it was built by his mate.

Bulma walked over to a table that had a computer, tools, and bits of wire and microcontrollers, and grabbed a tiny, black, flat remote. She turned back to the ship and pressed an unseen button and the ship quietly powered up as the loading ramp lowered. Bulma moved over to Vegeta, “Want to take a look?”

Vegeta only nodded and followed her up the ramp and he found himself in a dim room that glittered with little lights around the large room. “There are three levels, this is the engine room and also serves as my laboratory, it expands throughout this whole level and if you want me to get into it later I can explain what each button does,” Bulma said teasingly.

“That won’t be necessary,” Vegeta said as he ignored her playful tone.

Bulma nodded and lead him to the an elevator at the far end of the room to go inside and go up. Bulma stopped at the second level, the door revealed a long hallway with doors and at the end was a small gym with glass windows. “This is the living section, there are about six really small rooms and you probably noticed that there is a gym at the other side. And you can’t see it but around the corner by the gym is a small dining area,” Bulma explained briefly before going up the final floor. She stepped out into a smaller hallway with two doors on either side and one large sliding door at the far end. Bulma put her hand to the door on her right, “This is the master bedroom AKA my room, and that over there is my office.”

Vegeta looked over at the door to his left and nodded, “And the last door?”

“Let me show you,” Bulma said as she walked over and through the door.

Vegeta almost gaped when he took in the control room. It had to have taken half of the top level of the ship and was a pristine light gray color that was easy on the eyes. The control panel stretched along the walls and above were large windows with a clear view of the outside. The front of the control room was two pilot chairs and a larger control panel to control the ship. “You’ve outdone yourself with this ship, female.”

“I hope so, this is supposed to be the fastest ship in the universe,” Bulma said as she sat down in the main pilot’s seat and began to typing away.

“How fast?” Vegeta said as he stood beside her.

“We won’t need stasis, and if I’m correct, we should get there a week before Frieza,” Bulma replied as the wall between them and hangar pulled up.

Vegeta moved to sit beside her, “Which means?”

“It should only take us about a week and a half, if we don’t have any delays,” Bulma said as she lifted up the legs of the spacecraft and hovered in place. She carefully led the ship into the hangar, avoiding the other ships, she closed her lab behind her as she prepared the hangar to open into space. “I have everything we need inside, do you have something you want to get?”
“No, let’s make our way to Namek, we have no time to waste,” Vegeta replied.

“Got it,” Bulma said as she opened the hangar doors and guided her ship out. As soon as they were in space, Bulma placed coordinates for Namek and the ship turned slowly to the correct direction before shooting out in a blink of an eye.

Vegeta’s eyes were wide, “Female, you never fail to amaze me.”

“Well, wait til you hear my plan,” Bulma mumbled as she stood and walked away.

Vegeta quickly followed after her into her bedroom, it was room made for comfort. It had light blue walls with a dark gray carpet and large windows covering one side of the room, allowing the light from the stars to shine in. There was a large bed to the right that was against the wall and a small sitting area in front of it, and to the left was were two door he assumed led the bathroom and a closet. Bulma went to the sitting area and sunk into white plush sofa, sighing heavily. Vegeta walked over but continued to stand as he observed her, “And what is this plan of yours?”

Bulma glanced at him, “I have a way to find the Dragon Balls.”

“Of course you do,” Vegeta said with a shake of his head.

“The Dragon Balls emit an energy that can be traced, but I’m the only one to figure this out. I assume that the Namekian Dragon Balls are the same, so they shouldn’t be hard to find,” Bulma explained as she turned her head to stare at the window.

“But Frieza will lay waste to the planet to find those Dragon Balls,” Vegeta replied as he moved to sit on the table in front of her.

“I know, and he’ll find them,” Bulma said as she studied the stars that rushed by.

“What?” Vegeta exclaimed.

“Well, he’ll think he has found them. I plan to replace them with fake Dragon Balls,” Bulma explained as she looked back at him.

“How are you going to give him fake Dragon Balls? Paint glass balls?” Vegeta asked in disbelief.

“I’m going to use a 3D printer,” Bulma replied as she looked away again.

“A 3D printer?” Vegeta asked carefully as he moved a little closer to her, wanting to keep her close.

“It scans an object and duplicates an identical version, so they can create Dragon Balls that look and feel real, but they will be fake,” Bulma explained.

“And what do you hope will happen when Frieza can’t get his wishes?” Vegeta asked as he edged closer to her.

“He will no doubt be angry and will take it out on the inhabitants by destroying the planet, in that case, I hope I can rescue as many Namekians as possible. Especially the one who made the Dragon Balls, because if he dies than the Dragon Balls cease to exist,” Bulma said as she took on a faraway look.

“Tell me what you’re thinking about, female,” Vegeta said as he noticed that she was speaking to him absentmindedly.

“I’m not thinking about anything, I’m just hope that this plan works,” Bulma said as she stood to go
to the windows.

“You’re lying to me, female,” Vegeta said quietly, a warning that his mood was shifting.

Bulma sighed, “I’m not lying, Vegeta, I’m just thinking about what we need to do.”

“We? You have yet to mention what my role is in this plan of yours. Again you are only thinking about what you will do,” Vegeta said as he also stood.

Bulma turned to him, “I need you to help me if I don’t succeed in thwarting Frieza.”

“You want me to fight him?” Vegeta stated as he walked over to her.

“Are you strong enough to take him yet?” Bulma asked carefully.

Vegeta crossed his arms as he worked his jaw, “No.”

“Vegeta, do you think he will take you back after what he has learned about you’ve been doing?” Bulma asked carefully.

“It depends on his mood, he is not aware that I know of his espionage and the thought of someone like me wanting to usurp him is amusing to him. As long as I don’t pose a serious threat then I will be… safe,” Vegeta told her as he came a little closer to her.

“Vegeta, please listen to me carefully,” Bulma said as he came another step closer.

“What is it, female?” Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her tone.

“If things take a turn for the worst, I want you to go back to earth and deliver the Dragon Balls to my friends… alone,” Bulma spoke the last part quietly.

Vegeta felt flicker of rage boil in his chest, but his tone only became softer, “What does that mean?”

“If Frieza tries to destroy the planet, I’m going to turn myself in to him. I think he would stay his hand if I ask him to in exchange for my free will,” Bulma said with resolve.

“And you think that I would just let you go?” Vegeta replied with cold menace. “I have waited seven years to have you back with me, and you think I would just let you go to Frieza quietly?”

“Vegeta, I can’t let him hurt anymore people,” Bulma exclaimed.

“And you working for him won’t?” Vegeta asked disquietly.

“If I am in the inside, I can stop him more easily! I worked for the GSM as a double agent, I can do it again but this time I will be in the belly of the true beast,” Bulma explained quickly.

“No, I won’t allow it,” Vegeta said sternly.

“Vegeta, the reason I asked if he would take you back, is because I want you to help me!” Bulma all but pleaded.

Vegeta scoffed, “Yes how convenient, if I happen to be there, you won’t feel so guilty for leaving me again.”

“I’m not trying to leave you! I’m trying to stop him!” Bulma yelled, trying to get through to him.
“Are you sure? Because all you’ve ever done is run from me! You’ve never wanted to be with me. I was just fun for you because there is no one in this universe who can challenge you the way I can,” Vegeta spat.

“That’s not true! I’ve never played with you! You were the one who made finding me into a game for your own amusement!” Bulma shouted back.

“Maybe at first, but that was before I knew you were my mate. Once I knew that you were mine, did I never ever really truly wanted anything more than you,” Vegeta replied, anger tracing his voice.

“I want you too,” Bulma said as tears started to form in her eyes.

“I find that hard to believe, if you wanted me, you wouldn’t have waited all this time to come back to me. But surprise, surprise, I’m the one who found you. Again,” Vegeta voice became fractionally softer, almost a whisper.

“I didn’t want to risk my planet!” Bulma yelled.

“That excuse again! No, tell me, Bulma, tell me the real reason you left me,” Vegeta said as he stepped closer to her, his rage rolling off of him. “Tell me why you didn’t come to me!”

"I was scared!!" Bulma shouted abruptly, silencing him as tears began to pour down her face. “I wanted to work with you, I wanted to be with you! But I was afraid Frieza would have found us out. He's not stupid, Vegeta. And if he had learned of our relationship, he would have used you against me and vice versa, and I if that had happened, you would have resented me! I would have been the thing that you hate the most... your enslavement. If he had me, you would have done anything to keep me safe and I know you would eventually grow to hate me, and I couldn't stand the thought!"

Vegeta’s chest twisted uncomfortably as she continued, "But that wasn’t the only thing that scared me, what shook me to my core was how easily he almost had me! I thought I was untouchable, and he destroyed that illusion when he had Beriblu infiltrate my base, my base, and while I normally don't trust anyone... I trusted her! I found an equal in her, I saw myself in her and I let her in! He almost had me Vegeta, in a place that I created, a place that I thought was safest in the universe... I was there, alone and scared, with Frieza's men inside my base and they had me cornered. I was by myself... " Bulma sobbed as she tried to wipe her tears away, "I'm use to being alone, I'm used to doing everything by myself, but at that moment I wanted someone to be there... to help me… but I was never more aware than that moment, that all I had was myself, and no one was coming."

Vegeta stared at her in shock as she continued quietly, pain in her eyes, "And then when I got hurt, I didn't think I was going to make it." Bulma took a shuddering breath with a helpless shrug, "I thought of you when I was in that pod but that wasn’t my last thought. When I closed my eyes, I thought, 'so this is it, this is how it ends for me...cold… and alone."

Bulma took another deep breath to calm herself, "I wanted to be by your side but I was scared. When I woke up, I easily agreed with Jaco because I couldn't do it anymore. Frieza had been so close to capturing me and I couldn't trust anyone anymore, not even my friends in the GP. He got to me through the GSM, which is almost impossible to penetrate, what was to stop him from getting into the GP? And I didn't want to risk you. I told myself even if you couldn't forgive me, it would be fine as long as you were safe and I wouldn't be a burden to you and your goals."

Bulma broke into a sob, "But you just can't stay away. You came to my planet and I was relieved to see you but I was still scared that Frieza would come. But then I saw my friends, they were so much weaker than you and they were scared, but they still tried. They died for what they believed in. And when I learned that Frieza was going to get the Dragon Balls, I knew that I had to stop hiding. I'm
tired of being a coward, that’s not who I am! I’m going to fight! I might be afraid but I’m going to stop him, even if I end up alone. Even if it kills me! But most importantly, I won’t let him destroy who I am!”

Vegeta swallowed hard when he saw the fire in her eyes through her tears. She was strong. She might not see it, but she had more courage and resolve than even himself. Vegeta had been angry at her abandonment and making him believe that he had lost her, and he had thought it had been easy for her as she always struck him as very strong-willed. But he had no idea that she could break... it made her more real for him. She wasn't perfect... like him. He could understand her on a deeper level than he ever thought possible. He was seeing another side of her he had never thought existed. Her vulnerability. And he wanted nothing more to protect her.

Vegeta stepped closer and gently gathered her in his arms. She stiffened at his touch, but he understood her hesitancy as he rubbed her small back that had held itself straight against so many threats and enemies. His tiny female had done so much without expecting anything in return. She had been suffering as he had, "Bulma, I won't let you be alone anymore. Trust in me. I am your mate. I will protect you, I will be there for you.”

“Vegeta,” Bulma sobbed into his shoulder as she clasped onto his armor. Vegeta held her closer, wrapping his tail around her waist and felt his chest clench in agony as he heard her heart-wrenching cries, her tears soaking into his suit. He felt his Oozaru come to the surface, whimpering at their mate’s distress and wanting to comfort her. He stroked her hair as she weeped loudly onto him, her heart releasing all the torment she had locked inside. He left kisses in her hair as she began taking deep shaky breaths to calm herself down after what seemed like minutes of crying.

Vegeta gently pulled away and cupped her face to look at her. Her face was red and blotchy, her eyes and lips were puffy while tears stained her cheeks... and yet, she was beautiful. Vegeta moved to place a gentle kiss on her lips, causing her to calm down a little more. He pulled away and wiped her tears away with his thumbs, “My mate, I think we both suffered enough.” Bulma didn’t seem to agree as she shook her head, but Vegeta wasn’t going to have any of that, “No, my Bulma, don’t fight me on this.”

“Vegeta,” she whispered quietly, wanting to be closer to him.

Vegeta understood her well, “Let’s calm you down first, and we can talk more.”

Bulma nodded and Vegeta bent down to pick her up in his arms and walked over to the bathroom. The room had a soft golden hue when he entered, the walls shimmered with different swirls of golds and the floors were tiled with golden marble as the ceiling was a opened to the stars. There was a toilet hidden behind a large sink vanity that were made of softwood and contained a golden glimmery sink bowl. A bathtub that was made of the same material as the sink and was imbedded into the far wall. Across the vanity was a shower with the matching golden titles of the floor and glass doors.

After Vegeta took in the grand room, he set Bulma down on the vanity counter and kissed her again before he let her go. He walked over to the shower to turn it on, and waited for the right temperature that he knew she liked. He turned back to her and found her staring at him curiously as he removed his ruined armor and carefully set it down. He proceeded to remove his battlesuit and felt her eyes roam over him appreciatively before he stood in front of her, bare for her eyes only.

“You have more than scars,” she commented as she took in his form.

“They’re my witnesses to my strength,” Vegeta replied as he stood still for her examination.
Bulma nodded, “And they're beautiful.”

Vegeta felt his chest warm at her words, “You're truly my mate.”

Bulma smiled ever so slightly as her eyes took in every inch of his body, “You're also more… toned. You've always been muscular and lean, but you're more… defined… harder.”

“Muscles weigh the body down, I am able to move faster this way,” Vegeta explained, hoping she approved of him.

“I like it,” Bulma replied, as though knowing what he needed to hear.

“I'm glad my mate approves,” Vegeta said as he stepped closer to her until he only an inch away. He gently grabbed her chin to stare into her eyes that stared back at him trustingly, “Bulma, I won't make you do anything you don't want. I just want to comfort you.”

Bulma didn't respond but moved to stand in front of him and pulled off her t-shirt, revealing her royal blue, lace bra. She unbutton her jeans and pushed them down to step out of them, leaving her in her matching panties. She reached back to unhook her bra to pull it off and drop it carelessly to the floor. She then hooked her thumbs under the band of her panties and shimmed out of them. Vegeta had not taken his eyes off of her until she was standing before him without an inch of clothing. His eyes then traveled down to her form and felt the blood pool to his groin. Her body had changed slightly, she was more womanly. Her hips were wider and her breasts were larger and heavier, making Vegeta involuntarily lick his lips in delight

“See something you like?” Bulma asked playfully.

Vegeta looked up at her teasing gaze and smirked, “Like is too tame a word.” Bulma giggled, a cherished sound to his ears and he gently pulled her flush against him as she wound her arms around him. Vegeta growled at her softness as she gasped at the feel of his body, harder than she remembered. Vegeta kissed her forehead, “Let's wash before we get carried away.”

“As you wish, my prince,” Bulma smiled as he picked her up gently.

He turned to go into the shower and carefully placed her on her feet as he entered. He closed the door before he turned back to her and grabbed the shampoo that was on the shelf. “Turn around for me,” Vegeta spoke softly and Bulma smiled as she complied.

He poured shampoo in his hand as she stepped into the water and stepped back until her back was against his chest. Vegeta purred in approval as he put the bottle back to run his hands through her blue locks, massaging her scalp. Bulma moaned at his ministrations and Vegeta smiled slightly, knowing he was pleasing his mate. He moved her to rinse her hair, moving strands away to kiss her bare neck. Bulma sighed as he pulled away from the water to grab the soap, lathering his hands before placing them on her tiny back. He massaged her soft skin, working his way to her hips before stopping and bringing his hands around her stomach. He splayed his hands on her soft tummy, stroking her scar with his thumb and moved his hands up until he was cupping her breasts. Bulma gasped as she leaned into his touch as he tenderly kneaded her, her breasts overflowed in his hands and his chest rumbled in pleasure. He moved to tease her hardened nipples between his fingers and she moaned loudly.

“Vegeta,” she gasped out and he could smell her arousal permeate the air.

Vegeta kissed her neck again in apology as he moved his hands away, causing her to groan in disapproval. He slid his hands down and kneeled down behind her to wash her from her hips to the
back of her legs. Picking up her feet one at a time carefully to caress them before he moved his hands around her legs and stood. He grabbed her hip with one hand as he slipped the other between her thighs, finding moisture between her legs that was evidence of her excitement. She whimpered as his hand slid higher and stroked her blue down, causing Bulma to ground her feminine mound against his hand. Vegeta chuckled slightly at her unashamed actions before slipping a finger between her slick folds and quickly found her swollen bud. Bulma gasped at his touch as he played with her clit and mewled when moved his finger further down to caress her opening, only dipping his finger to the first knuckle for a moment before pulling away. Bulma leaned back against his chest, her body thrumming for his.

“Vegeta, you're so cruel,” Bulma whispered against his jaw.

Vegeta chuckled into her hair, “I'm only getting started, my vulgar mate.”

Bulma sighed contently before pulling away to rinse off the suds and turned to him, “I think it's your turn, bad man.”

Vegeta smirked as they switch places and Bulma stood in front of him to wash his mane, pressing her slick body against him. Vegeta purred as she rubbed her breasts over his hard chest as she ran her finger through his hair, tugging gently the way he liked. She giggled as his purring grew louder and put a hand on his shoulder to let him know to move back. Vegeta rinsed off as she started to massaging soap over his hard chest, moving her arms around to glide over his shoulders and back. She enjoyed the feel of his muscles rippling under her fingers like those of deadly predator. Her fingertip roamed over his scars, mapping the news ones that graced his body until she reached his firm butt and gave him a playful squeeze.

Vegeta growled, “Lewd female.”

Bulma giggled as she slid down his body to kneel, his hardened member left a trail of precum up her stomach and between her breasts. Vegeta’s chest rumbled at the sight of his essence coating her skin as she moved to washed his toned feet and muscular legs. Bulma looked up at him as her hands glided up his thighs, he watched her with an intense gaze as she moved to cup his sack, heavy with his seed. Vegeta hissed at her touch as he massaged him before darting out her tongue to lick his thick shaft leisurely from base to tip. He growled low at the sensation and she pulled away, stroking his thickness as she stood. Vegeta pulled her up to him and captured her lips, devouring her mouth and coaxing her tongue to intertwined with his. Bulma moaned into his mouth, taking pleasure in his show of dominance as she wrapped her arms around him.

Vegeta gently pulled away and stepped back to rinse them both off under the hot water. He gave her a quick kiss on her lips before he picked her up and stepped out of the shower. He grabbed a towel that was hanging by the wall and rubbed her down before wrapping it around her. He moved to turn the shower and off and grabbed another towel to quickly dry himself. He tossed the towel on the floor before grabbing Bulma, lifting her up with ease and carried her to the bedroom. He laid her down on the soft bed and peeled back the towel to gaze his fill of her body.

Bulma smiled, “Are you going to just stare all day, or join me? I'm getting cold.”

Vegeta smirked, “How neglectful of me, I must always keep my mate warm.”

Vegeta moved to lay on top of her, resting on his elbows to keep from crushing her. Bulma put her hands on his shoulders and slipped her hands around his neck, massaging the base of his scalp with one hand. Vegeta bent down to place his face at the groove of her neck, licking his mark which caused her to shudder. He kissed it as he settled his body against hers and moved to leave lingering kisses on her neck, leaving little marks on her skin. Bulma moaned as he continued his way down
and his hands gripped her hips, stroking her with his thumbs. Bulma saw something flicker behind
him and smiled when she realized it was tail, curling and wagging behind him happily.

Bulma gasped when she felt his mouth on her breast, he licked his way up until he flicked her nipple
with the tip of his tongue. Bulma arched her body, trying to get closer to him as he did it again before
latching on, suckling noisily. Bulma gripped his hips with her thighs, trying to rub her feminine core
against his hardness, but he was out of reach. She cried out as he mercilessly played with her nipple
with tongue before he pulled away, leaving a trail of saliva and moved to her other breast.

“Vegeta!” She cried out to the ceiling as he moved a hand to play with the sensitive breast he had
just finished sucking on.

Vegeta again pulled away and left a tender kiss on the breast he had just teased, moving to leave a
path of open kissed down her stomach. He grazed her hip bone with his teeth and paused when he
reached her blue curls that protected her treasure. Bulma was panting as she watched Vegeta bury his
face into her feminine mound and breathed deeply, taking in her exquisite scent and arousal. Bulma
felt moisture pool between her thighs as Vegeta continued down and moved his hands on her thighs
to gently part her open. He licked his lips as the sight of her glistening reddened entrance before
lowering his head to lick her slowly to her clit. They both moaned. Vegeta dived into her, lapping at
her entrance to enjoy the taste of her sweet nectar. Bulma cried out as she shoved her core into his
mouth, causing him to growl in approval as he latched onto her clit and rolled it around with his
tongue.

“Vegeta,” Bulma whimpered between pants, grabbing on to his mane and clawing at his scalp.

Vegeta purred at her roughness as he slid his tongue to dip it into her entrance. He could just get the
tip in before he pulled away, “So tight.”

“Of course, there's only ever been you,” Bulma replied as she massaged his scalp.

Vegeta grinned possessively, “As it should be. My mate has been faithful to me as I to her, and I plan
to bury myself deep inside you as a reward for us both.”

Bulma shuddered, “Vegeta, I need you now.

“As you wish, my lusty female,” Vegeta replied as he moved back over her and captured her lips for
a moment.

Vegeta took his hard thickness in his hand and led it to her dewy entrance, slowly pushing inside as
not to hurt her. They both gasped at the feeling of his tip nudging between her swollen nether lips.
Vegeta panted like a wild animal as slowly began to penetrate her tight sheath. Bulma clawed at his
back and arched, mewling as he stretched her unused muscles and began to fill her to the brim with
his hard member.

“Vegeta, keep going, fill me deep inside! Please fuck me!” Bulma all but screamed.

Vegeta blushed slightly at her words, but he enjoyed them as they only made him harder as he
pushed further inside her. “Gods of Vegeta-sei, how I missed that loud, vulgar mouth of yours,”
Vegeta said against her shoulder as he felt himself go no further and she wrapped her legs around
him to bring him closer.

They were both breathing hard as Vegeta held himself still and gathered her in his arms as his tail
wrapped around her thigh. He used his tail to pull her legs open a little wider to settle himself closer
to her as the tip of his tail wagged against her skin playfully. Bulma felt her vaginal muscles
reacquaint themselves with his thick member that stretched her almost painfully but exquisitely. She squeezed him with her muscles as she rolled her hips ever so slightly, causing him to growl into her skin. Vegeta ever so carefully pulled back a bit before pushing back in. Bulma gasped and Vegeta held her a little tighter as he moved again and again, pulling back a little farther every time.

Bulma ran her nails down his back as he picked up speed, almost pulling out to the tip before slamming back into her. “Ah! Vegeta!” Bulma screamed, holding onto him as thrusted roughly into her. His pace increased until he was furiously pump into her, rocking the headboard into the wall.

Vegeta growled as he felt her muscles begin to grip him tighter and tighter at each powerful thrust and felt himself getting closer to the edge of release. He moved the tip of his tail between them and began to rub her clit without preamble, causing her jump and slam her hips into his. He flicked her bud faster and faster until she her body bowed against the mattress.

“Vegeta! Make me cum!” Bulma shouted throatily.

Vegeta pulled his head away her shoulder and licked her exposed neck, “Look at me, Bulma.”

Bulma looked over at him and was captured by his heated gaze. He thrusted faster, snapping his hips and tail picked up speed. Bulma felt her womb grow tighter and tighter until it clenched almost painfully and exploded. Bulma threw her head back with a silent scream, tingles of warmth spread across her body as her core clenched him tight and her feminine juices drenched him. Vegeta clenched his teeth at the feel of her release, he pumped into her forcefully a few more times, when his body obeyed hers. He felt intense pleasure surge from his sack and he growled as her body milked him for his heavy seed that jetted into her fertile, hot womb.

Vegeta collapsed on top of her, they bodies slick with sweat as they both panted heavily against each other. Vegeta realized that he was crushing her and lifted up on his elbows as he noisily pulled his soften member out of her. He licked his lips at the sight of his cock saturated with their combined fluids that also coated her thighs. He heard Bulma moan from the loss of having him inside her and he laid beside her to pull her close. Vegeta pillowed her head with arm as he moved to pull the bed sheets over them. Bulma snuggled into his chest as his tail wrapped around her waist and he stroked strands of hair away from her sweaty face. She wrapped an arm around his waist and smiled as she heard his heartbeat against her ear.

“Do you feel alone now, my mate,” Vegeta whispered to her.

Bulma shook her head as she looked up at him, “No, I feel you. I feel safe right here in your arms.”

“Because that's where you belong,” Vegeta replied as she smiled at him. Her eyes began to flutter close and he kissed her forehead tenderly, “Sleep, my mate. I'll be here when you wake.”

Bulma didn't reply as she was lulled to sleep, feeling complete for the first time in a long time as Vegeta held her close.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Thank you so much for all the amazing comments from the last chapter! I hope this chapter was just as good, to be honest I got emotional writing Bulma’s confession monolog. Please let me know your thoughts and thank you for your support!
“You’re positive that she was kidnapped?” Jaco asked carefully as he spoke to the Earth-born Saiyan.

“Yeah, he just took her, he said he needed her skills,” Goku replied worriedly.

Goku was lying in a hospital bed, both his legs and one arm were in casts due to the beating he received from Vegeta. Sitting by his side was a small bald human with markings on his head, he looked ragged but didn't seem to suffer from any serious injuries. The room was small and secluded, in a soft cream color to soothe the patients. Jaco had snuck in without notice to speak to Bulma’s friends.

Jaco had arrived a few days after the incident with the Saiyans, he had wanted to arrive early to assist Bulma with her plan. But when he arrived, she was nowhere to be found and he watched the local news to only learn that the Saiyans had arrived earlier than expected. Jaco needed to know exactly what had happened and quickly located her earthling friends. He soon discovered that the Saiyans had demolished a part of a city and killed several of her friends who were trying to defend the earth. Goku had been their only hope in saving the planet, but he had been defeated with ease and was almost killed. And that’s when Bulma stepped in and according to Goku, who had been in and out of consciousness, Vegeta had plucked her up and took her away.

“We heard from Vegeta that a planet called Namek has Dragon Balls and Bulma is the only one who knows how to locate them,” Krillin, the bald human explained. “She probably told him she would help him if he left earth alone.”

“Is that so?” Jaco asked carefully, he was unconvinced that she went under duress, but wasn't going to contradict her friends.

“I woke up at one point and he was holding her in a bad way, and I heard him say ‘now that I have you, I'm not letting you go’, but I passed out again,” Goku told Jaco.

Jaco narrowed his eyes in suspicion, “You're sure of what you saw?”

Goku scratched the back of his head, “I'm pretty sure, when I finally came to, he was walking away with Bulma and when I was trying to get to them, he said, ‘You can be a consort morsel if you're captured by the Destroyer of Worlds’ and then he called her a ‘vinegar female’.”

“Consort morsel?” Jaco blinked at him.

“Vinegar female?” Krillin raised a brow.

“Yeah, I mean it's Bulma we're talking about,” Goku shrugged. “Maybe he wants her to be his consort morsel because he likes that she's a vinegar female.”

“Uh…” Krillin had no response as he stared at his friend dumbfoundedly, apparently Goku’s explanation made sense to himself.

“Right,” Jaco shook his head. “So, she didn't resist?”
“Well, how could she? Vegeta is really strong!” Goku said excitedly. “Man, I want to fight him again!”

“So, they're going to Namek? For these Dragon Balls that grant wishes?” Jaco said slowly to reconfirm what they had told him. Goku nodded and Jaco rubbed his temple, feeling a headache coming on, “Do you know why he wants them?”

“Not really,” Goku shrugged unconcerned.

“He’s evil, so it can't be good,” Krillin interjected.

“I see…” Jaco trailed off.

It was obvious to him that Bulma lost her resolve to stay away from Vegeta. He had no doubt that just seeing her was all that convinced Vegeta to leave the earth and her friends alone. And yes, he mostly had swept her away, but she would have been more than happy to go with him. If anyone could have stopped Vegeta, it was Bulma, but she made her choice to go with him. She may have protected her planet for the moment but if Frieza learned that she was alive, earth's survival could be at stake and the universe would suffer as well.

And then there was the Dragon Balls. Jaco couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to the Namek story that none of Bulma’s friends were aware of. Jaco began to walk away, “Well, thanks for your cooperation.”

“Wait, what are you going to do?” Krillin jumped up from his chair, knocking it over.

“I'm going to Namek to find Bulma,” Jaco replied as he moved over to the door.

“Wait! Take me with you!” Goku exclaimed, abruptly sitting up in bed and grunted in pain.

Jaco stopped to take in Goku's injuries, “I don't think you can go in your condition.”

“Then I'll go,” Krillin stepped forward with a look of determination.

“This isn't a game,” Jaco replied warily.

“I know, that’s why I have to go. Bulma is like an older sister to us, if something happens to her, I won’t be able to forgive myself for not trying my hardest to help her. I need to try…” Krillin replied, clenching his fist.

“Yeah, Bulma needs us,” Goke remarked with seriousness etched into his features.

Jaco sighed, he thought about telling them the nature of Bulma’s relationship with Vegeta, but withheld as he was not sure if they would be more willing or not to help. Jaco turned to Krillin, “Fine, I’ll take you, bald one, but you…” He pointed to Goku, “I can’t take.”

“I just need a couple weeks for a senzu and I’ll be fine,” Goku whined.

Jaco blinked, “I have no idea what you said, but I can’t wait that long. I need to go as soon as possible.”

“Perhaps I can help,” they heard a soft voice from the hospital door. Jaco turned to see Bulma’s father, Dr. Briefs standing at the door with a young boy that looked like Goku, poking his head into the room with interest.

“What do you propose?” Jaco asked the older man.
“Bulma showed me some of her spaceship designs when she returned home and we had begun to build one together as a hobby, you know for father-daughter bonding time. We both have been busy with the company, so it’s only been halfway completed, but I can have it finished by the time Goku is fully healed,” Dr. Briefs explained.

“You can do that?” Goku asked excitedly.

“Yes, I have Bulma’s designs, I may not be at her level of intelligence but I’m sure I can make do. I’ll even try to work in that gravity device she created.” Dr. Briefs chuckled, “That daughter of mine sure is something.”

Gohan came into the room and ran up to Jaco to stop only an inch away, causing Jaco to step back in surprise, “Excuse me, why does aunt Bulma know how to build spaceships? How do you know her?”

Krillin blinked, “Yeah, I never thought to ask that.”

“Ah, well, Bulma worked for me in space,” Jaco explained casually.

“What!” Krillin and Goku yelled in unison.

“Whoa, really!” The young boy looked at Jaco in amazement.

“She joined the Galactic Patrol when she was about sixteen, I think after her ‘adventure’ on earth,” Jaco said as he looked at the stunned faces of her friends.

“Whoa, Bulma’s awesome,” Goku said with a smile.

“You have no idea, and that’s why we need to get her back. She might be in more danger than you guys realize because of what she knows, and now she’s in the hands of the Destroyer of Worlds,” Jaco said gravely.

“Destroyer of Worlds?” The young boy asked.

“Yes, this is Captain Vegeta’s nickname in the universe,” Jaco explained.

“When I heard him call himself that, I thought it was such a cool nickname, how did he get it?” Goku asked enthusiastically in his bed.

Jaco blinked at him in disbelief, “Because that’s exactly what he does, destroys worlds. And he’s quite good at.”

“Oh dear, I hope my daughter will be safe,” Dr. Briefs lamented.

“She’ll be okay, she knows how to handle herself out there, and if Captain Vegeta wants her help, I doubt he’ll lay a hand on her,” Jaco said reassuringly. Apparently her parents also didn’t know about Vegeta and didn’t want to break the news to them, even though it could reassure them of her safety. Bulma can tell them everything when they got her back.

“Well then, if that’s the case, I better go finish that spaceship,” Dr. Briefs stated before leaving the room.

Jaco turned to Krillin, “How soon can you be ready?”

“Just give me a day, and I should be good to go,” Krillin replied.
“I’ll give you two, no later,” Jaco stated.

“Excuse me, sir, I want to go too!” The young boy politely interrupted.

Jaco blinked at him, “Sorry kid, this isn’t a school field trip. I’m not taking children with me.”

“But I can help! I want to save Aunt Bulma!” The boy protested.

“You should take him,” Goku said from his bed.

Jaco turned to him and frowned, “Like I said, he’s a child, he can’t help with this problem.”

“Well, he’s half-Saiyan and he’s strong, he can help,” Goku insisted.

Jaco looked down at the boy who looked at him with huge innocent eyes, it was hard to believe that this child had an Saiyan genes in him. Jaco sighed heavily, “You know what, fine. He can watch the ship when we get to Namek.” The child cheered in glee and ran out the room. Jaco pinched the bridge of his nose, “Why do these things happen to me…”

“Fascinating, and that little device made this in a half an hour,” Vegeta said as he examined a ceramic cup in his hands.

Bulma had brought him to her lab to show him the 3D printer she had told him about earlier. The device looked like a palm-sized black spider attached to a tube and wires at the top that fed it the materials and data. Bulma had scanned the original cup with sophisticated X-rays lasers to get data on its design and then placed the information into the printer, along with a material that would reproduce a ceramic-like cup, which was all achieved when the printer spun the thin threads into layers like a real spider. The replica cup was a little more sturdy than the original, but could break under the right conditions.

“This is what I plan to do with the Dragon Balls, I will need to scan them, make false ones, and then return it to the Namekians,” Bulma explained as she watched Vegeta take the original cup in his hand to note any differences.

“And how do you plan to get the Dragon Balls in the first place,” Vegeta asked as he turned the cups in his hands.

“I was hoping to approach them, but I want to save them from Frieza,” Bulma stated.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, my mate,” Vegeta said as he put the cups down and turned to her.

“Why not?” Bulma asked with a tilt of her head.

“As much as you want to protect them, if Frieza comes and they see that there is no one on the planet, he would get suspicious. Especially if he came across their villages, he would know that there were people there and had abruptly left,” Vegeta said as walked over to her to gently slide a strand of
hair behind her ear. “Also, the less we’re seen the better, we don’t want the Namekians telling Frieza that others were there taking their Dragon Ball.”

Bulma sighed as she leaned into his touch, “You have a point, though I don’t like it.”

“Hn, my mate is finally agreeing with me,” Vegeta smirked.

“Don’t get use to it hubby,” Bulma smiled warmly before her expression turned serious. “Now, take off your clothes.”

Vegeta’s brow twitched in amusement, “You can’t get enough of me, can you, vulgar female?”

Bulma laughed, “I won’t deny it, but I need your armor and battlesuit, I’m going to replicate it with this 3D printer.”

“You can do that?” Vegeta asked as he pulled away to remove his armor.

“Of course I can,” Bulma smiled as she watched him undress until he was bare for her and she looked over at him appreciatively.

“Well, female, do you want it or not?” Vegeta asked as he held out his armor and battlesuit to him.

“Oh, I definitely want it,” Bulma said as she raked her eyes over his body, making blush.

“Bulma,” he scolded.

Bulma laughed as she took his armor and battlesuit from him and placed it on the table before she grabbed grey sweatpants and a black T-shirt she had found for him. “Here take these, I even adjusted it for your tail,” Bulma said as she handed him the bundle of clothes. Vegeta took them from her and began to dress as she took his broken armor to examine it carefully. She looked at the sides that were broken to get an idea of the material it was made from, before knocking on it to check its density and tossing it in the air for its weight. “Well, I can definitely make this stronger and lighter.”

She felt Vegeta wrap his arms around her from behind and nuzzle her neck, “Of course you can, I wouldn’t expect nothing less from my mate.”

Bulma giggled, “Vegeta stop, so I can get to work on this.”

“And what am I supposed to do while I wait for you?” Vegeta said as he breathed in her scent.

“You can train, we have a gym,” Bulma said as she tilted her head to give him better access to her neck.

Vegeta kissed his mark, “Yes, I went to examine it, and there is nothing challenging in there for me.”

“Not challenging enough, huh?” Bulma trailed off before a lightbulb went off in her mind. “Well, if it’s a challenge you’re looking for, I think I have what you need.”

Bulma tapped on his arms to get him to let go, which he did begrudgingly but she took his hand and led him to the far end of her lab to a door that said “Gravity Room”. Vegeta glanced it curiously, “What is this?”

“Why don’t I just show you,” Bulma said as she opened the door and brought him to the middle of the doom shaped room. It was completely bare save for a small control panel to the side, while the white floor was tiled and the walls were neatly welded strips of metal curved to the ceiling. Bulma gave him a peck on the lips, “You wait right here.”
She released him and walked out of the room as he folded his arms over his chest and waited. Suddenly the room turn red and he stumbled as he felt his body grow heavy, almost sinking to the floor. He raised his energy level up to adjust his body to move normally, and then Vegeta’s eyes grew big. “Gravity Room”, she had created a space that could change the gravity. “Female, what is the meaning of this?” Vegeta called out.

A light flickered and an image of Bulma appeared before him on the dome walls. She smiled at him playfully, “Don’t you like it?”

“How are you doing this?” Vegeta asked as he walked over to her image.

“Well, I created this to adjust to other gravities from different planets and also for other species from higher gravity planets to prevent the loss of bone density. Usually one universal level gravity is placed on the ships, but I wanted to play around with the idea of adjusting the gravity and I did. This room can go up to hundred times that of Earth’s gravity. Right now you are at about twenty-five, nice job hubby,” Bulma finished with a wink.

Vegeta’s tail wagged excitedly behind him, “Twenty-five, you say?”

“You can go higher of course, but go easy on it, this is just a pro-type and attached to the ship,” Bulma warned as she powered down the Gravity Room and the lights returned to normal, while Vegeta almost misstepped from the sudden lightness. Bulma opened the door and leaned against the frame, “If you want, you can take some things from the gym and put them in here to help you train better. Hopefully this will keep you busy for the few days before we reach Namek.”

Vegeta was in front of her in a flash and pulled her against him to brutally capture her lips with his. Bulma grabbed onto his shoulders and moaned into his mouth, but he pulled away before the kiss could go deeper. “My mate is a genius,” Vegeta said as he gave her a quick kiss before walking away for the gym.

Bulma smiled as she watched him leave, “I wonder if I should be jealous.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I hope you like this chapter! 😊
The dark small emerald gem that was Namek came to view as Bulma’s ship approached. Bulma had found very few files on the planet but had discovered that it orbited around three suns, making it rare for night to settle and that it mostly covered in freshwater. There was little information about the inhabitants and so she had scanned the planet, only to find that the Namekian population was very small. About a hundred of them existed and spread out in different parts of the planet. There were other lifeforms, native animals of the planet that mostly inhabited the waters and there was very little in terms of vegetation.

“The air breathable,” Bulma said as she looked over her data. “Though I suppose that is to be expected as Piccolo could breath just fine in our atmosphere.”

“We need to land without being detected,” Vegeta said from beside her, he was in his new dark midnight blue battle suit and white armor chest plate with matching gloves and boots that Bulma had created for him.

“Way ahead of you,” Bulma said as she reached out the control panel beside her and tapped in commands.

“What are you doing?” Vegeta asked as he watched her curiously.

“I’m putting up the invisibility cloak,” Bulma said absentmindedly.

Vegeta paused, “I shouldn’t be surprised, but I am.”

“Well if I could do it to myself, then I can do it on something large, right?” Bulma said as the control panel beeped to accept her command.

“Can you also capsulize this ship?” Vegeta asked as he moved to sit next to her.

“Yeah, why?” Bulma asked as they began to feel the pull of the Namekian gravity.

“It’ll be safer to set up base on the planet and have the ship put away when we need it,” Vegeta said as he laid back in his seat.

“Good point,” Bulma said as navigated the ship while allowing the gravity to pull them in.

The ship rocked for a moment when they entered the atmosphere and Bulma controlled their entry speed as they started parting the high atmosphere clouds. Soon the Namekian terrain came into view and Bulma pulled her ship up to level it. They saw rocky terrain with a few trees that had slim trunks and rounded tops that had blue leaves while the ground was covered with blue grass. Bulma noticed that from inside the planet the atmosphere’s coloring was green rather than blue while the waters were also a greenish color. Bulma looked at the digital monitor in front of her to see where the Namekian villages were located to avoid flying over them.

“Bulma, there is a cave over there hidden between those cliffs,” Vegeta said pointing to the left.

Bulma looked over and saw that there was a cave that was barely noticeable, “Nice catch, hubby.” Bulma moved the ship over to the cliffs and slowed down it as they approached, and turned on the
boosters under the ship to have them hover. She very gently lowered them down as she slowly turned off the boosters and touched down with only a very slight jostle.

“You’re pretty good at that,” Vegeta commended her as she unfastened her seatbelt.

“Not everyone lands by hurling their ship into planets,” Bulma replied as she gave him a mischievous grin.

“Hn, it’s works well enough,” Vegeta said as he stood with her and followed her as she made her way to her lab. He watched her as she grabbed capsules that she needed and capsulized her laser scanner and 3D printer, placing them in her new black messenger bag. She was dressed in skinny jeans, a white v-cut shirt that was slightly transparent enough to see a hint of pink from her lace bra, and a blue leather biker jacket she left open. She had put on brown leather boots that hug her calves in order to walk more easily along the planet. Her hair was tied into a side ponytail that draped over one shoulder while she had her special locket hanging below her bust. When she finished packing what she needed and she looked up to see Vegeta staring at her amusedly.

Bulma blinked curiously at his expression, “What is it?”

Vegeta walked over to her and slid his arms around her waist and she responded by resting her hands at the top of his armor. Vegeta kissed her gently, “This outfit, it reminded me of the first time we met.”

Bulma looked down at herself before smiling playfully at him, “Oh, you mean when you threatened to kill me?”

“Then you shouldn’t have annoyed me,” Vegeta said coldly as he drew her in closer into his embrace.

“You know most males would be excited to have a beauty like me hanging all over them, figures I had to grab the one that is an anomaly,” Bulma said as she slid her arms around his neck, shivering in excitement at his tone.

“I’ve had females try to use me for their little games before, and I’ve never fallen for them. They tried to lure me with their beauty and wanted to call my power their own, but they were all useless to me and their scents were offensive. Then you came along, you used me to fend off that wannabe suitor and afterwards when you escaped me, I realized that your goal at the time was to not create a scene in public because you didn’t want to bring attention to yourself. You didn’t want me for anything else, you didn’t need me, I wasn’t a meal ticket to you as other females saw me. If it weren’t for that dumb feline, I would not have expected our paths to cross at that moment. Maybe we would have noticed each other, but you would have walked on by… though it was inevitable that we would meet as you are my mate,” Vegeta said with a tiniest hint of a smile.

“Vegeta…” she said softly as she looked at him longingly.

“At that time, I should have known then that you were mine. When I threatened you, you didn’t back down from me… you fought back. You were like no other female I had ever met,” Vegeta said as he placed his forehead against her. “But I was too focused on my goal…”

Vegeta sighed through his nose, “Though I think I already knew, you haunted me after that day when you first escaped me. When you slipped through my fingers, I was angry and wanted to hunt you down, and in my dreams I did… but instead of making you suffer, my dreams turned…” Vegeta’s cheeks pinkened, “Erotic.”
Bulma looked at him surprise, “Erotic?”

Vegeta’s face turned into an adorable shade of red and bit his lip before he spoke, “In my fantasies I would recover quickly from your little device and capture you just before you went out that door. I would toss you on the bed and pin you down. You would struggle as I put a hand on that lovely neck of yours, and you would stare at me with those defiant eyes of yours. Your eyes always drew me in and very quickly I would have you bare underneath me. I’d have you helpless with your hands bound by mine as I drove myself deep inside you. You would moan and scream my name as I took you mercilessly and you would wrap those long, pretty legs to take me in deeper. And just when we would reach the peak of our release, I would wake up… then I would get angry because I didn’t understand why I would have those dreams. I thought it was a trick on your part, that you did something to me…” Vegeta breathed in deep to take in her scent, “But when you challenged me and I claimed you, I realized it had been my Oozaru telling me that you were mine."

“Vegeta… except for the part about you wanting to kill me, that was beautiful,” Bulma smiled beautifully at him with a mixture of happiness and playfulness.

Vegeta face reddened further, “Tch, of course you would get emotional on me.”

Bulma laughed, “Who wouldn’t with a confession like that… I especially like the part about you having your way with me.”

Vegeta looked away, his blush spreading to his ears, “Vulgar female.”

Bulma giggled as she kissed the corner of his mouth, “You’re too cute, bad man.” She slid her hand into his mane of hair, “You know, when we’re finished here, I’ll wear this outfit again and let you live out your fantasy.”

Vegeta looked back at her with a heated gaze, “Prepare yourself, female, I’ll hold you onto your promise… and like in my dreams I won’t show you any mercy.”

Bulma hummed, “I look forward it to hubby.”

Vegeta hulled her against her and captured her lips with his as he grasped her by nape to pull her head back, making her helpless against his assault of devouring her mouth. Bulma moaned and Vegeta took the opportunity to slip his tongue between her pouty lips, curling it around hers to suckle it gently. Bulma’s nails dug into his scalp and he growled into her mouth as he stroked her tongue against her, imitating the dance of sex. Bulma sighed as he finally pulled away from her, a trail of their shared saliva connected them as they panted to catch their breath. Vegeta licked her lips with a quick flick of his tongue before he gently released her from his hold.

“We’ll finish this later,” Vegeta said as he gazed at her intensely.

Bulma smiled, “I can’t wait.” She reached up to smooth her hair and found that some strands had escaped from her ponytail, “You ruined my hair.”

“Hn, I did that in my fantasy too,” Vegeta smirked as he crossed his arms.

“Animal,” Bulma teased as she fixed her hair.

“Let’s set up base before we discuss our plans further,” Vegeta said as he walked toward the loading ramp, pressing the button on the wall to lower it. Vegeta walked off the ship with Bulma following him close behind. As soon as they were off, Bulma returned the loading ramp with her tablet and pressed a button, there was pop and the ship disappeared into a black capsule. Bulma went to pick it up and put it inside her capsule case before tucking it away in her bag. Vegeta went over to her and
put an arm around her waist just as he gently floated up into the air. Bulma put her arms around him as he flew them down between the crevices of the cliff formation to the cave that he had spotted. He touched down carefully as they both eyed the dark cave and Vegeta pushed Bulma behind him, “Stay behind me, I don’t sense anything inside but we can’t be too careful.”

Bulma held him by his armor as his tail came around to wrap around her to keep her close. Vegeta walked toward the opening of the cave and Bulma blinked to adjust to the darkness, “Do you need a flashlight?”

“I can see just fine, can’t you?” Vegeta asked as he walked forward with confident steps.

“Nope, our night vision is not so good as yours apparently,” Bulma replied as she stumbled slightly.

“Hn, weak,” Vegeta said over his shoulder playfully. Bulma narrowed her eyes and she reached over to pet his tail at the base, using her nails to gently rake the fur and causing Vegeta to visibly shudder, he growled in reprimand, “Bulma!”

“Who’s weak now?” She said smugly and Vegeta replied by yanking her closer to his body with his tail, causing her to stumble into him. In retaliation she grazed her teeth on the skin at the back of his neck, sending a shiver down his spine.

“Female, you’re teasing will be the death of me,” Vegeta snarled softly but Bulma only smiled at him as they continued to walk deeper into the cave. After a few minutes he stopped and looked around to see nothing that could be a danger to Bulma, “We’ll make camp here.”

“Perfect,” Bulma said as she reached into her messenger bag for her capsule case and she was glad she had put braille as she found the capsule house she needed.

“What are you doing?” Vegeta asked as he heard her shuffling around behind him.

“Making camp, like you said,” Bulma said as she click and tossed the capsule. There was a pop and small capsule house appeared before them.

Vegeta blinked, “Is that what you call a tent on earth?”

“No silly, this is a house, why would I want to stay in a tent when I have this?” She said teasingly before she kissed the back of his neck and pulled away from him.

Vegeta’s tail slipped from her waist as she moved to the white dome house and he followed after her. When she opened the door he surprised to see how well furnished the house was, there was a living room at the entrance, a small kitchen to the side with table and two chairs, and two doors in the back which he assumed lead to a room and bathroom. The whole house was white and bright but in a pleasant way and Vegeta wandered around the house to get his bearings, “Very impressive, female.”

“Well this is actually my father’s work, that’s how he made his fortune by having houses and vehicles be able to capsulize for convenience,” Bulma explained as she sat down on the crescent shaped blue couch, watching Vegeta take in his surroundings with an impassive expression.

When he finished looking around he went over to sit next to her, “Now, what are we to do?”

Bulma reached into her bag to fish out her Dragon radar and clicked the top to turn it on, it lit up and immediately a signal of a Dragon Ball flashed on the screen. Vegeta looked over as Bulma zoomed out to see a couple more Dragon Balls, “Well that’s interesting.”

“What?” Vegeta asked as he watched her pull out her tablet. She pulled out a map of Namek that she
created and held it against her radar.

“Well that’s going to be a problem,” Bulma said absentmindedly as she continued to fiddle with the map.

“What’s wrong?” Vegeta asked as he moved closer to her and he looked at her map and then to the radar and saw what she did. “The Dragon Balls are in the villages.”

“Yep, and we planned on avoiding them,” Bulma said as she double checked that all the Dragon Balls were in each of the villages on the planet.

“And what do you plan to do?” Vegeta questioned as he watched her eyes alight with thought.

“Well, Namekians have to sleep eventually, don’t they?” Bulma said as she turned to him.

“You want to get the Dragon Balls when they sleep, but you forget one thing, they most likely can sense energy like your Namekian friend on earth,” Vegeta said to her patiently.

“About that, I want to test something,” Bulma said as she placed her radar and tablet down before she grabbed her locket to open it. She fiddled with the controls and she pressed the button to engage her command and Vegeta froze… he couldn’t feel her energy anymore. Bulma looked at him carefully, “Did it work?”

“How?” Vegeta said as he put a hand to her cheek to feel her warmth. Since he learned his new technique, he had practiced it by focusing on Bulma and she became his guiding post. It was a little discomfiting to not feel her now even though he could see and touch her.

“I use to this hide my life energy when it comes to scouters, and I wonder if it would work on someone who could sense energy,” Bulma replied as Vegeta stroke her cheek with his thumb.

“Turn it off,” he commanded coldly. Bulma saw how disturbed and distressed he was and quickly powered off her device. When she did, Vegeta grabbed her to sit her on his lap and pulled her close to him as he buried his face into her neck to breathe her scent in deeply. Bulma put her arms around him and ran her hands into his mane to calm him, silently apologizing to him for scaring him. Vegeta spoke into her skin, “I don’t like that device, but it’s necessary.”

“I’ll only turn it on when it’s needed, I won’t use it for anything else,” she said as kissed his forehead. “I have some of my sleeping gas with me. When they are asleep I’ll use it on them to make sure to keep them out when I have to make the new Dragon Balls.”

“And what would you have me do?” Vegeta asked into her neck.

“You’re going to keep watch and protect me, I think they’re dinosaurs on this planet… believe me, I’ve had enough experience with them already,” Bulma shuddered at old memories.

“That’s all?” Vegeta asked carefully as he tilted his head up to look at her.

“Oh hubby, you have the hardest job between the two of us, you have to keep me entertained,” Bulma smiled playfully.

“We don’t have time for the kind entertainment I have in mind,” Vegeta smirked, seemingly slightly recovered from his scare.

“I’m sure we can squeeze it,” Bulma winked saucily at him and he blushed. She kissed him again, “Now, how about we get some Dragon Balls.”
Hi everyone! Sorry it's been so long since I posted! I needed a break and wanted to really focus on where my story was going... I think you'll be in for a surprise... Hopefully in a good way! I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Thank you for all your support! ❤️ ❤️ ❤️

Also, if you're interested I wrote a short story, a sort of twist on Snow White but with Vegebul 😊
Something Borrowed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Namekian village was small, nestled between a clearing of cliffs next to the river with only four white dome buildings with light blue bubble windows. Each little Namekian hut was a slightly different size with the largest one in the middle featuring a few spikes, signaling it as the village elder’s home. The village only consisted of ten Namekians, they appeared to be a family unit with only one child and were very peaceful. They spent most of their time participating in social activities and sometimes they tended to their garden of trees. Bulma and Vegeta had been observing them for five hours on a cliff from up above. Bulma had manipulated her hologram locket to be able to accommodate two people and wrapped the chain around her and Vegeta’s wrists, allowing them to see each other while cloaking themselves from others. Vegeta could mask his energy signal to a low level but he did not want to risk the chance of still alerting the Namekians of his presence. Bulma’s device seem to be effective as the Namekians had not glanced their way once as they went on their daily lives.

Since their arrival they have kept silent as possible, knowing that the Namekians had superior hearing. Bulma felt the three suns bear down on her as sweat trickled down her spine from the heat while they waited. She was glad she threw on a hat before they came, but she still feeling the effects of the heat, although Vegeta seemed unbothered as he sat next to her. The whole time he had been unmoving and stoic, while she had squirmed around and received amused smirks from him occasionally, although he was a bit cranky. Even though they could see one another, it still hid her energy level and it was upsetting for the Saiyan. Bulma tried to appease him by holding his hand, threading her fingers with his and rubbing her thumb against the skin of the back of his hand. He had calmed slightly but he was still tense.

Bulma suddenly noticed that the Namekians were heading into their huts and after a few moments they had not left. Bulma turned to Vegeta and he nodded before standing and helping Bulma up. He snatched her by her waist and roughly pulled her flush against him, causing her to look up at him in surprise. He had evil smirk on his face as he wrapped his free arm around her waist and floated up in the air, gently flying toward the village.

Bulma shook her head at his antics as she used their combine hands to reach into her bag and pulled out a black breathing mask to adhere it in place on Vegeta’s face, covering his mouth and nose. She did the same to herself before pulling out a small, white pill-shape canister as Vegeta stealthily landed beside the hut at the edge of the village. He let go of Bulma gently and took the canister from her, twisting the top to release the unseen sleeping gas and walked over to the open door of the hut to place the canister inside. Vegeta waited for a moment and felt the Namekians’ energy signals level out to a low, steady rhythm. He looked up over at Bulma to nod at her in confirmation and she gave a slight sigh of relief. Vegeta quickly grabbed her again to make his way into the small village with her and proceeded to gas the other huts.

“IT should be safe now,” Vegeta said through the mask. Bulma turned off the hologram device and removed it from their joined wrists. She was soon in a strong embrace as Vegeta held her tight and she put her arms around him. He only held her for a few moments before letting go and nodded at her to continue. Bulma reached into her bag and pulling out her Dragon radar and clicked it on. Immediately a small light pulsed, revealing the location of the Dragon Ball. Bulma turned her hand in it’s direction and found that it was in the village elder’s hut. She was about to make her way over but she was stopped by a strong hand on her arm and she looked up at Vegeta with a confused eyes. He
spoke harshly, “Stay behind me, at all times.”

“You got it hubby,” Bulma replied unphased by his tone. He was going to be upset for a while and she knew better than to argue with him when he was like this. He said nothing as he moved ahead of her to go into the hut. The inside of the hut was one room and spartan, the walls were eggshell white and the floors were made of stone. The Village Elder and the small child were lying curled together to the side of the room on a thick blanket with nothing covering them. The only sort of decoration in the hut was the six star Dragon Ball, which gleamed brightly in the middle of the room on its own pedestal, nestled on a purple pillow. Vegeta looked around the room, inspecting for anything that could be potentially dangerous and when he found nothing, he returned to the door to signal Bulma to come inside.

Bulma immediately went to work and pulled out her capsule case to open her X-ray laser scanner and 3D printer, creating a small lab space in the hut. Vegeta stood by the door and kept watch as Bulma carefully grabbed the Dragon Ball, noting that it was much heavier than the ones back home. Bulma set the ball inside the cradle of the X-ray laser scanner that looked like a smooth, black plastic box, that was actually a black box to keep light from entering. X-ray was in the name, however radiation was not involved in the process, the only danger was the potential to get a beam of laser light in the eye.

Bulma closed the hatch of her laser printer and went to her mini computer that was attached to it and entered the command to start the scanning process. Bulma waited for a few minutes before her computer alerted her that the scan was complete. Bulma looked over the blueprint of the the Dragon Ball and discovered that other than their size, they were exactly similar to the Dragon Balls on earth. Bulma sent the blueprints immediately to the 3D printer, along with the material to use and it hummed for a moment to warm-up before it started building the fake Dragon Ball.

As that process went on, Bulma opened another capsule that appeared to be an ordinary box, however it was designed to hide the Dragon Ball’s energy. Bulma put the Dragon Ball inside before recapsulating it, sticking it in a different capsule box she would use to hold only the Dragon Balls. Bulma gave a sigh and was glad she thought to put a false radiation energy signal inside the fake Dragon Ball, hoping that if the Namekians could sense it, then they wouldn’t notice anything off. Only Bulma would know the difference from her Dragon radar as it emitted an additional signal that was hidden behind the radiation.

“How long will that take?” Vegeta asked from his position, his mood slightly improved

“Forty-five minutes at the most,” Bulma said as she checked her computer and could see that her 3D spider had already made the base of the fake Dragon Ball. Vegeta said nothing more as they waited for the Dragon Ball to be completed, Bulma kept her focus on the process to make sure everything was in order.

When the Dragon Ball was nearly finished, Bulma saw from the corner of her eye that Vegeta suddenly stiffen in place, “Vegeta, what’s wrong?”

“We missed one,” Vegeta said as he turned his head in the direction of the small life energy.

Bulma paled, “What? What should we do?”

“It’s a child…” Vegeta trailed off as he felt the signal come closer to the village. He turned to Bulma, “Stay here.”

Bulma nodded and watched as Vegeta slipped out of the hut and out of sight. Bulma turned back to her computer, knowing that whatever Vegeta had planned, it would be alright. She heard footsteps
and turned her head to say something to Vegeta but froze. There was a small Namekian child standing in the doorway. Bulma didn’t know what to do or say as he looked at her with a mixture of surprise and fear, taking a step back from her. He continued to take cautious steps back until he ran into a hard wall of legs. He looked up into the masked face of Vegeta. The child seemed unable to move due to pure terror as Vegeta twisted the cap of sleeping gas capsule and put it directly into the child’s face. The child blinked, as his eyes began to droop close and he slowly slumped against Vegeta. Soon the child’s chest was rising and falling steadily and Vegeta reached down to carefully grab the child to put him next to the Village Elder and the other child.

Bulma smiled at him, though he couldn’t see it, “Aww, you’ll make a good papa one day.”

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed at her, “Speaking of which, you still owe me an heir… a litter of them.”

Bulma rolled her eyes, “If it were up to you, I would be chained to the bed for the rest of my life being your sex slave as I pop out your children, pervert.”

Bulma could almost see the smirk behind his mask, “Don’t give me any ideas, female.”

Bulma snorted, “Like I’d let you, in any case you’ll have to wait on those heirs, still on birth control.”

Vegeta tilted his head at her in suspicion, “Why?”

Bulma rolled her eyes, “Jackass, it’s not for what you think, it helps with my menstruation. It’s a bitch when I don’t have birth control.” Bulma watched the 3D printer slow down as it began to finish the top of the Dragon Ball as she continued speaking, “Actually I stopped menstruating altogether, I’m on birth control that I take every six months. I just inject myself when the time is right, and then I have nothing to worry about.”

“And this is safe?” Vegeta asked with a bit of concern as he watched her put her laser scanner away.

“Of course,” Bulma shrugged as the 3D printer stopped and her computer alerted her that it was finished. “Alright, that should do it.”

Bulma took out the fake Dragon Ball and handed it to Vegeta, who inspected with care, “This is incredible.”

“Thank you, now let’s put it where it belongs and blow this popsicle stand,” Bulma said as she put the rest of her items away and stuffed them in her bag.

“You want me to blow up the village?” Vegeta asked in alarm.

Bulma blinked at him, “What? No! It’s just an expression, it means let’s get the hell out of here.”

Vegeta shook his head as he placed the Dragon Ball on the pedestal, careful to have it in the exact position the real one had been in. Bulma looked over at the Namekian child, “Do you think it will be okay?”

“Hopefully he will think it was all a dream, and seeing as other Namekians have not come this way, I think we’re in the clear,” Vegeta explained as he and Bulma walked out of the hut. He grabbed her gently and flew her to the cliff where they had been before. He turned to her with a serious look, “Bulma, stay here, I’m going to cover our tracks and retrieve those sleeping canisters.”

Bulma removed her breathing mask and kissed his mask where his lips would be, “Don’t worry, I’m not going anywhere.”
Vegeta nodded and returned to the Namekian village as Bulma sat down to wait for him. She was there under the hot suns for almost twenty minutes until Vegeta returned to her. He removed his mask and handed it to her, along with the sleeping gas capsules he had resealed. “How long before the effect wear off?”

“I would say in an hour or so, but we had done this when they were already sleeping, so they may not wake for a while or realize something is off,” Bulma explained as Vegeta gently wrapped an arm around her and flew off toward the direction of their hideout. As soon as they touched down, Vegeta pushed Bulma behind him as they walked toward the capsule house, checking for any threats. When they reached the house, Bulma immediately ran out from behind him and went inside.

Vegeta suddenly felt the need to chase his mate as he watched her take off, his predatory instincts coming alive. His Bulma reminded him of a cute little rabbit that needed to be tamed whenever she walked or ran away from him, her perfect hips swaying hypnotically, calling for him to hold them down as he took his mate. It didn’t help that during the whole time they had observed the Namekians, he had to tap down the urge to rip off device and take her right there, uncaring if they would have an audience. Vegeta felt his Oozaru rise to the surface as his heart began to hammer with excitement as he walked into the house to stalk his prey. He found Bulma sitting down on the open floor with her mini computer and 3D printer spider out, typing furiously.

“Female, what are you doing?” Vegeta asked as he watched her work curiously. He made his way over to on silent feet to stand behind her with arms crossed.

“The Namekian Dragon Balls are the same as the ones on earth in terms of design, so to save time, I’m going to duplicate them all in one go. And it’ll make our lives easier when we get the other Dragon Balls and swapped them,” Bulma said as she created blueprints for the other six Dragon Balls.

“You have scans of the earth Dragon Balls?” Vegeta asked, squatting down beside her as he watched her work quickly, sniffing the air around her. He slowly crept toward her without her noticing, her little mate had no idea what she was in for.

“Yeah, I scanned them a long time ago for research, so now it should be easy to recreate the Namekian Dragon Balls,” Bulma said as her 3D printer began to work on the next Dragon Ball. Vegeta said nothing more as he watched her hands fly over the keyboard elegantly. He always enjoyed watching her work, she was always so focused and her eyes glittered with her unfathomable intelligence. It made him want to distract her and bring her attention to him, but he held back, only shifting closer. He skimmed his nose over hair, taking in her scent and licked his lips. Her fragrance brought out his Oozaru even further, wanting to drag his mate away to his lair. But suddenly Bulma stopped typing and pumped her fist in the air. “Yes! Done!”

Vegeta smirked evilly as he moved his mouth to her ear and spoke low, “How long before they’re finished.”

Bulma shivered at his raspy voice in her ear, “In four or five hours.”

Vegeta moved her hair away from her neck, skimming his teeth over her skin before placing a tender kiss there and smelled her arousal, “I need to be appeased, female, I don’t like it when I can’t feel you when you have that device.”

Bulma leaned into him and hummed, “Does my Bad Man need comforting?”

“Tch, call it what you will, I need to be inside you now, female,” Vegeta said as he continued to leave small kisses down her neck. He suddenly paused, “Bulma, I want you to do something for
“Oh? What do you want, my prince?” Bulma asked as she felt her skin begin to grow hot.

“Run,” he whispered dangerously into her ear.

Bulma tilted her head up to look at him and she froze when she saw the predatory gleam in his eyes. She felt her heart began to race and the blood pound in her ears as she slowly turned to face him and stand. She felt a thrill of excitement slither down her spine as he stayed where he was, unmoving and still with no expression on his features. Bulma stepped over her makeshift lab carefully to make sure she didn't disturb or trip on it and she slid out of her blue leather jacket. Vegeta only watched her and she never broke eye contact, knowing the minute she did, he would pounce. She felt moisture pool between her feminine lips in anticipation of what was to come, soaking her panties.

Bulma took a deep breath to calm her excitement before she let her jacket slip through her fingers and in flash, she turned to run. Bulma’s heart sped up when she heard him growl as she jumped over the couch to the bedroom. She flung the door open and tried to slam it shut, but it flew open and banged into the wall as Vegeta scooped her up in his arms and tossed her onto the bed. Bulma bounced on the bed and she quickly got her bearings back to look up in time to see him begin to climb on the bed and crawl over to her, but she wasn't going to let him get to her that easily. She turned herself over and tried to get to the other side of the bed but he sprung for her, grabbing her by her hips and pulling her toward him as he growled menacingly.

Bulma heard the clothing of her jeans and panties rip as he tore them off her. Bulma tried to contain her laughter as she clawed at the sheets to pull herself away from him. But he grabbed her firmly and Bulma gasped when she felt his hardened member against her now bare feminine entrance. She squirmed against him, knowing it would excite him more and she heard him growl low just before he slammed his cock inside her. Bulma cried out at suddenly being full and fisted the sheets in her hands. She didn't have any time to recover as began to furiously pump into her.

“Vegeta!” She moaned loudly. She cried out each time he drove into her, picking up his pace as he thrusted into her harder. His thrusts became so powerful that her arms gave out and she rested on her elbows to take his strength better. She heard the slapping of skin, causing her to grow more aroused and she spread her knees as far as they would go to take him deeper. Vegeta growled as he curled his body over hers, sometime during the chase he had taken off his armor but he was still in his battlesuit. Vegeta reached up with one hand and ripped off her top and bra, tossing them aside before grabbing a handful of one of her full breasts in his gloved hand. Bulma whimpered when he pinched her nipple between his finger and thumb, the texture of his glove creating a new sensation as he rolled her nipple teasingly. Vegeta’s thrusts never stopped and Bulma felt her vaginal muscles tighten around him as his member was stroking her from a different angle.

“Vegeta! Fuck me!” Bulma yelled out. Vegeta moved to sink his teeth into his mark, holding Bulma down even further into the bed for her defiance. Bulma didn't feel any pain from his bite, but it aroused her more to be held down this way by him as he continued to stroke her slick feminine walls with his cock.

Bulma panted loudly as her womb tightened almost painfully and she jerked when she felt the course fur of Vegeta tail rub her clit with quick flicks. She screamed out when his tail moved faster and she slammed her hips into him, wanting more. Soon everything became too much, his fingers teasing her nipple, his tail on her clit, his hand and mouth holding her down as he pumped into almost brutally, and Bulma’s womb clenched into a tight knot before exploding. Bulma gave a throaty scream as she came, warmth radiating from her feminine core enveloped her as she felt moisture flood her already sleek sheath and drench Vegeta’s member. She felt his chest rumble as he continued to thrust into
her, the sound of smacking flesh became wetter as her feminine nectar spilled out each time he pulled away and it coated her thighs. Vegeta felt her walls grip him like a vice, trying to milk his cock and he pumped into her tight sheath until he felt his seed surge forth from the base of his member. He came hard and he growled loudly as his seed jetted out in a heavy stream into her hot womb. Bulma mewled when he pumped into her one last time and he collapsed on top of her.

Bulma giggled as she lied there with his heavy weight on top of her as they both were breathing hard. Vegeta pulled his teeth away and licked the wound on her shoulder. Vegeta lifted himself off her and pulled his member out with loud wet noise. He gently turned Bulma over to see her smile at him with satisfaction. He put a gentle hand on her cheek, “Bulma, are you okay?”

Bulma hummed lazily, “Never better, I think I’m still coming.”

Vegeta smiled down at her, “That's what happens when you take the power of a Saiyan male.”

Bulma laughed, “Aren't we cocky.” Bulma sighed as she felt her high calm down and exhaustion takes its place, “I think I need to rest before we go get another Dragon Ball.”

Vegeta shifted to sit up and pulled off his battle uniform before removing Bulma’s boots that were the only piece of clothing that survived his assault. He gently picked up Bulma and pulled back the sheets of the bed and placed her in to only crawl in next to her. Bulma turned to him as he covered them with the sheet and kissed his lips tenderly before cuddling into his side. Vegeta wrapped his arms and tail around her to hold her close as he also felt tiredness sink into his body.

“Is this going to happen every time I wear that device?” Bulma murmured into his chest.

Vegeta smirked, “Maybe.”

“Well, at least I've been warned,” Bulma giggled softly as she felt sleep fall over her. Vegeta watched as his mate settle into him and her breathing evened out. He kissed her forehead before tucking her into his body more and allowed himself to fall into the cloud of bliss.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Please let me know what you thought! I love hearing from you!

Also, if you're interested, I started a new story to my Once Upon A Tail series, this time I'm writing a Thumbelina short story with Vegebul. And yes, Vegeta is a cute little fairy prince with wings 😊

Thank you for your support!
Bulma couldn’t get air into her lungs. Blood was pounding against her eardrums, her hands turned clammy, and ice poured into her her chest as she watched Frieza’s ship noisily enter the Namekian atmosphere. She had been waiting under a tree on a cliff overlooking a Namekian village for Vegeta to return from collecting the sleep inducing canisters. She had heard the sky rumble and she looked up to see a ship that was unmistakably a part of Frieza’s fleet. He was here a couple days earlier than expected and they only had four of the Dragon Balls currently. Bulma jumped when she felt a hand grab hers and she looked over to see Vegeta with a severe expression.

“Frieza,” Vegeta said as he watched the ship fly to a different part of the planet.

“I don’t understand, why would he come here personally? Wouldn’t something like this be beneath him?” Bulma asked as she finally calmed with Vegeta’s presence.

“He doesn’t trust anyone, and he wouldn’t risk anyone else to get their hands on the Dragon Balls,” Vegeta explained as the ship disappeared out of sight.

“Great, not only is he a psychopath, but he’s paranoid,” Bulma sighed heavily. “What should we do? What do you think he will do to find the Dragon Balls?”

“He has scouter, he will mostly likely seek out the closest village and interrogate the Namekians,” Vegeta replied as he pulled Bulma closer to him to keep her at ease.

Bulma paled, “He’s going to kill them, isn’t he?”

Vegeta hesitated to answer, “Depends on his mood, if they are forthcoming with answers then he may spare them, but mostly like he will… dispose of them. Other than having the Dragon Balls, the Namekians are of no use to him.”

Bulma nodded, she knew to trust Vegeta on such matters as he was raised by the tyrant, “And what of us? We still have three Dragon Balls to collect.”

“I won’t risk us being seen, we will lay low until I can get a read on Frieza’s strategy,” Vegeta replied as he turned to her.

“The Namekians?” Bulma asked carefully.

Vegeta shook his head, “It’s too dangerous, we don’t want Frieza knowing you are alive… I’m sorry, Bulma.”

Bulma bit her lip and nodded sadly, “I trust your judgement, you know best in this kind of situation.”

“Come, let’s head back to base before he sends out scouts, your power level is low and I mask my own, so we should be safe from the scouter,” Vegeta explained as he gently picked up Bulma and began to fly away. Bulma studied Vegeta’s features, if he was on edge, he didn’t let on with his usual stoic expression. When Vegeta reached their base, he felt what could only be Frieza as the power level was massive, and his men leave their ship and head into the direction of one of the Dragon Balls that they had already swapped. Vegeta touched down for a moment and looked at Bulma, “Mate, is there a Dragon Ball far from the three-star Dragon Ball? Frieza is heading there.
now.”

“I’ll check,” Bulma replied as she pulled out her radar and clicked the top. She clicked it a few times and nodded, “Yes, the seven-star Dragon Ball is far from there.”

“Get out the fake Dragon Ball and enable your device on us, we will retrieve the real one,” Vegeta stated and Bulma reached into her bag to grab the capsule with seven-star Dragon Ball.

She clicked it open and the box containing the Dragon Ball appeared as Vegeta squatted down with her on his thighs to take out the Dragon Ball. He placed it on her lap before he hooked his arm under legs again and stood. Bulma took out her hologram device to wrap the chain around his hand holding her waist with her own. She turned on the locket and immediately they were invisible not only to the eye, but to the scouters. She looked up at Vegeta and nodded, “Ready.”

“Brace yourself female, we need to get there as quick as possible,” Vegeta said as he held her closer.

“Do what you have to Vegeta,” Bulma said as tightened her arm around his neck and held the fake Dragon Ball close.

Vegeta nodded and floated into the air before shooting off in a flash toward the Namekian village with the seven-star Dragon Ball. Bulma got a rush of exhilaration from Vegeta’s speed, he was usual careful when he flew her around and she was enjoying the sensation as she looked around. Vegeta smirked as he noted her excitement, he had a feeling these types of moments would not happen for a while with the threat of Frieza over their heads. With Vegeta’s speed, they reached the Namekian village within five minutes and he touched down a nearby cliff. All of the Namekian villages that they had found were all nestled in valley between the cliffs and also had access to a stream of water. This one was the same and there were five huts in this village clustered close together. Vegeta paused when he noticed that the all of the Namekians in the village were outside looking in the direction Frieza was currently located at.

Vegeta immediately took action, knowing that the distraction would not last long and flew down to the closest hut but never touching down. Namekians had extraordinary hearing, and even though they all seemed focused on Frieza at the moment, Vegeta was not going to take any chances. They couldn’t see him, but he still stealthy moved over to the elder’s hut with Bulma in his arms. Bulma kept herself still and quiet as possible as Vegeta moved. They both knew that he didn’t need to take her with him, but he refused to have her leave his side. He promised to never leave her alone and this plan was of her doing, she wanted to see it through and he would not take that away from her.

Vegeta cautiously entered the hut and looked around to find it empty before he moved over to the Dragon Ball that was perched on a purple pillow as all the others had been. He used the arm that was joined with Bulma’s around her waist to scoop up the Dragon Ball and settle it on her lap before he carefully took the fake one from her and placed it back on the pillow. He adjusted it so that it was in the same place as the real one had been in and moved away with Bulma.

Vegeta turned around and stopped dead in his tracks. There, standing at the entrance was the village elder, staring straight at them. Vegeta heard Bulma’s heart pick up in panic and he held himself still, his mind racing for what to do next. He wondered how the Namekian knew where they were. They stared at one another for a moment and Vegeta waited for the worse. But the elder nodded and stepped aside, “Keep it away from that evil. Do not be concerned, I am the only one that sensed you and I will not give you away to that monster.”

Bulma and Vegeta looked at each other in surprise before Vegeta nodded to her and flew out of the hut without responding to the elder. The carefully glided away from the village, not looking back as the went and when Vegeta felt that he was at a safe distance, he blasted away.
As he flew back toward the base, he felt several energy levels disappear near Frieza. Vegeta knew that meant the Namekians were resisting, and Frieza got a kick out of trying to tame those who went against him. It would be a bloodbath. He would have to inform Bulma, but he would wait for the right moment, she would no doubt blame herself for not interfering. She was too tender hearted for others while he himself did not care, only his mate’s safety was all that mattered to him. He would make sure Frieza never got his hands on her, even if it meant doing things she would not like. He would do what he could to help protect her planet and friends as it was important to her, but if they became in the way and endangered her, he had no qualms with destroying them all. No one was going to take her away from him again.

Vegeta snapped out of his thoughts when he reached the cave and floated to the capsule house. Vegeta could no longer feel the energy levels of the Namekians at the village and Frieza’s was moving away toward another village. Vegeta felt Bulma’s delicate fingers glide into his mane of hair and he looked down at her to find her staring back at him with a look of concern. “Vegeta, what’s wrong?” She asked gently.

Vegeta looked at her for a moment before deciding to answer her and sighed softly, “Frieza killed the villagers and he is already moving to the next village.”

There was a flash of guilt and sadness in her eyes, but she just nodded, “I see.”

“Bulma, do not blame yourself,” Vegeta said as he put his forehead against hers. “You may have been able to evacuate them, but that would have only made Frieza suspicious.”

“I know, I understand Vegeta, but it still doesn’t make me feel any better,” Bulma replied as she unwrapped the chain from their wrists and deactivated her hologram device. Vegeta put her down and felt helpless watching her walk away from him into the house with the Dragon Ball in hand. Vegeta clenched his fists in frustration as he followed after and he stood by the door, watching her put the Dragon Ball away in her special capsule.

“Bulma, what would you have me do?” Vegeta asked carefully.

Bulma turned to look at him after she capsulated the Dragon Ball and smiled weakly at him, “Vegeta, please just… hold me.”

Vegeta walked over to her and gathered her up into his arms, holding her tight as she buried her face into his neck. Vegeta closed his eyes, feeling his heart clench painfully as he felt her tears soak into his battlesuit while she sobbed quietly. He rubbed her back as he left small kisses in her hair, his chest rumbled softly, making purring sounds in an effort to comfort her. Bulma calmed after a moment and sighed heavily into Vegeta’s shoulder. “You must think I’m weak,” she whispered hoarsely.

“I do not feel as you do, Bulma, but that is one word I would not use to describe you,” Vegeta said into her hair as he breathed in her scent.

Bulma pulled back to look at him and kissed him chastely, “Vegeta…”

Vegeta reached a hand up to wipe away a tear from her cheek with his thumb before kissing her lightly. He pulled back to see an answering desire in her eyes and he moved in to kiss her deeply. Bulma moaned softly into his mouth as he kneaded her lips intensely with his own before slipping his tongue into her parted lips. She sighed happily as he took her tongue with his to stoke it ever so slowly. Vegeta suddenly felt two recognizable energy signals approaching Namek and he quickly pulled away from Bulma, tilting his head curiously before frowning.
Bulma brows pinched together in concern, “What’s wrong?”

“How did your friends know you’re here?” Vegeta said as he narrowed his eyes at her.

Bulma blinked at him in confusion, “What friends?”

“You’re friends from earth,” Vegeta said quietly.

“Vegeta, I really have no idea what you’re talking about,” Bulma said with a pointed look.

“Two earthlings are here, well one of them is Kakarot’s spawn, and there is a third that I do not recognize,” Vegeta explained to her with a sigh.

Bulma’s eye grew large, “What!”

“I sense them, here, on Namek,” Vegeta clarified.

“How…?” Bulma paused and glared at him, “And you thought that I brought them here? Thanks for having faith in me, Vegeta.”

Bulma tried to pull away from him in annoyance, but Vegeta refused to let her go, “No, I did not think you betrayed me, but I thought perhaps there was something you forgot to tell me.”

Bulma sighed heavily, “I don’t know how they could be here, there is no way for any earthling to get to space. My father and I were working on a spaceship for fun, but it was never completed.” Bulma looked at him, “Where are they now?”

Vegeta reached out his senses to feel them, “They are close to the planet.”

“Let’s see if we can get a look at their ship, maybe it will solve the mystery,” Bulma said as moved away from him, which he allowed this time.

“We will just step out of the cave, I will not risk us being seen,” Vegeta said as he followed her out of the house.

“Understood, Bad Man,” Bulma said as continued her way out of the cave with Vegeta walking close beside her.

Vegeta put a hand on her arm to stop her before she reached the entrance of the cave and checked for any danger. He nodded to her after a moment, “It’s safe.”

Bulma walked out of the cave and looked up at the sky, “Where are they?” Vegeta pointed to the far right and Bulma squinted her eyes to see dark speck entering the atmosphere. As it came closer, Bulma blinked in recognition, “That’s… Jaco’s ship.”

“How did that purple insect even know to come here?” Vegeta growled, it was no secret that he held no fondness for Bulma’s GP partner.

“He must have come looking for me, he and the other GP officers were supposed to come to earth to help me evacuate the planet for when you came. But you arrived earlier than expected,” Bulma mused.

“Tch, if he interferes with our work, I will rip his limbs off slowly, especially if he tries to take you away,” Vegeta snarled in annoyance.

Bulma puffed out a breath, “This has gotten too complicated, I hope his ship warned him of Frieza’s
vessel. Jaco will keep far away from if so, he isn’t stupid…”

“But you’re worried who he brought with,” Vegeta finished for her.

“You said, Gohan was here? Goku’s kid?” Bulma turned to him.

“Yes, and the small, bald one,” Vegeta replied with a small huff.

“Krillin… he’s usually the most level headed out of my friends, and Gohan seems like a bright kid. He doesn’t strike me as one to fly off the handle,” Bulma explained.

“Well let’s hope so, I assume they will come to us eventually as they want to find you. We will stay put until then,” Vegeta said as he walked back into the cave.

Bulma snorted, “You forgot one thing, Vegeta, they’re terrified of you.”

“Good, then maybe they will be smart and stay away,” Vegeta said over his shoulder, causing Bulma to shake her head in amusement and followed after him.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry this chapter is on the shorter side, but I hope it was interesting. And just a little bit of a teaser, this Namekian saga will be very different from canon and I hope you will enjoy the twist! 😊 Please leave a comment, I do read them and they encourage me more than you know! Thank you for the support!
Krillin's body shook in fear, anger and frustration as he looked down at the white and purple being sitting in a hoverchair, whose power level was nothing he had ever felt before. When he, Gohan and Jaco first landed, they had planned on setting base before they made a solid plan to find and rescue Bulma, but then Krillin and Gohan felt him. Frieza. They quickly hid when Frieza and his men zoomed passed them with unfathomable speed. The look on Jaco’s face when he saw them, told Krillin everything he needed to know about Frieza. He was a being that you did not cross. Despite how powerful he was, Krillin needed to know what he was doing on Namek and what kind of threat he posed. So ignoring Jaco’s protests, Krillin and Gohan followed after Frieza and his men. They had helplessly watched on as Frieza's soldiers kill almost every single Namekian in the village except for the Elder and two children. Namekians from another village had come over to stop Frieza and his men, but they were brutally put down by his two generals. One was an overweight, pink, unattractive alien named Dodoria and the other was Zarbon, a tall, green alien with gruesome jagged scars dissecting his face and a nose that looked like it had been broken repeatedly. They were powerful, maybe even a little more than Vegeta, but what scared Krillin the most was how they killed everyone without mercy and had done so with glee. However, during the confrontation, the Namekian Elder had destroyed all of the scouter's of the soldiers and now Frieza was not amused.

“My, my, my, this has certainly gotten out of hand, hasn’t it,” Frieza mused as his tail twitched agitatedly against his chair as he glanced at the children that were clutched to the Namekian Elder. “Ah, what adorable little children, I don’t have any myself, so I can’t imagine what it would feel like if I lost one.”

The Namekian elder stiffened as he held the children tighter to himself, “Please, don’t hurt them.”

Frieza smiled wickedly, “I might be persuaded to leave them alone…if you hand over the Dragon Ball.”

The Namekian elder nodded reluctantly, “I understand.” He moved away from his children, leaving them as he went to his hut to grab the Dragon Ball.

The two Namekian children huddled together as they looked at Frieza with fear and the smaller one whispered to his brother in their native language.

“Now, that's quite rude to talk in front of someone in a different language,” Frieza said as he glanced at the children. They hugged each other tighter and Frieza smiled in amusement, “Come now, what were you talking about?”

The younger one spoke in the universal language softly, “I-I was asking my brother, Dende i-if the soldier in his dream was s-scary too.”

Frieza turned to the older child with interest as his tail wagged like a metronome, “Soldier?” The children flinched in fright as Frieza approached them, “I heard Namekians have magical abilities, are you saying that you had a vision of a soldier?”

Dende nodded as he and his brother clutched each other closely, “Y-yes.”

Frieza hummed amusedly, “Tell me, child, what happened in your vision?”
Dende swallowed hard before answering, “In my vision, I was coming home and there was a strange creature with blue hair in my hut. I tried to get away, but a soldier with the same armor you wear with a head of black flames came in. That was all I saw in my dream.”

Frieza’s tail abruptly halted as he looked at the Dende with unreadable red eyes, sending shivers down the boys’ spines. Frieza was silent for a few moments, studying Dende before he broke in a feral, gleeful grin, “Dodoria, Zarbon, hand me the Dragon Balls.” Dodoria and Zarbon glanced at each other with confusion before walking over to Frieza and placing the four Dragon Balls on the ground beside Frieza. Frieza pointed a finger at them, using his energy to pick them up and float above his hand. Frieza turned to his men, “I have important mission for all of you.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” his men said in unison as they stood to attention.

“We will put a slight halt on locating the Dragon Balls, I believe there is something better on this planet that I desperately need,” Frieza purred excitedly.

“What would you have us do, Lord Frieza,” Zarbon asked curiously.

“Well you see, Zarbon, based on this child’s vision, I believe we have some very special visitors on this planet,” Frieza said as his tail twirled playfully, his mood apparently uplifted.

Zarbon blinked, “Visitors, sir?”

“Oh Zarbon, I had hoped by ridding you of your beauty that you would gain some wit, but apparently I am to be left disappointed yet again,” Frieza sighed dejectedly.

Zarbon swallowed audibly and looked down in fear, “My apologies, Lord Frieza.”

“No matter,” Frieza waved his hand dismissively. “I believe that Vegeta is here on this planet.”

Zarbon snapped his head up at the name, “Vegeta, milord?”

“Yes, Vegeta, the soldier with black flames,” Frieza said pointedly and sighed again when he realized none of his soldiers understood as they stared blankly at him. “Do any of you have a lick of intelligence?”

“Sorry, Lord Frieza,” his men replied in unison.

Frieza rolled his eyes before continuing, “I want all of you to go out and search for him. When you find him, bring him here alive, I have questions for him.” Frieza paused, “And if he happens to have a companion… a beautiful companion with blue hair, bring them as well… alive and unharmed. Vegeta, of course you will have to use force to bring him to me, but mark my words, if any of you put a single scratch on his companion… I will return the favor ten-fold. Have I made myself clear?”

Frieza’s soldiers all went rigid at his quiet threat and nodded, “Yes, Lord Frieza!”

“Good, good, now off you go,” Frieza waved them away. The soldiers including Dodoria and Zarbon blasted off into different directions, forcing Krillin and Gohan to duck behind a nearby tree. Krillin and Gohan looked each other, Bulma and Vegeta were here, but why was Frieza interested in them?

“It was pleasure doing business with you,” they heard Frieza and they turned back to him. The Namekian Elder had returned and Frieza had a fifth Dragon Ball. Frieza grinned amusedly at him, “I must say, you have such wonderful children, they have positively lifted my spirits. And as reward, I’ll pretend that none of this unpleasant business ever happened.”
The Namekian elder did nothing more than nod and Frieza began to move away, “Now, if you'll excuse me, I have some very special guests that I need to prepare for.” Everyone held their breaths as they watched Frieza take off in a blast, no one dare moved until they could no longer see his form.

Krillin released a deep breath that he had been holding, “We need to find Bulma, I don’t like the look in his eyes when he learned that she and Vegeta are here.”

“Yeah, but how can we find them? I can’t feel Aunt Bulma or Vegeta,” Gohan replied.

“Maybe Jaco can contact her,” Krillin said as he stood and glanced at the village. He paused when he noticed that the Namekian Elder was staring straight at him and Gohan. Krillin hesitated for a moment before he flew down to them with Gohan following close behind.

The Elder looked them over as his children clutched onto him and nodded, “I sense no evil within you two.”

Krillin blinked, “What?”

“We Namekian Elders can sense if a person is good or evil, it is something that we learn with age. The other Namekians have yet to learn this,” The Elder explained.

“I see…” Krillin nodded, not sure he really understood.

“I have sense two others here on this planet, I sense no evil intentions from them as they have been gathering the Dragon Balls,” the Elder told them carefully.

Krillin’s brows pinched together in confusion, “But, this Frieza took your Dragon Ball.”

“He took a Dragon Ball,” the Elder said but explained no further.

“You said two others are here, one of them is my Aunt Bulma,” Gohan said as he stepped forward. “Do you know where we can find her?”

“I’m afraid I cannot at the moment, I cannot sense their energy, it has disappeared and they are too far for me to feel their aura,” the elder said as he seemed to scan the planet.

Krillin turned to Dende, “You said that you saw a blue haired creature and a soldier in your vision, did you see what they were doing?”

“Dende, did you tell that evil creature your dream?” the Elder cut in with apprehension.

Dende nodded in shame, “I’m sorry father, but I was afraid.”

The Elder sighed, “It is quite alright, but I believe those two are here trying to help.”

Krillin snorted in disbelief, “Vegeta? Help? He is the one who took our friend.”

The Elder shrugged, “As I said, I felt no evil intentions from them.”

Gohan frowned in thought, “Krillin, we need to find Aunt Bulma soon, I think she’s in trouble.”

“Me too, and I think there is something more going on,” Krillin rubbed his forehead, feeling a headache coming on. Krillin turned to the Elder and spoke with sorrow, ‘I’m sorry we couldn’t help.”

“If you did, I’m sure that you would not have survived,” the Elder replied matter-of-factly.
“I see… well thank you for your insight,” Krillin said and was about to fly off when the Elder grabbed his wrist.

“Wait, please take my children with you,” the Elder spoke with desperation lacing his voice.

Krillin saw the fear in the Elder’s eyes and couldn’t help but nod, “I understand.”

“Thank you,” the Elder said and turned to his children. “Dende, Kargo, go with them.”

“But, what about you?” Dende asked with trepidation.

“I will be fine, but I want you two safe, now go,” the Elder put a hand on Dende’s shoulder and nudged him toward Krillin and Gohan, who flew up in the air and the two Namekian children followed, giving one last look at their father before flying off.

“We need to stay out of sight, stay to cliffs everyone, we don’t want to run into any of those scouts,” Krillin told them and moved to fly over to a cliff. He landed and scanned the area, “We have to get to Jaco, but we can’t rush.”

Gohan nodded, “I hope Aunt Bulma will be safe.”

“You and me both, kid,” Krillin said as they continued to slowly move toward Jaco’s direction.

“I’m telling you Vegeta, cup ramen is the best thing in the world,” Bulma said as stroked his mane of hair.

“It doesn’t sound like it has any nutritional value whatsoever,” Vegeta said, his eyes closed as he enjoyed her ministration, breathing in her scent.

Bulma chuckled, “So what? It’s delicious, that’s all that matters.”

“Hn, is that why your hips are so wide,” he said into her chest.

Bulma slapped at his shoulder, “Did you just call me fat! If you don’t like it, you can get off me!”

Vegeta chuckled evilly as he reached a hand down to rub her hips, “Oh, you are mistaken female, I love your hips, it gives me something to hold onto when I take you.”

Bulma snorted, “Is that all you ever think about? Fucking me?”

“I certainly don’t keep you around for the conversation,” Vegeta replied as he nuzzled his face into her chest, causing Bulma to giggle.

They were lying on the couch together, Bulma was on her back with a pillow underneath her head as Vegeta laid on top of her between her legs that were entwined around his. He was in his battlesuit and she wore short, black shorts and white T-shirt with Capsule Corp written across it. Vegeta had
urged her to wear her hologram device to block her energy signal, not wanting to take any chances that Frieza and his men would pick it up on their scouter. It always disturbed him to not feel her, so Bulma had the idea to keep close to him and they soon found themselves in their current position. It seemed to calm him to hear her heartbeat as she spoke to him, stroking his hair comfortably. He wrapped himself around her tightly as his tail latched on to one of her thighs and stroked her skin in slowly circles.

“You know, I wonder what my parents will think when they meet you,” Bulma said absently. “They probably wouldn’t surprise if I brought home a mass-murdering, alien husband.”

“Hn, if they are anything like you, I rather not meet them at all,” Vegeta replied as his chest rumbled in pleasure of having her close.

“Jerk, my parents are the sweetest people you’ll meet, though they are kind of eccentric,” Bulma said as rubbed a foot on back of his leg.

“So that explains you,” Vegeta smirked when she smacked him again lightly.

“Jackass, you’re lucky you’re decent lay, otherwise I would have kicked you out a long time ago,” Bulma said heatedly as she continued to stroke his hair.

“Hn, just decent? Weren’t you the one begging to ride me a couple nights ago?” Vegeta hummed into her skin.

“Please, I think you misheard, I remember clearly saying ‘fuck me harder’, obviously you weren’t doing your job,” Bulma said haughty.

Vegeta growled with false intimidation, “Be careful female, don’t start a challenge you know you won’t win.”

Bulma huffed, “Ha! You’re nothing but talk, Bad Man.”

“When we’re finished with this… cuddling you so apparently need, I’ll put you in your place,” Vegeta threatened as he purred when she massaged his scalp.

Bulma bit her lip to keep from chuckling, “Whatever you say, my prince.” Vegeta suddenly stiffened in her arms and moved his head up to look at the entrance door. His face was impassive but there was harsh coldness to his eyes that alarmed Bulma, “Vegeta, what’s wrong?”

“Someone is here,” Vegeta replied as he sat up, taking his warmth away from her while wrapping his tail tightly around his waist. He reached down by the sofa to grab his armor and pulled it on.

“It’s not Krillin or Gohan?” Bulma asked as she also moved to sit, pulling her legs to rest to beside her.

“No,” Vegeta said as moved off the sofa to stand. He looked at the door for a moment before turning to her, “Bulma, don’t move.”

Bulma nodded and watched as Vegeta moved over to the wall by the door at its hinges. Just as he placed himself at the wall, the door opened and the blood drained from Bulma’s face. General Dodoria had just walked into her living room. He blinked when he saw her and took in her appearance before breaking into a lecherous grin. He took a few steps into the room, “You must be the beautiful, blue-haired companion of Vegeta, Lord Frieza will be most pleased.”

It felt as Bulma’s heart stopped, “What?”
“Don’t worry now, Lord Frieza told us to take special care of you,” Dodoria said as he looked over her form again that had Bulma wanting to vomit in disgust.

Bulma took a breath to steady herself, “How did you know I was here? On this planet?”

“A Namekian child said something about a vision,” Dodoria shrugged as he inched closer to her. Bulma kept her face neutral after hearing his words, “A vision? Of the future?”

“Who knows, but Frieza figured out that you and Vegeta are here and wants both of you.”

Bulma saw the door slowly close from her peripheral vision but dared not look at Vegeta as to not give his position away. She decided to try to keep Dodoria talking, “And what made you decide to look in this cave?”

“What better place to hide? There were many caves I had to check until I found this one though,” Dodoria explained thoughtfully.

“How fortunate for you,” Bulma replied as she could see Vegeta slowly approaching Dodoria from behind.

Dodoria chuckled, “You have no idea! Lord Frieza will reward me well for finding the two of you. Now, where can I find Vegeta? I need to put his face into the ground.”

As soon as Dodoria finished his sentence, he found himself face first in the carpet. He tried to move to stand but his feet wouldn’t gain purchase beneath him. He began to panic the more he tried to stand but couldn’t. He finally looked down his legs and found that the tendons behind his ankles had been severed, blue blood pouring into the carpet. He saw a shadow walk around him and he looked up to see Vegeta standing in front of him, blocking his view of Bulma. “What were you saying about putting my face into the ground, Dodoria?” Vegeta asked with an devilish smirk spreading across his lips.

“Vegeta!” Dodoria exclaimed and quickly moved his hand to try and blast him with an energy attack. But Vegeta was faster and he brought his foot down on Dodoria’s wrist, snapping it audibly. Dodoria roared in pain and moved his other hand to attack Vegeta once again. Dodoria screamed like a wild animal when his hand slid off his wrist as Vegeta had used a laser-like beam of energy from his two fingers to separate it.

Vegeta waited for Dodoria’s cries to settle down to whimpers before he spoke, “Dodoria, if you don’t want me to carve you up into pieces, I suggest you talk.” Dodoria looked up at him with tears streaming down his face and nodded, “As I just heard how Frieza learned of our presence here on the planet, I assumed he sent more than just you to find us. Now, how many scouts did Frieza send to find us?”

Dodoria swallowed hard, “Including me, there are eleven.”

“Only eleven? I wonder if I should feel insulted,” Vegeta said as he squatted down beside Dodoria, who visibly flinched at Vegeta’s drawing near.

“Zarbon is among them, I’d like to see you try and take him on,” Dodoria spat vehemently. Vegeta smiled with evil glee, “Is he now? You see, he and I have unfinished business. You’ve made my day, Dodoria.”

“You cocky sonuvabitch! You’re no match for him!” Dodoria growled.
“I beg to differ,” Vegeta said with quiet menace that had Dodoria shaking slightly. “Tell me Dodoria, what does Frieza want with the female?”

“He didn’t say, he just said not to harm her. But he didn’t say the same about you,” Dodoria glared.

“Oh, I’m sure,” Vegeta said as he stood and looked down at his former associate. “Dodoria, there seems to be a problem.”

Dodoria eyes shot daggers at him, “What?”

“You’ve outlived your usefulness,” Vegeta said as he brought his open palm over him.

“No! Wait Vegeta! Let me work for you!” Dodoria pleaded as he squirmed to try and get away.

“Look at you Dodoria, how has Frieza’s prized executioner become so pathetic?” Vegeta asked with bored rhetoric.

“Wait! Vegeta! I can tell you what happened to your planet!” Dodoria yelled out in his panic.

Vegeta suddenly became stoic as he lowered his hand, “What are you talking about?”

“Frieza! H-he was the one that destroyed it! He only told you it was a meteor shower to keep you by his side!” Dodoria quickly explained.

“Dodoria, do you take me for a fool?” Vegeta asked with a slight tilt of his head.

“It’s the truth! I swear!” Dodoria exclaimed.

“I know,” Vegeta said as he raised his hand up and watched as Dodoria’s eyes grew wide with dread and revelation. “I’ve always known.”

“Vegeta!” Dodoria screamed as Vegeta blasted him, leaving nothing but a black imprint on the carpet.

Vegeta took a deep breath and tilted his head back as he released it. He felt euphoric relief that he had killed one of Frieza’s top generals… with ease. Perhaps he had a chance of winning.

“Vegeta…” Vegeta froze when he heard Bulma’s voice.

In that moment when he had slain Dodoria, he had forgotten that she was there and he clenched his fist in apprehension, refusing to glance her way, “Bulma… you shouldn’t have seen that.”

He felt her arms come around him as she pressed herself into his back, “Vegeta, I don’t understand the world that you come from, so I have no right to judge. These men come from the same place as you do and they only seem to comprehend violence. Do what you have to do.”

Vegeta hesitated for a moment before he turned in her arms to look at her. He didn’t see fear or disgust in her eyes, only determination and support. He put his arms around her to hold her close, “My Bulma.” They held each other for a few moment before Vegeta spoke again, “I need to dispatch the rest of the scouts before they find us again.”

Bulma nodded into his shoulder, “I’m going to try and contact Jaco to warn him of what’s going on.”

“As soon as you finished your task, turn on your invisibility and wait for me,” Vegeta said as breathed in her scent.

“You got it, hubby,” Bulma replied as she reached up to massaged his scalp.
Vegeta gently pulled away from her to kiss her gently before putting his forehead against hers, “Stay safe, mate.”

“You too, Bad Man,” Bulma smiled softly. Vegeta kissed her again before releasing her and headed to the door. He opened it to step out, but stopped and turned to look at her for a moment, as though memorizing her features. Bulma blew him a kiss and he smiled slightly at her as he left the house, shutting the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I hope you enjoyed this chapter, it's might not be my best. But I can't believe I've written 40 chapters! It's very exciting for me! Thank you for all your kudos and comments, they really have encouraged me to keep writing! You guys are the best!! 😊
Bulma looked at the spot where the shadow of Dodoria laid and sighed. She knew that Vegeta had been worried about her seeing him kill Frieza’s man, but in all honesty… she had seen worse brutality. Being involved with the Galactic Shadow Market had exposed her to all sorts of cruelty and she knew where Vegeta came from, he didn’t gain his moniker without a reason. If Vegeta expected her to be shock, it was for a different reason… she didn’t feel anything watching Dodoria die.

Bulma shook her head from her thoughts as stood to go the bedroom and sat on the bed to pull out her tablet that was on the bedside table. She found Jaco’s contact and stared at it for a few moments. She knew that he was not going to be happy with her, but she was glad that she did what she had done. She was with Vegeta now and she knew together, they would be able to accomplish thwarting Frieza’s plans and perhaps take him down. Bulma took a breath before making the call and waited. But after a few minutes, he had yet to pick up the call. Bulma frowned and disconnected to try again, however she received the same result.

“What the hell are you doing Jaco?” Bulma said as she tried a third time to call him, and again, he didn’t answer. Bulma puffed out a breath, “Vegeta is going to kill me for this.”

Bulma went to her closet and quickly changed into jeans and threw on her blue leather jacket and boots. She grabbed her messenger bag and checked she had all her capsules before throwing it back on and going out the door of the capsule house. She quickly recapsulated it, not wanting anyone else to find evidence of their presence there and tossed it in her bag. The cave was pitch black but Bulma new the generally way toward the entrance and put her hand against the cold wall of the cave to help guide her way out. When she reached the entrance she opened her locket and quickly turned on her invisibility. She took out her tablet and pulled out a map of Namek, quickly locating Jaco’s ship to find that he was surprisingly close, about three hours away on foot by her estimation. Bulma didn’t want to risk using any of her vehicles alerting her to her enemies so she took a deep breath and began her trek toward Jaco’s ship.

As Bulma made her way to the ship, she checked her surroundings continuously as she went, looking for any of Frieza’s soldiers or wildlife that may pose a threat. Bulma dabbed sweat from her brow with her sleeve as the hot sun beat down her, thankful that she had put sunscreen on beforehand. She was halfway to Jaco’s ship when she noticed that there was a river in her path and there was no way for her to go around. Bulma groaned and looked at her map to find that the water was waist deep, so taking her bag she lifted it over head and slowly went into the water to keep from disturbing it too much. She hoped that there was no wild woman-eating fish in the water as she walked through.

The water was surprising cool on her body, and it was a small relief from the heat. She mistepped a bit on a loose rock on the bottom and the water sloshed across her chest, but she kept going. And just as she was close to otherside of the riverbank, the water to her knees, she tripped. Bulma’s bag flew to the other side, landing on dry ground as she fell into the water. Bulma lifted herself up and when she got her footing, she looked back in the water to see what her foot had caught on and gasped. One of Frieza’s soldiers was lying in the water, face up with open eyes staring up at the sky. Bulma realized that he was unmoving and when she looked closer, she saw that his neck was a strange angle. He was dead and was placed there to be hidden. Bulma immediately knew that this was...
Vegeta’s doing.

Bulma took a breath before walking to the dry bank, she checked on her locket was glad she made it waterproof and grabbed her messenger bag. She saw a tree nearby and went to sit underneath it to catch her breath. She opened her bag to check that she hadn’t lost any of the capsules from her fall and sighed in relief when everything was in place. She pulled out a canister of water and took a couple sips before placing it back. She checked her map again and sighed at the distance left to go, “I might kill Jaco before Vegeta gets the chance.”

Bulma stood and stretched her muscles before throwing her bag over her head once again and returned to her path. Bulma felt uncomfortable as her clothes dried from the heat of the sun, the fabric of her jeans slightly chafing the delicate skin between her thighs and her jacket felt heavy on her body. By the time she reached the small cave that apparently Jaco was hidden in, her face was overheated, her hair was matted against her face, and she felt sweat on her brow, back, and rolling down between her breasts. She was breathing a little heavily as she entered the cave and she only walked in a bit before she found Jaco’s spaceship. The lights in the bridge were on, but Bulma couldn’t see inside from her position and took out her tablet to override Jaco’s ship to open the entrance ramp. Bulma walked in and made her way to the bridge to find Jaco, leaning back in his pilot’s chair, his feet propped up on the control panel, listening to music with earbuds as he flipped through the alien version of an adult magazine. Bulma rubbed the space between her brows as she approached him and went to turn off the invisibility of her hologram device. She stood directly beside him with her arms crossed, and waited before he noticed her presence.

Jaco was staring at pretty purple alien woman with one eye and long rainbow hair falling over her face. She was humanoid and she was standing up on her knees with seafoam just covering enough of her lower region as she held her overtly large breasts in her clawed webbed hands, leaning forward to have them hang enticingly for anyone interested. The backdrop was of a beach with black sand and dark blue water, with two suns going below the horizon. “Oh ho ho, aren’t you a naughty minx,” Jaco salivated over the page. He turned the magazine at an angle and a slip of paper fell from the pages near Bulma’s feet. Jaco went to reach for the paper without looking and patted the floor, leaning over his chair to find it until he touched Bulma’s boots. He frowned at the sensation and looked up, “Shit!” Jaco jumped and fell over the edge of his chair with a thud, landing on his head and shoulders, with his legs caught on the armrest of his chair. It took a few minutes for Jaco to detangle himself from his chair and ripped off his earbuds as he stood to stare at Bulma with surprise.

“Really, Jaco? Now I'm afraid to touch anything on this ship,” Bulma said with a hint of annoyance.

Jaco gaped, “Bulma…” He glanced around her and the rest of the ship before frowning at her, “Where's your partner in crime?”

“Oh an errand, I'll need to go back to him soon,” Bulma shrugged half-heartedly.

“Bulma, how could you do this?! You're risking the earth by being with him!” Jaco said angrily.

“I'm saving the universe by being with him,” Bulma replied heatedly.

“What are you talking about?” Jaco asked.

“Jaco, you can't be that stupid, Frieza is here and he's after the Dragon Balls,” Bulma said in vexation.

“Yes, I know he's here! You're friends went off to check him out! Are all you earthlings so quick to look for a death wish?” Jaco grumbled.
Bulma paled, “They went to see Frieza! Why didn't you stop them!” Bulma shrieked.

Jaco flinched, “I tried to stop them but they blasted off before I could explain further.”

“Damn it! We need to get them back!” Bulma exclaimed with worry.

“Bulma, you are the one we can't afford Frieza to see,” Jaco said.

Bulma worked her jaw before speaking quietly, “He knows I'm here.”

“What! How!?” Jaco yelled in anger and disbelief.

Bulma turned away from him to pace, “There's a lot I need to explain.”

Jaco ran a hand down his face, “Bulma, let's start with this? Why did you leave with Vegeta?”

Bulma turned to Jaco, “Despite what you think, I did try to stay away. No matter how much it hurt… I tried, but I learned that Frieza is after the Dragon Balls. I was in Vegeta’s pod and I was able to link back to Frieza's base. He heard about the Dragon Balls on Namek and he wants… immortality.”

Jaco’s eyes bugged out, “He can ask for that!”

Bulma shrugged, “I believe so.”

“So you told Vegeta? He works for Frieza!” Jaco pointed out.

“He wants to eliminate Frieza, he's considered a traitor now,” Bulma explained.

“How fortuitous,” Jaco said with narrowed eyes.

Bulma sighed in annoyance, “Jaco, you don't know Vegeta, he genuinely wants to help stop Frieza.”

“And then what? He's going to settle down? Are you making plans to have a family with the perfect picket white fence?” Jaco said hurtfully. “He's the Destroyer of Worlds, Bulma! Not a house trophy husband!”

“Jaco, stop! I don't want to get into this with you! Right now we need to focus on Frieza. More importantly, you and my friends need to leave now!” Bulma exclaimed passionately.

“I want to, but your friends are persistent. Even that friend of yours, the earth Saiyan is on his way,” Jaco explained with annoyance.

Bulma blinked, “Goku? How?”

“Your father is working on a spaceship as we speak, Goku should be here in ten days,” Jaco sighed.

“Not if I can help it, having Goku here is a bad idea. He'll want to fight Frieza,” Bulma said as she whipped out her tablet.

Jaco looked at her curiously, “What are you doing?”

“I'm preventing Goku from coming to Namek,” Bulma said as she accessed her father's lap and quickly found the system to the spaceship he was working on. She typing in her tablet for a few minutes before she stopped, “There, now he won't be able to come.”

Jaco raised a brow, “What did you do?”
“Just put a little virus that will overheat the engine every few hours. Dad won't be too happy, but it will keep him busy for a while,” Bulma said as she put her tablet away.

“You terrify me sometimes,” Jaco said with a shake of his head.

“Good,” Bulma replied before she glared at him. “Seriously Jaco, you and my friends need to leave. Vegeta and I have everything handled.”

“I'm not leaving without you, so you can forget it,” Jaco said severely.

Bulma groaned, “Jaco…”

“Jaco! Jaco! Come out here, we need to talk!” They heard Krillin outside the ship and they both sighed in relief.

“Want to go talk to your friends?” Jaco asked.

Bulma nodded, “Yeah, I need to tell them what's going on.”

Jaco said nothing more and walked toward the exit. Bulma opened her locket and turned it off, she wanted to let Vegeta know where she was as to not worry him. He was really going to be pissed. Bulma walked out, following after Jaco toward the cave entrance and she came out to see her friends’ stunned expressions.

“Aunt Bulma!” Gohan said excitedly.

“Hi Gohan, I'm surprise you remember me,” Bulma smiled at him.

“Of course I remember you, you tried to protect me from that mean Saiyan,” Gohan said as he ran up to her.

She patted his head, “I'm sorry I let you down.”

“No you didn’t, Aunt Bulma! Anyways, it turned out alright in the end,” Gohan smiled happily.

Bulma chuckled slightly, “You're definitely Goku’s kid.”

“Bulma! Are you okay? Where's Vegeta?” Krillin said as looked around suspiciously.

“He's not here and I'm okay, Krillin,” Bulma replied and she noticed two Namekian children. One of them looked familiar and stared up at her in awe. Bulma blinked, “Why are there two Namekian children with you?”

Krillin turned serious, “Bulma there's this Frieza guy here, he destroyed their village and took their Dragon Ball. These two are only alive because Dende here had a vision of you and Vegeta.”

Bulma nodded in understanding, “That wasn't a vision…”

“Bulma what's going here, why does Frieza want you and Vegeta?” Krillin asked with concern.

Bulma sighed exhaustedly, “There's so much to tell, I don't know where to begin.”

“You can begin by telling me why you're here… female.” Everyone but Bulma jumped in fear at the cold voice and turned to see Vegeta, who was standing before them, arms crossed and an impassive face with hard, icy eyes.
Krillin and Gohan jumped into a fighting stance, Krillin glared at Vegeta, “You're not taking Bulma again.”

Vegeta tilted his head to study them, “Is that so?” Vegeta began to walk toward them and froze. He looked over his shoulder and smirked before turning back to the small group, “I guess you'll have to wait your turn, someone else wants a piece of me. But mark my words, if you try to leave with the female… you'll wish you never heard my name.”

Everyone felt a shiver go down their spine, except Bulma’s wasn't in fear but in pleasure of his cold voice. Vegeta glanced at her with a knowing look before turning his back on them. They heard the sound barrier break and they looked up to see a ball of light hurtling toward them. It arced and landed right in front of Vegeta, dissipating to reveal Zarbon. Bulma felt the blood drain from her face, her heart began to race in panic, and she felt her breath constrict. She wanted to run but she was glued to the spot when looking at the man that had left her with nightmares. She felt someone grab her hand and she looked over at Jaco, who had a look of concern and understanding. She gripped his hand tighter as she faced her fear.

“If it isn't Zarbon, come to grace us with your beauty?” Vegeta smirked at the general.

Bulma took in Zarbon’s new appearance. His face had been carved up as deep, angry puckered lines were scattered across his face like a mosaic. Zarbon visibly clenched his fists at Vegeta’s words, “Keep your mouth shut, monkey prince! You're a filthy traitor and I can't wait to watch Lord Frieza use you as a personal whipping boy.”

Vegeta raised a brow, “Is that what happened to your face? I must say Zarbon, it's a vast improvement.”

“You will pay for your insolence!” Zarbon snarled.

Bulma felt little hands grab onto the hem of her shirt and looked down to see that the Namekian children had ran to her, burying their faces into her stomach in fear. She slipped her hand away from Jaco and put a hand on the space between their shoulders and massaged them with soothing movements. “It'll be okay,” she said softly to them. She glanced up and she felt her heart slam to a stop. Zarbon was staring right at her.

He glanced over her form in disbelief, “How… I saw your body, you were dead.”

Krillin and Gohan frowned and looked at Bulma with confusion. Bulma was about to speak but she was cut off by Vegeta, “She's no concern of yours, Zarbon.”

Zarbon snapped his attention back to Vegeta and glared, “That's where you're wrong, Vegeta, with her in my grasp, I will be in Lord Frieza's favor once again.”

Vegeta chuckled darkly, “Only if you can get past me.”

Zarbon laughed amusedly, “As if you stand a chance against me.”

Zarbon flashed in front of Vegeta to deliver a blow, but Vegeta raised his arms up to block it with ease and smirked. He used his arms to shove Zarbon away and blocked Zarbon’s incoming punch with one arm before slamming his own fist into Zarbon’s gut, breaking his armor in the middle. Zarbon gagged from the attack and stumbled back, giving Vegeta the opportunity to kick the side of his face with the flat of his foot. Zarbon fell back and landed on his knees, hacking to breath.

“What’s the matter, Zarbon? I thought I didn't have a chance against you,” Vegeta said as he returned to his casual pose.
Zarbon growled at Vegeta as he staggered to get to his feet, “You don’t!” Zarbon gave a battle cry as he powered up and his form changed. His body was bigger and his face took on a frog-like quality, his teeth and nails were also sharper. He cried out as he went after Vegeta, flying faster than before and Vegeta’s eyes went wide as Zarbon slammed his fist into Vegeta’s cheek. Vegeta went flying into the cliff behind him, just avoiding the small group and causing debris and dust to rain on everyone. Zarbon didn’t let up as he charged at Vegeta and continuously jab at him like a punching bag, Vegeta’s face turned back and forth from each force of movement. Zarbon screamed, “I hate you, you disgusting monkey! Lord Frieza has done everything for you! You are his favorite! You could never do any wrong in his eyes! But you betrayed him! You’re pathetic! Weak! What do you have that I don’t!”

The group watched on with horror as Zarbon continued his assault and Krillin turned to Bulma, “Bulma, we should go when we have the chance!”

Bulma glanced at him and shook her head, “I can’t, Krillin.”

“But Bulma…” Krillin objected.

“It’ll be fine,” Bulma said as she turned to Vegeta’s direction. She took a deep breath and began to shout, “VEGETA! Would you stop playing around! You had your fun, now end it! Saiyan asshole!”

Zarbon heard her words but they didn’t register, until his fist was caught in Vegeta’s grip. Vegeta chuckled softly, “My female knows me too well.”

Zarbon screamed in agony when Vegeta crushed the fine bones of his fingers and he fell back, clutching his hand to his chest. Zarbon looked at him with wide eyes, “How… wait, you’re female?”

“Zarbon, you should know that you signed your death warrant when I learned that you went after my mate and nearly got her killed,” Vegeta said, only loud enough for him to hear.

“You expect me to believe that this beauty that has been foiling Lord Frieza’s plans is your woman? A shit-throwing monkey like you? I’m sure she could barely stand the sight of you…” Zarbon was interrupted by a energy blast to his side, tearing through his armor and his flesh. He fell to his knees and howled as he grabbed his side, but his head was roughly lifted up by his hair as Vegeta bore down on him.

“How does it feel, Zarbon? That pain you’re currently experiencing… that is what my female felt when your careless men attacked her. She wasn’t wearing any armor, and I bet she didn’t scream like a little bitch either,” Vegeta said with quiet frigidity, the temperature around them dropped.

“Vegeta please! She wasn’t supposed to get hurt! Lord Frieza wants her, I’m just under orders!” Zarbon pleaded.

Vegeta leaned in and Zarbon felt icy dread bloom from his chest from the dark look on Vegeta’s face, “Don’t worry Zarbon, Frieza will get his turn.” Vegeta pulled back Zarbon head to expose his throat and with two fingers he created a laser beam and slowly brought it over the side of Zarbon’s neck. Zarbon’s eyes grew large and he struggled to get away, but Vegeta slammed his foot into the General’s knee, shattering it.

“Vegeta! No! Don’t do this!” Zarbon cried out in fear that sent a wave unease to the group. Krillin quickly grabbed Gohan to make him look away as Jaco covered his own eyes, but peeked between his fingers and Bulma pressed the Namekian children faces into her as she watched. Zarbon’s screams were deafening as Vegeta slowly brought his fingers across Zarbon’s thick neck, severing the flesh a bit a time. Zarbon’s screams were replaced by gurgling noises as he began to choke on his
own blood, coughing and splattering it on Vegeta’s armor. Vegeta grinned with evil glee as he
removed Zarbon’s head and watch the light in his eyes fade. His headless body slumped over to the
side, twitching for a few moments before it became still. Green blood stained the blue Namekian
glass. Vegeta stood there for a few minutes, taking in the severed head of Zarbon as it dawned on
him that he defeated one of Frieza’s strongest men. A rush of pride and euphoria of victory filled
Vegeta’s chest as he took a deep breath and chucked Zarbon’s head on top of his body. He avenged
his mate, and this male would never be able to hurt her ever again.

Krillin and Jaco flinched when Vegeta suddenly turned to them and walked slowly over. Krillin
pushed Gohan behind him and took a fighting stance, “I won’t let you take Bulma again.”

Vegeta said nothing as he continued to approach and Krillin decided to take the offensive, rushing
forward toward Vegeta with his fist drawn back. Vegeta flashed and swatted Krillin away with the
back of his hand, sending him to the ground. Krillin was still conscious but his body throbbed from
where he landed hard against the ground. Gohan moved to stand in front of Bulma in a fighting
position, “I won’t let you hurt Aunt Bulma!”

Vegeta stopped and tilted his head at Gohan, “How cute, the runt thinks he can take me.” Gohan
tensed and waited for Vegeta to make the next move, but Vegeta only growled low at Gohan in
warning, the sound rumbling from his chest. Gohan’s instincts recognized Vegeta as the alpha male
and shrunk into himself from the intimidation, but he shook his head and stood up straight again.
Vegeta blinked at him with interest and walked over to Gohan. There was fear in the boys eyes but
he never back down until Vegeta lifted him from the back of his shirt, as though picking up a puppy
by the scruff of his neck. “Interesting, it seems half Saiyan children have their instincts but can
override them with their human will.”

Vegeta moved to Gohan closer to sniff the boy’s neck and Gohan began to giggle, “That tickles.”

Vegeta finally chuffed and held the boy away from him, “He’s certainly Kakarot’s brat, he smells
Saiyan but its softened by his human mother.”

Bulma shook her head and walked over to Vegeta with the Namekian children still clinging to her.
“Would you leave him alone, he’s just a baby,” she said as she snatched Gohan from Vegeta’s grasp
and held him to her chest. Gohan immediately clung to her and nuzzled his head into her shoulder,
Bulma massaged his back in soothing motions and Gohan began to purr lightly.

“He’s a Saiyan cub, you shouldn’t coddle him,” Vegeta said as he crossed his arms with a frown.

“He’s also human, so unlike you unfeeling barbarian, he has emotional needs that have to be met,”
Bulma glared at him.

“Hn, I see that when we have our own litter, I’ll have to blast them in space so they can act like real
Saiyans,” Vegeta grumbled.

“I’m going to blast you into another dimension if you try to pull that on our theoretically children,”
Bulma snipped with annoyance.

“Aunt Bulma, why do you smell like Vegeta?” Gohan interrupted their petty argument, never lifting
his head from her shoulder.

“Well…” Bulma began, but she stopped not knowing where to start.

Vegeta smirked tauntingly, “Yes Aunt Bulma, why do you smell like me?”

Bulma glared at him and she was about to speak when Krillin walked over to them, “Bulma, what is
going on? Why do you two sound so familiar with each other?"

Bulma glanced at him and sighed, “Krillin, meet Vegeta, the Prince of all Saiyans, Destroyer of Worlds and… my husband.”

Krillin froze in the spot, his eyes were wide and he gaped at her for a moment before he found his voice, “Husband? When did this happen? Did you fall with him at first sight and just decide to get hitched on your way to Namek?”

“No Krillin, we’ve been married for many years now, it’s just recently that we’ve been able to be together,” Bulma said as she glanced at Vegeta, who stared at her with deep emotion.

“Wait, wait, wait, you’re telling me, you’ve known Vegeta for years? How?” Krillin asked as he rubbed his temple.

“It’s a long story Krillin, I met him only a year after I joined the patrol. I was trying to thwart Frieza when he was sent to capture me,” Bulma gave a simplified version of events.

Krillin turned to Vegeta, “And what, did you have a change of heart? Did fall head over heels in love with her and swept her off her feet? You don’t look like the romantic type, Vegeta.”

Vegeta scoffed, “I don’t know what nonsense your sprouting, bald one. I just recognized Bulma as my mate and claimed her. That’s all you need to know.”

“Krillin, I’ll explain more later, but right now we need to focus on Frieza,” Bulma stopped him. She could tell that he was very concerned about her where Vegeta was concerned, but he held his tongue for the moment.

“Yeah, he’s ridiculously strong and he already has some of the Dragon Balls,” Krillin said tiredly.

“No, we have most of the Dragon Balls,” Bulma said with a small smile.

Krillin frowned, “Bulma, what are you talking about? We saw him.”

“Yeah, I don’t doubt that you saw him with Dragon Balls, but they’re not the ones he wants,” Bulma smiled secretively.

Krillin blinked, “Bulma what did you do?”

“This is getting tedious, she made fake ones and replaced them,” Vegeta explained, slightly annoyed.

“How…?” Krillin was about to ask but was cut off by Vegeta.

“What does it matter? All you need to know is that we are close to gathering all the Dragon Balls, we only need two more,” Vegeta snapped.

“O...kay, well if you need help, we’re here,” Krillin said optimistically.

Vegeta scoffed, “You’ll just get in the way, go back home, earthling.”

“I’m not leaving without Bulma!” Krillin growled at him.

“Boys, boys, you’re both pretty, now can we stop. Let’s just get the damn Dragon Balls and get the hell out of here,” Bulma said in irritation as she reached into her bag and pulled out her Dragon Radar. She clicked it to look for the position of the other two Dragon Balls, “Well one of them is a bit far from here, it’s the one-star Dragon Ball.”
“I know where that is,” she heard Dende say beside her and looked down at him.

“Will you help us get the Dragon Ball?” Bulma asked softly.

“Yes, father said that your intentions were not evil, so I will help you,” Dende replied with a small nod.

“Thank you,” Bulma said before checking the position of the other Dragon Ball. She paled, “Shit…”

“Female, what’s wrong,” Vegeta turned to her alarmed voice.

“Frieza has one of the real ones…” Bulma said quietly.

“Shit!” Jaco yelled. “We should just go, we already have most of the Dragon Balls, and now he can’t use them.”

“But we want to bring back our friends,” Krillin interjected.

“Listen, I have a lot of friends I would like to bring back to, but they won’t! It’s the way of life, so get over it and move on!” Jaco exclaimed angrily.

“Jaco calm down, I agree with you, but I do want to get them all,” Bulma said as her mind raced for the next course of action. She looked down at Dende and then to Krillin, “Krillin, take Gohan and go with Dende to get the one-star Dragon Ball.”

Krillin nodded, “Okay, but what will you do?”

Bulma glanced at Vegeta, who tilted his head at her in curiosity, and she smiled at him mischievously, “I’m going to turn in the Destroyer of Worlds to Frieza.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I hope you enjoyed this chapter! Thank you again for all your lovely comments and kudos! You guys are awesome! Please let me know what you thought!
Facing Fears

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Bulma hefted Vegeta’s arm more securely around her shoulder as she held him around his waist. Her heart was hammering in her chest and the blood was pounding against her eardrums as she stared at Frieza’s ship. She was going to be face-to-face with the tyrant that ruled the universe, who she had worked hard all those years to bring down. The creature that wanted her and would do anything and go to any lengths to have her. She felt pressure from behind her eyes from tears of fear that threatened to spill forth. She felt panic rise in her chest with uncomfortable warmth as she remembered how she had almost been in Frieza’s grasp, how she had almost died to stay away from him. And now she was here. She was going to face her greatest fear.

“I’m here,” Vegeta whispered beside her. He could hear her heartbeat beating erratically and knew that the past was threatening to haunt her.

Bulma calmed at the sound of his voice and closed her eyes before she took a deep breath to steady herself. She couldn’t afford to let her emotions get the best of her. If she pulled this off, she could put an end to the emperor's reign. No, there were no ifs. She would succeed. She would stop Frieza. She would win.

She looked at the ship with determination and walked forward with Vegeta. He was feigning unconsciousness and was slightly levitating himself to support his weight, making it appear as if she was dragging him along. He wore his old armor that had been damaged from his fight with Goku and had Krillin to assist him to put wounds on his body. He looked the part of a beaten warrior and she hoped her plan would work. Bulma saw that the ship’s loading ramp was down and she stepped aboard as she took a deep breath to yell, “Lord Frieza! Lord Frieza! I caught him! I caught that lowlife traitor Vegeta!”

Bulma’s announcement caught the attention of some of the soldiers nearby and they ran over with a mixture of fear, awe, and disgust on their faces, creating a commotion as she came further onto ship. She was soon surrounded by soldiers that stared openly at Vegeta as they murmured amongst themselves.

A shrill scream was heard in the back and everyone turned and backed away as they watched a scorched body of PTO soldier fall to the ground with a thud. Everyone quickly parted into a two lines and stood to attention, their backs stiff in fear as Frieza stood before them. He silently took in Bulma’s appearance and studied Vegeta’s unconscious form before making eye contact with Bulma. A cold shiver went throughout her body as she looked into the cruel red eyes of the evil emperor for the first time. She forced herself to breathe and quickly looked away to bow before him “Lord Frieza, I have captured Captain Vegeta.”

Bulma didn’t move as she heard Frieza approach, his footsteps growing threatening louder until they stopped when they reached her. “Tell me, how exactly to did you catch him?”

Bulma didn’t look up as she answered, “Lord Frieza, I found him unconscious next to the dead body of General Zarbon. I believe Captain Vegeta killed him and was subsequently wounded, my lord” Bulma spoke loud, clear, and precise with submissiveness. Vegeta had trained her how to speak to Frieza and learned that Frieza preferred that his men were humble and showed fear in his presence. He only tolerated boldness from a select few, which Vegeta had fallen under, but only if they were elite soldiers that proven their worth.
She felt Frieza regard her but she dared not glance up, “Do you have proof of your tale.”

Bulma tilted the bag she had held in her free hand and Zarbon’s severed head rolled out, landing at Frieza’s feet. Frieza put his foot on it and tilted it to see Zarbon’s scarred face, twisted into expression of sheer fear. Frieza hummed, “Ho, it seems the monkey has gotten stronger.” Frieza kicked Zarbon’s head aside and moved to walk around Bulma and Vegeta, “And did you find his blue-haired companion?”

“No, my lord, I searched but did not find anyone but Captain Vegeta,” Bulma replied carefully.

“He must be hiding her somewhere, and it does appears the dirty ape has been injured, stick him in a healing pod, I want to question him when he’s awake,” Frieza said as he walked away, but then paused. “When you’re finished, report to me again, I want to go over in detail the events of your story.”

“Yes, Lord Frieza,” Bulma replied as she heard him walk away.

She refused to give out a breath of relief as she made her way to the healing pod facility that Vegeta had mapped out to her. When she reached the dark room, there were glass healing pods inside with green fluid that were all empty and the only occupant in the room was a purple, bipedal salamander-like creature with elongated bald head in black PTO armor. The soldier looked at her and sneered, “What do you want?”

“Lord Frieza ordered me to put Captain Vegeta into a healing pod,” Bulma replied, her words catching the soldier’s attention.

He finally noticed Vegeta and glanced over at him before smirking, “About time the monkey got what’s coming to him.” He turned and pointed to a pod directly in front of him, “Put him in there.”

Bulma nodded and walked toward the pod, when she was suddenly shoved to the floor. She looked up to see Vegeta standing over her with a feral gleam in his eyes as his attention focused on the soldier. The soldier sputtered in disbelief, “V-Vegeta! H-how… why…”

Vegeta chuckled darkly, “Appule, this is why you never became nothing but a glorified bootlicker, you have no cunning or imagination like the rest of the soldiers here. This position you found yourself in is only due to your masochistic tendencies… so tell me Appule, do you enjoy choking on Frieza’s cock?”

Appule shook in outrage, “Shut your filthy mouth, monkey! The only reason Frieza kept you around is because you’re nothing but well trained pet!”

Vegeta smirked, “At least I didn’t let him treat me like a personal toy.”

“Shut up! Shut up! I can’t wait until I watch Frieza kill you!” Appule yelled in fury.

“Oh, Appule, you assume that I’ll let you leave here alive,” Vegeta smiled evilly as he moved his hand to form a ball of energy. Appule panicked and tried to run away, but he screamed when Vegeta’s attack pierced his back and left a hole where Appule’s heart should have been. Appule flopped over on the ground, his body twitching as blood pooled around him. Vegeta looked over at the camera in the corner and smirked before blasting it. He turned to Bulma, “We need to be quick, it won’t be long until Frieza is alerted of the incident here.”

Bulma nodded and reached into her locket and turned off her hologram device that disguised her as the soldier that Vegeta had killed and left in the river. She pulled out a capsule to click and toss to reveal a bio-capsule with the soldier's body. Vegeta quickly moved to take the body out and tossed it
to the ground and recapsulated the bio-capsule as Bulma plugged her mini computer into the main computer in the room to access the cameras in the ship. “He has the Dragon Balls on the bridge.”

“I’ll create a distraction, you swap the Dragon Ball, but like I said before, if the situation gets out of hand, get out. With the Dragon Ball or not,” Vegeta told her as he came over while she returned her computer to her bag.

She turned to him and gave him a severe look, “And don’t do anything stupid, I want you back in one piece.”

Vegeta smirked before he grabbed her roughly against him, “That’s my line.” He kissed her gently before releasing her, “Turn it on.”

Bulma grabbed her locket and turned on her invisibility, but left her energy shielding part off, “Let’s do this, hubby.”

Vegeta’s smirk grew wider as he raised a hand to blast the entrance door open and flew out. Bulma carefully walked out and moved along the walls as soldiers began to run to the direction of the healing pod facility. She pushed body flush against the walls when soldiers had run a little too close to her as she crept along to the bridge. She found a small alcove and ducked in to pull out her computer, checking the bridge for any movement and found it empty. She quickly accessed the cameras around the doors of the bridge to loop a video of the closed bridge door. Once she completed her task, she peeked out into the hall to see no one in sight and made her way to the bridge again.

When she reached the door, she turned off her invisibility for a moment to set off the doors and she walked into the abandoned bridge. There in front of her were her fake Dragon Balls and she wasted no time to pull out her capsule of her fake Dragon Ball. She clicked and tossed it as she took out her Dragon radar to locate the real Dragon Ball. It happened to be the one in the dead center and Bulma swapped them without delay, capsulating the real one and putting it in her bag along with the Dragon radar.

She glanced at the bridge’s main computer and removed one of her stud earrings that was in the shape of a small gold ball. She walked over to the computer and quickly removed one of the panels that was created to come off for quick maintenance. She found one of the many microcontrollers that controlled the programming of the ship and she stuck her earring into one of the pins. Bulma put the panel back in place before she checked that her invisibility was still in tack and turned back to the door. The ship suddenly shook violently as an explosion went out and Bulma stumbled to keep her balance.

“Where is that dirty monkey! Get me footage of the ship up now!”

Bulma’s eyes grew big at the sound of Frieza’s voice coming toward the door. She dashed to the side of the door and pressed herself into the wall, covering her mouth with her hand to muffle the sounds of her breathing just as the door opened. Frieza walked in with a humanoid soldier covered head to toe in armor, scrambling to the computer of the bridge to pull out footage of the ship. Multiple camera screens came up and in the corner was a live feed of Vegeta blasting a soldier as well as the wall of the ship, causing it shake once more. Bulma bit her cheek to keep from making any noise as she used only her knees to keep steady.

“There! Let’s go!” Frieza said as he made his way to the door, but suddenly he paused.

The soldier almost ran into him and jumped back, “Lord Frieza?”
Frieza glanced back at the Dragon Balls and narrowed his eyes, “Raspberry, has anyone been in here?”

The soldier blinked, “I’m not sure my lord, w-why do you ask?”

“Someone touched a Dragon Ball,” Frieza said as he walked closer to inspect the Dragon Balls. Bulma’s heart picked up at his words and prayed that he couldn’t hear it. She felt her chest turn to ice and she tried to take slow deep breaths to keep from hyperventilating, she couldn't let Frieza know she was right in front of him. Frieza pointed to the Dragon Ball in the middle, “That one, who touched it?”

“I-I don’t know, my lord,” Raspberry stuttered in fear.

Frieza turned to him and glared as the ship rocked once again, “Once we’ve dealt with Vegeta, I’m going to question every last one of you. Now go!”

“Y-yes! Lord Frieza!” Raspberry bowed quickly before running out the door.

Bulma watched and held her breath as Frieza glanced at the Dragon Balls once more before also leaving he bridge. Bulma didn’t dare move as she tried to control the shaking of her body as the fear of being in Frieza’s presence slowly drained and her knees threatened to give way. After a few minutes of silence, Bulma removed her hand from her mouth and took several deep breaths as her eyes watered. She couldn't afford to panic and tilted her head back to dry her tears as she continued to take controlled breaths.

She finally calmed and looked at the camera screens that Frieza had left on and could see that Frieza was now away from the bridge. Her hands shook as she turned off her invisibility and went to the door. It opened and she quickly flipped her invisibility back on before walking off the bridge. She felt her whole body tremble as she quietly walked down the hallway to go to the loading ramp that lead to her freedom. She tried to avoid making any sound. As soon as she was off, there was another loud explosion followed by dark laughter that Bulma knew belonged to Vegeta.

“Catch me if you can, Frieza!” Vegeta’s voice bellowed from the ship. There was another explosion and a shriek of unearthly fury rang out.

Bulma kept walking away from the ship, not daring to look back as she walked toward the direction of her friends. Bulma’s world tilted and she swallowed a scream as she flew threw the air. Someone had swept her up and was flying at neck-breaking speed and she threw her arms around the person’s neck, burying her face into their shoulder. She gave a sigh of relief when she smelled the familiar wild, animalistic smell that belonged to Vegeta. She glanced up at him and glared, “You jerk! You scared the shit out of me!”

Vegeta glanced down at her, “Take off your invisibility, it’s strange to be talk to nothing.” Bulma snorted before she complied and Vegeta glanced over her, checking for any injuries, “You are unharmed?”

“I’m fine, I’ll tell you everything that happened later,” Bulma said with a uneasy tone.

Vegeta narrowed his eyes at her, clearly reading her emotions, but decided to let it go, “Fine.” Vegeta looked back to make sure they weren’t being followed as he continued his way to Bulma’s friends. He saw the clearing of cliffs near the cave that the earthlings had chosen to hide in, and
dived down into a nearby ravine. He landed carefully and looked up to the sky, using his newfound ability to detect any energy signals that were unwanted. He glanced at the direction of the cave and felt the earthling, the purple insect, Kakarot’s brat, the Namekian cubs, and the energy signals of two other Namekians. Vegeta frowned, “We have extra visitors.”

Bulma glanced up at him with slight alarm, “Is that bad?”

“They’re Namekians,” Vegeta said as he floated in the air, keeping to the shadows until he reached the cave. He walked inside with Bulma still in his arms and found Bulma’s group of friends, as well as a Namekian elder, who the two cubs were clinging to and a warrior that looked eerily similar to the Namekian back on earth. Vegeta glanced at the earthling male with a heated look, “Why are they here?”

“Well…” Krillin began uncomfortably.

“Master Guru has requested that you take the two of us with you, he said that we could be of use to you in your battle against the evil being that has found its way here,” the warrior replied for Krillin.

Vegeta assessed them with suspicious narrowed eyes, “Who is this ‘Master Guru’?”

“He is the father of all Namekians of this planet, the wisest of us all. He knows of your plans and only wishes to be of help, to save his children,” the Namekian elder explained.

Vegeta felt Bulma’s soft hand on his cheek and he looked down at her pleading eyes, “Vegeta, please.”

Vegeta looked at her for a few more moments before letting out a heavy sigh through his nose, “Fine.”

Bulma smiled at him gently as he put her down and she turned to the group, “Alright guys, we need to go now.”

“Bulma, you got the Dragon Ball?” Krillin asked with wonder.

“Yes, with information on how to use them,” Krillin explained.

“Great,” Bulma said as she reached into her bag and pulled out the capsule of her ship.

“Aunt Bulma, what are we going to do now?” Gohan asked as he approached her.

“We’re going back to earth of course,” Bulma said as she made her way out of the cave with Vegeta beside her.

“Now wait a second, Bulma! We can’t go back to earth! What if Frieza figures out that you’re from there?” Jaco objected.

“Oh, I count on it,” Bulma replied over her shoulder.

Everyone but Vegeta froze at her response, Jaco screamed in disbelief, “What!”

Bulma turned back to them, “He’s going to come to earth whether I’m there or not. He maybe a psycho but, he's smart, Jaco. But we have the Dragon Balls now, and we have a better chance at stopping Frieza, once we have everyone together.”
“But Bulma, he’s too strong! He’ll kill everyone!” Krillin objected.

“Then get stronger,” Vegeta replied with irritation as he regarded Krillin with disgust. “On earth, we would have the advantage over Frieza and if I know the female, she has a plan.”

Bulma smiled at him, “Oh, I do.” Bulma turned to Jaco, “Jaco, go gather the patrol and bring them to earth, I’ll take everyone here with me on my ship.”

Jaco stared at her for a moment before sighing in defeat, “Alright, but you better know what you’re doing, Bulma.”

Bulma smiled elfishly, “Don’t I always.”

“Let’s go, before Frieza finds us,” Vegeta concluded the conversation and walked out of the cave with their small party following. Bulma waved to Jaco who nodded as he returned to his own ship.

The clearing in front of the cave was big enough for Bulma’s ship and she clicked and tossed her ship's capsule far enough away for it to emerge without hurting anyone. Gohan, Krillin and the Namekians gasped in awe and Gohan ran over to grab Bulma’s hand, “Aunt Bulma, did you make this?”

“I sure did, kiddo,” Bulma said as she took out her remote to the loading ramp and led Gohan to the ship. “I’ll give you a tour of it later, but first we need to go.”

Everyone climbed aboard and buckled into a seat as Bulma wasted no time in getting the ship started and activated her ship's cloaking device. Her nerves were still shot as she lifted her ship into the air, waiting for any moment for Frieza to suddenly appear. Panic was threatening to rise in her chest once more, but she felt a hand on her shoulder and looked over at Vegeta who sat beside her. He gave her calming look, "He's nowhere near us.”

Bulma gave him a small smile as she launched her ship toward the Namekian sky. The ship rumbled as it picked up speed to pierce through the atmosphere and zipped into space. Bulma set the coordinates for earth and soon her ship blasted off in its direction. She stared into space as she tried calm herself and jumped when she felt a hand on her wrist, looking over at Vegeta who had concern in his eyes. He removed her hands off the controls, which she just realized she was holding with a death grip. He rubbed little circles in her palms with his thumbs to calm her, "Bulma, I won't let him hurt you.”

Bulma felt tears well up in her eyes as she smiled fondly at him, "I know.

"Aunt Bulma, are you okay?” She heard Gohan beside her.

She turned to see him standing beside them and she gave him a reassuring smile, "I'm okay Gohan" She quickly changed subjects and spoke to him cheerfully, "Now, how about I show you around, little guy.”

Gohan smiled, "Can you tell me how the engine works?"

"Of course!" Bulma said as she stood, forcing Vegeta to release her hands, but he refused to leave her alone and followed after them.

Vegeta watched as Bulma showed Gohan and the others the ship, he could see the fear and anxiety in her eyes, but he was proud of her. He had been slightly worried at first that she may panic and blow their cover when they arrived to the ship. It had been her idea to go to Frieza’s ship, but he had seen her fear and thought perhaps it was too soon for her to do this mission.
Vegeta studied his amazing mate. She was like no other in his mind. She had just faced the person that had been haunting her, who terrified her, and she had successfully did what was demanded of her without complaint. She was the most beautiful being he had ever seen, she had such compassion for others but had a core of steel. And because of her strong will and selfless nature, they may have a chance at stopping Frieza.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! Sorry I've been MIA, I went on vacation for about a week and lost track of time! And I was hoping to write the whole time, haha!

I hope you enjoyed this chapter! I also hope you liked the twist! Please let know what you thought, I love hearing from you! And as always, thank you for your support! You've guys have been amazing! ❤️
Bulma sighed as she stared at the message she wrote to her father before sending it along with the schematics to her biocapsules. She placed her tablet down on the floor next to the bathtub before sinking down into the warm water, bubbles floating around her as the scent of strawberries tickled her nose. She finally had time to herself as the last couple of days, since leaving Namek, had been filled with discussions of her plans once they were on earth. Krillin was skeptical that they could evacuate the whole population of earth, even with the help of the Galactic Patrol, however Bulma had explained that she had experience with such large mass evacuation and she was highly successful. The only wrinkle in Bulma’s plan was the arrival of the GP, it would take a couple weeks for them to come to earth and it was cutting too close to when Frieza may decide to grace them with his presence.

Her other plan involved the Namekian Dragon Balls. Once they arrived, they would immediately wish for Piccolo to return to life and thus bringing back the earth Dragon Balls. Bulma considered wishing for the Namekians whose lives were lost and transporting them to earth. During the discussions, Vegeta allowed her to make her plans as he knew that she was capable of handling it on her own. His personal concern was to become stronger before Freiza’s arrival as he felt confident that he would be able to defeat the tyrant once and for all.

“Kakarot’s spawn won’t stop trailing me,” she heard Vegeta’s husky voice, causing her to jump. She looked up to see him walk over to sit on lip of the bathtub and she wrinkled her nose, “You are not getting in here smelling like that, go shower.”

“Tch, frivolous female,” Vegeta cursed as he stood to remove his armor and battlesuit, becoming completely nude before walking over to the shower.

“And leave Gohan alone. He’s interested in Saiyan culture, and unfortunately for him, you’re the only one who can teach him that,” Bulma said as her eyes openly roamed over his muscular form with appreciation as he stepped into the shower with glass walls.

“I’m a warrior not a nursery school teacher,” Vegeta protested as he turned on the water to quickly shower, rubbing shampoo in his hair the moment the spray of water hit him. “I need to train, not answer the millions of questions the cub has.”

“Think of it as practice for when we have our own,” Bulma replied as he soaped up his body within a few moments.

“I have to focus on defeating Frieza, and I thought the brat liked science, you take him,” Vegeta grumbled as he rinsed before turning off the shower.

Bulma laughed, “He has many interests, but his attention has shifted to you, for reasons I have yet to fathom.”

“Female, people always stand at attention in my presence,” Vegeta said as he walked over to the bathtub.

“Then having Gohan follow you around shouldn’t be a problem,” she smiled innocently as she moved forward to let him get into the tub behind her.
“Tch, don’t try to manipulate me, enchantress, it won’t work,” Vegeta said as he pulled her against his chest once he was seated and wrapped his tail around her waist. He nuzzled his face into her shoulder to breath in her scent deeply as she lightly traced a scar on his forearm, letting her mind wander. “What happened on Frieza’s ship?”

Bulma sucked in a deep breath before letting it out slowly. She was no longer fearful of the incident on Frieza’s ship, but she still felt a bit of unease, “I was almost caught by Frieza.”

Vegeta tensed, “What?”

“After I switched the Dragon Balls, I… put my bug into his ship’s system,” Bulma winced at the last part.

“Bulma, you were only supposed to change the Dragon Ball, that is what we agreed on,” Vegeta said coldly into her ear.

Vegeta’s voice had the opposite effect of what he wanted and Bulma shivered in delight, “I know, but I saw an opportunity and I took it.”

“I should have known that you can’t keep things simple,” Vegeta said, a trace of anger in his tone as he nipped her ear in punishment.

“He knew someone touched the Dragon Ball anyway, he’s fucking psychopath for noticing something like that,” Bulma shuddered in horror.

“Believe me female, I would have noticed too,” Vegeta said darkly into her ear.

“Well I never said that you weren’t a psycho, I’m just lucky that you like me,” Bulma teased.

“That’s still up for debate,” Vegeta said as he licked the shell of her ear.

“I’m glad I bugged him, because now I know the Ginyu force is coming,” Bulma said as she turned her head to look at him seriously.

Vegeta paused and Bulma watched his eyes flash with burning challenge, “Are they?”

“They will arrive to Namek a couple days after we get to earth, so we need to move fast the moment we land,” Bulma explained as she felt his tail wagged against her skin with excitement.

“Do what you must, but if the Ginyu are involved, I will personally handle each one,” Vegeta said with a cruel smirk.

Bulma’s brow rose, “It sounds like you have a vendetta.”

Vegeta shrugged, “They have always been stronger than me, but now I will show them all who’s more powerful.”

“Ah, this is a Saiyan thing,” Bulma dismissed boredly as she turned away from him.

Vegeta nipped her ear again retaliation, causing her to giggle, “Insubordinate female.” Vegeta reached up to take her chin gently and tilt it toward him, “Bulma, I know I can’t stop you from acting on what you believe to be right, nor do I want to, but do not put yourself in jeopardy like that again.”

Bulma took in his severe expression and nodded, “I’ll try to be more careful, Vegeta.”

“Good,” Vegeta said before leaning in to place a kiss on her lips.
Bulma sighed as she leaned against him heavily and took her hand to trace his jaw with her finger. They stared at one another for a while, enjoying the companionable silence before Bulma bit her lips in hesitation. She looked up at him timidly, “I love you.” Vegeta stilled at her words and she was worried that she had said the wrong thing as she had been afraid to say the words since their reunion.

Vegeta smirked, “Good.”

Bulma felt the pressure of tears in her eyes from relief and Vegeta held her tighter to comfort her, placing a kiss on her temple. A tear rolled down her cheek as she sobbed, “Vegeta, I’m so sorry.”

“Don’t apologize female, it’s beneath you,” he murmured into her hair and she laughed through her tears. “If you want to punish yourself then there is something you can do.”

Bulma sniffed, “What?”

“Never leave my side again,” Vegeta said intensely.

“I won’t, I wouldn’t be able to bear it,” Bulma replied as she wiped her tear away.

“Good, you’ve learned your lesson,” Vegeta nodded as nuzzled her hair and she chuckled. He the suddenly paused, “Also, I have one more thing to add to your punishment.”

“Oh?” Bulma looked at him curiously.

“You have to provide me a litter of heirs,” Vegeta said seriously.

Bulma scoffed disbelief, “You can’t even handle Gohan and you want children?”

“My cubs will be superior to Kakarot’s brat,” Vegeta said with pride.

Bulma rolled her eyes, “You’re never going to let this one go, are you?”

He kissed her sweetly on her lips, “No.”
Hi everyone! Sorry this chapter is the short side, as a heads up, a lot of things will be happening soon! 😊 I also wanted to write something fluffier! Please let me know how I'm doing! 😊

Thank you for all your support and amazing comments!

I added fanart by the spectacular vegebul_soup!! It's very beautiful! Please enjoy!

Image description:

The amazing and incredible vegebul_soup made this gorgeous fanart for this chapter! Thank you so much vegebul_soup! You're so awesome and I love it so much!!!
😊 ❤️❤️❤️❤️
Black clouds formed above, billowing in dark waves as the sky turned starless just before a bright light burst from the center of the gathered Dragon Balls. The light dispersed with a pop of sparkles to reveal a behemoth of a green dragon floating above them. His red glare looked down upon them with eerie disquiet.

Vegeta looked up in silent awe, “This is normal?”

“Yep, it’s like this all the time,” Bulma said from beside him, then smirked, “Why? Afraid?”

“Hn, watch your insolence, female,” he grunted.

“Or what?” Bulma moved to whisper in his ear seductively, “You’ll silence me? Make me scream? I’m excited to see what you’ll choose.”

Vegeta blushed, “Vulgar female!”

Bulma laughed before turning to the Namekian elder, Moori, “We want to bring back the Namekian named Piccolo back.”

Moori nodded and turned to the Dragon, speaking their wish in his native tongue. They had arrived on earth just moments before and Bulma had quickly landed at a secluded spot in order to summon the Namekian Dragon without interference. Their small group was standing together to watch the Dragon appear, the Namekian children were huddled beside Nail and Moori, afraid of their new environment. A few moments passed and Dragon spoke, his voice a deep baritone that boomed across the sky. His eyes flashed and a moment later, a small, white light formed as Piccolo stepped out. He glanced at the group curiously, but when he made eye contact with Vegeta, he glared fiercely.

Vegeta smirked, “What’s the matter, Namekian? You don’t look happy to see me.”

Piccolo snarled at him and Bulma elbowed his side, “Vegeta, don’t antagonize him.”

“Uncle Piccolo!” Gohan yelled and ran to him from Vegeta’s side, only stopping a foot in front of him.

“Gohan, you’re stronger,” Piccolo said without inflection as he studied the boy.

Gohan nodded happily, “Yeah, Uncle Vegeta has been training me!”

Piccolo looked up at Vegeta in shock, “‘Uncle’ Vegeta?”

“Tch,” Vegeta cursed and looked away as he saw an amused smile tug at Bulma’s lips.

The Dragon’s voice boomed and Moori flinched, “He wants to know what you’re next wish will be, he can’t sustain himself much longer.”

“Shit,” Bulma said under her breath. “We want to bring back the Namekians.”

“No,” Piccolo interrupted.
Bulma looked at him in surprise, “No?”

“I know everything that happened on Namek and that this Frieza is coming, we should wait until he is destroyed before we wish anyone back,” Piccolo explained and turned to Moori. “I hope you understand.”

The elder nodded, “Yes, I believe that is a wise decision.”

“Then do you have any other ideas?” Bulma asked as she put her hands on her hips.

“We need warriors to fight him,” Piccolo replied as he crossed his arms.

“So you want to bring back the others?” Bulma questioned with a tilt of her head.

“Tch, what help could they be, they were weak,” Vegeta interjected as he glared at Piccolo.

“As much as I hate to say this, but I agree. They have been training, but they are still not at the level they should be to fight Frieza,” Piccolo clarified.

“Then what are you suggesting?” Krillin asked from beside Bulma.

“We need the Saiyans,” Piccolo declared, silencing everyone.

Vegeta’s eyes narrowed on the Namekian, “And what makes you think they could be of use?”

“I know that Saiyans becoming stronger the more damage they take, and even more so with near-death experiences. If we have those two and train them, we have more of a chance in defeating Frieza,” Piccolo informed them.

Vegeta scoffed, “You would be wasting your time, those two have practically become feral and have lost sight of their own ambitions.”

“Vegeta,” Bulma called to him softly and he glanced at her. “They know what it’s like to work under Frieza and they won’t hold back like my friends would in a fight. And you are the only one who can keep them in check. They may respond better now if they believe that it’s possible to stop Frieza.”

“They. Are. Weak,” Vegeta punctuated each word between clenched teeth.

Bulma put a gentle hand on his arm, “Vegeta, you, yourself said that they are lost, they have been fighting for years and perhaps lost hope of ever getting out from under Frieza. You have never lost sight and you have grown so much stronger, maybe they just need to see you as you are now to believe they have something to become strong for again.” Bulma looked at him fiercely, “They need their prince.”

Vegeta stared into her passionate blue eyes, eyes full of life, confidence, and hope and sighed heavily. He could never say no to her, especially when she directed her unbreakable faith at him. “Fine, return them to life so I can put them back into the ground as many times as I see fit.” Bulma gave him a small smile before pecking his cheek with a kiss, causing him to jump away from her with a blush, “Female, contain yourself!”

Bulma giggled before turning to Piccolo’s slightly stunned face, “Alright, let’s wish Nappa and Raditz back to life.”

“You won’t sound so cheerful when they’re here,” Vegeta grumbled at her.

“Cool it, Bad Man,” Bulma said as Moori turned to the Namekian Dragon for their next wish.
Moori spoke to the Dragon and they could only make out Raditz’s name and the same light as before appeared. The large Saiyan stepped through, his expression cold and cruel as his gaze swept his surroundings. He spotted Piccolo and Gohan and he growled menacingly, taking a threatening step toward them.

"Why if it isn't the Namekian and the half-breed, are you here for me to return the favor and kill you?” Raditz smiled ruthlessly.

Vegeta made a deep rumbling sound from his chest in warning and Raditz froze, his eyes growing wide before he swung around to look at Vegeta. He dropped to his knee and bowed his head in submission,"Prince Vegeta!" He slowly glanced up at him with slight hesitation, “You’ve arrived, did you revive me with their Dragon Balls?”

“If I had it my way, I would have left you to rot in hell, Raditz. You have disgraced your Saiyan heritage,” Vegeta said coldly, causing Raditz to flinch and become silent. Vegeta turned to Moori, “Bring back the other.”

Moori nodded and spoke to the Dragon, who once more spoke as his eyes flashed. Another light appeared beside Raditz and Nappa stepped through, appearing confused. The Dragon spoke once more as a light surrounded him to disappear into the Dragon Balls that turned to stone. The sky returned to normal, the stars twinkling brightly at them.

As the soon as the Dragon left, Nappa caught sight of Vegeta and dropped to his knees. “Prince Vegeta! You… you brought me back,” he glanced at him in awe.

“Apparently there is a benefit in keeping you around,” Vegeta said with cold disdain as he studied his comrades, who flinched.

Nappa then saw Gohan and Piccolo and bared his teeth, “How are they alive? Allow me to kill them for you to show my loyalty and prove myself to you, Prince Vegeta.”

Vegeta’s chest rumbled in dangerously and both Raditz and Nappa looked at him with apprehension before shrinking into themselves. “You are not to hurt the earthlings, disregard my order and I’ll rip your spines out through your tails,” Vegeta proclaimed with a quiet tone that had shivers go through everyone’s spine.

“P-prince Vegeta, why are you interested in this planet?” Nappa asked quietly, avoiding eye contact.

“I will not have you destroy my mate’s planet or her people,” Vegeta stated boredly.

The Saiyans’ heads shot up in surprise and Bulma bit her lip to conceal her amused smile as she waved at the pair. “Hi~,” she said cheerfully and they turned to her, riveted. It was comical to see the recognition growing in their eyes and their jaws drop in shock, both speechless as they glanced at Vegeta and back to her. Bulma giggled and leaned into Vegeta, “They seem surprised, I mean I don’t blame them. How could this gorgeous, smart, amazing female be with such a grumpy, pain-in-the-ass?”

“Hn, you’re mistaken, they probably want to know what I see in such a pale, pathetic, weak creature like you,” Vegeta smirked at her.

“Oh, they know it’s because you like the way I stroke your tail,” Bulma winked at the shocked Saiyans.

“Bulma!” Vegeta shouted as he turned beet red, causing her to laugh.
“You… you are that weapons developer from the Galactic Shadow Market, Lacy Bottom,” Raditz said as he took her in. “You were dead.”

Bulma smiled as she felt her friends’ astonished eyes on her, “Lacy Bottom is dead, but I’m not.”

“She faked her death and went into hiding from Frieza,” Vegeta explained with a shrug. “Her real name is Bulma, she’s an earthling working for the Galactic Patrol.”

“The Galactic Patrol?” Nappa laughed uproariously. “They’re nothing but spineless cowards that only know how to bark.”

Raditz stared at her hard, “You were working undercover for the Galactic Patrol, but that doesn’t explain why Frieza placed a bounty on you.”

“Raditz, you remember the planet with the holograms just before it was destroyed?” Vegeta glanced at him meaningfully.

Raditz blinked before his eyes went large and gawked at Bulma, “That was your doing?”

Bulma smiled impishly, “Guilty.”

Nappa stopped laughing to stare at her with shock, “You were blowing up Frieza’s planets?”

Bulma nodded, “Uh-huh.”

Nappa exploded into boisterous laughter, “A little earthling female was making Frieza piss his pants.”

“Wait, how did you two become mated?” Raditz stared between them.

Bulma wrapped her arms around one of Vegeta’s bicep that was tightly crossed against his chest and leaned into him with a sigh. “It was murderous intent at first sight.”

“Tch,” Vegeta cursed with a slight blush that had Nappa laughing louder. He ignored him and spoke, “Frieza gave me a classified mission to locate this vulgar female and bring her to him. I bumped into her looking for an engineer, but I had no idea that she was the female responsible for destroying Frieza’s assets at the time.”

“Your charming prince here, kidnapped me to do some investigated work into a hacking and he tried to take me with him…” Bulma looked up at Vegeta with mischievous smile, “But I got the drop on him and ran away before that could happen.”

Nappa threw his head back in laughter and fell over and Vegeta cursed, “Quiet, Nappa!”

“Did you know she was your mate then?” Raditz asked curiously, a small smile playing at his lips in amusement.

“No… yes… maybe,” Vegeta frowned, his brows drawing together in frustration.

“But she’s not Saiyan, how did she know about our mating ritual?” Raditz asked with a tilt of his head.

“I didn’t.”

“She didn’t.” Vegeta and Bulma spoke in unison.
Bulma giggled as he explained, “It was purely accident, I was on a planet when the moon was almost at its fullest when I met her a second time. She just so happened to get pissed off enough to challenge me without knowing and my Oozaru took over.”

“But I escaped again before he could put his Saiyan paws on me,” Bulma grinned at the Saiyans.

Nappa went into another round of laughter, “She ran away from you twice!”

“Actually I got away from him four times,” she smiled at Vegeta who growled in annoyance.

“Enough about how we met! This… ridiculous female is mine and Frieza knows she’s alive. He’s coming to earth and we have to stop him, that is why you two are here!” Vegeta snarled angrily.

“You left Frieza?” Nappa questioned with quiet awe.

“Yes, I found Bulma here…”

“You mean I found you,” Bulma interrupted.

Vegeta growled, “I found Bulma and I officially defected. She discovered that Frieza was after the Namekian Dragon Balls, we stopped him from getting his hands on them. But he will soon discover something is off and come here.”

Raditz’s eyes raked over Vegeta’s form, “You are stronger.”

“Yes, and so you will be too. The Namekian there believes you two are what we need to stop Frieza,” Vegeta thusted his chin at Piccolo.

Raditz glanced at him and frowned before turning back to Vegeta, “How do you expect us to get stronger in a short amount of time?”

Vegeta gave the Saiyans a feral grin, “You’ll soon find out.”

Raditz and Nappa paled at the sight and could only nod in aquesience. Bulma snorted softly in amusement and moved in to whisper in his ear, “It’s really sexy when you threaten people like that.”

Vegeta blushed and sputtered, “Female!”

“Oi! Bulma! Krillin! You’re back!” They looked up to see Goku flying toward them. He quickly touched down in front of Bulma and Vegeta and grinned cheerfully, “Vegeta is here too!”

“Prince Vegeta, moron,” Vegeta corrected him with disdain.

“King Kai told me everything that happened! He said Frieza is still on Namek and wanted me to tell you guys,” Goku said as he turned toward the Saiyans. “Whoa, why are they here?”

“It was Piccolo’s idea to bring them back, Vegeta is going to train them to get stronger,” Bulma explained briefly.

Goku perked up, “I want to train with Vegeta too!”

“Me too!” Gohan also added, causing Piccolo to frown.

Vegeta growled, “I’m not your personal trainer, get stronger on your own.”

“Aww, but I want to fight you again!” Goku whined.
“Fight them first, it seems your level is higher than theirs and they need to reach it,” Vegeta nodded toward the Saiyans.

“Prince Vegeta, you’re accepting this traitor’s help?” Nappa asked in surprise.

“We need him, unfortunately, and he is the female’s friend,” Vegeta shrugged.

Raditz smirked, “In other words, you don’t want to piss off your mate.”

“I will put that hole back in your chest myself, Raditz if you speak to me again,” Vegeta snarled and Raditz backed down, though his smile never left his face.

“I have a question, now that we have the Dragon Balls, shouldn’t we use that wish?” Goku suddenly asked.

Bulma shook her head, “We’ll save it for later.”

“But Bulma, we can ask for Yamcha, he could help,” Goku suggested.

“No, she’s right, your friends will not be ready to fight the likes of Frieza anyways. It’s for the best, Goku,” Piccolo interjected.

“Ok, you always know what’s best Bulma,” Goku grinned boyishly.

Vegeta frowned at their familiarity as a jolt of jealousy shot through his chest, but he tried to ignore it. “Now that we’ve had this pointless conversation, where are we to go, female?”

Bulma smiled at him, “We’ll go to my place, my parents have plenty of room.”

“Fine, let’s go,” Vegeta said as he scooped her up into his arms, holding tightly and began to take off, not waiting to see if the others followed.

Bulma pressed her lips to his ear, “You know, if you ask nicely, I’ll let you stay in my room.”

“Hn, what makes you think I’ll even ask for your permission, female,” Vegeta grunted.

Bulma giggled, “Why aren’t you such a Bad Man, hubby.”

“Careful, mate, I still haven’t punished you for your insolence yet, don’t worsen your crime,” Vegeta smirked.

Bulma grinned into his skin, “Bring it, my prince.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter! I'm posting another today! 😊
"Vegeta," Bulma moaned softly into his ear as he steadily stroked her slick, feminine sheath with long, deep thrusts of his cock. His tail was drawing slow circles around her clit, gradually putting more pressure as her legs tightened her hold on his hips. His arms were wrapped around her to hold her body close to his, Bulma could feel the hard muscles of his stomach against her softer one as her breasts rubbed against his chest. Vegeta purred at her voice as he suckled on a patch of skin just below her ear.

She felt her sex tighten almost painfully, warning her that she was about come apart soon. Vegeta must have also sensed it as the tip of his tail added more pressure and increased its pace, and it was enough to push her over the edge. Her thighs clenched around Vegeta’s hard body as her tight muscles spasmed around his member. She cried out prettily and arched her back, feeling the ripples of intense sparks wash over her body from her womb. Vegeta growled softly as he spilled his seed inside of her, her womanhood coaxing him to follow after her with a few more strokes.

Neither one of them dare move as they lied there together entangled as a tranquil calm settled and over them. Bulma languidly ran her hands down his back, enjoying the feel of his hard muscles ripple underneath her fingertips as they both came down from their high. Vegeta was panting against her skin as he lapped at the sweat at her throat while she hummed in satisfaction.

When they were first reunited their love-making had been desperate and wild, just as it had been in the beginning of their relationship, where they had only a few moments to be together after months of separation. But they no longer had to hide their relationship or worry when they would see each other next and that desperation changed to a burn to learn each other more intimately, basking in soft caresses and heady kisses.

Vegeta slowly licked the column of her throat to her chin, causing her to gasp softly before he sealed his lips over hers and kneaded them until she parted them. She moaned as he slipped his tongue inside to gently stroke hers, taking his time exploring her mouth until he pulled away to look into her eyes. “My Bulma,” he declared with quiet fierceness.

Bulma smiled softly, “My Vegeta.”

He moved them so that he was lying on his back with her on top and Bulma sighed contently as she rested her head on his chiseled chest. Their legs tangled together as Vegeta rested a hand on the small of her back while his tail wrapped around her thigh more securely. He rested his head on his other arm as she petted his chest, making him purr softly at her touch.

It had been several days since their return to earth. When she came to the house with Vegeta and introduced him to her parents as her husband… there had been a mixed reaction. Her mother had jumped up and down with glee and was immediately taken with Vegeta, but her father had been more wary. She and Vegeta had a long conversation with them about their relationship and how they met… leaving out a lot of the more dicer moments in their association. Her father was slowly coming around as her mother found any opportunity to pepper her poor Vegeta with questions and attention. Bulma often had to hold in her laughter at the look of martyrdom he often exhibited when dealing with her over enthusiastic mother.

Bulma’s thoughts strayed to her new house guests, Raditz and Nappa. As soon as they came to the
house, Vegeta became a grueling task master in training them, never allowing them to really break for even a moment. She had been slightly worried about their behavior, but with Vegeta as the alpha male, they had been extremely docile and eager to become stronger. They had also become curious about her too and she often found them watching her with interest. Eventually Raditz explained that they had always wondered what type of woman Vegeta’s mate would be if he ever found her. They seemed to be pleased with her and at times in awe of her when she and Vegeta argued. She wasn't afraid to stand up to him or put him in his place. They were also fascinated how she could easily tease her Saiyan and get away with it.

Bulma smiled slightly as she remembered that they weren't the only Saiyans invading her home. Goku and Gohan were also coming over to Capsule Corp daily to also train under Vegeta. It annoyed him to no end but he put up with it as well as Gohan following him around like a mini shadow. Surprisingly even Piccolo had joined them, and she tried not to laugh at the frown of jealousy that was clearly etched on the Namekian's face as Gohan copied Vegeta’s fighting form. But it seemed they were all getting stronger and it felt as though they were holding their breath for Frieza's arrival.

He was still on Namek, according to King Kai, and had located all the fake Dragon Balls. He had learned that there was a password, but before he could question Guru, the elder had died. Moori had felt their father slip into the next world and soon took up the mantle of the Dragon Ball guardian. They still were not ready to be used, but they were placed in capsules to be kept safe. Bulma knew that Frieza was not happy and was formulating a plan of his own, having yet to leave Namek and that's what frightened her the most.

"Bulma, I think I’m getting close," Vegeta broke her out of her reverie.

She tilted her head up look at him, "Close to what?"

Vegeta swallowed, "Super Saiyan."

"Super Saiyan?" Bulma asked as she adjusted to prop herself up on his chest to speak to him better.

Vegeta drew lazy patterns on her skin with his fingertips as he made eye contact with her. "It's a legend from among my people. A Saiyan warrior so great that no being could withstand him. I was told that this legend was to be my destiny as I was the strongest Saiyan ever born."

Bulma placed a hand on his cheek, "What happens when you reach it?"

"I will tear out Frieza's throat," Vegeta said coldly, his eyes hardening.

"How do you know it's not just a legend," Bulma asked carefully.

"Because I can feel it," Vegeta said vehemently. "Every time I push my limits, I feel this wall to something greater within me. But I can't break it."

Bulma looked at him with concern, "Do you know what you need to do to break through?"

Vegeta looked away, "No."

Bulma saw the frustration in his eyes, it had been growing for a while and she had caught a glimpse at it a few times, but now she finally knew the cause. She moved to kiss the corner of his mouth, "Vegeta, you always push yourself too hard, maybe this is something you shouldn't force."

"Then how else am I to defeat Frieza!" Vegeta snarled at her.
Bulma kissed him again, unafraid of his outburst, "We'll find a way, we have each other now."

Vegeta sighed, closing his eyes to reign in his temper as Bulma continued to leave kisses across his jaw, "Bulma…"

She kissed his chin, "Shh, there is nothing to apologize for, everyone gets frustrated Vegeta. I want you to share your thoughts with me."

Vegeta opened his eyes to stare at her intensely, "I can't lose you again."

"And you won't," Bulma said confidently.

Vegeta sighed heavily through his nose as though releasing a heavy burden, "I also see your fear."

Bulma blew out a breath, "He's planning something and it worries me."

"As you said to me, don't force yourself, Bulma. You want to be ten steps ahead of him and prepare for every scenario. Don't. Just focus on protecting your people the way you can and allow me to take care of the rest," Vegeta’s words comforted her and eased her mind.

Bulma smiled playfully, "How did I get so lucky to get such a thoughtful, caring mate."

"Hn," Vegeta grunted and looked away with a slight blush.

Bulma smiled and kissed his cheek, "Thank you, Vegeta."

He turned to her and kissed her deeply and wrapped his arms around her to hold her close. He broke away gently and nuzzled his face into her neck to breath in her scent. Neither one spoke again as sleep came over them and felt peace settle between them.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone! I posted two chapters today! It's my birthday so I thought I make it extra special! So if you're confused, you might have skipped a chapter.

And can you believe I have over 10,000 hits! Whoa!

Also! The wonderful vegebul_soup created amazing fan art for chapter 43, I posted it with the chapter so if you get a chance please take a look!

Also I want to apologize for updating so late. I needed a break, I've been feeling down about my own writing and have been losing confidence in my own ability and questioning some of the choices I've made throughout the story. Thank you for those who have stuck with my story and I hope you still enjoy it. You all have been incredibly supportive and I still can't believe I have gotten this far! ❤

I hope you've enjoyed these past two chapters and I'm getting pumped for the next part!

Also I'm on Twitter now if you care to follow me. Love you guys!

twitter.com/LadyRed52188891
“You’re here earlier than expected.” Vegeta glared with his arms crossed tightly against his chest.

“I don’t have to answer to you, I need to speak with Bulma, it’s urgent,” Jaco glared back, mimicking Vegeta’s stance. They were squaring off in the expansive backyard of Capsule Corp where Jaco had landed his ship. Vegeta had felt the purple slug’s energy approaching when he was training and came to see what he wanted.

“The female is busy, you can state your business with me,” Vegeta glowered menacingly as he felt Raditz and Nappa approach behind him.

“Prince Vegeta, is everything alright?” Nappa asked as he took in Jaco’s appearance before sneering. “What’s a Galactic Patrol dog doing here?”

“He’s my mate’s partner,” Vegeta replied coolly.

“What?” Raditz asked in surprise. “Lady Bulma is Galactic Patrol?”

Vegeta nodded, “Why else would she try to stop Frieza?”

“I thought she was with the Galactic Shadow Market,” Nappa asked, confused.

“Yeah, I thought she was looking to make a profit,” Raditz said as he looked Jaco over with curiosity.

Vegeta snorted, “The female wants for nothing, she was embedded with GSM to take out the universe’s most wanted criminals as she was toying with Frieza.”

“Your mate is clever and cunning, Prince Vegeta. She is worthy of you,” Nappa nodded, looking impressed.

Vegeta smirked, “I know.”

“Stop stalling! I need to see Bulma!” Jaco growled in frustration, his fists clenched tightly by his side.

“As I said, you can state your business with me, I don’t want you bothering my female,” Vegeta said with terrifying calm.

“I don’t have time for this! If you won’t call for Bulma, I’ll just look for her myself!” Jaco exclaimed as he stepped forward but Vegeta blocked him.

“You’re not going anywhere near her,” Vegeta said quietly, sending shivers down everyone’s spine.

Jaco stood his ground, “Why are you behaving childishly?”

Vegeta looked at him impassively, his eyes stone cold, “Me? Childish?” Vegeta took a step closer to him, anger seeping from his form, “I’m not the one who convinced her to stay away from me for six years! My female is fearless, yet I know you perpetuated her fears that Frieza would come to her planet and perhaps use me as a tool against her. You broke the trust she had in me.”
“I’m glad she listened to me! And after that stunt you pulled at the GP, it wasn’t hard to convince her that you would be a danger to her and her planet!” Jaco yelled.

“I would never allow harm to come to her, I just needed to know if she was alive! I could have put all my desires to be beside her aside as long as she was safe! She is my mate! She is mine to protect! And I won’t have you poisoning her mind again!” Vegeta snarled.

Jaco scoffed incredulously, “Bulma has a mind of her own, and I only talked to her logically with facts that you weren’t the best option for her!”

“No, you took advantaged her when she was at her most vulnerable! I know how much that attack from Frieza shook her up, so I’m sure it was easy to bring her to your side. And I won’t allow you to do it again,” Vegeta said softly, the threat of violence in the air.

“I was only trying to protect her! You were one of Frieza’s best! You’re the Destroyer of Worlds! I didn’t trust you… I still don’t trust you! And I’m not as convinced as Bulma that you turned over a new leaf,” Jaco glared accusitorily. “For all I know, you could be using her and if Frieza is ever put to an end, what’s stopping you from taking his place and tossing her aside when it’s convenient?”

“She’s my mate! Her needs and wants come before mine! I will never abandon or leave her, she is mine! Even in death she is bound to me!” Vegeta growled angrily, his fists were clenched at his sides as he breathed harshly. There was a heavy silence that fell over them as Vegeta and Jaco glared at each other, neither one moving as they waited for the other to say or do something first.

“Jaco, you’re here!” Bulma’s voice cut through the thick tension, snapping an invisible thread that had them reeling back to the present situation. Vegeta turned his head to his female walk over to them with a small smile on her perfect lips. She glanced at Vegeta with concern when she reached his side, obviously seeing the anger in his eyes and then turned to see Jaco who took a calming breath. “Is everything okay?”

“Everything is fine,” Jaco said as he walked over to her. “Bulma, we have a situation.”

“Why do I feel as though I’m not going to like what you have to say,” Bulma said as she heard the distress in his voice.

Jaco sighed heavily, “Bulma, I received intel from our informants that Frieza’s army is on the move and they have been capturing Galactic Shadow Market members.”

Bulma frowned, “What?”

“We think that he may be trying to interrogate them to gain further information about you. Your closest GSM associates and leaders have gone missing,” Jaco explained further.

Bulma paled, “The only one who could have possibly known that was… Beriblu.”

“I thought you destroyed her reputation when you faked your death,” Jaco stated with confusion.

“I did, I sent a warning to the GSM leaders just before I destroyed my base, but knowing Beriblu, she probably had loyal informants still on the inside,” Bulma said as she rubbed her temple in frustration.

“How much does Beriblu know about you?” Jaco asked worriedly.

Bulma sighed, “She was supposed to market my merchandise for our buyers, and the leaders had absolute trust in her, so she knew about all our buyers. She use to stay very close to my side when I
was around, but I never trusted anyone in the GSM, so I made sure no one got too close…” Bulma paused, “But Beriblu has an uncanny ability to see things that others don’t.”

“So she may know more about you than you’re aware,” Vegeta chimed in.

Bulma nodded apprehensively, “I tried very hard to keep her at arms length, and we were both aware of each other at some level… but she has a predatory nature to find weaknesses.”

“Destroyer, have you ever met her?” Jaco turned to Vegeta

“I only know that she is one of Frieza’s followers, I have never personally met her. I’ve only seen her from a distance, but she has the eyes of a hawk,” Vegeta replied carefully.

“I know Beriblu,” Nappa said from behind them. They all turned to Nappa with curiosity, who frowned with concern, “She used to work for King Cold and would come to Planet Vegeta by his side. She never said much, but she was always watching and King Cold seem to rely on her observations. Never knew what she was thinking.”

“Then why is she with Frieza?” Vegeta asked.

“She was probably ordered to,” Nappa shrugged. “King Cold probably wanted to keep an eye on his son.”

“If that’s true, then why is Frieza relying on her?” Bulma asked in confusion.

“Always keep your enemies closer,” Vegeta replied carefully.

“But King Cold is his father,” Bulma blinked at him.

“Yes, and he’s in Frieza’s way of total control of the universe,” Vegeta explained.

“I think I’m getting a headache,” Jaco said pinched the bridge of his nose.

Bulma shook her head, “This is a nest of intrigue that I don’t think even I can untangle.”

“So what does it mean if Frieza is ordering to capture GSM leaders?" Raditz asked, bringing back to the topic at hand.

“He’s trying to learn more about me,” Bulma replied, blowing out a nervous breath. Vegeta reached over to take her hand and kiss her palm to calm her. She looked over at him to give him a weak smile before turning to Jaco, “Did our GP informants manage to get out?”

Jaco hesitated before working his jaw, “No.” Vegeta watched helplessly as all the blood drained from Bulma’s face and pulled her into his arms to keep from collapsing. Jaco raced over to her and took her hand in comfort, “We’re on high alert, the GP is scattering to different parts of the universe as we speak and many of them are coming to earth to give assistance.”

Tears formed in Bulma’s eyes as she took a shuddering breath that bordered on a sob, “This is all my fault.”

“Don’t Bulma, we knew all the risks. The Galactic King wanted to do this more than anything too, so don’t blame yourself. We all had a hand in this,” Jaco said in comforting tones.

Vegeta nuzzled her head as she clutched onto him, "Bulma, we're together on this, we'll stop him,” he said into her hair.
"How was Frieza able to this? I thought he was stuck on Namek?" Raditz asked with a frown. "Weren't you keeping track of him Lady Bulma?"

Bulma nodded against Vegeta, "I was, but after the arrival of the Ginyu force, everything went silent, I told Vegeta this. We only have updates from King Kai that he still on Namek."

"And if Frieza has your GP informants, then he'll know who you really are and your connection to the GP," Raditz spoke what everyone was thinking.

"Yes… he'll have them tortured," Bulma said as she closed her eyes in fear and guilt, tears silently spilling down her face.

"Bulma, we knew he would come here eventually, there's nothing you could have done," Vegeta said softly to her.

"Bulma, they're Galactic Patrol Officers, they knew something like this would eventually happen, and if we play our cards right, we could use the time given to better prepare for Frieza," Jaco explained.

Vegeta turned to Nappa and Raditz, "You two, go back to training, I have something to discuss with my mate and the insect." The pair nodded and went back toward Capsule Corp. as Jaco sputtered at the insult. Vegeta waited until they were out of sight to speak, "Bulma, aside from your purple beetle, who else knew about your planets?"

Bulma looked up at him curiously, "Only the Galactic King, why?"

"I think it's time to evacuate this planet and place them on one of your projects," Vegeta explained.

Bulma blinked as her eyes hazed over in thought, "I did create another planet similar to earth, it's far from the Cold Empire."

"Good, how fast can we put your people into bio capsule pods?"

Bulma glanced at Jaco, "We've done something this big before but we had a whole fleet of GP officers and it took us four days."

Jaco nodded, "We were scrambling a bit."

"Then we'll do it in two," Vegeta stated.

Bulma whipped her head at him, "What?!"

Vegeta smirked arrogantly, "You have an army of Saiyans, it will not take us long to do this task."

"Listen, Destroyer, you're saving people not annihilating them, it will take four times as long to do this compared to leveling a city," Jaco shook his head in admonishment.

Vegeta grinned at him evilly, "I know, that's why I said two days because it would only take a few hours to destroy a planet this size… and I wouldn't need assistance."

Jaco frowned but Bulma spoke before he could, "And you want to place them on my planet?"

Vegeta glared at Jaco a moment longer before turning to his mate and nodded, "Yes, earth is going to be a battlefield and if the off chance something goes wrong, your people will still have a home."

Bulma looked at him with tears in her eyes, "Vegeta…"
Vegeta ignored her partner and kissed her gently, "Come mate, we have much to prepare." Bulma nodded and allowed him to lead her back to their home.

Chapter End Notes

Whoa! It's been a month since I last updated! Sorry about that! I hope this was a good chapter and that it's full of tension! Thank you for all your awesome comments! Please let me know what you thought! 😊
"Die Earthlings! This is my planet now!" Nappa roared as he demolished a building with an energy blast. He threw his head back to bellow a laugh in delight as the citizens of West City screamed in fear, running away from the behemoth of a Saiyan.

"It certainly sounds like he's enjoying himself," Bulma mused in Vegeta’s ear.

"Hn, he has pent up energy from being caged too long at Capsule Corp.," Vegeta replied as he watched Nappa chase after the terrified humans who were clamoring to get away from him.

"I gotta say, this is a pretty good plan, hubby," she winked at him through the lens of the scouter he wore. "Although I hope no one gets hurt."

"I'm keeping an eye out," Vegeta said as Earthlings went to take shelter inside the large baseball stadium where Nappa was herding them.

Bulma had explained to Vegeta that when she and the GP officers were evacuating planets, they kept it covert, not wanting to scare the planet's occupants. They would use her Sweet Dream concoction to gas whole buildings through the ventilation system at night and quickly place the people in the bio capsules. It wasn't perfect but it was the best option. And while Vegeta understood her need to be secretive at the time, he had a different idea on how to quickly get the Earthlings into the capsules. They still remembered him and Nappa and decided to use it to his advantage to corral the humans in the larger cities into one area by terrifying the masses, as with most species, they would go into flight mode and try to huddle together in large groups to avoid being picked off. All prey used this tactic when confronted with a predator.

After having the majority of the humans in one place, they would then use the Sweet Dream gas and quickly place everyone in capsules. And afterwards they would hunt down any humans they missed. Bulma and Vegeta worked out the best places to lead the humans to use her gas and she hacked into the buildings in the cities to set off their fire alarms to get many of the people as possible out into the open. Many of the buildings also had automatic doors so once every last person was out, she would lock the doors to keep them all out.

Bulma even replicated the armor they had worn when Vegeta, Nappa and Raditz first came to earth as well as the scoters. The Saiyans didn't need them to read energy, but Bulma argued that they needed a way to communicate and it also gave them a more sinister look. Bulma had teased him that his handsome face wouldn't be enough to intimidate the humans, which he had scoffed at.

Vegeta had broken up the Saiyans into smaller groups, himself with Nappa, Kakarot and Raditz, and Gohan accompanied with Jaco. He had the two Namekian warriors and the bald human on standby to help place the humans in capsules, as neither of them were interested in playing the villain.

"Gohan and Jaco are moving on to the next village, they've completed their first mission already," Bulma told him as she sat in her chair, monitoring everyone's movements through her computer screen from their scoters where she had installed cameras. She had also placed the communication network to be directed to her alone and the Saiyans' partner, as to avoid any distractions from their separate evacuation missions. She kept an open line with Vegeta at all times to appraise him of the
others' statuses as they were co-leaders of this operation. "I know you put him in the villages because it would be easier, but he's still a baby Vegeta."

"He's a Saiyan cub, if we were still on Planet Vegeta he would have already conquered three planets by now," Vegeta said as he stood in the shadow of a building to hide his presence.

"If we were on Planet Vegeta, I would have launch your ass into a supernova for pulling stunts like that," Bulma frowned disapprovingly.

Vegeta smirked at her words, "That's my female." He then noticed an Earthling family of four flee away from the stadium and flew up to follow them. "How are Kakarot and Raditz?"

Bulma sighed as she rubbed her temples, "They turned it into a game of who can look more evil."

"I'll deal with those two later," Vegeta said as he abruptly dropped down in front of the Earthlings, causing them to gasp loudly in fear. Vegeta smirked evilly at them, his voice cold and cruel as he spoke, "And where do you think you're going?"

"Kami, your Bad Man voice makes me wet," Bulma breathed huskily.

Vegeta felt his ears turn red and it took everything he had in him to keep from reacting as he intimidated the Earthlings. Not trusting his own voice, he threw out a ball of energy at a nearby car, which exploded in an instant. The family screamed and ran toward the stadium, while Vegeta gave his own evil chuckle as they scrambled to get away. When they were out of sight he frowned at his mate, though she couldn't see it. "Vulgar female! That was uncalled for!"

Bulma laughed, "Aw, can't my Saiyan hubby handle a few naughty words."

"Female, when I come back, I'm going to make you pay for that remark!" Vegeta growled.

"Oh, I can't wait," Bulma smiled seductively, causing him to scowl in frustration. She suddenly perked up, "Oh I know! We can role play, you can be the evil alien coming to conquer earth and I'll be the earth diplomat trying to make you see reason."

"What are you going on about?" Vegeta frowned.

"Oh, don't you have an imagination?" Bulma suddenly unzipped her grey overalls to reveal her pert breasts that were close to spilling out of her pink bra as she threw the back of her hand against her forehead dramatically. "Oh please Prince Vegeta, won't you spare us Earthlings! I'll do anything you ask!"

Vegeta gaped at her as she ran her hands down her breasts and cupped them, revealing more of her porcelain skin as her overalls spilled away from her shoulders. "If you let us go, I'll give you all that you desire!" Bulma said breathily as she massaged her breasts and moaned loudly.

Vegeta swallowed hard as he felt his cheeks pinken at her lewd act, "M-mate…"

"Prince Vegeta, most of the humans are in the stadium now," Nappa’s voice cut in.

"Tch," Vegeta cursed before tapping his scouter. "Douse them, I'll be there soon."

Bulma pouted as she zipped up her overalls, "Awww, I guess we'll have to play later."

"Female, we will do more than play," Vegeta smirked as he flew up and went to the stadium to where Nappa waited for him.
Hi there! Sorry this chapter is short, but I hoped you enjoyed it! Thank you for all your kind comments! 😊❤️❤️

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!