Learning to Love

by On_kamis_green_earth

Summary

Bulma is a young spunky college professor trying to figure out what she wants out of life. Her husband Yamcha is a sweetheart but is ready to settle down after leaving the military a few years ago. She meets a student only a year older than her in her Physics 101 that she finds intriguing. Will search for adventure in all the wrong places or the right places?
There was nothing Bulma hated more than wasted potential. That's why she invited her student to interview for a position in her lab at capsule corp. He was just a student, an odd one but a pupil regardless.

Granted he wasn't the typical student, he was thirty, wore a permanent scowl, was rude, crass, pissed off 95% of the class, and had little to comment on that wasn't about combat or fighting. He served in the military since he was 18 years old and was a foreign refugee who got his citizenship decades ago. He often snickered in his native language at the other students, but this guy got straight A's on his tests and Bulma Briefs didn't give fluff tests for Physics 101.

Odd this was he was a political science major. When she asked why he was in her class, which was physics 101 he said, "This was the only lower division science class offered at this insufferable hour." He was in her hell of a 6am class of course which she usually rolled into in her suit with a messy knot of a bun.

She burst into her office, tossing her bag on the couch, and dropped into her seat. "Sorry about that, traffic was a bitch."

"You are 17 minutes late. I tried to leave once you were five minutes late but a frighteningly kind woman offered me a meal and this seemed safer from social interaction." He said without looking at her.

Bulma laughed nervously and eased up when she saw the hint of a smirk on his face. "Anyway Vegeta I'm just looking for a competent lab assistant who can also test some of our experiments here like the planet gravitation stimulator I mentioned."

"You have a man why do you not force him to be your hamster to test on." He gestured to her ring and she muffled some giggles. He crossed his arms defensively and huffed, clearly irked by her amusement.

"I'm so sorry I know English isn't your first language I just think you meant guinea pig. I kind of like your version better. As for my husband he's busy and his job is very active so when he gets home he prefers to relax. So I need someone reliable and always ready to work." Bulma rolled her eyes as she spoke realizing her words were mirroring deeper issues than her lab.

"I don't really need the job, military's paying for everything and I'm almost done. I'm comfortable where I'm at." He began getting up but she grabbed his arm and pulled him back down. He more obliged out of shock for the woman grabbing his arm.

"Please consider it!" She said too enthusiastically. "I have some business dealings with the military so I could use your expertise. I asked a friend if he knew you and he said not directly but his brother was on your team and that you were ranked very highly for your age."

"Okay I'll do it." He got up and grabbed his bag. "When do I start boss."

"That easy huh?" She leaned across the desk and big smile painting her face.

He smirked and leaned down. "You have something I want. Connections with weapons and assets. I'd like to work in that division. So Dr. Briefs I need to leave to get to the gym on time. I will see you tomorrow in class I'll get my schedule then." Before she could stop him he had slinked out the door with not even a wave goodbye.
Before she knew it 9 pm rolled around and she was at the her front door of the luxury condo she shared with her hunky but slightly irritating husband who was lounging around with some buddies and drinking on a thursday night. Well he wasn’t usually irritating she just hated having his friends over all the time. Being a baseball player had perks she supposed.

"Hey Babe!" He yelled before covering her in alcohol laced kisses.

"Yam how much have you drank?" She kept her tone light but was clearly irritated.

"Not too much we can still unwind tonight." He said suggestively and she smiled at that and gave him a flirtatious kiss. She had been with Yamcha since she was 15. They had little break ups here and there but pretty much as a whole had been together since. Fast forward 15 years later they were newlyweds and talking about having kids. Well Yamcha was at least.

"Well I am going to shower so if your upstairs in an hour I will oblige." She gave him a peck on the lips and swayed her hips as she went upstairs.

She really did love Yamcha he pissed her off but he was supportive of her career and at this point they had grown into their adult lives together.

She was with him through his military training and when he decided to leave and go back to school. He was the first person she told about her job at the university years back.

Just sometimes things felt off with him like they had fallen into a weird routine. They would do all the romantic couple stuff and it was great...
Bulma was exhausted she had worked on failed design after failed design. This day was exhausting. Most of her classes did terrible on their mid-terms so she was pissed. She had the sleeves of her coveralls tied at her waist and her breasts held tightly to her body with a tube top.

When Vegeta arrived for his shift his energy was awkward but that was typical. "Is now not a good time?" Vegeta asked looking up at the opposite corner of the room.

"No? I thought this was the schedule we agreed on?" She was lost, her mind stuck in the grids in front of her.

"Okay..." Vegeta walked over and began looking at the files she gave to him. He kept avoiding eye contact with her even when she showed him how to run the programs hanging over his shoulder.

"Is something wrong?" Bulma asked hand on her hip as she leaned down to look at him.

"Dr. Briefs I am used to seeing you much more covered do you always wear revealing clothing to your lab?" He said staring at the screen.

"Oh! I'm so sorry!" She quickly threw a ratty T-shirt on. "It's usually just me so it didn't even cross my mind. Probably weird seeing your professor like that."

"Women in my culture keep themselves well covered is all. It's vulgar how people here dress."

Bulma snorted in laughter. "Vulgar? That’s an interesting way to describe women’s fashion. So how short is too short for a woman's dress. The knee?" She said teasing him.

"Unless there are shorts under yes." He said matter of fact.

"What about bed? Like pajamas."

He looked at her incredulously "Clothing to bed? That is bizarre women hardly cover their buttocks in public but where clothing to bed?"

"Buttocks? Wow. More like you Mr. Prude sleeps in the nude but thinks a tube top is vulgar." She stacked some papers, laughing.

"Sayians aren't prude we admire and value our bodies. Bed time is about comfort, nudity is comfortable." He said with a shrug. The rest of the day was uneventful.

When she got home she was shocked to see her husband have dinner plated and ready. A bottle of wine in the center of the table and some flower petals sprinkled on the floor leading to their bedroom.

"There a special occasion?" Bulma asked with a smile.
Yamcha showered her in kisses. “Well I got an away game coming up and I wanted to spoil you before.”

Dinner was great which quickly lead to her suggesting he have his dessert in bed. Once they had both exhausted themselves she rolled next to him and they kissed both still panting. After she shower and settled back into bed with him she got out her birth control to take.

Yamcha wrapped his arms around her and nipped at her shoulder. "How about you stop taking those?"

"Yammy now is not a good time. I think I'm having a break through at the lab. Maybe a few years." She smiled nervously.

"Years? Well I guess thirties ain't bad." He said tossing his face between her breasts and she giggled. "So Goku is back and Chichi texted me that she wants to have a little dinner this weekend."

"I'll call her she shouldn't be stressing out she should just be enjoying him. We can have it here or my parents property."

"Well I offered but she says they are doing pizza out because his parents and brother will be there."

"Interesting is one way to describe that dynamic."

"Yah well he says they are closer now he called them ma and pah. Gohan adores them apparently. I wonder if Raditz will bring his wife."

"Isn't she a stripper?"

"Was. Apparently Goku's parents didn't approve at all. Can't really blame em. I'm excited to see everyone though it's been a while. It’ll be nice before my game too.” He kissed her and she smiled.

She thought of the day and some giggles tumbled out her mouth.

“What’s so funny babe?"

“Oh nothing just one of my students.”
Chapter Summary

So this chapter is a lot of setting up some of the relationships. You can kind of see the tension between Yamcha and Bulma despite the fact they love each other.

Reminder: this is a Vegebul fic. Also this is a companion piece to Rebuilding so some of the character dynamics overlap in both that one and Objection to Love. My hope is when they are read together you will get a more wholeistic view of the AU but can read them as stand alone pieces as well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few days later they were seeing one of their best friends for the first time in years. Bulma scooped Gohan up into a hug and kissed his cheek. "How is my little godson. Goodness it's been 3 months and you just look more like your daddy." She hugged Goku tight, Gohan still resting on her hip.

"Hey B and Yamcha! How are you all?"

"We are great of course! How are you that was a long time Goku you must of missed your wife." Bulma said with a wink and the boy she watched grow up into a man blushed.

Chichi smiled but looked really stressed and was organizing the food.

"I did we've had some veryyyy GOOD nights." He snickered, his face being red as a tomato.

"They have mommy and daddy sleepovers." Gohan said with a pout, “And I’m not invited.”

"Yep that's right bud sorry." Goku nodded. "Well this is my mother Gine and my father Bardock." He gestured. "This is Bulma and her husband Yamcha. Bulma is Gohan's godmother and Krillin is his godfather he'll be here soon he said his girlfriend Maron is getting ready late."

Bulma rolled her eyes. "Of course she is. Dang Goku you really do look just like your dad."

Gine elbowed her husband who just grunted. "Thank you our features are strong. My little Kakarrot is just as handsome as I thought he be when he was just a baby." She beamed. "My eldest favors more of me."

Bulma nodded along following her words. "When they have second child he will look just like Kakarrot." Gine said, her accent was thick and heavy. Bulma inwardly cringed. That's not how genetics work but she kept her mouth shut.

Goku laughed. "Oh mom that'll be a while probably."

"I say that about you and I had yah 3 years after Raditz. Gohan is 5 it is a matter of time. I would like one of you boys to give me another grandbaby." Gine said crossing her arms. "Chichi is a lovely mother. She was beautiful pregnant and had Gohan with ease. She is a strong woman." She
flexed her arm and smiled at her daughter-in-law.

"You’re very sweet Gine but we would like to wait a little longer to get maybe a larger house. Or another car so Gohan can go to public school." Chichi smiled.

“Maybe Bulma and Yamcha can get started already and Gohan will finally have a little friend huh.” Goku said elbowing Yamcha who chuckled.

Bulma rolled her eyes at her husband. “Goku don’t get him started on that train again we have decided to wait. Right babe?”

“Right babe.” Yamcha said with a smile.

"Chichi will food be ready? I do not eat grass." Bardock said pointing to the salad bowl.

Gine smacked the back of his head. "Stop that you eat salad. Your english is better than mine so stop pretending you do not speak well." His response was slumping in a chair and muttering some words in a language Bulma did not understand.

Dinner went well and Raditz graced everyone with his presence once food was set on the table.

"Yamcha. Beer?" Raditz said walking over with two pitchers.

"Little early to drink?" Bulma said with a raised brow.

"Sweetie every hour is happy hour if you try hard enough." Raditz smirked and Yamcha put an arm around her and kissed her cheek.

Bulma rolled her eyes and Maron smacked Raditz bicep. "Oh my gosh Raditz you are like so funny. Can I have a drink." She said pushing her chest out in her tight dress.

"Sure thing doll it's all on me." Raditz drawled.

"Maron don't go too hard okay we have a date tonight remember." Krilllin said, a vein throbbing on his forehead.

"Of course Krillie." She plopped a kiss on his cheek. "You’re taking me to the mall!"

"Yah...so Raditz where is YOUR wife." Krilllin asked.

"She is at home she had a modeling gig, you know music videos and shit. So chill Baldy I'm still off the market." Raditz said winking at Maron who was in a fit of giggles.

"I bet you popular with the ladies." Maron smiled and put her hand under the table on top of his thigh. Krilllin shook his head and whispered to her.

"Anyway! Today is about Goku!" Bulma said smacking her hands on the table. "Are you and Chichi going on a romantic getaway?" She asked returning the smile to her face.

"I would love to watch my grandson for you guys" Ox smiled.

"Well Chichi and I are actually going to take Gohan on our first family camping trip." Goku beamed plating some more wings and pizza for both him and Gohan who was sitting on his lap.

"Oh wow Gohan are you excited?" Bulma asked.
He nodded with a big grin. "Daddy said we can hear the birds chirp like grandpa Gohan used to take him to as a little boy."

"Krillin would you mind just checking on our house those few days." Chichi asked.

"Anytime Cheech. My classes are light so you got it!" Krillin smiled.

Bulma gave Goku a big hug before they headed out. "So I hired that Vegeta guy. You know in my class. He's really smart."

"Oh good!" Goku said. "He said we could box when I got back. He's good enough to go pro B. I'm excited for the challenge."

"Oh Vegeta hes a pain in ass. Watch out yamcha, guys a total dick and chicks dig it." Raditz snickered.

"Aren't you his friend?" Bulma asked.

"Yah that's why I like him and other people don't sweetheart."

"Call me sweetheart one more time and I'll kick you so hard you'll wish you weren't a man." Bulma bit and Raditz raised his brows.

He chuckled into his 4th beer that night. "Bulma it wouldn’t be the first time you threatened me with that."

Bulma stomped off and Yamcha followed her. The car ride home was silent for a while until Yamcha spoke up. "There's more to you and Raditz just partying together isn't there."

"Yamcha I told you we partied together a lot when I was in undergrad and made out in the back of his shitty van. We were on a break babe and that's it."

"I know Bulma it just seemed personal like there is more to it, at least for him maybe?"

"That's it Yamcha." She snapped and he sighed. Truth was it wasn't just that but Yamcha would flip if he knew Bulma used to call Raditz over to hook up when they were on breaks.

If they were both single and lonely that's how it was. It wasn't romantic just taking care of some urges and him usually sneaking out her window at 6am. Raditz was over it, so what was the big deal.

Sure she'd bailed him out countless times. But money wasn't a concern and he was Goku's brother. And despite it all he kept his mouth shut about their hook ups and they were friends.

What they both never spoke about—ever—was the first time the kissing escalated to having sex and he asked her if she wanted to date afterwards with this big sappy, dopey grin. Bulma was an affectionate dirtytalker and assumed Raditz was experienced.

Well he wasn't she took his virginity and then rejected him just a few minutes later. Granted she wasn’t experienced either she had only been with Yamcha. He seemed so confused and the rejection of his face truely pained her. Which quickly turned into her bawling her eyes out and swearing up and down it was a mistake.

Which made it worse because he apologized for having sex with her, sex she initiated mind you. He was like 20 and a stuttering mess because of something that she would willingly admit was
enjoyable for both of them.

Poor guy didn't know he did anything wrong because he really didn't. But he apologized the next day anyway which was oddly sweet so their friendship remained intact. So when they were single, hooking up and drunk karaoke were the regular. Until they both got married—well really when she got married—then it was distance and only seeing each other when Goku was involved.

Even when they were both dating, Raditz would still be a friend to her. He would take her phone calls to complain when he could—which if she was honest she only called when Goku wasn’t available. Even when they hadn't been seeing each other in THAT capacity. Now he only called when he needed something.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooooo....Yes I am adding some complicated dynamics between Raditz and Bulma. I promise it has a purpose for the plot in intertwining the groups more.

My husband was not a super huge fan of this dynamic, but it will have a short term and long term purpose as far as plot for Bulma, Raditz, and Vegeta.

Also to be clear Bulma and him were both young and looking for comfort in another person.
Caught Red Handed

Chapter Summary

Bulma gets a call from a friend at 2 am and responds per usual, causing her to have an unusual run in with her student.

Later that week Yamcha had left for an away game he was gone for a few days and she was eating several bowls of cereal in bed because she was a shitty cook. Also Yamcha hated when she got crumbs in the bed so she had plenty of time to hire someone to clean before he got back.

Puar was definitely more Yamcha's cat than hers because she had to chase the cat into their room to sit with her. After cuddling Puar against her will for a few moments she leapt out of Bulma’s arms and headed for Yamcha’s old work boots to snuggle on.

She was sound asleep in no time because as it stood now her life was really boring. Her phone rang at 2am and she knew it couldn't be any good. She rolled out of bed in her ratty pjs and bunny slippers and headed down to the county jail.

When she got there she grabbed Raditz’s ear through the jail cell and pulled him down to face her. "What in god's name did you get yourself into Raditz."

"Owww Bulmaaaa. I just got a little drunk maybe a bar fight. Can you please help me out? I ain’t got any money on me and I can’t call Kakarrot he’s too busy making babies with ChiChi. And if he wasn’t the stick up here ass would prevent him from helping."

She sighed and went to pay at the front desk.

"Told you I know Bulma Briefs fuck you jerry!" He pointed at a guard who shook their head and gave Bulma a look. At the desk she swore she saw Vegeta who she didn't notice on the way in. He was currently trying to go unnoticed. Shielding his face from her vision.

"Vegeta?" Bulma said.

"Hello...Dr. Briefs." He sighed.

"Why are you here? Or do I dare not ask?" Bulma asked.

"I'm with the idiot who's bail you just paid." He sighed.

"I'll give you two a ride home." They piled into her luxury sports car and when Raditz suggested milkshakes and burgers Bulma didn't protest. She was tired as hell and comfort food sounded good. Plus Raditz was more than a little drunk and he tended to be more obnoxious under the influence.

Vegeta was quiet but got in the front as Raditz scarfed down some food and fell asleep in the back seat snoring. When Vegeta apparently noticed her driving to Raditz apartment south side he spoke up.

"He's staying at my place." Vegeta rolled his eyes.
"What why?" Bulma said.

"His soon to be ex wife and him got into a fight because he tried to flush her coke. She tried to stab him with a steak knife so he came over. That’s why we were at the bar.” Vegeta said without any emotion.

"What the fuck." Bulma whispered.

"Oh she's always been a druggie. You didn't expect him to sleep with someone of prestige did you." He scoffed. "Now he's ruined my night and routine."

"He can stay with me or I can call Goku."

"No. Don't." He said quickly. "He will only be troublesome."

"Well that blows he always seemed happy with her."

Vegeta looked at her like she was crazy.

"What? Am I totally off?" Bulma asked.

"The only thing Raditz is happy with is a bottle of whiskey." Vegeta said as she pulled up to his modest apartment. "Come on asshole let's go." Vegeta kicked Raditz foot.

"Carry me Geta my legs don't work." Raditz said.

"I am not carrying your fat ass up a flight of stairs."

"I've been hit." Raditz pouted clutching his chest.

"Get your fat ass up. You dragged youself with a bullet wound to the chest and your Achilles tendons sliced so you can fucking drag your drunk ass up a flight of stairs." Vegeta yelled and Bulma muffled her laughter.

"I don't wanna." Raditz whinned his hand half-way down his pants.

"Good god get inside this second. You are a insane disappointment." Vegeta sneered and Bulma couldn't hold her laughter in anymore.

"You sound like my dad." Raditz murmured. "Bye Bulma thanks for the ride I gotta get in bed before prince dickhead kills me."

"Go get some sleep Raditz. And drink lots of water. And get your hand out of your pants." Bulma said shielding her eyes.

"Sure thing mom!" Raditz yelled and then used his head to knock on Vegeta’s door.

"Well I better go before he breaks my door in." Vegeta said sneering in disgust at Raditz who had his face pressed to the door for support. “And let me know when you are home it is quite late.”

"Yah. Goodnight Vegeta see yah in class." She said and drove off. She couldn't help but giggle about how Vegeta talked to Raditz. This whole night was as entertaining as it was annoying. When she got home she sent him a quick text that she was home.
Bulma learns more about Vegeta and tensions build between her and Yamcha.

When Yamcha got back she told him about that night in a fit of giggles. He wasn’t enjoying it as much as she was. Yamcha seemed to be upset about Bulma’s fascination with her new lab assistant.

"Can't he call someone else I mean he had that Vegeta guy there. Who is your lab assistant. I don’t know if he party’s with Raditz...."

"Well it's not a big deal. I just need to tough guy for the gravity project." She said stuffing popcorn into her mouth. "He is hilarious though."

Yamcha rolled his eyes and crossed his arms in a huff. Bulma then kissed his cheek and rubbed his arm.

Today was a long day in the lab. She had Vegeta start some testing but she was still calibrating equipment. So most his time with her was creating his profile for the test.

She made the medical information extensive asking a list of all injuries and dates. The purpose was to avoid injury during the testing process. He had his sleeves rolled up and flinched slightly when she touched a scar.

"I'm sorry I shouldn't have done that. That looks a pretty deep one though. How did you get it?" She asked and he took a deep breath. "Sorry that again was out of line."

"It's fine. I assume you will be reading this profile anyway listing my medical history. That one is from a series of surgical procedures in childhood removing debris caused by an explosive device."

"Childhood?" She asked.

"Yes. My house was bombed as a child killing both my mother and father. We were considered what you here would call royalty hence my idiotic friends nickname." She said rolling his eyes.

"Oh yes prince." She giggled.

"Well that would be my station if there was a country to go back to. Anyway that's how I know Raditz so well. We played together as children."

"Okay that's a large gap in your life story." Bulma said.

"No one ever asks. It's always questions like how did you get here? Do you have a job? Can't you just speak english? Are you here legally? Do you even want to live her?" Vegeta mocked continuing to type in his medical inventory. "It's not like I had much choice it was stay there and die or be a refugee in a foriegn country."
"Well people are just ignorant. Clearly you bring something to the table and there's plenty of natural born citizens who don't. I mean your military service alone is something most men and women don't participate in." She said putting her hair in a low bun.

"Indeed. I agree." He said and she missed the flush on his cheeks. "So you are well versed in immigration politics."

"Well kind of. When Goku turned 17 and met Bardock and Gine his whole world was turned upside down. Then all the sudden people cared where he was from. He's got such a kind heart. Raditz and I partied back in our early twenties. Raditz has told me some pretty crazy stories too. He told me he asked out a girl during training and she told him that she liked him but couldn't date a sayian."

"Well it was the war this country and several others began that tore ours apart the least the people of this nation can do is make some damn room." He said.

"That makes sense."

"And that story is true. I was there. There are plenty reasons to reject a guy like Raditz and she actually fucking like him." He chuckled. "But her parents were bigots." His frown returned. "They didn't seem to care that we were willing to serve when many natural born people aren't."

“People suck.”

“Indeed.”
He’s just Saying

Chapter Summary

Bulma’s curiosity sends her to turn to a friend.

"Wow Bulma I thought we were hanging out or you were gonna ask me about my life. But no you invited me here because I'm suddenly the expert on sayian culture." Raditz said flagging down a waiter for another beer.

"Hey I'm paying so I should get some questions answered right? And slow down on the alcohol I need you coherent for these questions." Bulma said.

"I'm fine it takes like 6 to hit me." He dismissed. "Besides who you gonna ask when I get sent off again? I know your only asking because you got a weird crush on Vegeta."

"I do not. I'm a married woman mind you. And I thought you were retiring."

"Yah so did I but my team was told to be ready to go at any time. Military politics are complicated but I was told that I shouldn't try and leave that they would be hard on me. Which to us guys sounded like dishonorable discharge or being given the run around."

"What? Get a lawyer. That's insane."

"Well for me they have a reason. With me getting into fights off base and shit. And some infractions on base recently....As for Vegeta and Nappa I don't know what they would hold over them. But I know a couple sayians who got unfit for duty pegged on them due to 'prior trauma' and they all are struggling."

"That can't be legal....well since you apparently think I'm the worst friend ever how are you?"

"I'm honored that the esteemed Dr. Briefs would ask how little ole me is. I'm fine. I've been worse off. Getting divorced so thats fun. I kind of missed being single anyway its no fun being tied down."

"Can't relate I've been with the same guy since I was 15, I’ve never dated anyone else." She said.

"Well not all of us resort to a life of mediocre marriages, some of us like to fuck around."

"You are unbelievable." Bulma laughed. "So how many girls has prince dickhead been with?"

"I don't know. Can't be too many. I saw him make out with a girl once at a bar and it's only because people round base started rumors that he was a virgin or gay or an asexual weirdo. Besides isn't he your student and assistant."

"I'm just curious. Can you blame me? I'm a scientist and the guy is so intriguing. He's like one oxymoron of a person."

"I will never understand why ladies like that. Y'all want a bad boy but he has to be emotionally complicated or unavailable to truly be interested. Women." Raditz shook his head.
"You’re an idiot." She threw a fry at him. "You just always look in the wrong places. Bars aren't a good place to meet wife material. Especially since you basically want a barbie who will play housewife. Also I don't know if marriage is what you want. Like do you even want to settle down and have a family?"

"Do you?" He shot back with a smirk.

"Yes." She said confidently. "I don't want kids yet but I think I'd like a family and I already have someone to share my success with."

"Ewww and with that I am ordering a couple shots of whiskey."

"You're a dick. I'll take a beer."

"Sure thing it's on your tab!" He yelled walking to the bar.

When he got back he set several shots down and handed her a beer. She looked at him with a grimace. "That's a lot."

"I ain't driving." He shrugged. "Besides might be my last hurrah before I get shipped out to some guaranteed death trap." He rolled his eyes.

"Still." She slid over a shot toward herself. "So other that your psycho coke addict soon to be ex wife what's new?"

"Same old shit. Got a new tattoo. Had to get my septum ring out since I'm still in the service. Nothing really changes for me. Kakarrot is the golden child and I'm the wild child. It's so fucking annoying and Chichi is a bitch. I literally have to drink to tolerate any family gatherings."

"You know I'm closer with Goku. I don't know what to say."

"Nobody does." He threw back two shots One after the other. Bulma was honestly shocked that he didn’t seem affect by the alcohol. "So things not going good with Yammy?" He teased.

She sighed and frowned. "What makes you think that? I can’t hang out with an old friend?"

"I’m not dumb, your not happy or at least not like how you used to. You used to never go out when Yamcha was gone you’d just wait for him to call and come home. And I have other plans for tonight so if we’re done here, I got my eyes on a honey at the bar. But seriously you wouldn't be here hanging out with me just to ask bout Geta if things were good." He smirked as he walked up to the bar to indulge in his two true loves whiskey and women.

"Well your wrong things are fine."
Galick

Chapter Summary

Bulma’s new furry friend has a lot in common with a certain someone. Sorry it’s a short one!

"Sorry I'm late Vegeta. I had to pick up some supplies for this poor baby." She nuzzled the midnight black cat who purred.

"A cat?"

"Yah hes so cute isn't he? My husbands cat only likes him and it's ridiculous. I found this little guy on the street by the university I gave him a flea bath in the sink and now he's my baby." Bulma craddled and rocked the kitten who shockingly looked amused.

He scoffed. "You gotta thing for strays?"

"Not usually but Puar refuses to hang out with me when Yamcha is away. This one is so cute what should I name him?"

"Galick. It's an old weapon manufacturer. It fits him he looks like a fighter." Vegeta pointed at the cats ear that had a piece missing.

"I like that." She smiled and shoved the cat into his arms as she signed onto the computers. "Aw he likes you." Bulma smiled as Galick nuzzled into Vegetas neck.

Yamcha however definitely was not as big of a fan of Galick as Vegeta was.

"You don't like him?" Bulma whinned and threw her arms up in the air.

"He scratched puar Bulma. Galick needs to go. Which by the way is a stupid name for a cat."

"Hey my lab assistant liked it. It was that or einstein."

"Einstein? For a cat?" Yamcha asked.

"What kind of name is puar anyway?"

Yamcha gasped. "That was rude! Puar has been with us for a long time Bulma. She's my best friend."

"I'll see if someone will take Galick but he's staying with me in our bed until further notice! You can sleep on the couch or join us."

"And risk Puar's well being ha!"

"Fine! I guess I'll just take care of myself tonight." She smirked and he pouted. "You made your choice." She stomped off to their room and he groaned. Not again.
Finals

Chapter Summary

Bulma goes out to celebrate the end of the semester. Her and Yamcha continue to drift apart and she searches for holes in the relationship.

Finals had wound down and Bulma was ready to let loose. She was the youngest professor in the engineering department so she called the only person she knew who was always down to party.

"Where's Yamcha?" Raditz asked handing her a cigarette and lighting it for her. He then lit his own and open the taxi door for her.

"He's away and we arguing anyway. His stupid handsome face is always surrounded by fan girls it drives me nuts." She slurred she had clearly pregamed before hand.

"Well yah he's a baseball player. What you expect. Your lucky hes even faithful."

"Him to tell them to fuck off. I am like a total ten Raditz. I am smart and hot." She said and rolled her eyes.

"Yah okay Bulma not realistic but hey let's take all that anger bury it deep down with a lot of alcohol and bad karaoke."

"Duh why do you think I called you? If I wanted to be sad about my husband never being around I would go hang out with ChiChi, drink wine, and watch soap operas. I am not lowering myself to the housewife bullshit. I am here to party."

"That's all I needed to here."

After about two shots she realized that trying to get on Raditz level was beyond stupid.

"Hey wanna do something funner?" Raditz asked smiling widely and Bulma nodded or she thought she did. His face was close to hers and she could smell the alcohol on his breath yet he was far more functional that her.

"There's a shitty rock bar down the street. Geta and Nappa are down there. Let's go!" He said and she clung to his arm for stability.

When they got there she didn't remember all too much except Vegeta was quiet. "What's up I know you aced my final mister."

"Nothing." He said curtly. "Why are you with Raditz?" He asked, raising a brow at her.

"Raditz is my friend. Well Goku is my friend. You guys call him carrot or something."

"Kakarrot." Vegeta said sliding her drink away from her.

"Yah that. We used to party back in the day and he’s my only friend my age who isn’t a total stiff, including my Yammy. He would say I am being soooo immature right now but like I am so young
and having fun!” She said with passion. “Raditz is like a fun friend. You know like kind of a disaster but fun.” She said seemingly forgetting that he was at the same table.

"Hn."

"Wow fuck me I guess." Raditz muttered and walked off to the bar. Bulma was on planet Vegeta where nothing else mattered but the confusing abrasive man in front of her. If she wasn't married she'd be all over him is all she thought. She bat her eyelashes and hung on everything he said.

"And Yamcha is accepting of your friendship?" Vegeta asked sipping his second of the night beer.

"I mean ish. He doesn’t love it. He feels like there’s more to it or something.” She said with a shrug. "But Raditz is like not the kind of guy I'd leave my man for. He’s nice but like I don’t know kind of a fuck up. He was super awkward when I first met him.” She said and Vegeta snickered. “Where are they?"

"Raditz and Nappa? Doing coke in the bathroom."

"What the fuck really?" Bulma asked.

Vegeta shrugged. "Tried it. It’s not for me but whatever they do is no concern of mine. As long as they don’t get caught and can still be on my team I don’t care."

Nappa came back and sat down eyes glazed over. "Raditz is getting it on with some girl in the bathroom. Have to get that dumbass tested again." Nappa snickered. "So princess how long you hanging here?"

"Cool it gramps my husband is a baseball player. A dick. But hot and stupid. Right Vegeta." She said leaning on his shoulder and petting his hair.

"Time to get you home Dr. Briefs."

“Boo your no fun. It's party time. You know your kinda cute sometimes.” She tapped his nose with her finger.

“Yep your wasted time to get you home.”

“Fine only if you walk in front so I get a good view.” She winked and he stuttered.

“Hey I won’t judge Vegeta.” Nappa snickered and Vegeta flipped him off. She fell asleep on the ride to her condo and he carried her up, helped her to her room and left. When she woke up she saw one text. ‘Rest today. -Vegeta.’"
Bulma hasn't heard from Goku in a hot minute. Sure her friend was often careless, but she had a rule if Goku didn't call back in two days or answer the third day in row something was wrong.

She called the home phone but Chichi wasn't picking up either which made her nervous. Chichi didn't have a cellphone so it would be impossible to get ahold of her.

When she called Raditz all he said was 'fuck off it's 10 am'. Someone was clearly hung over and in a bad mood, on a Tuesday....

Finally Goku called her back. "Hey Bulma sorry my phone was dead. What's up?"

"What's up? Goku I've been worried ChiChi didn't answer me either what's going on?"

"Well I'm in the hospital. It's not a big deal." Goku said quietly.

Chichi on the other hand disagreed yelling "it is a big deal Goku! Your head is a mess!"

"Ahhh! Cheech too loud!" Goku whined.

"Oh shit! I'll be there as soon as possible." Bulma hung up and jumped in her car. She called Vegeta to cancel his shift. "Hi Vegeta I'm canceling today Goku is in the hospital."

"Okay yah I know. Raditz lives with me." He stated matter of fact.

"What does that mean?"

"Just ask Kakarrot. I don't have time to explain it's not my place and I am at the gym." He said with little emotion.

"Okay bye!" She said, hyperfocusing on reaching her long time best friend.

When she finally reached his room she was shocked to say the least. Little Gohan was sitting on the bench playing with his toys and his stack of books.

ChiChi looked beyond stress out. She was knitting several blankets. And had a permanent line in her forehead from sheer stress alone. No wonder she didn't answer she hadn't been home in days.

The most shocking sight was Goku who was covered in bruises and bandages. She tried to keep her shock minimal for Gohan’s sake but truth was she hadn't seen him this banged up since his martial arts days.

"Hey Bulma." Goku chimed with a smile. He waved his fingers as his arm was in a cast. ChiChi put down her project and sighed, changing the bandage on Goku's head. The wound underneath was unsightly. It was purple and blue, and oozing.
"Goku what happened?" She whispered, taking a seat on the other side of his bed.

"Oh it was just a little fight."

Chichi slammed her knitting needles on the table. "It was not little. I never thought I'd say this but I'm thankful piccolo was over to spar with you earlier or god knows what shape you would be in. And Gohan should not have seen that." She said arms crossed. "Raditz will not be allowed in our home again."

Gohan flinched when she said Raditz name and Bulma was seriously thrown off. "Chichi I got you a coffee gift card how about you get you and Gohan something, take a walk. I'll be here to look after Goku."

She sighed. "Darlin’ let's go get a milkshake or something for you. You did finish all your books yesterday." She scooped him up and quietly thanked Bulma before walking out.

She turned her attention to Goku. "Raditz did this? Why?" Bulma said shaking her head.

"Well he was drinking a lot a few nights back and really aggressive said he wanted to spar but it didn't seem right. I told him he couldn't be over like that and he lost it. He was just drunk or whatever. His head wasn't in the right place. He stopped though and no one else got hurt so it's okay." He said.

"Your insane look at your injuries. A hairline skull fracture?" She said pointing to his X-rays. "No wonder your wife is a mess. Holy shit was Gohan there?"

Goku nodded quietly.

"Goku..."

"I know. But I'll be okay."

"I just don't get why he went this far."

"I don't know either but he wasn't there mentally that person is not my brother so I'm just moving on. Can we not talk bout it?" He asked and she sighed. Same old Goku. Forgiving beyond belief.

"What night?" She asked.

"Friday night." He said. "Let's just not bring it up okay Chichi already doesn't like em."

"Okay..." She remembered Friday night all too well. A bit of guilt sunk in if she hadn't drank so much maybe she could have helped prevent this mess.
Chapter Summary

Bulma's frustration with her friends and husband only grows.

"It won't sink the boat."

"God it's adorable how you can never get idioms correct. But still he beat Goku into a pulp how can you say that?"

"You know nothing of sayian brother relationships."

"Do you have a brother?"

"Yes and if he refused to fight me I would beat him senseless. You do not disrespect a warrior like that. Sayians are warriors."

'I'm sorry thats nuts. He has a fracture on his skull. Raditz did it because he was high, not because some sayian culture thing."

"That's his choice." Vegeta shrugged. "I couldn't care less."

"Fine whatever finish running the statistics." She bit, tossing off her lab coat.

"Are you angry?" He asked confused, brow furrowed in concentration.

"Yes! Goku is my best friend and he's hurting and you just don't get it and don't care?." She yelled throwing her hands in the air.

"Because he will heal. He isn't dead Bulma."

"That's Dr. Briefs!" He yelled.

He snorted. "Yah okay."

"I'm going for a smoke." She shook her head.

"Okay." He shrugged and she let out a string of muttered curses and slammed the door to the patio.

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It had been a hard couple days for her friends. Goku had just gotten out of the hospital and ChiChi was still a mess. Krillin had just finished up his degree and had found a job.

Unfortunately his fiance left him and gave his ring back the day after. Bulma felt bad but she wasn't exactly a fan of Marron. In fact she hated her. She was always flirting with Yamcha.

Which her handsome husband seemed to not be opposed to the attention of other women. It drove her nuts. She knew he was faithful but she wished he didn't rely so heavily on the attention of others.
She couldn't imagine how Krillin felt. He was an amazing person but always was kind of down on himself and struggled with self esteem. Now he had two broken engagements to the same woman.

Of course Maron tried the whole let's be friends bullshit and he saw her out with another guy the next day. He called Bulma and Goku over to his apartment for what could be best described as a pity party.

"Hey Krillin..." Bulma hugged him. Her friend was in sweatpants and looked disheveled.

"Hey. Pizza is on it's way. I thought going out last night make me feel better but that was a flop."

"You'll find someone."

"Yah right. I'll find someone eventually." He said his voiced was drenched in defeat.

"Goku and Chichi are on their way I guess she doesn't want him driving still since his head ain't healed." He said and filled his mouth with chips, "I thought going out with Piccolo and Tien would help but talk about stiffs."

"You picked them to go out with? They are both high strung."

"It's not like I have many options. Yamcha, married. Goku, married. Roshi, shouldn't be going out at his age. You, married."

"Just because I'm married doesn't mean I'm not fun." She chewed her lip in anger. She just kept thinking about not yelling at Krillin, who was more emotionally fragile than ever.

"You all have budding relationships and I got nothing. I've wasted a handful of years hoping one girl would truly fall for me." He blew air out between his lips. "And I feel like a jerk because I only invited Tien because him and Launch are never getting along. But I guess they have been solid lately. She's quit drinking and started going to therapy. I shouldn't be wishing that torment and unhappiness on my friends."

"Krillin you are just going through a rough patch. Maron was you first love. Not everyone can have a Goku and Chichi romance where they meet in high school, fall in love, go to prom, and live happily ever after."

"Isn't that what happened with you and Yamcha?"

"Yah....dammit....well anyway yes that happened to me too but Yamcha is a total jerk sometimes and we fight all the time."

Krillin laughed "Oh boy do I know about that." He snickered.

"He talks to you about it?!? Spill." Krillin didn't respond and she shook his shoulders "Krillin spill."

"Nothing crazy just you spend too much time at work." He laughed nervously.

"What a dick. All he does is work. And I know that's not it Krillin but I won't make you tell. Today." She amended.

ChiChi walked her husband in fixing his bandages. Gohan ran up and hugged Krillin tight.

"Cheechhh" Goku whined. "I'm okay I swear."
"Fine. No drinking and Gohan I will get you in a few hours." She huffed and waved at the other two.

"Make sure your ready daddy. Mommy will miss you." Gohan kissed his dad's cheek.

"Alright bye babe I'll see yah in a bit." He made kissy faces at her and pouted. "Please...." Chichi rolled her eyes and gently kissed him.

"Be ready by 6." She said and walked out with their son.

"So it is a break up for good?" Goku asked.

"Seems so." Krillin sighed. "I just wish I could talk to her make some sense of this. Things were going so well."

"Well can't be that good she broke up your engagement twice." Goku said nonchalantly and Bulma face palmed. So much for making Krillin feel better.
"You're growing your hair out?" Bulma asked picking out Krillin's outfit. Yamcha cancelled for the night in order to hang out with his baseball friends and Goku wasn't allowed to go out and drink due to his injury. Per Dr. Chichi of course.

"Yah you sure this is a good idea? I'm kind of old for a college party." Krillin sighed buttoning up the shirt she handed him.

"These are grad students. It'll be fun and we are celebrating you being newly single and we will leave early and go to the bar if you feel awkward. Besides your a grad student. Well you graduated but I hang out with Vegeta and he isn't even a grad student."

"I know but I'm older. Well and it is odd you hang with Vegeta he has to have a crush on you."

"I mean I am a total ten and a genius and perfection but it is possible to have platonic friendship with men. I have you and Goku." She shrugged and Krillin sighed.

"Is Yamcha okay with it?"

"Not exactly. He would flip out he gets mad when I hangout with Raditz and trust me he is not leave your husband material at all."

"Let me guess Vegeta is." Krillin muttered and walked out behind her.

At the party Krillin had met up with some friends and was letting loose a little.

"So you're here with the bald short guy? Dr. Briefs." The tall slender man shook her hand.

"Were you in my class?"

"No unfortunately I had that fat old slob of a professor. My twin sister took her one and only science class with you. She's very quiet and shy though. She just finished up law school. He single?"

"Um yah but he's not gay." Bulma said nervously.

"Oh not for me. I'm straight. My sister is hopelessly single and straight. She has odd taste she likes short guys."

"Oh well---" She looked over as Krillin approached.

"Shorty you single?"

"I'm flattered but uh I don't swing that way." Krillin rubbed his now fuzzy head.

"I'm straight but if I wasn't you would hardly be my type." He took a shot. "My sister though likes
men that are exponentially less attractive than her. Not that your bad. She's just conventionally beautiful. Anyway...interested?"

"Ummm nah this is weird...and kind of insulting"


At that point Bulma decided the bar would do Krillin some good he was enjoying himself until he looked over and saw a familiar flash of blue hair entangled in a heated kiss. Then he recognized the man. "You have to be kidding me." He said under his breath and before Bulma could stop him he was at their table.

She was running up in her heels not at all shocked to see Vegeta and Nappa at the table.

"So this is why you left me? Huh Maron you couldn't be honest?"

"Listen Krillin you need to chill." Raditz slurred and held her close.

"No I will not 'chill' let me guess this was before we split."

"Krillin let's go." Bulma said laughing nervously.

"Maybe it was Krillin but it doesn't matter because she doesn't want you." Raditz spit and began laughing as he watched the other man's face fall. "Move along shorty. I have someone to take home." He said and Maron giggled as he buried his face in her chest.

Bulma rolled her eyes and looked at Vegeta who simply raised his glass and walked her out. Krillin was sitting on the curb sniffling. Vegeta stood next to her in silence until their cab got there. He opened the door for her and she sighed. "Have a goodnight Dr. Briefs."

"It's Bulma. Always will be. Goodnight Vegeta."
Enough is Enough

Chapter Summary

Bulma is stressed out and it leads to some unexpected decisions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The fighting never seemed to let up but she found herself spending more and more time at the lab and less time at home.

Yamcha was always mad about her spending too much time at work. Hated her smoking. It also felt like nobody including Yamcha was available. He was always off staying longer and longer in the cities he played in.

Vegeta agreed to continue working with her throughout the summer and she was grateful despite their fight. They were in the testing phase and minor injuries were to be expected. What she didn't expect was Mr. Prude to tug his shift off to tend to them.

She felt like she was being teased. This teasing bled into her dreams and while she should probably feel guilty the way she imagined him touching her body gave her some great material since her hubby was always gone.

At first she thought the fighting was over Galick. After refusing to rid of her new snuggle buddy Yamcha did what he always did apologized until they both forgot the issue at hand.

Her anxiety though was through the roof. Goku got sent back out as soon as he had healed from his injuries. Bulma was worried as usual but his injuries emphasized that. Krillin was up to his neck in his marriage and family therapy job searching. When Krillin wasn't trying to find work he was out hitting the dating scene trying to find a way to get over his bimbo ex-girlfriend.

And Raditz proved to be not the best friend to be around with his partying being too far out of her comfort zone. After he pounded his brother into the ground and started 'seeing' Krillin's ex Bulma hadn't talked to him much. Besides he had found a new girlfriend to roll around with for the time and she preferred not to hear about it.

Her other friends always seemed unavailable. Tien and Launch had just decided to finally settle down and elope. So they were in lala land and heaven. They were posting a ridiculous amount of pictures from their Honeymoon and Bulma was jealous. Launch seemed to have a better handle on her personality disorder and proved to be a doting housewife, posting practically every recipe she tried. They also decided to look into adopting and fostering children. So they were busy.

Chichi was never available at least not really emotionally. All her attention went to Gohan, Goku, and her dad. She was homeschooling Gohan and pretty much spent all day being a mom. When Gohan wasn't her focus and her dad was well cared for all she talked about was Goku. Bulma often wondered how ChiChi of all people was able to be a military wife. She missed Goku terribly and was always writing him.
So despite Yamcha's protesting she had been hanging out with her very noticeably attractive lab assistant. This meant occasional bar meet ups even when they weren't leaving the office.

Vegeta was a lot. And she knew that when he first attended her class in January. He was a bit of an egomaniac, but at the same time had a cautious air about what he chose to share about himself. He was very articulate and intelligent.

And he was attractive in a very striking way. When she met him she first noticed how short he was. He had a deep widow's peak and overall very strong features. She also admired his work ethic and laser pointed focus, something her fun loving husband lacked.

She was cleaning up when Vegeta walked in on his day off. "Hello?" She questioned and accepted the coffee he handed her.

"Bulma, I have to break our agreement to work throughout the summer." Her heart dropped.

"Why?" She furrowed her brow and set the coffee down it sloshed out on her desk.

He took a deep inhale. "I have been called for a decently long mission. Maybe over a year. They are calling my team in so it must be serious."

"You can just pick back up when you get back. Because you will be back right?" She asked, looking away.

"I intend to return to the country but you're friends with Kakarrot you know as well as I do that I can not promise that sort of thing. I leave tomorrow."

"Ok." She said and he ran his fingers through his hair. "Please come back." She said quietly.

He awkwardly pat her shoulder and she leaned in. "What are you--?" She cut him off pressing her lips to his. He didn't move at first but quickly recovered and returned the kiss. As soon as his hand reached the back of her neck to deepen the kiss he pulled away. "Bulma you're married." He said brow furrowed.

"I know." was all she could get out of her mouth. She chewed on her bottom lip trying to keep her tears from falling. Before she knew it he was gone and she dropped to the floor letting her tears flow.

Chapter End Notes

There will be a significant timeline gap after this chapter so we can get into some drama!
This year and a half was a living hell. When she got home that dreadful night she was in tears. Yamcha was unwinding by the couch a few empty beer cans beside him, clueless and at ease.

She immediately began packing some things up and he just stood in the closet with this baffled, heartbroken face. His throat bobbed and he set a hand on her shoulder. "B, please don't leave. I'm sorry I'll do whatever it takes. I love you."

"Yamcha I can't do this. I kissed someone else and I can't stay with you just because he's leaving."

She shook and sobbed into her hands.

"That guy? V-vegeta? Bulma please. I love you I just don't understand. It's just cause I'm not home babe the seasons ending. Then we can work on this, change this. I'll do your lab stuff." He stuttered.

"No! I'm going to my parent's." She stuffed her bag full and scooped up Galick off the floor. This proved far more difficult than Bulma imagined. Seeing her first love heartbroken when she felt the same. He tried calling her dozens of times. She didn't know if she wanted this, but she needed a clear head.

After only a few weeks of her refusing to meet and ignoring his calls she saw magazines plastered of photos of Yamcha with other women. Yet she was alone completely and utterly. Part of her couldn't blame him. The other part was her bruised ego that he so easily moved on while she was at a standstill.

In several moments of weakness she ended up back in her husband's bed but the cycle was always the same. Plenty of make up sex. Fight over Vegeta. Fight over Yamcha's girls. Move out. Get lonely and meet up.

She was roughly at the top of this cycle when she finally got a message, late one night. 'Bar downtown this weekend, celebrating being out of that hell hole, we're back baby.' Oh Raditz she rolled her eyes. Before she could respond another text came in. 'Geta will be there ;)'
She had gone back and forth the past few days on whether she was going to see the guys back at the bar. She didn't ask any of her friends for advice because she was certain they would tell her not to go. Telling Bulma no was like waving a red flag in front of a bull. In the end she convinced herself she was going for Raditz.

When she got to the bar Raditz was shockingly relatively sober and Bulma was dying laughing. Watching Raditz flirt was beyond uncomfortable. For one reason...he was awkward as hell when he wasn't liquored up. Despite Yamcha's protests she decided to go to the welcome back party for Vegeta and his crew.

Raditz was chatting with some girl named Lauren? She looked like the kind of girl he always described big boobs and bottled blonde. She also was hanging all over him so she shot him a thumbs up. She was going to talk with him but the girl was very handsy and grinding on her friend so she chose to wander for a bit. She got a beer and chose not to fight it anymore.

She was walking around the bar looking for Vegeta and she almost missed him, walking by the pool table. It had been well over a year since she had seen him and he had definitely put on some muscle. She paused, staring at him. He looked back eyes widened in shock and she waved nervously.

"Bulma?" He asked taken aback and shooting a death glare at Raditz who simply gestured to him sliding his pointer finger into his fist with a wink. Vegeta sneered and if the lighting weren't so terrible his blush would be visible. "What are you doing here Dr. Briefs?" He asked crossing his arms which only emphasized the work he had put into his body.

Vegeta certainly was never small, but before he left him muscle mass was much leaner. The man in front of her shoulders had broadened and his biceps were squeezed by his short sleeved navy T-shirt. He also seemed to grow a few inches if that was even possible.

"I heard you were back in town and I wanted to say hi. I finished the gravity project by the way. Well there are still some bugs but I well...." She rambled.

"Why did you?" He asked, abruptly cutting her off. "That kiss."

"Oh I....Vegeta I wanted to I guess...and I'm sorry I acted on it I was so emotional and I don't know what to really say."

"And you are still with scarface." He scoffed, pointing to her ring. "You make an extreme lack of sense."

God it was still adorable how he fumbled with words and was so formal. "Look I just wanted to see you. You're clearly well. I'll leave you alone." She said and waved goodbye. Yamcha was right this was a horrible idea because now her heart ached for another reason. She was back to step one confused on who or what she loved.

She turned around when a strong hand gripped her wrist and he pulled her back. He looked deep into her eyes and sighed. "You do not get to show up here and just walk out with no explanation."

"I dreamed about it okay?!" She threw her freed hand up and he let go of her arm.

"Dreamed about it?" He asked looking rather confused.
"I felt a connection with you." She admitted. "And I know it was wrong but I had to know...I figured the mission was serious and I didn't want to not act. I'm not used to playing it safe. I don't think things are working out with Yamcha. Maybe they were never meant to."

"I will not be with a married woman. In any capacity." He said sharply.

"So are you implying you are interested?" She asked brushing through her curls, looking up over her featherlight, blue lashes.

"I will not be with a married woman." He repeated and set the pool stick down. "And I'm not the kind of man you should leave someone for. I have little I can offer you emotionally. You should know that."

"I disagree." She said and brushed her hand against his. She patted his hand and his jaw clenched. "I do not think it wise for us to spend time together until you figure that out." He gestured to her left hand.

"Well I'm glad you're back and that your okay...stop by if you'd like...to see the gravity machine." She amended and took a deep breath. "Good night Vegeta."

He nodded and returned to his game, his eyes following her as she left. Bulma ran into Raditz on the way out, he was much looser and already covered in hickies. Great. "Where's Nappa?"

Raditz raised a brow. "He's recovering B. Got his leg blown off." He said and polished off a glass of whiskey.

"Oh my god. Is he gonna be okay?" She rested a hand on her chest.

"In time. I hope. Right now he's pretty bummed 'bout his leg. And his medical discharge. He's think bout opening a sayian restaurant with his settlement so hopefully things will turn around."

"Settlement?"

"Bad intel it was one of our IEDs. We had an inventory and all the locations that one wasn't on the list."

She felt a shiver down her spine and the hair on her arms stand up. She bit her lip so hard it began to tingle. "What were you guys doing?"

"Bulma you know I can't say." He shrugged awkwardly.

"Get out Raditz. As soon as you can."

"B I can't I'll be in til the fat lady sings." He chuckled. "Vegeta might be on his way out."

She cocked a brow. "Why?"

"Nothing!.....Just some rumors." He shrugged. "Be careful with him he's a ticking time bomb." He said and waved over to the girl he was with. She immediately threw herself at him and Bulma scooted away happy to miss the elaborate mating dance that was beginning to unfold in front of her very eyes. At least someone was getting laid tonight.
How the Tables Turn

Chapter Summary

Meeting with some old friends makes Bulma consider her own situation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When she got home she saw only one light on. Before she opened the door to the condo she slipped her heels off so they wouldn't click against the hardwood floors. She set her purse down on the counter and the kitchen lights flipped on.

Yamcha was holding Puar in his arms and his eyes were squinted with sleep. "Nice to see you finally. You were out. With Vegeta. That guy." He said rubbing his eye with an open palm.

Bulma rolled her eyes and took a few bobby pins out of her hair. "I barely saw him. And you were out with someone. I saw pictures."

"Yah Krillin." He scoffed and leaned up against the wall, boxers riding low of his hips. 

"And whatever women you two scrounged up." She spit and went to kiss him but he pulled back.

"Your one to talk B. I wouldn't be surprised if you've been sleeping with this guy." He said with more anger than she expected.

"If anyone sleeps around it's you and I know that all too well by all the women who told me that they gotta piece of you during our breaks." She yelled back.

He sputtered. "So what? They were breaks! Breaks Bulma! Whatever goodnight!" He stomped off to bed and she flipped him off as he walked away.

... 

Krillin had given her a fair warning that Launch and Tien were very 'affectionate' as of late. She was NOT prepared for this. Yamcha sat next to her, downing his third beer still angry over her bar visit. But this was something they could agree on, Launch and Tien were being way too touchy feely. Bulma wouldn't be shocked if she was stroking him under the table.

Last thing Bulma heard they were dunzo on like a permanent kind of basis. Bulma had heard it all Tien wasn't ready to commit and Launch was done. Apparently she threw ten plates and two glass bowls at him before he actually listened and left. Launch didn't have many female friends or friends period so she had relied heavily on Bulma during her last break up with Tien.

I mean in Tien's defense she had been boning the guy for over a decade with no expectations of a future. Plus they were on and off all the time. They just happened to be on at this moment...unfortunately. Launch never presented herself as girlfriend material but here she was feeding him cheesy fries and holding his hand like a giddy 3rd grader.

Bulma kind of felt bad for her. Tien was either a total jerk or incredibly awkward. He couldn't be
amazing on bed or something, right? Nah. She wasn't sure how long Tien could keep this up. The amazing boyfriend act. And in typical Launch fashion she moved in with the guy already. So here Bulma was with her hubby that she wanted to punch watching Tien and Launch act like horny teens.

She didn't dislike Launch at all. She actually really like her; she was fun. And it sounded terrible when she thought about it but Launch was the kind of friend that made you feel better about your fuck ups. It's like reality TV.

"So you guys are in the city?" Krillin asked clearing his throat loudly.

Tien looked at them as if he forgot they were there. "Oh Yes! Launch decided she needed to move and she let me join her on this new chapter." His affect was still as flat and boring as ever but there was this excitement in his tone.

Yamcha raised a brow at him. "Your voice isn't monotone anymore and I'm really concerned. Are you high?"

"High on life." Tien shrugged and Launch giggled planting several kisses on his cheek.

Yamcha stretched out, "You plan on joining a gym man? Your traps are not as impressive as I remember and dude no offense but looks like you put some weight on."

Tien glared at Yamcha who put his hands up. "It's okay baby I love it. Love pounds right?" Launch wrapped her arms around his neck and touched her nose to his. "And if you wanna start hitting the gym I'll join if you are okay with me checking out every inch of your bod." She said dragging her finger down his chest.

Krillin crinkled his nose and bit into a slice of pizza. He was fighting his gag reflex at this point.

Yamcha slammed his hands on the table and Bulma rolled her eyes at him. "Okay but can you guys manage to not make us nauseous right now? Please. God I wanna enjoy this." Yamcha sighed. "I'm trying to eat and you two are a little much." He pinched his fingers together.

Launch blinked, pulling away from her boyfriend. She looked down at her lap. "I am going to freshen up in the ladies room." She said quietly and walked off sniffling.

Bulma blew out a raspberry. Now they had an emotional tearful Launch on their hands...great. Tien crossed his arms and took a deep breath. "You know you guys were always down to hang out with us when we were a mess and I kind of expect this from others but not you guys."

"Tien it's not that deep bro." Yamcha put his hand up.

"Well seem like it's that deep."

"Tien we are all happy for you two but you guys are being very...well...affectionate." Krillin offered fiddling with his hands.

Tien looked at Bulma who avoided eye contact. "Well Bulma you agree with them?"

"Of course she does." Yamcha scoffed, throwing his hands up.

"Excuse me Yamcha but I'm not the one who commented on Tien's physique or made Launch cry. You guys could tone it down considering your not 16 but we both have been waaayyyy worse in public Yamcha." She huffed, glaring at her estranged husband.
"Ooohhh yah I can attest to that." Krillin snickered and Tien smirked.

"Seriously Krillin?"

"Dude you and Bulma had sex in my bed more than once when we were roommates. I burned at least three sets of sheets." Krillin side-eyed him. "So yah."

"Well you boys have fun ganging up on my precious husband." She said inauthentically. "I am going to check up on Launch." Bulma got up and made her way to the ladies room. Launch was standing at the mirror patting under her eyes with a paper towel. Her deep blue eyes were puffy from tears.

"Heeeyyy girl sorry about Yamcha he's being a butt." Bulma hugged her friend and held her arms gently.

"I am sorry if we are b-b-bothering you but T-Tien and I really reconnected." She stuttered and Bulma rubbed her arms. "You know we were really done t-that time b-but he is here with me to help get a h-handle on myself and he has been so supportive." She choked out.

Bulma's face had softened and she held her friend's hands. "That's great Launch. I'm happy for you."

"I know it's a bit crazy, but sometimes you just know something is right Bulma. This time it's right." She smiled and wiped her eyes. Bulma's heart sank. She knew that feeling.

Chapter End Notes

Bulma and Yamcha (even Krillin) are not their best selves in this chapter. No hate please. Hurt people hurt people.
Like a Snake

Chapter Summary

Bulma has a concerning encounter and doesn't know what to do.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She did find this very odd. When she received the invitation out she asked her father what he thought. Her father mentioned that the man she was meeting had expressed interest in her publications at the university. Her father described him as an 'strange bird'. When she did not reply right away she received a call from his secretary. Ultimately she decided to meet with him.

Any research she tried to do on him beforehand was useless. Either he was very good at cleaning up his image or Zarbon was the upstanding man he claimed to be. Bulma could always find something on someone. Not this guy. He had the most average presence on social media and his military background was spotless. Something just seemed so....off.

When she got to the very upscale restaurant it was practically empty save for her, the staff, and an intimidating military official. She had met him once and didn't remember him being so chilling. He really didn't resemble the friendly photos online. His flashing green eyes studying her with a predatory gaze. There was something almost reptilian about him.

He rose to his feet, in his uniform and revealed a sharp, well practiced smile. He nearly resembled something out of comic, reminiscent of a well-tamed joker. She shook his hand and took a seat, trying to maintain eye contact.

A glass of blood red wine was already poured for her. "Dr. Briefs, we met formerly at a weapons division meeting. Col. Zarbon. I am glad you could make it."

"Oh yes. It's nice to meet you again though I was taken aback by your request to meet. My father handles all the negotiations with your division. I just attend for moral support."

He smirked and a chuckled. "No need to be modest Dr. Briefs. You may have even more potential than your father. He is a brilliant man but you my dear are something else." His didn't break his gaze even as he drank from his glass.

She watched a drop of wine dribble from his lip and it was sickening. He smiled wider and pat his lip dry with a napkin.

"I am hear for another reason. It seems you are friendly with one of my favorite teams, our little trained circus monkeys as my superior prefers to address them. Quite brutes those Sayian men. It seems you don't mind though. Now I'm not here to entertain cheating rumors though I know those have been hard for your husband. Oh yes Yamcha, baseball player for the Titans." He smirked and poured himself another glass of wine.

"Well then why are you bringing it up I am only friends with Raditz and Vegeta. Besides as far as I'm concerned you out rank them both why are you digging into their personal lives. My best friend
"Yes Goku Son, born Kakarrot. Raditz younger brother." She tried not to show her discomfort as he slid a magazine across the table."It is on every magazine in the city. Now why did you assume I was speaking of our little Prince when I brought up potential infidelity." He chuckled. "Raditz is a loyal underling. I am not worried about him. Now Vegeta on the other hand. He's far more strategic and he knows he's on thin ice. As his frienndd." he drawled. "I suggest you encourage him to keep things to himself. That's the trouble with special ops, men get paranoid and sloppy. Look at Nappa." He tongue slid over his bottom lip and she looked to the side. "Such a shame."

Bulma felt a shiver down her spine. "Col. Zarbon this was nice but I am leaving. I don't appreciate whatever this is. It sounds too much like threats."

He twirled his wine glass. "They are just warnings Dr. Briefs." He said sipping his wine. "Think of it as a professional courtesy. Since you father is such a key business associate." He smiled that sick curled smile.

"Goodbye." She said and went to track down the waiter to pay for her glass of wine and get the hell out of there. Her dad did give her one piece of advice. Record the conversation. She pressed the button on the back of her pendant and raced to her car. When she got inside she rest her head on the steering wheel.

Her hands were shaking as she dialled the number. With each ring her eyes welled up with tears. No answer. She shouldn't have expected anything from him but she typed it anyway. 'Met with Col. Zarbon. Are you in trouble? I'm scared.' She pressed send and started her car and drove.

Chapter End Notes

The story will likely be picking up from here. We are almost approaching the time that objection to love would be starting at. So I have questions!

Would you like to see this extend into the birth of Trunks? (If you have read bad at love you kind of know what I am talking about.)

Also should this time skip into rebuilding time? (either with Trunks birth or without)
Or should I keep the vegebul moments in rebuilding instead?
A Swing and a Miss

Chapter Summary

An odd meeting and an odd parting.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He knew this was not a wise decision. He paced out front the luxury condo for a few seconds before taking a deep breath and ringing the doorbell. He was in his gym clothes and ran a dozen scenarios through his head. There was no answer and the creases in his forehead deepened. He paused right before knocking and the door swung open.

Vegeta had never met Bulma's husband, Yamcha and never bothered to look him up. All the information he knew about him was regurgitated from Bulma herself. He only gathered intel on people worthy of his attention. His former professor’s estranged husband was not one of those people.

Even after coming back from down range he was still in denial with exactly how he felt, likely because Vegeta hadn’t felt much of anything in many years. He was a well oiled machine. He focused on his career goals solely and had no time for anything else. Snipe enough people and anyone might start to lose their sense of self. He severed his ties with those feelings of guilt because to accept them would be admitting weakness.

Yet still, here he was checking in on the woman who had clearly gotten herself entangled in too much because she was incapable of keeping away from those bad for her. Raditz was her long time friend so although he would tell her she was stupid for involving herself in that idiot's life, at least it made sense. Him on the other hand, she sought him out and it was not rooted in any logic he could make out.

The man in front of him was much taller than himself, but certainly not as tall as Raditz. His shaggy hair made Vegeta pinch a sneer back. He had a few scars on his face like Bulma had mentioned when described him quite some time ago. She was right they had healed over well and not completely damaged the man's appearance.

He himself was decorated in scars, many of them deep and blemishing the skin. Yamcha looked like one of those guys who probably had a goofy smile, had dozens of compliments prepared for any woman, and if it weren’t for him looking down at Vegeta like he didn’t belong anywhere near this neighborhood he would assume the man had a ‘friendly’ face.

“Sup?” He nodded his head and adjusted a cat in his arms. Oddly enough even the cat seemed to be looking down at Vegeta like he was muck, under her paws. His glare was piercing, Vegeta despised slang. It was informal rude and a display of disrespect. The cat tried to claw up the man's neck seemingly hiding from the growl that escaped his lips.

At least someone who lived in that fucking condo had a good judge of character because neither Bulma or Scarface did.
“I was looking for Dr. Bulma Briefs. I received a message from her and I would like to discuss the contents in person, is she home?”

Yamcha raised a brow. “Ooohhh you’re Vegeta.” The taller man looked very amused. “Bulma usually takes an interest in taller men.”

“Yes I am Vegeta I fail to see what that has to do with whether Dr. Briefs is located here or not.” He straightened his back knowing good and well that it would make no difference in his short stature.

“Bulma, my wife.” He put his hand over his chest. “Is not home. She will probably be back in a few weeks and we will start this cycle again.” He said bitterly.

Vegeta ran his tongue over his teeth, “Where is she staying?”

Yamcha scoffed, “Shocked you don’t know that.” He rested in the doorway.

“I do not fraternize with married women despite what you may have conjured up in your head. I find it quite unsavory so if you are implying I have bed your wife you are wrong.” He said with a very calm demeanor.

“Hmm. Well she ain’t picking up my calls so I don’t know for sure but she usually goes to her parents when…” He took a deep breath, making eye contact with Vegeta, “When we fight like this. Her parents basically left her room and lab exactly how it was when we moved in together. When she is stressed she works.” He half shrugged.

“Hn. I will try that.”

There was something in the other man expression and if he was more cued in emotionally, Vegeta might recognize it as somewhere between loss, sadness, and pity. “Good luck.” Yamcha said and sighed.

Vegeta was already half way to his car. He almost turned around to yell something, anything but rather he kept walking. Whatever Yamcha’s feelings were he didn’t care and were reserved for Bulma.

He didn’t often drive anymore. He got around fine on foot and his mind often associated driving with field work. He had been to her lab at her home dozens of times so he knew his way around.

He knocked on the glass door before entering. Looking at her she seemed beyond frazzled, flinching when she heard the glass rattle. She let out a sigh of relief and smacked a few buttons on her desk allowing him inside.

Rather than start yammering like her typical self she kept screwing something together with shaking hands. He sat down in the chair across from her and she blinked rapidly focusing on the materials in front of her. They remained that way for sometime until she was finished with her project.

She hadn’t moved from her seat for hours yet her safety googles had just begun to have a light fog on the rims due to sweat. She tugged them off, goggle lines be damned. She rubbed her face trying to bring herself to have this conversation.

To her shock he spoke first, “I came because you seemed bothered.” He shifted his weight in his seat awkwardly. She pressed play and let him take in the words. He rubbed his face with his hand. “Why would you meet with him alone?”
“He is a business associate and I didn’t know it was about you or me personally?” She said and held her head.

“Do not meet with him anymore. He is a very powerful person.” Vegeta said, his voice slightly softened.

"Why don't you just retire? Give them that and they will leave you alone right?"

"No. They won't. It will just look suspicious and then they will stunt my career in the civilian sector."

"I can't live in fear. I have never and I mean NEVER been so freaked out by a man. At the very least he threatened to blackmail me so I need to get a lawyer involved." She said crossing her arms defensively.

"I would not ask you to refrain from taking action. Please be very clear your concerns are independent from any previous affiliation you have with me."

She sighed, "Your badge is still active."

"Okay?" He raised a brow.

She rolled her eyes, "What I am saying is you are still recognized as a capsule corp employee and a lab assistant of mine. Your 'affiliation' with me wouldn't be inappropriate if you came by and tested some projects and moved on to another job." She emphasized with finger quotes.

"Smart." He said, smirking.

"I know." She took the badge out of her drawer and tossed it to him. "Welcome back."

Chapter End Notes

So since I am approaching the objection to love timeline I was wondering would you like me to writing some of Bulma's meetings with Lazuli?
Vegeta scanned his badge into the lab and when he stepped in he was staring down a scrawny looking boy or man? He wasn’t sure. But the kid was in a lab coat and had glasses with thick black rims. His hair was messy and this awful red shade.

“Who are you?” Vegeta asked curtly, shrugging on a lab coat.

The young man laughed nervously and put his hand out. “I’m Jason I am Dr. Briefs lab assistant this semester, you must be Vegeta.” He shook the Jason’s hand with a tight grip and let go wiping his hand on his lab coat.

“Yes I am.” Vegeta barreled past him, “Where is the woman she said she would be here.”

“Oh!” Jason juggled his phone clumsily, “She texted me at 9:02 AM that she would be just a bit late.” He pinched his fingers together.

“I see.” Vegeta narrowed his eyes not at all appreciating that this kid had some one on one communication with Bulma. Regardless he walked over to the nearest desk and signed onto a laptop ignoring Jason’s friendly banter.

Bulma zipped into the lab with a change of clothes on her arm. Her hair was as wild as ever and she greeted them with a smile, “Hey guys! So I assume you met each other. Vegeta is going to be working on an older project with me that he started on. You know Capsule Corp stuff. Jason is working on his dissertation and will be utilizing this space. He asked me to be his mentor!” She said with an eep. “Isn’t that so cool!”

“Yes. Cool it is.” Vegeta stated evenly.

Bulma laughed and Jason forced some chuckles out, “Don’t mind Vegeta, Jason he is a total sweetheart once you get past the bad boy exterior.”

Vegeta blushed but argued aggressively, “I am not. No not. I am not sweet.” He upheld crossing his arms.
“He’s a softie.” She sang and Jason snickered. Vegeta sent him a glower and that shut him up. His eyes then turned to her as she sent down several bags and a red dress on a hanger.

“Going somewhere.” He asked attempting to sound uninterested.

“Yah an attorney’s office.”

“Hn.” He saw the name on her calendar and searched it in her absence. Lazuli Gero, Divorce Attorney.

…

She pulled her dress down and quickly threw her hair up in a messy bun. She had just left the lab for her appointment.

When she finally followed up on Chichi’s recommendation it was noon on a friday. Lazuli Gero, was a top up and coming divorce attorney in West City. Panchy’s friends agreed that she was amazing. Though they had all had more than one divorce.

Bulma wasn’t going to lie she was hoping a woman would be more understanding and sensitive to her predicament. She didn’t want this divorce but she didn’t want to remain married to Yamcha.

She wanted to be single, but she didn’t want to be alone. She also couldn’t keep up this vicious cycle with her husband. It wasn’t fair to either them.

They had a heart to heart over coffee and they wanted different things. She wanted to be free and if she were honest with herself pursue a different relationship. Yamcha was ready to settle down and had been for years.

She was the one who extended their engagement and put off their wedding for several years. He wanted to start a family and the last thing she had on her mind was raising a child. She always figured she would have one since Yamcha wanted a baby so badly. She herself did not particularly have a desire to have children but it was something everyone did at some point she figured.

She was still enjoying being young and wanting to party. Yamcha’s idea of a good time was a few drinks at the bar then go home have a few and sleep.
This would be an easy divorce, both of them wanted to be sure of that. Yamcha’s season was picking up and neither wanted this to be complicated. She sat down across from Ms. Gero and awkwardly began some conversation.

“So your a divorce attorney who has never been married.”

“You don’t need to be a former criminal to be a police detective.” The stunning woman said dryly. Bulma was confused this woman was sexy as can be in a fucking pant suit and reading glasses. Her personality and voice fell flat. Sooo flat.

“Good point.” Bulma muttered. Lazuli had a perfect supermodel body. Her hair was a beautiful natural blonde shade. The cut of her hair was angular and framed her face. Their was this sharpness to her appearance. She was striking. Bulma herself was gorgeous but had this softness to her features. Bulma’s eyes were round and doe-like and her hair was curly. Her lips were plump and round.

Lazuli finished gathering any other documents she needed. “Any other questions about my personal life? I allow clients two before I show them the door. You have used one.” She said dryly, not bothering to make eye contact.

“Uh nope. I am good.” She didn’t often find herself intimidated but this woman was intense and hot. Really hot.

“Good. I hate personal questions.” I couldn’t tell, Bulma thought to herself sarcastically. “So Chichi told me you and your ex want a clean divorce. No drama. What a shame, I love taking men to the cleaner.”

“Oh well we are long time friends and—“

“It’s fine I just need to know what I am working with.” She stopped her.

“Well okay we are friends and their is a lot of love and respect still there. It just isn’t panning out.”

“Okay. Odd.” She blinked, “I am used to people coming in here cursing their ex to hell and back.”
Bulma laughed, “Nope not like that.”

“Okay well I will be in contact with you and get the papers ready to be sent to him. Good to meet you Ms. Briefs.” She shook her hand.

“Oh it’s Bulma, thanks Lazuli.” She waved and blew Chichi a kiss as she walked out.

…

When Bulma exited the building she took her phone out and sighed. It rang and rang. “Hey B. What’s up?”

“Hiiii Yamcha, listen I just met with an attorney and she is going to be sending you those divorce papers.” She chewed on her lip.

“Okay.” She heard a sigh on the other line. “Thanks for the heads up. I got hooked up with a lawyer some guy on the team used and they kept it low profile.”

“Good clean break. Keep it less messy.”

“I don’t really want lawyers involved but hey we are already there. I don’t want anything that isn’t mine B.”

“Of course, neither do I.”

“Cool. cool. I’ll see yah around B.”

She could feel her heart drop and a catch in her throat, “Yah bye Yamcha.” She had been pushing this away for sometime and it finally hit her what she was actually holding onto in her marriage. Friendship. The other line went dead and she took a deep breath walking to her car, this would be okay.
The next morning she woke up and after having her typical cup of coffee she reached into her hoodie to find an empty pack of cigarettes. She rolled her eyes and head for the nearest corner store bunny slippers and all.

At the checkout a magazine caught her eye. She tossed it on the counter and the cashier offered her a sympathetic smile. ‘Couple from hell Yamcha and Bulma the truth’. She paid and immediately put a cigarette between her lips.
"Oh come on Krillin that was ages ago."

The short man was fuming arms crossed in a huff, "Bulma I am not over it. He was sleeping with my fiance for crying out loud." His eyes were closed and a vein pounded in his neck.

"Listen he already has a new wife and he's gonna be leaving her soon for a mission. We are just going out to celebrate and I need my bestest friend there."

Krillin gave her a look, "I'm only your bestest friend because Yamcha and you are divorcing and Goku is gone. I'm not even sure I rank above Launch."

"Don't be silly! Of course you do." She laughed nervously. "I just want to drop by with you and then we can go talk about how love sucks but is also the greatest thing in the world or whatever drunk Krillin talks about these days."

"I have hobbies Bulma my life doesn't revolve around love...anymore..." he muttered.

Bulma plopped on the couch, "Fine. We will start the Bulma pep talk now. What are you looking for in a woman?"

He rolled his eyes. "Breathing and likes me for me."

"That's all?" She said with a playful smile. "Krillin you are a great guy that’s easy."

"One would think so but either my looks hold me back or they call me too nice."

Bulma looked shocked, "Too nice? That's stupid. They must be dumb bimbos. And you are a cutie." She smacked his arm.

He was currently resting his head in his hands which squished his cheeks like a chipmunk. "You don't gotta lie Bulma. You only say that because you were like a big sister growing up. I thought
growing my hair would help but now people just mention my flat face and height more. Maybe I should shave it to distract from everything else."

Bulma hurt for him she really did, "Krillin what you need is a little more confidence. Don't slump around. Roll those shoulders back and make as many corny dad jokes as you like. If shit goes downhill we will leave and go to the first ice cream place."

"Fine. It's only because you guilted me with your speech." He shook his head as she celebrated. Limbs pumping in the air.

“Oh and for the record I am mad at both you and Yamcha for leaving me out of the loop and not even bothering to tell me that you guys are splitting up. Geez I found out through a fricken magazine.”

“Hey trust me I am not happy about that either. Everyone had to make it super awkward because each of you weirdos bought a copy. Tien said congrats? Chichi was supposed to be the only one who knew.” She pouted.

“You told Chichi and not me?” He scoffed.

“Well she works at that divorce attorney’s firm. You know Lazuli Gero.”

“Wait Lazuli? She is your divorce attorney?” His eyes widened.


“Yep that would be her. She came into my office on Friday on behalf of some of her clients. It was awkward but I wasn’t sure if it was her or the fact that I was squirming behind my desk trying not to react to how attractive she is. Then she asked me personal questions. And I don’t know I get weird around ladies these days.”

“Not me.”
“You don’t count I said ladies.” He snickered and she smacked him over the head.

“Screw you! And personal questions? She told me she hated them. And when I tried to start talking she totally shut me down. If I wasn’t a friend of Chichi she would probably tell me to fuck off.”

“Okay so it’s not my fear of rejection that made her intimidating. Good to know.” He smiled a little and shook his head. “Crazy though she wants to meet for coffee tomorrow and I have no clue what about.”

“Oh my god Krillin! You little minx get it! Coffee? COFFEE? That is like her generation’s dinner and a movie.” She shrieked and shook his shoulders.

He grabbed her arm and held her still, “Bulma please this is not a date. Besides like you just happened to remind me I am quite a bit older than her.”

“I don’t care you need a date, or to get laid, or meet the love of your life. I don’t mind which one you pick.” She said and he rolled his eyes.

“Let’s just focus on dinner at the bar.” Krillin muttered, walking to the car.

“Fine! Bar then true love or whatever you pick!” She called after him, heels clicking behind her.

…

Vegeta saw Bulma come into the bar with same short guy he saw her with quite some time ago. They seemed chummier than usual. Though it was certainly Vegeta’s imagination because nothing had changed between her and Krillin.

He was trying to remain as uninterested as possible in this stupid whatever this was between the two of them. He waved Raditz off when the man attempted to top off his beer. Raditz raised a brow at him and poured anyway.

“It’s a waste I am leaving in a few minutes.” He stated, taking a healthy drink from his mug.
“She’s getting divorced just fuck her already so you can stop fucking her with your eyes.”

“Not interested.” Vegeta drank from his beer.

Raditz was definitely intoxicated but was on the money. “Lies. Lies and Slander. You have been watching her dance with shorty for a whole ten minutes, your eyebrows relaxed for half a second when she hugged you, and I heard you say her name during a night terror twice downrange.” He smirked and winked at the shorter man.

“I hardly consider nightmares romantic or anything.” Vegeta said dryly.

“Yah never tell her about that. EVER. She will run away terrified. But why don’t you just hoe it up a little.”

“Hoe it up?” Vegeta sneered.

“Here.” Raditz unbuttoned Vegeta’s top two buttons and rolled the man’s sleeves up. “Go have some shots of tequila. Because tequila Vegeta is slightly more fun than you. Now go hit on the Lauren’s friends or something. She will be so jealous and then bam.”

“That is absurd.” He said turning to leave. He saw Krillin spin Bulma and dip her back. She laughed fondly and he could feel a growl escape his lips. He spun back around and took the shots from Raditz.
To be honest Krillin made the best date she had ever had. She had to practically beg him to go with her as her non-date date but once they were there he was delivering. When she used to go out with Yamcha he would give her a few dances, grind a little and then he was about done. Another downfall was Yamcha always getting asked for signatures and girls flocking to him.

She wouldn’t call Yamcha a cheat necessarily but like any other hot blooded man she seemed to know, when a hottie approached he seemed to appreciate the attention. It just bothered her because she knew during their breaks that he was definitely enjoying that attention in his bed.

She supposed what she did when they were dating wasn’t much better. She would give a particular friend a call and they would fuck until Yamcha crawled back. I mean a friends with benefits is safer physical but not emotionally. Lines get blurred and people get hurt when they aren’t on the same page.

But he was safe. He wasn’t friends with Yamcha. He was gone most the time anyway and once they got over the awkwardness of the first time they banged it was smooth sailing. If one of them was taken it never got awkward or physical. She was glad Raditz was recently married and seemed happy this time around. Because this time around she wasn’t interested in their arrangement. As much as it was fun, she was still holding out hope that her and Vegeta had a shot.

A few girls asked Krillin to dance and he humorously turned them down, announcing he had a dancing partner for the night.

It was adorable that he was pretending to be so uninterested. Who would’ve thought this little squirt would grow into such a gentleman. If only she could repay him and find him the woman of his dreams. “Krillin you can dance with other girls tonight, I’m not that crazy.” She laughed and let him spin her around.

He shrugged, “We’re killing it on the dance floor and to be honest I would rather just hang out with you. I think the next woman I invest time in needs to be worth it. Maybe I will date someone intellectual.”

“Like an attorney.” She smirked and he blushed. To an outsider looking in this could definitely pass as flirting, but it was just two friends supporting each other.
I don’t know who you are referring to.” He stutter and she rolled her eyes, “Now if YOU want to
dance with someone else go ahead. I am going to get a drink. Can I get you anything B?” He
stuffed his hands in his jean pockets.

Bulma sucked down the rest of her drink and handed him the glass. “Whiskey sour please.” She
smiled and decided now was a good time to check in with Raditz. She pushed through the crowd
and caught Raditz by the arm.

“Hey B, what’s up?” Raditz turned to her, ignoring his wife who huffed.

“I just wanted to say be safe where ever you are going.” she loosened her grip on his arm and
looked up at him.

“I will be as safe as I can given the circumstances.” He chuckled, “Would you miss me?” He
teased and pouted at her.

She smacked his chest, “Don’t even joke like that. You have family, friends, and a wife. Just please
don’t be all heroic and shit. Stay safe.”

“I’ll be fine. I will be back before you know it and life will go on.” He offered her a small smile.

“Babe.” His wife whinned, “You’re not paying attention to me.” She dipped her hand down to rub
him and his eyes went wide. Bulma blinked as if that would purify what was going on in front of
her.

“Wait til we get home baby.” He chuckled, with a bit of blush.

She looked Bulma up and down and turned up her nose. “No. You needed to be reminded why I
am the only woman who gets your attention.” She pulled his hand, dragging him toward the
bathroom and he waved to Bulma and mouthed sorry.

Bulma scoffed and mocked her with a high pitch voice. “Look at me I paid for my boobs and think
I’m better than everyone else.” She snorted and the bartender raised a brow at her. “I’ll take a shot
of tequila.” Bulma set her clutch on the bar. She drummed her nails on the bar and could see a pair
flirting at the bar.
Raditz had practically filled this dive with military buddies and she had no clue where the other people came from to be honest. She saw Vegeta and waved to him. Once he made eye contact with her he turned away to talk to some girl who had her hands all over his chest.

The bartender slid a shot to her, “Ouch.” Bulma took the shot as she saw girl play with the buttons on Vegeta’s shirt. She grabbed her clutch and stomped over, “Hello prince of dickwads. I was waving at you.” She crossed her arms and huffed.

“I saw you but I am busy clearly with Claire.”

“Clara.”

“I don’t give a fuck your Claire now.” He said and the girl shrugged. “So move along and go dance with the holiday elf.”

She put a hand on her hip and her eyes narrowed, “You can not be serious. This is about Krillin? I basically helped raise the kid. You’re jealous? That’s adorable. That is precious Vegeta.” She chuckled.

“Okay have fun with your girlfriend.” The girl said and walked away.

“She is not my girlfriend” He yelled as she yelled, “He is not my boyfriend.”

“Ha! Jealous? Me jealous of you adding to you list of pathetic suitors? Jealousy is a green eyed creature Bulma and I do not know it.” He said proudly, head turned up.

She threw her hands up in the air, “It’s green eyed monster you stupid handsome idiot. And you are the one who pushed me away let’s not get it twisted!” She waved her left hand in his face. “I am getting a divorce. The papers have been sent and my divorce attorney is super hot and Krillin is interested in her not me so Ha! Who’s stupid now?” She poked his chest with each word of her last statement.

He grabbed her hand and glared back at her. “Still you.” He gritted out and pulled her into his chest and kissed her hard. Her eyes were wide with shock, and slowly relaxed as she melted into his kiss. When he finally pulled away he looked at her “Are things cleared up now?” He said against her lips.
“In a way.” She smiled and looked up at him ever so slightly.
She had several things on her mind as of late but there was something other than Vegeta she wanted to address. And she wasn’t going to ‘just let it go’ like her ex suggested. She knocked on the door and pushed it open when Tien answered. The tall man looked confused but shut the door behind her and cleared his throat. "Is Launch here?" Bulma asked crossing her arms.

"No. Not this second." He blinked awkwardly the bags under his eyes becoming more apparent. Clearly he had just got up. "Would you like some tea?" He offered as she stomped deeper into the quaint apartment.

"Sure. We are having a chat." She demanded and planted herself at the small round kitchen table.

"Okay I was going to try and get sleep but that’s okay." He gruffly sighed and poured a couple glasses of iced tea.

While she was sitting arms firmly pressed to her chest, brows furrowed and eyes pressed shut Tien nervously shuffled around in the quaint kitchen. The apartment was small, barely bigger than a studio. Launch definitely decorated it considering save for a yoga mat and a few awards on the TV stand nothing really resembled Tien.

She peered around noticing far more pictures of the couple than she remembered there ever being up...well except for the ones Launch kept by her bedside table. And in those photos it was either just Tien or if it was a couples picture his face was stoic as usual.

These were a bit different. For one, he was at least half smiling but also he just seemed more interested. Then she saw some from their senior prom before Launch decided to change her hair back to her natural color.

Tien looked incredibly awkward leaving plenty of space between the duo and wrapping his arm high around her waist. Back then it was hard for her to believe that they had sex with how awkward he was with Launch. She held back a giggle but turned her nose up when he came back and set down the teas and a few snacks.

"Launch would gun-butt me if she found out I had you over as a guest and didn't offer you anything to eat." He joked nervously and cleared his throat. "Sooo Bulma what do we need to talk about exactly?"
"Launch. Who else?" She criticized, "You really hurt her last time Tien. So what is your deal have you guys not broke up enough? Hmmm? I will always support her to the end of the earth, but that also means I got my eyes on you buddy. Because she is my friend and if you think Launch is 'a crazy bitch' buddy you have no clue how much crazy I can deal out."

The man's eyes blinked and he moved his lips side to side. "I don't think she is crazy Bulma. I said that type of shit back then because I was afraid of my growing emotions for her and sticking to what was expected from me from my past experiences and societal expectations of masculinity. And I had a really messed up childhood and some abandonment issues." He offered with a shrug and he stopped when he took in the shock on her face.

She pushed back from the table truly taken back by his words. "What the fuck?" She whisper asked, but offered an impressed smile.

"I'm about 6 months into therapy so I've learned some new words. I can finally identify some of stuff I have been dealing with." He shrugged and took a drink of his tea. "Turns out once you face your issues head on you can live a better life. Who would've thought." He said sarcastically, with his typical dry tone.

Bulma couldn't help but laugh at that and he offered her a small smile. "I love Launch and I am not saying it's been easy because it hasn't. And I'm still a huge pessimist but everything is a little bit better with her around. And I appreciate you looking out for her but it be nice if you guys kind of laid off a bit. ALL of you guys. Because some of you are more partial to me or to her and it causes her some anxiety. I know we are like fire and gasoline but I think we've got this figured out finally."

"This conversation took an unexpected turn." She shook her head with a smile. "I'm glad though."

"Sorry about you and Yamcha by the way. And that my first reaction was to say congratulations really awkwardly." He chuckled, rubbing his head.

"It's fine. It's complicated for sure."

"And so is love. I love Launch. I hope I've made that clear by now."

The door opened and Launch walked in. "Tien baby I missed you." She jumped and wrapped her
legs around him.

"I missed you too baby. Bulma came to see yah. Check on us since the other day. He brushed her bangs out of her eyes and Launch turned to Bulma.

"Oh I am so sorry." She blushed and Tien sat her down gently.

"Don't be! I'm in your home and I did bring you a little house warming." She smiled and pulled out a box.

"Oh your shouldn't have Bulma." Launch pouted. She untied the ribbon and smiled at the picture frame decorated in tiny hearts. The pictures inside was of her and Bulma. "Oh it's just lovely." She hugged her.

"Dang girl you've been working out you got muscles on you." Bulma laughed.

"We have been working out as a couple." She beamed. "I had to get some workout outfits. This medication is working for me. So I have had so much energy and we have been hiking."

"Good for you! Well I just wanted to briefly stop by. You two get back to what you two lovebirds do.” She winked at Launch and Tien blushed, realizing her implication.

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She walked down the stairs, pressing her phone to her cheek with her shoulder. A groggy voice answered gruffly, “Hello?”

She snorted and unlocked her car getting inside. “Someone is hungover as hell, huh?”

“Ha. Ha. Ha. I will have you know I felt fine until I finished my regular workout, then I briefly vomited and ran another two miles. So I am doing just fine.”

The handsfree connected in her car and she rolled her eyes at him, “Ah yes fine. Have you ate at all
today?” The phone went silent. “You haven’t left since you got home have you?”

“No. My head is on it’s own orbit.”

“Okay well I am going to get some burgers and fries and head over. Unless your too busy to see me.” She teased.

“Hn. You know I don’t socialize.”

“Okay I’ll be over in a bit. bye.” She took a deep breath and smiled. They hadn’t talked about the night before but what better opportunity than now.
Bulma was about to knock on the door when she quickly glanced at her phone reading a text ‘door is open’. She had never seen the inside of Vegeta’s apartment but if she had a guess it was likely nothing like her own living space. She opened the door and stepped inside not all too shocked that it was quite bare.

There was a handful of pictures. The only one of himself being some military portrait. There was simple, practical decor like a coffee table and a few lamps. So he definitely did not have a liking for decorating.

Hey at least should wouldn’t have to fight him over hanging comics and baseball memorabilia on the wall. She shook her head and pushed those thoughts away. It was just a kiss. A mouth-watering, sensual kiss. But there was no reason to get ahead of herself.

Vegeta slumped into the kitchen from his bedroom as she set the bags down on his counter. “Hey.” He said rubbing his eyes with his hands. She noticed scars and burn marks littered them. She had always been curious what exactly he did in special ops but knew better than to ask from her years of friendship with Raditz.

“Hey. I didn’t know what you wanted to drink but I thought diet cola was safe.”

“Thanks. That’ll do.” He nodded her over to the couch, taking the bags along with him. “So last night was fun.”

Okay so he made the first move. Not at all what she expected from this conversation. She blinked and unwrapped her burger. “Yes it was.”

“I should’ve known shorty was no threat.” He grunted out.

She snorted and raised a brow, “Is that an apology I hear in there?” She teased.

“No an apology would warrant me to do something that needs forgiven. I am simply stating he is not competition and you have no interest in him and I should have noticed such. It was Raditz idea for me to flirt or whatever with that harpy.” He said, taking a huge bit out of his burger.
“Raditz. What a dick. I should remember that when he comes back.”

“If he doesn’t come back in a body bag.” Vegeta stated emotionlessly and Bulma looked concerned. “I now see that you do not find that humorously possible like myself. Forget I said it.” He waved dismissively and returned to his meal.

Once they finished eating she took off her shoes and sat her feet on his lap. He shoved them off and she laughed repeating the action. “So how fun was last night?” She pushed.

Vegeta’s neck deepened red and he cleared his throat. “I would do it again minus the alcohol.” Bulma waited for him to continue, “I tolerate your company and you tolerate mine. It would make sense to form some kind of agreement on how to proceed.” He gestured between them with his hand, “on where we stand I suppose.”

She snickered and held her hands firmly over her mouth. Vegeta scoffed and turned his face away from her. “Vegeta are you asking me to be your girlfriend? Or to be your partner in arms?”

“Why can it not be both?” He muttered cursing himself for even bothering to try and get this right.

“Well yes. Yes is my answer. So what are your conditions of this so-called agreement.”

“You are still legally married I am not a fan of that. I want to know that you will be finalizing this divorce between yourself and scarface. I met him by the way, he is dreadful to be around.”

“You met him?” She groaned. “How?”

“I was trying to contact you when you texted me about Zarbon. I figured your home made the most sense. He answered with his cat on his arm. He was wearing pants with small fish on it. A grown man mind you.”

“That’s his sleep wear.”
“Sleepwear? Idiotic. Your culture is quite bizarre in my country we sleep nude.”

Bulma’s eyes raked over his body and he didn’t notice, “We will return to that later.” She commented and he looked amusingly unaware of her implication. “Yes Yamcha and I are divorcing I met with my lawyer. She is sending the papers. He is getting a lawyer and this should go smoothly. Is there something else you want to discuss?”

“Yes. I am a private person and you have got some attention in those magazines I do not wish to be a part of that. I value my privacy and I do not wish to be labeled as a ‘boy toy’ like your ex. I also have a career to look out for.”

She nodded understandingly, “I get it. My job is very important to me as well and trust me I don’t like being in the spotlight like this. I mean that’s why Yamcha and I have tried to do this quietly.”

“Good. It is better that way. Is there anything you want to address?”

Bulma pursed her lips, deep in thought. Looking back she wasn’t giving this a whole lot of thought. She was so focused on beginning this new relationship she was ignoring some red flags, but she shook her head, “No I don’t think there’s any deal breakers for me.”

He nodded and scooped up their trash to throw it out and rinse off their dishes. When he came back he sat down closer to her and tentatively kissed her.

She could feel his hesitance and pushed into it and he leaned back shocked by her. She pulled him in closer and tangled her fingers in his hair. He groaned and put his arm low around her waist.

She rubbed a hand up his leg and he jolted a little, “You okay?”

He took a shallow breath, “I am fine, just not now. I am not exactly prepared for that.”

“Ah too hungover.”

He looked off to the side and rubbed the back of his neck, “Yes. Sure.” Before she could dig further into that he silenced her with another kiss, more passionate than the last as their tongues
danced behind their lips.
Vegeta walked down the aisles until he found what he was looking for in the tiny corner store. He truthfully hadn’t thought as far as this ‘progressing’ between him and Bulma. He never had a girlfriend and had always took care of his needs himself.

Women were messy from what he gathered from Raditz and Nappa’s former failed marriages and several ventures. And he had a one track mind, move up in rank. In his experience no one gave something for nothing in return so relationships hard to trust.

Granted he had scared off many of Nappa’s girlfriends over the years. He had entertained himself many nights tormenting them through awkward dinners as a child and teen. Quite frankly no one wanted to date a man carrying for someone else’s socially awkward child who knew a disturbing amount of facts related to death, war, and dying.

Eventually Nappa gave up on trying to force a fake family on Vegeta and settled for the occasional meaningless hook up. Now that was disturbing because he had not moved on at all from his childish behavior. By Vegeta’s standards the man was far too old to still be chasing skirts, especially when he partied with the kids he helped raise.

The last time Vegeta bought condoms the box expired before he used any of them. He was looking at the boxes awkwardly examining the labels. He had read about a dozen articles on his phone trying to decipher the difference before walking in and he was at a loss.

He wasn’t even sure things were going to go this far this soon. But he wasn’t sure they would not. Bulma was much more open about her sexuality than him, that was clear as she had made every first move with him.

He was certain there was some weird psychology behind his lack of interest in sex before now but he didn’t want to analyze that. It’s not that he never considered having sex. He did. But anytime he had tried to get into it…crickets.

Hence all the rumors about him going around every base he was stationed at. He realized that his behavior was apparently odd for a man and made out with some random girls to shut up his friends. He even went back to a couple of their homes in attempt to mask this awkwardness. He would stay over for a bit fool around a little and leave. They were random so it’s not like anyone could
confirm what did or didn’t happen there.

He grabbed a box of condoms and tucked it under a few other essentials in his basket. Bulma was coming over tonight and they settled on a movie and take out.

He purchased a bottle of wine and a few slices of cheesecake from the bakery/corner store combo.

As the checker scanned his items he cleared his throat awkwardly, careful to not make contact with the young kid, who blushed at the box.

He took his bags and change and headed toward the apartment. This would go well, he just needed to use some restraint. And pray it wasn’t painfully obvious that he was a thirty year old virgin. Which people seemed to poke fun at often. He rubbed his face and sighed.

When he got back to his apartment the door was shut but unlocked. He froze and paranoia took over. He felt his mouth dry up and he reached into his waist band, opening the door, gun in his hand.

No one was in the front room so he set his bags down quietly and lifted his gun waiting for someone to round the corner. A million things went through his head. It was Zarbon or Frieza or someone else who was afraid he would squeal.

He heard footsteps and pushed away from the wall holding the gun at the offender.

Bulma shrieked and held her hands above her head, “Vegeta it’s me!” She yelled and it pulled him out of his trance.

He was breathing heavily and ran his free hand through his hair, “What the fuck? How are you in here? And why?” He was swinging the gun around as he yelled.

“Good god put the gun down!” She begged and he set it on the end table. “I was just trying to surprise you with having dinner already. How did you not noticed the candles and the take out food right there.” She pointed her arm toward the kitchen.

Vegeta glanced over and crossed his arms, “Hn.”
“Hn? That’s all you gotta say you pointed a gun at me! Why do you even carry?”

“Why would I not?” He countered, face twisted in confusion.

“You know what never mind.” She ran her hands through her curls. She was still in her dress suit combo so she shrugged off her blazer. The pencil skirt hugged her curves and she bent over the counter to plate the food.

Vegeta placed his handgun above the fridge and got out two wine glasses, pouring them generously. He slid one to her with the stem of the glass between his fingers.

She accepted it and took a drink. “How was your day?”

“Fine.”

“Just fine?” She pressed.

“I prefer to know when people are in my place of residence and how they got in there.” He said dryly.

“Okay so I kind of picked the lock but in my defense I didn’t think it be a big deal. Clearly it is so next time I will be a good girl and wait for you.” She pouted at him and he snorted. She went to grab the bag and raised a brow when he put his hand over it.

“That may be for later I am not sure.”

“You not sure if we are going to have the cheesecake you bought?”

“Not that.” He bit, scooping a few bites into his mouth.

She shrugged nonchalantly, “So might as well get it out of the way, when is the last time you have
been checked? Cause I am clean. You know tested.”

He choked a little on his food and cleared his throat, “I am fine.”

“Fine or you have been tested?” She asked.

“I do not need to be tested.”

Bulma rolled her eyes, “And I get you think that but it’s safer to just be sure.”

“I am sure.”

Chapter End Notes

The slowest of all burns.
He was laying down next to her, his body covered in a light sweat. Things had escalated so quickly
and he had very little control over himself and his body. He was reflecting on the previous events
frustrated and annoyed with himself, why couldn’t he hold on just a little longer.

What began as some innocent kisses blossomed into some heated making out. Bulma was
straddling him on the couch. She broke away for a second and he furrowed his brow in annoyance,
why would she stop in this moment.

"Why I asked if your clean is because...I really want to feel you inside me." She said cheekily.
"Judging by what I felt last time we were like this you are a lot to handle."

He didn't really know how to respond. He hadn't really considered his size and whether it was
above average. He remembered some locker room talk from basic and how guys were bragging
about their size. His brain was trying to put together her words into a coherent sentence, but she
wasted no time kissing him aggressively.

She pouted at him, "You want me too right?" She ground her pelvis down on him a little and he
gasped. "Feels like it."

“Slow down.” He forced out. She blinked at him. “I…never mind…it is not important.” He grit
and swallowed her words with a kiss.

Maybe he should have said something and save for the awkward pillow talk that resulted. It would
only be a matter of time before she brought it up anyway.

It not like she didn’t finish she most certainly did, but he finished rather quickly. She hadn’t said a
thing so he just laid their barely enjoying the rush from his orgasm.

She scooted closer to him laying a dainty arm on his broad chest, “Been a while for you huh?” She
said with a cheesy grin.

“Why…I. Hn.” He tilted his head up and angled himself away from her gaze.
“Chill Vegeta. It was still amazing, I mean you had my toes curling and me screaming your name. Isn’t that proof enough that I enjoyed you pounding me.” She kissed his chin and her smile fell when she realized he wasn’t going to loosen up. She had at least expected him to comment on the ‘vulgarity’ of her words or show some sense of pride. She sat up and crossed her arms, which only emphasized the puckered red marks on her breasts, he had left from nipping at her.

Her skin was delicate and she bruised easily something he would take note of later when leaving love bites on her fragile skin. “What’s wrong.”

“I do not know what you are referring to.” He gritted and looked up at her. Her brow was furrowed in concentration but her bra strap had fallen from her shoulder barely containing her breasts in the lacy garment, capturing his attention.

Even with a prominent frown on her face she was beautiful, something he could never deny. “Tell me.” She demanded.

“I do not appreciate my lack of experience being mocked.” He said quickly and curtly.

“Lack of experience?” She laughed and laid down to hug him, “I don’t think your inexperienced.”

He tentatively relaxed in her embrace. “You don’t?”

“No. You weirdo.”

“Oh. Well I am.”

“What do you mean?” She asked clearly at a loss. She sat up to look down at her partner who was clearly struggling with how to express this to her.

His ears were red and he clenched his eyes shut in frustrated, “I have not done everything that we did together before this day. That is all.”

“You were a virgin?”
“I did not say that. I said not everything.” He sputtered knowing good and well this was the first time he had experience that carnal pleasure.

“I don’t care if you were. That was far more pleasure than I have gotten in a long time.”

“No need to flatter. I know I am efficient.”

She cackled, “You are such a dork. Just say the sex was great.” She smiled grabbing the sides of his face.

“Fine, the sex was great.” He said dryly.

“Good. Now since you have already cum, time for round two this will last longer.” She said with a devious smile, reaching down to him. “What did you think I was done? Because your already hard again buddy.” She leaned down to kiss him, throwing her left leg over his body to straddle him.

His arm rested on her back, deepening the kiss. She was quit loud and talkative in general but during this time? Not what he expected. Though he wasn’t sure what he expected. Bulma was quite an enigma to him.

If he was being truthful he wasn’t entirely sure why she had taken interest in an emotionally unavailable man like himself. He was trying not to analyze that in this moment or think about what she potentially from this coupling of sorts.

She sunk her teeth into his collarbone eliciting a growl from him. He tugged her under him tangling his hand in her messy hair as he kissed her. Her nails scrapped against his back. She scooted down to meet his arousal and he thrust into her.

She gulped a breath in and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I have been dreaming about this for a while.” She barely squeaked out. “You are so hot.” She smiled as he thrust harder into her, “Didn’t take you for a man to be so affected by dirty talk.”

“I supposed I would have to, to be attracted to a woman like you, so the next thing I want you to say is my name.”
He tugged her hips closer and she sighed, “Vegeta.”

“Did I speak incorrectly I meant scream.” He chuckled as he felt her legs tremble against him.

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She woke up the next day Vegeta sleeping next to her. She smiled and pushed her hair from her face.

She check her phone and groaned, ‘Bulma Briefs caught with mystery boy toy.’ Why her?
"You understand if you didn't have tenure this would kill you career right?" The Dean spit. "Your a woman you can't be so careless with your appearance." She scoffed at Bulma and set down tons of magazines. “There are tabloid after tabloid covering this.”

"What do you want me to do? No one can identify him in the picture." She defended.

"A scandal like this needs to be squashed. Report that you have been trying marital therapy but it hasn't worked. And get two sessions at least. Fake it. Get a good PR representative from daddy Bulma.”

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“Hey B.” Yamcha opened the door to their formerly shared condo. “Can I get you like a water or tea?”

“Sure.” She said quietly and pet puar who was resting on the couch.

Yamcha handed her a glass of tea and sat on the other couch. “So I have been trying to figure out why you wanted to meet and I am coming up short B. I signed everything. Do you want the condo or something?” He raised a brow, “Cause that’s fine I was gonna sell it anyway.”

“It’s not that Yamcha. Have you not seen the magazine articles on both of us?” She asked and set a stack on the coffee table.

He blinked rapidly, not at all connecting the dots. “Well yah but…they don’t know us B. They don’t know that we have been falling apart for years now.” He shrugged and she was thrown off by his new found awareness.

“Okay but they are ripping us to shreds in the press Yamcha. That doesn’t both you?”

“It’s not like I haven’t protected you B. I have been asked about your boyfriend dozens of times and I don’t comment.”
“You have been asked to comment!?” She was fuming, someone was trying hard to ruin Bulma Briefs and she was not happy about it. “My dean is furious. She basically implied I would be fired if not for tenure.”

“Dang that sucks.”

“That’s all your gonna say?” She scoffed and sat back.

“What is left to say? I’m not gonna get in the media and say it’s all my fault like you would love for me to do.” He bit and puar scampered off to sit on his shoulder.

“You always liked him more.” She muttered to puar. “I don’t expect you to jump in front of train for me Yamcha. But how do we patch this issue in the media because my boss wants me to work with a CC image specialist and do couples therapy for show. Which my divorce attorney recommended too but she doesn’t know all the behind the scenes reasons.”

“A divorce attorney? Isn’t her job to break us up and get you a settlement?”

“Yah but she thinks we have potential to work out or something crazy like that.”

Yamcha crossed his arms and looked down at her, “Well we would. If there was no Vegeta.”

Bulma scoffed, “You have got to be kidding we were a mess.”

“If Vegeta was never around we would’ve carried on as usual. I’m not saying that’s a good thing because I wasn’t happy either.” Yamcha exhaled.

“You weren’t?” She questioned and he chuckled.

“B? Seriously? Of course I am not happy with how our marriage was going. I wanted to have a baby back when Chichi got pregnant with Gohan. I certainly wanted one by now. You spend more time in the lab than you ever did with me even before your boyfriend worked there. We haven’t
traveled together since our honeymoon and I certainly have offered. I wanted to have a family and adventures with you but you didn’t want it at least not with me.”

“…I never really considered any of that.”

He chuckled and sighed, “I kind of figured. I guess I could use an image boost myself so just have whoever you hire call my manager.”

“Okay thanks Yam.”

“No problem.” He said looking at the floor, away from her.

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“Hey Vegeta where is Jason?”

“I told him to leave when I took a message from some CC image specialist. About your idiot ex. When were you going to tell me?” He demanded and waited for a response.

She took a deep breath and sat her bag down, ”I'm protecting my career Vegeta.” She knew he was already irritated she hadn’t been able to come over the night before and he was unsuccessful in getting a position in the weapons division. He was growing increasingly impatient and it showed.

"So I am supposed to sit back while you engage in marriage therapy with your husband whom you swore you were divorcing." He sneered and shook his head.

"We are divorcing and you know it! We just need this for the press, because this has been spun not in our favor. I promise. Neither of us hold any feelings for the other. Yamcha and I are done.”

"Forget it Bulma clearly we live on different planets you are either with him or not. There is none of this moronic in-between nonsense. I refuse to sit here as you galavant with him.” He was stuffing his things in his backpack and she could feel her anger bubble up and over like a boiling pot.
"So because you can't have your dream job I suddenly need to risk mine?" She gritted and as soon as the words left her mouth she realized just how deep they cut. He had been denied assignment after assignment and now with these failed job interviews…

He paused and threw his mug on the ground and it shattered. She flinched as he flipped his desk sending paperwork flying and a computer to crash on the ground She cupped her hand over her mouth and gasped as he made his rage very clear.

A tear rolled down her cheek as she surveyed the mess. "Fuck this I quit. Goodbye Bulma. I don't need anything from you. Your money. Your pity. Nor your twisted affection as you call it." He slammed the door and the glass frame shook.

She dropped to her knees and let her tears fall.
Bulma slammed her phone on the table. Launch had bailed on her Capsule Corp dinner and she was not ready to spend the evening with Yamcha on her arm and Vegeta on her mind.

Chichi was no use. The woman was an absolute mess because Goku kept getting sent out. So she told Bulma she couldn't come. Bulma's last hope. Ox. She called Chichi's dad and asked if he could sway her.

Vegeta’s outburst a few days ago left her shocked. Sure she hadn’t expected him to take it well but she figured her career focused boyfriend would understand why she was doing this and why this was paramount to her future at Capsule Corp. And at her core she knew he had to understand this, he just didn’t like it which made sense.

What didn’t was the fact that he was ignoring her outright and not even hearing her out on this whole debacle. Her feelings for him were real and what was with Yamcha was just to smooth over their images in the media to save face.

She smiled and gave Ox a hug when he dropped Chichi off. Her friend showered Gohan in kisses, “Okay honey now be safe.” She unzipped his backpack to show him, “Mommy packed you and grandpa two sandwiches each and some pretzels as a snack. Now Gohan you need to use your hand sanitizer honey.”

“I always do momma.”

Bulma watched the overbearing mother hover over her son and snickered.

“Okay and I have sunscreen. Dad Gohan needs to reapply every hour okay he has my fragile pale skin. Be sure he gets his neck and cheeks. I don’t want my baby burning. Your water bottle baby is in here. Oh and your antibacterial wipes. Chapstick. Sunglasses. Your already wearing your hat.”

“Chichi dear we are just going to the zoo while you have some mommy time to yourself.” Ox chuckled and rubbed his grandson’s shoulder.
“Yah mommy go have fun with Aunt Bulma!” Gohan smiled and waved her off. As the car pulled off Chichi ran after it yelling, “The first aid kit is in there.”

Bulma shook her friend’s shoulders gently, “Let’s get you a drink Chichi.”

“I am just never without my Gohan and my Goku its so overwhelming.” The younger woman pouted.

“Cheech sweetie he is going to zoo with his grandpa not to war. Take a deep breath and drink some champagne.” Bulma smiled and walked her inside.

…

Dinner was a bit dull the conversation was a bit awkward but once Krillin arrived she had to ask how ‘his non-date coffee date’ went. Yamcha was off talking to some of the guests and she leaned over to ask him. “So spill Krillin. It’s been a few weeks how was coffee with Lazuli?”

“Uh well it was coffee. I don’t know.” He blew out a bunch of air. “We are good friends we have hung out a few times.”

Chichi hummed, “Disagree, I have worked with that woman for well over two years and she never has lunch with any one but Lapis.”

“Who is Lapis?”

“Lapis is Lazuli’s twin brother. It is uncanny how much they look a like to be honest. But he hasn’t been around in a while he is engaged. I kind of thought he swung the other way to be honest.” Chichi shrugged, sipping from her third glass of champagne.

“Anyway Lazuli and I just… I don’t know like to talk and get to know each other. Nothing more.”

“Hmmm…I will be the judge of it. Why don’t you invite her to Gohan’s birthday that is coming up next month.”
Krillin sputtered, “But wahhh wahhh why?” He blushed and tugged at his collar.

“Because I can tell you like her and I will be damned to hell if I don’t see this flirtation with my own two eyes, you need a woman Krillin.”

“Nobody needs someone to be whole Bulma.” He said half-heartedly.

“Disagree. I need Goku and Gohan.” Chichi said, “And Champagne.” She raised her glass with a smile.

“Okay so I got an itty bitty crush on Lazuli, but I mean what man with a pulse wouldn’t.”

“Tell me what you like about her.” Bulma demanded.

“Oh well you know her smile, she’s smart, she’s really funny. She’s got this dry sense of humor and it’s amazing. She is nice to me and she’s really pretty.”

“You are in deeeeeppp.” Chichi drawled with a deep chuckle.

“I know.” He sighed and laid his head on the table.

…

Dinner went well and she kept checking her phone for something from Vegeta. Her phone pinged and she opened a text from Launch. Her shoulder’s dropped realizing it wasn’t him. ’He asked' was the caption and the picture was Launch sporting a gorgeous dainty canary diamond ring. She looked excited as if she been caught laughing and Tien looked happy too, hugging her from behind.

Bulma was a few drinks in and she set her phone right in front of Yamcha fanning her eyes.

"No way." Yamcha said wide eyed. "Are they nuts?" He laughed nervously, but with a genuine
"What?" Krillin asked as Chichi squealed and waved her phone at Bulma.

"Tien and Launch are engaged!" Chichi smiled. "She says 'tell the crew we are sorry we couldn't make it. Tien was so insistent about going on this hike and I can't say I'm disappointed' awww she is so happy and Tien is smiling." Chichi said with some shock in her voice.

"Oh good he followed though!" Krillin smiled. "He bounced ideas with me since you know I've been engaged the most in the group." He painfully poked fun at himself.

"He didn't mention it to me. I'm his best friend." Yamcha murmured.

"Looks like Krillin replaced you. Boo yah!" Chichi cheered and high-fived the short man next to her.

"I like drunk Chichi." Krillin chuckled and popped open another bottle of champagne.

"Chichi doesn't get drunk. She just have fun." She defended in third-person. "Plus I really miss my hubby and he promised we could have phone sex tonight."

"Goku? Phone sex?" Yamcha laughed a little.

"Oh Yamcha you have no clue that man is an animal between the sheets. We have lots of fun." Chichi giggled and Bulma gave her a thumbs up.

He crinkled his nose, “Is anyone else worried about Tien and Launch though I mean they have always been so….”

“Unstable.” Krillin offered and he nodded, “I agree but this time around they both seem very invested in each other I mean they have been living together uninterrupted for a while. I don’t know when he talks about her he smiles and Tien never smiles. She does that to him, just her existence in his life makes him…happy.” Krillin explained.
Chichi sniffled, “Why do you have to make me emotional?”

“That’s true love.” Bulma sighed and turned her phone over. No text.

Chapter End Notes

Krillin is my favorite baby angel and I love how he came out in this chapter. Let me know your thoughts I know last chapter got everyone in their feelings LOL.
'Come over please' that's what she texted and assumed he knew exactly what she meant. He sent her back a 'be there in 30' and she smirked. This is exactly what she needed following the events of the past few weeks and she knew he was always willing to oblige.

She was done crying and wiping tears from her flushed face. She was also finished playing someone else’s game. It was time to play her own. Vegeta being all self-righteous was driving her insane, but he had proved to be able to stoop low. He had showed at the bar months ago that he was just as capable of displaying jealousy as any other mortal soul with hormones, flesh, and blood.

She was ready and willing to exploit that and her best bet on getting back at him had just returned from a lengthy deployment, seeking a divorce from his second wife. Perfect timing? Bulma sure thought so.

When Raditz showed up he had a bottle of whiskey and looked like he was already sporting a fine buzz. And if she wasn’t so focused on distracting herself she would notice the smell of alcohol on his breath and that he hadn’t shaven in a few days. He set the packs of cigarettes on the counter and a couple bags of chips and other junk.

"So what's up?" He asked, twisting the cap of the bottle to drink from it, he took a swig and rested in on the counter. "We talking shit about people from high school? I did see the tabloids over there we talking about that? Cause join the club already baby I am on divorce number two." He chuckled and went to lift the bottle to his lips again.

She covered the lip of the bottle with her palm and pulled him in for a kiss. He tasted like salt and whiskey and smelled like grit, dirt. He loosened up immediately pressed her back into the counter. "So this IS one of THOSE calls huh?" He smirked against her mouth and grabbed her ass.

"It's been a while hasn't it?" She purred and tangled her hand in his long hair the way he liked. They always had this odd chemistry something she couldn't really place. Like maybe in another world or another universe she could be with him. Like in a world without a Yamcha or a Vegeta she would have fallen in love with Raditz. However, as long as those two existed it seemed she would never give him that opportunity.

It’s not like she never considered doing more than just bedding him. Raditz and her had been
though years of heartbreak, tangled in the same sheets. She had considered it a few times, but the
Raditz that could have been good for her was passed up years ago for another chance with a man
she was now divorcing. And it had become increasingly clear that man had become lost and
consumed by his own vices.

Just not this universe. She decided that the moment she leap in Vegeta’s arms and not her
husband’s. She was trying to dull her pain and he was the best most readily available drug she
knew. Although it vaguely felt wrong it also felt right. They knew each other well and he certainly
hadn’t forgotten what she liked over the years.

"Well I guess this is one perk of going through a divorce." He snickered and took off her shirt,
lifting her up to sit on the counter. He was taking his time with her caressing and kissing her,
feeling her body. It had been years since the last time they hooked up with each other and him
savoring this was oddly sweet. She just didn’t want sweet…from him.

She was growing impatient this wasn’t about lost time or what could have been— according to
Raditz vivid imagination. This was about her getting under someone else to get over Vegeta. This
was her cure and nothing more.

Raditz was kissing at her neck when she practically growled, "God you are slower than fucking
Vegeta."

He pulled away from her skin, his mouth producing a pop. "Excuse me?"

"Nothing, just fuck me please." She tangled her hands in his hair again scratching his scalp.
"Please." She pouted. He carried her to the bed and dropped her on it with a wolfish grin. "Hurry
up." She said and tugged at his jeans.

"What's wrong with you?" He finally asked, "Can’t you chill for like a few minutes to get the
mood going?"

"I want some dick, what's wrong with you?" She bit back.

Something caught his eye in the corner of the room and he walked over to survey it. A khaki green
backpack sitting in the corner.
"Get out of there Raditz." She rested up on her elbows, watching him continue on. She sighed heavily and wiped her face.

"Oh you mean Vegeta’s bag? What the fuck Bulma ya’ll are dating?"

She crossed her arms indignantly, "He dumped me!"

"Yah okay. Vegeta dumped you? Seems unlikely! God Bulma this is fucked up." He swung the bag across the room and it hit the wall with a thud.

She snorted at him, "You never cared when it was Yamcha I was on break with. You were always willing to just jump into bed with me now you have a moral code or some shit. Now you give a shit? Perfect damn timing." She muttered.

"I don't need this." He scoffed and she had never seen him looking this…dark.

“You are honestly rejecting me?” She taunted as a last stitch effort to lure him back.

"I'm going through shit B! I'm fucking broke and couch surfing. You know about Lauren and what she fucking did. And I was chill with us hooking up when we both just needed to get laid. You don't even wanna slept with me right now you just wanna fucking get back at Vegeta."

"Like this shit we have going has ever been anything beyond pleasure anyway."

"It fucking was for me! I just got over it eventually because I realized I'll never be good enough for you. Unless you can honestly tell me you ever saw me as anything more than a good fuck." His eyes were piercing through her and she could feel her guilt bubble up.

She looked away and he wiped his face. "You were the first bitch to do this to me but I had plenty in-between and I'd be ignorant as fuck to think your the last. Bye." He stormed out slamming doors on his way out.

This whole situation was impulsive and moronic. Well maybe she offered herself far too much leeway calling it impulsive. Bulma Briefs was calculated and analytical. But she had misread and
miscalculated and before she knew it her thoughts drifted to the events leading her to this rock bottom.

The rock bottom that left her lonely and dragging her friends down.

She plopped down in her bed with a bottle of wine and a gallon of ice cream as his words echoed in her head, ‘You are a fucking liar and I was fucking a liar.’

Those were not the words she hoped to hear from him, but Vegeta spoke them freely and with ease, crushing her into dozens of pieces.

Chapter End Notes

I debated and debated on writing this and I decided to. If you were mad before sorry I probably made it worse HAHA! Sound off below and let me know what you think of the progression so far. Or really just anything LOL.
Advice Not A Vice

Chapter Summary

Alright friends I am back with some plans for this bad boy! Let me know what you think and feel free to sound off below!

Her heart was beating out of her chest as she waited for his arrival. She knew Goku had a tough run on this most recent deployment from what little Chichi had said but she was drowning without him so when he knocked on the door she threw it open and practically jumped into his arms, sobbing.

He grunted, choked by her hug and walked into her new condo shuffling in. "Dang Bulma you ain't never been this emotional before." He chuckled a little and when her feet touched the ground he hugged her back. Her body shook with the sobs as he gently rubbed her upper back. "Shhh it’s okay. Whatever it is it's gonna be fine." He held her out by her shoulders and smiled down at her.

She snorted and smiled rubbing the tears from her eyes. She hadn't bothered to get ready for the day or even clean up her place. She was wearing the same pizza stained jeans and oversized T-shirt.

Her condo was a wreck covered in random experiments, broken parts, and pizza boxes.

"You are stress building?" He asked looking around the room curiously.

She laughed, “yep.” This was how she was coping with the stress she was under.

Goku sat down on the couch with a glass of lemonade, “So let me sorta sum it up. You kissed Vegeta and started getting divorced. Then your boss threatened yah? So you tried to counter it with media stuff and before you could tell Vegeta he found out, cause he was snooping in your calendar?”

“I mean when you put it that way. I didn’t even think about how he found out. I was too focused on the moment.”
“Okay. So then he dumps yah. You reach out and he says that liar thing.”

“Which fair enough Goku. I wasn’t as transparent as I should’ve been.”

“After he hurt your feelings you tried to get things going with Raditz because you guys have been doing that for like a while. Which is news to me.”

Her eyes widened, “He never told you?”

“We aren’t super close to be honest B. Chichi hates him so it makes it awkward. Family dinners are just Chichi aggressively stabbing her food and making comments I usually don’t catch, but Raditz is always mad sooo.”

“Okay so Vegeta and I haven’t spoken in a while and I don’t know what to do."

“Well he did point a gun at you maybe you should just be okay with it.” Goku snickered and she smacked him over the head.

“I like him Goku.”

“Sometimes you gotta just let things work their way out.” He said with a smile and she wasn’t sure why but coming from Goku that was comforting. They sat just continuing to to relay the past few months. Goku talked most about Gohan and Chichi, avoiding any conversation about his time when away.

“Well I better get going B I told Cheech I was going to the grocery store so if I don’t show up at home with what’s on her list she’s gonna kill me.” Goku laughed and pat her back.

“You didn’t tell her you’re here?”

“Noooono.” He shook his head, “You know Chichi, she is crazy when it comes to other women. She thinks everyone has a crush on me. It’s silly huh? I’m kind of a goofy guy, I ain’t a super
manly man like Raditz. I’m domesticated, I’ve been declawed.”

“Goku you’re not a cat. But I get what you’re saying, sometimes you aren’t even smooth with your own wife.”

“Tell me about it! The other night I asked if it’d be okay if I went out with Krillin and she said ‘do as you like’ so I did. I went out and when I came home and tried to get sexy time going she told me to go ask Krillin! Gross.” Goku winced and shook his head.

“Goku that’s a woman’s way of testing you. Shouldn’t you know that by now?” Bulma giggled and blew her nose.

His eyes widened, “OOoohhh that’s why she is always mad when I go out.”

“So Chichi doesn’t trust you hang in out with me?” She raised a brow.

“She says it’s not because of me. Well it ain’t just you. It’s any woman, she says it’s ‘unbecoming’ of a married man and married woman to be friends but I don’t get it. She also said your kinda flirty and always dress for eyes to be on yah but told me not to tell you.” He smiled nervously, “So uh don’t tell Chichi I told you even though I ain’t suppose to. I just can’t keep secrets.”

“Great Goku just great!” She threw her arms up and blew out a raspberry. “Even Chichi thinks poorly of me.”

“I don’t think bad of yah.” He shrugged.

“Even after everything I told you.”

“Well yah Bulma! You’re a good person and it sounds like your trying to fix it so how can I think poorly of you? I mean what Vegeta said was mean too. Raditz will get over that whole thing. And I mean you only did this therapy stuff because people were trying to poke around in your business. If I have learned anything from the military it is if a guy makes a mistake he gets treated bad, but if a lady does she gets treated twice as bad.”
“Please don’t talk to Chichi about all this I don’t wanna lose her as a friend.”

“I won’t! I will write it down in a letter and mail to myself and never open it.”

“But why???” She deadpanned.

He shrugged, “That’s how I kept the secret that Chichi and I did stuff before our wedding night, just not sex sex.” He smiled proudly and it fell, “Oh no. I just said it. Okay you keep that secret and I will keep yours. I guess I can only hold one in at a time.”

She rolled her eyes, “What you guys do?”

“Everything except for me putting it in her. Those were the days. Going to the movies and touching her under a blanket. All the blow jobs.”

“Does Chichi swallow or spit?” She teased, “Don’t answer I am joking.”

“Ohhh oh oh oh she swallows all right. God I really gotta get home.” He chewed on his lip, “The most beautiful woman alive is waiting for me and it’s sex night, Gohan is staying with my parents for the first time.”

“Okay planned sex nights is why I don’t have kids.”

“I don’t know we make it fun.” He shrugged. “Never know Bulma you would make a good mom. Besides sometimes it just happens.”
“What brings yah here?”

“I don’t have anything better to do than hang out with your decrepit, pathetic self.”

Nappa chuckled, “So something is wrong and little Prince Vegeta can’t take the heat?”

“I don’t know Nappa you tell me? Your brain get blasted to bits too?” He bit and the other man’s face fell. Nappa looked down at the nub that was his leg and for half a second Vegeta regrets his words.

“You know I can have the nurses drag you out. They are some bad bitches and tough broads don’t test ‘em. They cute too. Don’t be fooled though. They took Raditz down when he came in here drunk as a skunk smuggling me in some vodka.”

“ Aren’t you old for that?” Vegeta sneered, body turned away from Nappa.

“Drinking or Chasing skirts? No to both. But I might have to join a form or dating site for people who like one legged guys with PTSD and no job.’” He shrugged, taking his afternoon meds. “Some of the guys here said they got internet sites for kinks like that…. ” He trailed off and let silence fall, “You know what’s the worst part about losing your leg?”

“No longer being able to balance yourself until you get your bearings?” Vegeta said dryly, avoiding eye contact with Nappa.

“No. I was gonna say I can’t pin a lady down with my legs.” The older man laughed. “I am gonna miss that.”

Vegeta couldn’t help it, his surrogate uncle’s sick sense of humor was just what he needed to hear. He continued staring down at his hands but cracked a smile and let out a breathy laugh.

“There we go. That’s the sadistic bastard I know.” Nappa chuckled.
“I wanted to ask you something, but I do not ever want to talk about it again.”

Nappa raised a brow, “Okay.”

“I want advice. And I don’t know anyone else really.”

“Alright, fire away.”

…

They were actually laughing and enjoying each other's company and she was kind of glad. Yamcha had his fists stuffed in his cargo jacket and crinkled his nose at her order.

They met back at their table, the one they always sat at. "One cola for you and one diet cola with a splash of orange soda for me."

Yamcha shook his head. "Here's your slices of mushroom and artichoke pizza."

Bulma rubbed her hands together excited to dig in. This place was near the university and used to be their favorite spot back when things were simple between them. Well simpler.

"Thanks for meeting with me I really messed up. Like almost humorous and before I take complete responsibility I kind of wanna bitch." Yamcha started.

"No problem. You know I'm down for complaining." She said with a mouth full of pizza.

"Tien and I got into a disagreement and he offered for me not to be his best man." Yamcha admitted, trying to play it off cool, but clearly bothered.

"Ooohhh you got kicked out of the wedding party?" Bulma pouted. "Who else would be his best man?"
"That's what I said. Anyway it's my fault. I started to disagreement. In my defense he has been unusually sensitive as of lately. It is really weird to see him like this. He baby talked Launch on the phone in front of the boys. Even Krillin cringed. And he loves that shit!” Yamcha rolled his eyes.

"Wooohhoo wait you and Tien had a cat fight?"

Yamcha rolled his eyes. "Yaaahh. Launch called him during our boys night. You know bar on 15th. The one we always would go to when he was in town and Krillin was free. It's our thing."

She rolled her eyes, "Oh yes the boy’s night." She raised a brow at him.

“Anyway, Launch called him and so he's on the phone at the bar. So when he hung up I confronted him. I may have been harsh. He told me that if I couldn't support his relationship I shouldn't be his best man."

"Yamcha what did you say?"

He sighed. "For the record I was drinking, a little too much maybe. I may have said something along the lines of crazy Launch is back. But I murmured! He has like super hearing."

"Yamcha." She whined and shook her head.

"I know it was messed up. Like big time. Then he just lost it about how I've been this horrible, shitty friend the past few years. Brought up how I bail on stuff and ghosted him for months. And he's not wrong." Yamcha shrugged.

"Before we figured our shit out.” He gestured between them, “I was a shit friend. I mean this is someone who sniped a guy and saved my fucking life. I acted like a dick. Why?” He shrugged, “Because I'm jealous on some pathetic level. Because I wish someone looked at me the way she looks at him. And I wanna be excited to come home to someone and just be my idiotic self and that be enough. I hate being Yamcha, the baseball player or Yamcha, Bulma's dumb soon to be ex husband. It be nice for once in my life to just be me.” He sighed and ran his hand through his freshly cut hair.
That was something Bulma could relate to. She was always Dr. Briefs daughter. And as his daughter she was held to several standards that got both her and Yamcha in this mess with the media. "Sorry my peers are wads. And the media sucks. It's been hard on me too with all this stupid leaking stuff. Insider info my ass. Even with Zarbon behind bars….I don’t feel settled. I guess?"

"Listen I know those guys are in jail and it has nothing to do with you, but be careful B. You know, because at this rate I will have no friends." He halfheartedly joked.

“Are you sure your not in love with Tien?” Bulma teased.

“I don’t swing that way.” Yamcha laughed.

“But if you did it be Tien.”

“Fair enough.”

“He’s got amazing shoulders.”

“I know right!” Yamcha threw his arms up and she laughed. This was better.
Drunk in Hate

A drunk Raditz slammed his fist on the table. “You know what Vegeta. I am sick and tired of all your bitching. You just have to take over this fucking conversation with your pathetic petty relationship issues. Your girlfriend wants to be with you. She just don’t wanna fuck up her career,” Raditz slurred and Krillin looked at Goku with wide eyes as if suggesting he stop his brother. It wasn’t like Vegeta had said much of anything and Krillin of all people had to witness this awkward confrontation.

The bar was dimly lit and Vegeta glared at his old buddy. “I didn’t say shit about any of that so how would you know anything about us?”

“Because I been her fucking friend for years and she tells me shit. All the shit. Anyway if you let a girl like Bulma go. You are a fucking idiot and don’t deserve her. She is smart and hot as hell. And you are just fucking lucky you actually had something to come back to. I came back to a wife that is knocked up by the mailman or some shit. You act like a moron and get a perfect girl.”

“Well if she’s so perfect why don’t you date her,” Vegeta grumbled. All he did was scoff when Goku mentioned Bulma’s name and now Raditz was leaping down his throat.

Raditz laughed, “Don’t you think I’ve tried? She isn’t interested. Why? I’d rather not know that answer.”

Krillin could feel the tension building and cut in, “And I think this is a great time for us to order some food guys. Goku, go take Raditz to get food for the table.” He elbowed his friend hard who was dozing off.

Goku jumped and looked at Krillin, “Huh food?”

“Yes, Goku. Food. Go. Take your brother with.” Krillin waved them off and cleared his throat.

“Okay I don’t know if my legs work anymore,” he said sliding out of the booth, “I’m a dad I don’t drink like this. Raditz push me in the direction of the bar to order food.” Goku hiccuped and Raditz put his hand on the back of his brother’s neck walked him over.

“Listen I know we don’t know each other well. Or at all really and to be honest I am not super fond
of Raditz. AND if any part of you wants to work things out with Bulma I think you should. Just know her life has no shortage of weird events like this. Her family is in the public eye.”

Vegeta snorted, “What’s your point?’”

“Well I don’t know how you feel about Yamcha but he is my really good friend.”

“I don’t care enough about him or his existence,” Vegeta said emptying his third beer which truthfully was unlike him.

Krillin inhaled sharply, he was regretting being the soberest person at the table, “Okay then. Well, he told me all this was for show. I can’t necessarily relate because I have never been under public scrutiny. So Raditz might be harsh and very drunk right now, but he’s not wrong if you love her you should try and make it work.”

Vegeta laughed hysterically, “Love? You honestly think that what I had with that woman was love?” He shivered at the word. “Her company was not dreadful and she fulfilled a primal need. That’s all it is.”

Now it was Krillin’s turn to be entertained. He chuckled and shook his head. “Yah Ohhh-kay Vegeta.”

Vegeta shot him a glare and the other two men returned with plenty of food. Krillin filled the awkward silence with descriptions of his hikes and his current blossoming friendship with a certain divorce attorney.

“She hot?” Raditz asked, stuffing a potato skin in his mouth.

Krillin’s cheeks blushed and he snickered, “Well I mean if I am being really honest she is a very beautiful woman.”

Raditz rolled his eyes, “Get your dick wet shorty. Why aren’t you boning her?” He reached for the last wing just as Vegeta was ready to grab it. The two men glared and Krillin laughed nervously. Goku was feeding himself french fries, resting his head on the table.
“Well, we are just friends right now. I don’t think she likes me like that to be honest.”

“And not everyone fucks anyone with two legs and a pulse,” Vegeta grumbled.

Raditz narrowed his eyes, “Excuse me? Vegeta “mister has no game” is judging me. Ha. Jokes on you! I fucked your bitch before you did and she came back for more.” Before he could take another bite Vegeta’s fist connected with his cheek.

Raditz cursed and took a swing at Vegeta. Krillin tried to pry the to men apart but could only get Vegeta off Raditz. The bar manager was screaming and Goku panicked helping Raditz up and dashing for the door. Vegeta shoved Krillin off of him and followed the other two men down the alley.

“Come back and fight me like a man you bitch!”

Krillin raced after them, “You both need to fucking stop and get your asses in my car. The bar manager called the cops. So unless you two idiots wanna spend the night in jail go!”

“Raditz you got a couple strikes,” Goku reminded him, “settle this elsewhere.”

The men grumbled but complied and Krillin was pleased with himself. “I am never doing this again,” Krillin cursed under his breath.

Raditz groaned in the car, “Shorty why did you make me sober up. I need whiskey I don’t wanna feel this shit.”

“Because I thought you morons would be less aggressive sober. Clearly, it doesn’t matter,” Krillin bit and Goku stared down at his hands folded in his lap. “You know what this is why we don’t hang out anymore Goku. Now you know. I should have just hung out with Lazuli. She ain’t gonna throw punches in a fucking bar.” Vegeta rolled his eyes. Krillin was letting out years of resentment.

Goku sighed and rested his cheek on the window, “I just wanted to celebrate being back.”
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

So I finally have updated this one and I have decided to keep the rest in rebuilding :P

“Is Krillin coming tonight?” Bulma asked tentatively. She had heard about the boy’s last escapade and Krillin’s outburst and shockingly Krillin refused to take anyone’s calls even hers.

Goku shrugged, staring at his beer mug, “I don’t know? I finally get a homecoming party and my wife isn’t even going to show up.” He blew out a bunch of air and smooth his hair back.

“Well yah but Gohan is sick right? I mean that’s a good reason for a mom to stay home from a big event like this.”

“I guess but her dad loves to watch Gohan. Sometimes I feel like Chichi is just not happy to see me and honestly I have been pretty bummed about it. I don’t know how long I will be home. Anyway...how are you?” Goku quickly deflected.

Bulma shook her head, “Um no. Goku that was a lot to unload nonchalantly. You can’t just say stuff like that and then change the subject.”

“I mean. I love Chichi and this sounds real selfish but ever since this last deployment we haven’t much alone time and I miss her. But like I come home and her and Gohan have this whole routine. Like they can function without me Bulma,” he scoffed and folded his arms, “aside for my checks Cheech don’t need me…”

“Goku!” Bulma smacked his chest playfully, “You are an idiot if you think Chichi doesn’t need you and she certainly wants you. Gohan is older now and they probably just need to adjust to you being home. As for Krillin he will probably be here. Even when he’s mad he shows up.”

“Well with everyone’s drama who knows. A guy leaves for a deployment and his brother hooks up with his best friends fiance and then everything just goes to hell,” Goku said waving his arms around.
Bulma chewed on her lip, “How’s Raditz?” She swirled the straw in her drink, struggling to look at Goku.

“How would I know? He only goes to the bar with me and Cheech don’t like me going to the bar too often because of how Raditz gets. He was at dinner last weekend and he seemed fine. I think he has a new girlfriend or something,” Goku shrugged, “Anyway how are you, again?”

“I’m better. Work keeps my mind off everything. Vegeta texted me ‘wanna hang out’ and then very quickly after said ‘this is for someone else’ so I don’t know what that was about. I just ignored it,” she rolled her eyes.

Goku snickered and smiled knowingly, “Bulma that is the cheesiest move ever. He is trying to make you jealous. Kinda sad huh. Bet it worked.” Goku laughed as Bulma punch his arm.

“What work? Or should I not ask?” Krillin raised a brow at the pair and slid next to Goku who hugged him tight. “Okay Goku that’s enough,” Krillin forced out.

Bulma’s eyes widen at Krillin’s outfit. Usually he kinda slumped around, trying to fade into the background as much as possible but that was not the case tonight. Krillin was were a well fitting pair of jeans and a nice short sleeve shirt. “Krillin are you going somewhere after this?” Bulma said with a hint of teasing.


“You are dressed to impress,” Bulma said waving to him and looking at Goku.

Goku raised his brows at his friend suggestively, “Ohhh I bet Krillin is going to see Maron.”

Bulma shot Goku a glare and he winked at her. Krillin eyes shot up from his phone, “Yah right like I would go back to that. I would never I am meeting up with Lazuli later,” he burst out defensively.

Goku snickered and rubbed under his nose, causing Krillin to face palm, “I knew you had a crush on her man. Just ask her out! I am sure at this point she is into you too,” Goku snickered, rubbing the back of his head.
Krillin rubbed his hands through his hair, “We are just friends. I can’t betray her trust like that. It ruin our friendship and I value that much more. Besides she’s a lot younger than me. And she’s tall and pretty and very much out of my league.”

“Nothing wrong with being a little short. Bulma liked Vegeta and he’s not even nice like you. That guy is all anger,” Goku said with a belly laugh.

Bulma rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “Yah well it’s not happening guys so lay off.”

“You are just going to improve your outfits until she realizes your the one and fireworks explode in the background when Lazuli realizes her one true love,” Bulma bat her eyelashes and Krillin sighed. “Besides it be so cute if you guys get together. I mean come on. A divorce attorney and a family marriage therapist?”

“Super cute,” Goku added.

“You owe her apology by the way Bulma,” Krillin added confidently. “You had her in tears with whatever you yelled at her. That wasn’t right. You and Yamcha and I guess Vegeta need to stop bringing this stuff into other peoples lives. It ain’t fair.”

Bulma blinked, “Okay one, major balls there Krillin. Two, your right and I will reach out to her. And I will visit I won’t just send chocolates.”

“She likes salted caramel by the way, but good,” Krillin said and the confidence that he had was adorably charming.

A few other people came and went which Bulma expected. Tien and Yamcha seemed very immersed in their separate lives. Krillin eventually left after getting a call from Lazuli beaming the whole time. It was only a matter of time for those two.

Chichi showed up as a surprise and Goku showered her in kisses, “Babe your here.”

“Well yes. Dad came by and I just needed to get ready,” she smiled at her goofy, tipsy husband that was holding her hand like a high schooler. As the night wrapped up Bulma was shocked to see Vegeta enter the bar. Goku winked at her and headed out with Chichi.
Vegeta approached slowly, his brow bandaged. “Hey,” he said gruffly, “You ignored my text.”

She snorted grabbing her bag, “You said it wasn’t for me.”

He rolled his eyes and took a deep breath, “It was. Pride and blah blah. Wanna hang out?”

“Are you drunk?” Bulma asked and smiled at him covering her mouth to muffle giggles.

“Not any more than you,” he said defensively biting at his split lip.

They walked outside and she looked over to him, “We going to talk about everything.”

“I don’t wanna talk,” he said kissing her hard.
Announcement

This is more of an announcement than a chapter OBVIOUSLY but I have started a sequel called "How I learned to Love". So if you were upset by how this bad boy wrapped up...it ain't over yet! Kisses!

Also if you want happy vegebul from this same universe check out Rebuilding! :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!