A Mermaid's Tale

by DBZBV1991

Summary

The youngest princess of a flourishing kingdom falls in love with a prince of a kingless empire. The problems should end there. Instead, this is just the beginning of an incredible adventure about mystical merpeople, a powerful warrior race, and a scheming fiend lurking in the dark.

The Little Mermaid x DBZ crossover, in which Bulma is the not so ignorant mermaid daughter of King Briefs, and Vegeta is the orphan prince on whose shoulders lies the future of the Saiyan Empire. Both of them connected by fate and a chance encounter, the discovery of a Saiyan scouter sets off an avalanche of events that will change both of their realms and many lives under the sea and on land forever.

Notes

First, I want to start off with saying thanks to my amazing Betas BlackSheep115, Froglady15, and LadyLan! Without them, this story wouldn't be half as good!

For the Vegebulocracy Mini Bang, authors were paired with artists. I'm more than happy to
announce that the amazing BianWW has painted a picture for EACH of my chapters! How incredible is she?!
The art for this chapter will be in the notes at the end, because it may include a little spoiler for the chapter ;)

Propelled forward by the force of her strong tail, she kept her eyes on her destination, blending out the surroundings full of colourful fish and a variety of corals that would have other merpeople stunned. The young mermaid did not need to pay attention to her two companions; she knew with utmost certainty that, were they determined, they could outswim her easily. She was only able to focus on where they were heading and the closer the small group swam to the mysterious object stuck between rocks of the sea mount, the bigger the excitement of the blue-haired female became. Another enigma for her mind to ponder about until either her head was smoking or she found out everything that the item might try to hide from her.

An unconfident voice interrupted her musings, "Are you sure about this?"

Bulma scoffed. *Of course.* While Krillin was stronger than any merman, except Goku of course, he was still apprehensive of anything new and, especially, anything remotely related to the surface. "You're not getting cold fins now, are you?" she asked, raising an eyebrow at Krillin, amused by his hesitancy.

"Well, *no~*," throwing up his arms, "but we've never been here before and what if there are sharks or something even worse?"

As usual, absolutely oblivious to the feelings of others, Goku asked, "What d’you mean? Like King Piccolo? Oh dang, I’d love to fight him again."

“Goku!” Bulma and Krillin groaned simultaneously, before laughing helplessly at the typical display of the black-haired merman. Although Krillin’s mood was lifted, there was still a sense of uneasiness. Almost absentmindedly, he whispered, "It's easy for you to say. You're the strongest merman ever." Realising his slip, he looked over at Goku with eyes wide open but he only greeted the smaller man with a sympathetic smile and a sincere “You’re super strong as well, Krillin,” said under his breath.

Unaware of their silent exchange, Bulma whined, "We're almost there. Our journey would have been for naught if we were to turn around now." With a sigh, Krillin gave in, knowing there was no sense in discussing it any further. Bulma could never really get why he would be nervous on their adventures. He and Goku had fought many enemies of Capsula – what was a shark compared to that?

Pushing those thoughts aside, she turned her eyes on their objective. Well, her objective, to be more precise. Sun-rays threw light on the side of the mount, leaving the upper part of it glinting in the sun. It not only amazed her how far the sun was able to illuminate the water but also how sudden its influence just ceased at a certain depth. The white reflections were singing a song only she was able to hear, whispering of mysterious technical secrets seemingly beyond reach. It ignited a fireworks in her neurons, synapses flaring up and beginning to scheme possible applications and rather impossible enhancements.

Animated brain cells lifted her spirit to woozy heights, making her twisting and rolling around while swimming towards the cliff. Bathing in the light that was magically sifting through the water and
encouraged by the chuckles of her two friends about her behaviour, she couldn't imagine the day becoming any better. Excitement, adventure, danger lurking around every corner – these trips in order to find oddments were the best.

Goku's voice distracted her from her musings, making her blink with amazement at the fact that they had finally arrived at their target, "Geez, finally we've found something. Let's see what it is. What do you think, Bulma?"

It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Wedged in the rocks, forgotten by its former owner it was waiting for someone to find it, appreciate it, value it. All of which Bulma did. Completely forgetting the world around her, she was focused solely on this unique something in front of her. Long, dainty fingers stretched out to caress the poor thing and, simultaneously, discover its hidden secrets. They glided along a blueish purple, translucent material that felt hard and cold to the touch, putting her under a spell.

Without realising it, her mouth was vocalising her thoughts, “Oh, my gosh. Oh. My. Gosh. Have you ever seen anything so wonderful in your entire life?”

Goku was right next to her, a confused expression on his face, “Well, I'm not sure about that. Did you see the algae sandwich we had yesterday? That looked really good!”

“Uh, what is it?” Krillin was floating at a safe distance, unsure whether to get anywhere near this object.

“I … I don’t know…,” and that was the truth. She didn’t know. Yet.

Upon further inspection, she could see that the sheer piece merged into some larger, grey and white structure. She was familiar with these angled structures, remembering them from other technical items she had collected so far. They were so different from the typical composition you could find in any of the oceanic cities, which were rounded and abraded by currents. Surface technology was much more durable against the onslaught of the ocean, the materials so vastly different. Algae were not able to settle on the sleek surface, it took huge strength to deform it in the slightest bit, and its wirings were able to function in extreme conditions. Bulma didn’t know how long this certain specimen had laid in its designated place, but it would be the last day it had to defray its existence in this bleak environment. Curling her finger around the wondrous object, Bulma separated her newest discovery from the rocks, which lifted her mood immediately.

“Yes,” she called, “now let’s get this beauty back!”

~~~~~~

Back in the cave, Bulma nicknamed lab when she had started her collection, the blue-haired mermaid boasted, “You know, sometimes I’m really surprised by my own brains.” Ignoring the eye roll from Krillin and chuckle from Goku, she relished in the fact that her self-made tools to inspect surface objects perfectly fit the shape to open the ocular shield.

On their way home, Bulma had lots of time to come up with potential uses and applicable areas to fit. At first, it was perfectly obvious that this piece had to be part of a bigger gadget but, out of all people, Goku had suggested it could be worn on the head. Bulma had tried different locations, much to the delight of her friends. First, she had fitted the white part on her mouth and, disgusted by the
smell, ripped it away quickly, crinkling her nose. Then, she had tried putting it on her head so that
the sheer part was on its side but her hair couldn’t keep it in place, it had almost fell to the ocean
floor. Looking at it intensely with an outstretched tongue, Bulma had held the object close to her
face. Every possibility had flickered through her brain but as soon as she thought she was close to the
solution, the fitting was dismissed as improbable.

Out of the blue, Bulma had stopped swimming, still holding the surface object in front of her.
Ignoring the confused questions of her friends, the merwoman had slowly brought it closer to her
face, the sheer element in the line of her eye. Upon fitting it on her ear, she had realised that this was
right. Slowly releasing a breath she didn’t know she was holding, she had looked at Goku and
Krillin in awe.

Although, now completely transfixed by the cables and circuit boards filling the interior of the ear
piece, she heard her friends leaving the cave. Years and years spent together has gotten them used to
the quirks and peculiarities of each other. As precise as the yearly whale migration, the first blows
soon were audible. Instead of bothering her, though, it rather helped concentrating immensely by
giving her a feeling of safety; it had its perks being surrounded by strong merman.

Carefully going through the wires, Bulma checked which of the mechanical arteries circumvented a
resurrection. She was mere seconds away from losing patience for the shield, when a small but
significant cable rupture made itself visible. Relief and tension simultaneously washed over her. Yet,
Bulma knew that she wasn’t out of the kelp forest, working relentlessly on bringing two contacts
together. When she was absolutely sure that resuscitation procedure successful, it was time for her to
power up the facial shield.

Bulma put the object on her ear and pressed the power button, which she detected from the
beginning, being familiar with surface designing. While the analytical part of her brain assured her
that nothing could go wrong, the slight shaking of her hands betrayed her nervousness. The seconds
between activating the facial shield and a subsequent reaction felt like hours. What if she made a
mistake? What if she alarmed the surface of her location or the thing was actually a weapon,
supposed to destroy itself when a button was pressed? Or she connected the wrong wires and, by
that, threw a monkey wrench into her plans of acquiring more knowledge about the fascinating
surface people.

The waiting time was abruptly cut short when a short and high-pitched sound was emitted at the
same time as a yellow cross appeared on the screen. Not sure how to proceed, the blue-haired
mermaid sat there waiting for the object to do anything she could use to further plunge into
knowledge about the surface. Suddenly, a face popped up on the shield and started yelling angrily at
her using a language she has never heard before. Letting out a scream herself, Bulma ripped the
device from her face, throwing it across the cave. Calming herself down and gathering her bravery
for a moment or two, she picked it up again. The rough voice got louder when she fixed the shield
on her ear.

Blinking, a gasp fled her lips. She was overwhelmed by the sight unfolding in front of her eye.
Although, everything was tinted in a purple hue, she was able to see pitch black hair that sat atop a
face that would make oceanic gods jealous. Her view was immediately captivated by the male’s
hard, unrelenting eyes. Their black pierced into her very soul, swallowing everything she knew and
spitting her out, completely thrown off balance. The movement of his mouth redirected her gaze,
giving her another feat to be enthralled about. Even though, his lips were drawn in a snarl, she could
almost feel how soft and plush they were. It was his voice, however, that really made him an
apotheosis. Dark timbre accompanied by a perpetual growl made his voice sound demanding and
regal. Her eyes were still roaming over the hard edges of his face as she came to the sudden
realisation that the fluttery feeling in her stomach didn’t come from novelty with the man’s features but rather familiarity. Her heartbeat immediately picked up, forcing her to take shorter and more frequent breaths.

She had seen him before. She had touched him before.

The memory was engulfing her like a bubble, cutting her off from the growling man on the face shield, bringing back images from that day …

The young mermaid was on her way to a seaweed field which quickly became her favourite, providing her with surface objects almost every time she visited it. At this day, however, what captured her attention was not the ocean floor but the surface itself. More precisely, what unfolded beyond the surface. White, blue, and red flashes tinged the upper layers of the ocean while the sound of almost deafening explosions was carried through the water, making Bulma dizzy and disorientated. Her curiosity not discouraged despite the loud explosions, the young mermaid clung to a rock, continuing to stare at the spectacle with wide eyes. The usual serene sea was rippling, disturbed by the colourful blasts whizzing through the air. Retrospectively, she would swear that she already saw people flying around at that moment.

Out of nowhere, the turmoil was interrupted when a massive yellow and a smaller pink orb were aimed at something she couldn’t make out, striking fear into the usually fearless woman. When they crashed into each other, any sound and colour left the ocean. Blinded by white light and shielded behind rocks, Bulma couldn’t see what was going on. The subsequent pressure wave rolled over the ocean floor, leaving behind a chaos of broken corals, whirled up sand, and fleeing fish.

Intrigued by the reasons for this tsunami-like occurrence, the blue-haired mermaid emerged from her refuge. All she could focus on was a single, unconscious body sinking, triggering the protective instinct of Bulma. She didn’t know who that was, she didn’t know whether or not they would be friendly towards her, all she knew was that they needed help.

It was no big surprise that the body belonged to a surface person – who else could be so reckless and careless around the ocean. Being aware that the person was used to breathing air, Bulma swam even faster to get them out of the water. Gripping his arm tightly, the young female checked for the nearest island or rock. Finding suitable land, she used all the strength she possessed to heave the body onto a nearby beach. Only then was she able to look at the supposed monster in front of her.

She moved closer to him, as close as she dared. Heart pounding in her ears, she held out her hand and brushed off wet strands of hair from his forehead and eyes. The moment she touched the foreign being, a tingling sensation radiated from the tip of her fingers, down her arms and directly into her stomach. Bulma was completely mesmerized by his peaceful look. What would her father think, seeing her at a beach, with a Saiyan at that. Once overhearing her father talking about surface people, she had incidentally found out that that is what they called themselves—a word just not used among merpeople.

The blue-haired mermaid was pulled out of her thoughts when the man locked eyes with her for a moment, before bending over to the side, coughing out water. He was alive. Which also meant that she had to leave him right now. It was one thing to save such a creature – but to be seen by one? The repercussions would be mortifying! Before he could regain full consciousness, Bulma was back in the ocean, far out of the sight from the very confused, and very handsome, Saiyan.

He looked nothing like her father had said. Neither back then, when had she rescued him, nor now
did she think of this man as a monster. She had her fair share of getting to know merpeople horrors that, in the end, turned out to be misunderstood beings. Even the evil manta Piccolo could be discouraged from wreaking havoc by setting the bad example of his father straight (well, and some force from Goku).

Sure, the grim expression on his face from the ocular shield could be perceived as frightening but she had seen a different side of him. There was a vulnerable softness in his eyes when he had regained consciousness at the beach. At that time, she had to leave before he fully recognised who had saved him, but now she was able to unapologetically drink the beautiful features and unique voice in, reacquainting herself with his facial characteristics that had played the lead role in so many of her...dreams since then. Unfortunately, as soon as she was about to listen closer to what he was saying, his face disappeared from the shield. Pulling it off from her face, Bulma sighed.

It was time she made a decision that was ten years in the making.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so stoked to show you guys this incredible image. Still can't believe that my story has inspired someone to paint something like this!

Please give BianWW some love on Twitter and check out her art on tumblr! :)

![Image of a character couple](image-url)
Bulma was shivering slightly, not only because of the remote location but also the emptiness of the ocean almost too vividly pointing out how wrong her decision was. The presence of her mysterious escort wasn’t comforting at all, the morays leading her through uncharted territory.

Noticing the temperature of the water dropping slightly, her gaze was captured by an inexplicable structure. She could sense that this was their destination, the hull not resembling a normal cave or shell but rather resembling a skeleton, what with the fangs and vertebrae protruding from the round main part. Swallowing fear and doubt, she held herself together even though earlier events had left her a little shaken.

Bulma was deeply engaged with the face shield, scrolling through its menu in the hope of finding out how it worked or getting a better grasp of the surface language. She was completely unaware to the fact that her father entered her lab. Deciding she would need a specific tool lying in a container on her right, she turned around. This was when she came face to face with her father. Shocked by the expression on his face, she covered her mouth with her hand. His anger was expected and clearly noticeable but she could see another emotion in his eyes. It was complete and utter … disappointment.

Bulma’s assumption was confirmed when he broke the silence calmly, “I consider myself a reasonable merman. I set certain rules, and I expect those rules to be obeyed.”

All strength and wit left her body, leaving behind a sense of dread and dismay. The king’s serenity scared her more than any temper tantrum possibly could. She had expected his anger to erupt in a vocal storm, reprimanding her for her behaviour and the emphasising the possible incrimination of the kingdom to the surface. Lost for words, her eyes searched the floor. Overcome with guilt, the only consolation the princess could get were her own arms, wrapped around her midriff.
Crossing his arms over his chest, the older merman continued: “Is it true you rescued a Saiyan from drowning?”

She could hear the disgust in the way he said the word, but nevertheless the young mermaid had to try showing her father why she did it. What would it say about them if they ignored the plight of a helpless being? Can they call surface people ‘monsters’ if they themselves let them drown?

“I had to.” It was a meek sound, just a shadow of how confident and steady her voice usually was.

It was apparent that her wording couldn’t have been worse. The king flared his nostrils and the frown on his face deepened. The final indicator of his anger was the raised voice, “Contact between the surface world and the merworld is strictly forbidden,” suddenly there was a trace of resignation discernible, “Bulma, you know that. Everyone knows that!”

Finding a last shred of bravery, it was time for her to raise her voice, “He would have died!”

Spreading her arms wide, she was desperately trying to make him understand her motives.

Without missing a beat, her father snapped back, “One less Saiyan to worry about!”

Bulma was shocked. She had never seen her father lose his temper like that, nose flared and jaw clenched tightly.

Sure, some of her adventures made him worry about her safety but usually he was rather amused, especially when Goku and Krillin made an effort to defend her. Their explanations focused completely on the wrong things, making it sound as if the journey’s aim was to enhance their power. The king easily dismissed their behaviour, being convinced that they would always protect his little princess.

But he was significantly less considerate with anything surface related, still emotionally scarred by what happened two decades ago, when Bulma was only just a mertoddler.

Eyes swimming with tears, her expression hardened. Desperation made her forget any sense self-conservation or submission. Clenched fists on her sides, the blue-haired mermaid shouted at her father, “You don’t even know them! Or him!”

“This way,” her memories were interrupted when one of the morays spoke in a sugary high voice. She was repulsed by its appearance; its pinkish skin and the short spikes were so unusual that Bulma supposed that some sea wizard or witch had to conjure it up.

The turquoise one was different; much easier on the eyes with sleek skin and radiating assertiveness. Almost too beautiful, though. The princess knew that this one could very easily lure gullible people into a trap, and hoped that it wasn’t her now walking freely into one.

Although, Goku and Krillin had followed her all the way to this place, it didn’t mean that she listened to their objections and exclamations of disapproval. It wasn’t their fault per se, but she still somewhat resented them for being the reason that all of her surface possessions had been destroyed by her father. They couldn’t keep their mouths shut and she had to suffer. Now it was her time to take matters into her own hands. There would never again be a time when Princess Bulma would let someone else dictate her life. Even if the mermen stabbed her in the back again, it would make no difference. Her father might be the king of the seven seas, but he had no authority or power on land.
She finished her thought right at the time they arrived at the opening of the cave, the sense of uneasiness crept back. The hairs on her neck stood up, goosebumps formed all over her skin.

Though never formally trained in sensing energies like Goku or Krillin, she was sure that she could feel something; an aura so dark and evil it absorbed any joy or happiness into a dark pit, feasting on it until nothing was left to take pleasure in but pain and despair. It creeped her the fuck out, spurring on her flight instinct.

At the same time her analytical mind desperately tried gaining the upper hand in order to figure everything out. She wanted to know why in the seven oceans it was possible for a being to be so destructive that even its closeness disturbed your mind.

When her gaze focused on the (theoretical) solutions to all her problems, she froze with terror. Solely the interwoven tails of the two morays were preventing her escape, all bravado and determination gone.

Bulma's escort had called it an icejinn, which up until now, she had no idea what it might look like. Standing before it, she desperately wished she’d never laid eyes on this being. Its overall shape reminded her of an octopus, eight arms swinging along the floor of the cave dangerously. They were the most unfitting shade of pink, ending in sharp, purple tips. The icejinn’s torso and arms were musculous and reminded her of merpeople’s physic, only the white and purple colour causing a cognitive dissonance.

Surely the tentacles and bodily features were weird, but what really spoke volumes of evilness was its face. Eyes the colour of blood intensely focused on Bulma, giving her the impression that this being already knew how their encounter would end—precisely how the icejinn wanted it. Enhanced by a cruel smirk plastered on its lips, the gaze sent a shiver run down the mermaid’s spine. It was sitting in a cavity on the other side of the cave, resting its head lazily on a hand.

“Come in. Come in, young girl,” the honeyed voice not quite hiding the icejinn’s wicked voice, and also making it apparent that it was rather a he, “We must not lurk in doorways - it's rude. One might question your upbringing.” Not giving her time to either decipher the words or react to what he said, he went on, “Now, then. You're here because you have a thing for this Saiyan. This, er, prince fellow.”

This definitely caught her attention, which must have been clearly visible because he let out a shrill laugh, wagging his index finger at her. Once composed he went on, “Not that I blame you - he is quite a catch, isn't he? Well, angel fish, the solution to your problem is simple. The only way to get what you want … is to become a Saiyan yourself.”

Bulma’s mouth fell open. At first she couldn’t believe what she had just heard, only when his words began to sink in, did her mind run at full speed again.

A prince? How... What did the morays tell her just minutes ago? ‘We represent someone who could make all your dreams come true.' They must have heard what had happened and reported back to their master, giving them the advantage of knowing about her and what she wanted. It was time for her to find out who this mysterious icejinn was and which objective he pursued.

Summoning her bravery and focusing completely on the face of the being, the princess asked: “How do you know?” And surely, he glanced at his henchfish in a fraction of a second, before remarking in an even more syrapy tone than before: “Well, I make it my business to know, dear. Do you have any more questions before I can start giving you what you want?”
It was a trick.

Bulma was absolutely sure about that. Nonetheless a big part of her wanted to go forward with it; the hurt from her friend’s recent betrayal was still freshly engraved in her mind. The countless hours they had spent in her lab, reminiscing about Bulma’s findings or their most recent adventure. It had been a safe haven, especially for her. Instead of protecting it and covering their secret, sheltering their friendship, they had given it away. For nothing.

Blinking quickly, the need to concentrate on the battle of wits at hand took over. He hadn’t given her a sincere answer, dodging her question expertly without outright denying her a reply. The next one wasn’t so dodge-able, though: “What’s your name?”

The icejinn seemed genuinely surprised, raising an eyebrow and settling his cold gaze on the morays floating behind her, pupils contracting dangerously. “Oh, have my … friends missed telling you that? Well, let me introduce myself properly,” he bowed his head slightly, without breaking eye contact, “the name’s Freeza.” All the while his tentacles were swaying back and forth absentmindedly, giving the impression that they had a mind of their own.

Now, it was time for him and his sidekicks to be surprised when an intense fire ignited Bulma’s eyes, her chest puffed out and courage reinvigorated her lost voice, “What do you want?”

Anticipating Freeza’s coaxing answer after he had let his facial expression slip for a second, she stated matter-of-factly “You obviously know about me and the… prince. There’s a reason why these guys,” she gestured with her thumb behind her, “showed up right after my da- after what happened. So, what. do. you. want?” Hands on her hips and head held up proudly, she waited for the icejinn’s reaction.

“Ohohoho, who knew the little princess would be this spirited.” Bulma’s jaw dropped slightly, unsettled by this revelation. How in the seven seas did he know that she was the king’s daughter? A grin etched on his lips and with a remarkably saccharine voice he said, “You know, my dear. It’s not about what I want but rather what I do, what I live for. Helping unfortunate merfolk,” his hand indicating in her direction, “Like yourself. Poor souls with no one else to turn to.”

Bulma had a hard time keeping her cool; the pressure of confronting this being, completely unguarded. Momentarily, the distressing absence Goku and Krillin was brought to her mind, they were never around when she needed them. She was left with only her wits to work out a deal that favoured her, yet almost overwhelmed her.

Hands still on her hips to cover the fact that they’d been shaking terribly, and a heart racing so fast that no sailfish in the ocean could beat that, she glared at her opponent. Backing off was not a solution, but going back to her father wasn’t either.

“That was not an answer and you know that,” the slight hissing tone even surprised herself.

“Well, I have to admit that I wasn’t quite the hero in the past but that was a very long time ago,” he threw his hands in the air, gesturing surrender. When he spoke up again, his voice was lower, sounding almost humble. “I have mended all my ways and used the little magic I can on behalf of the miserable, lonely, pathet- I mean, those who have lost their path.”

His cover up wasn’t good enough to go undetected, which made Bulma aware that the icejinn considered himself better, more important than common merpeople.
It didn’t come out of the blue; Freeza carried himself with a grandeur that brought Emperor Sharga to her mind. The leader of the Sharkanians didn’t convey his position with an abundance of jewellery or splendour, but rather with arrogance and a sense of superiority. He was a cunning leader who almost successfully invaded Capsula, were it not for Bulma, Goku and Krillin axing the plan to steal the king’s trident. However, Sharga wasn’t blinded by the need to destroy, conquer, and defeat. The blood in his veins didn’t hum the siren song of warfare. He was above these things, a strategist king exploiting the weaknesses of others in order to better the prospect of his own people. Freeza’s mannerisms spoke the same language, looking down on supposedly weaker creatures, using their innocence or ignorance to his advantage.

The icejinn wasn’t finished with his monologue yet, letting himself sit on a throne-like structure. “Well, mind you, there were one or two merpeople who thought they could cross me,” his face losing its grin, lips pursed. “Of course, this kind of behaviour had to be... rebuked. As long as promises and rules are kept, however, I’m the best chance you can get.”

That was one thing she definitely couldn’t argue about. The icejinn in front of her was her only shot at fulfilling her dream, escaping the confines of the ocean and getting to know the Saiyans, one certain flame-haired prince in particular. Faced with the inevitability of her situation, an eerie calmness came over her, the decision made.

“How?”

Delight took over his features, clapping his hands, Freeza smiled again. “Here's the deal. I will make you a potion that will turn you into a Saiyan for one week. Got th—”

The stunned mermaid threw her arms up in shock, “What? One week? That’s not enough!”

With a twinkle in his eyes, Freeza scratched his chin. For outsiders, it might have seemed as if the icejinn was pondering about her disagreement, but Bulma could see through his façade. She mentally chastised herself for falling into the trap he’d carefully laid out for her, from now on she had to be more alert.

“Princess, I’m feeling very generous today, so I think I’ll approve of your objection. What is a mere week to spend with your dear princey anyway?” Behind her she could hear a hushed chuckle coming from one of the morays still blocking the entrance. Freeza didn’t seem to take their transgression kindly, throwing them a look Bulma would pay an immense amount of money to never receive in her life.

Regaining his composure, he went on. “So, let’s say... a month then. There is an important festival coming up in about three weeks. Before the sun sets on the last day of the commemorations, you have to make Prince Vegeta fall in love with you. If he does become infatuated with you before the sun sets on the third day of their celebrations, you’ll remain a Saiyan permanently.”

Voicing her question as a mere whisper, “But what if he doesn’t?” The mermaid loathed even thinking about the possibility of being turned down by him.

Freeza’s smile transformed into a lopsided grin, he swam closer to her. “You turn back into a mermaid and...,” he paused for an overdramatically long time before concluding, “...you’ll stay here forever.”

Bulma’s eyes widened momentarily. Although, she knew that there was catch, it was a different
thing hearing it. Earlier, she had sworn to herself that she’d never be governed by another person and now here they were – going back to Capsula would mean being under her father’s thumb again.

Thousands things ran through her mind at the same time, there were so many ways this could go wrong! What if the prince already had a girlfriend? What if he wasn’t interested in women? What if he wasn’t interested in her? How would they even communicate? What if she angered the surface people and they were to shun her? There were just as many ways this could, indeed, go right and she would have a chance at happiness, living on land with the man she had fallen in love with.

At the entrance began a ruckus that only caught her attention when a familiar voice cried out her name.

“Bulma! Don’t do it!” It was Krillin.

Goku chimed in, “You don’t need to do that, Bulma!”

Turning her head around, she could see how the morays were keeping her friends from bursting into the cave. She wasn’t sure what hurt more, seeing them fighting for her now or hearing their lousy attempts to keep her from what she wanted the most. They could have prevented this situation. Telling her father about the ocular shield and her lab was the sole reason why she now had to rely on the icejinn.

Anger cursed through her veins, but before she could turn again, cold fingers clenched her chin and pulled her head around. Freeza stood a hairbreadth away from her, his impatience was clearly visible in the pressed lips and narrowed eyes. “Have we got a deal?” The displayed restlessness somehow shook some of Bulma’s determination as she started realising the significance of the word ‘permanently’.

The days of gliding through the colourful surroundings would be over. She would never again be able to stroll through the royal gardens with her father, talking to him about her mother. There would be no family dinners with him, her friends and sometimes even her sister anymore. No longer could she gossip with Tights about the desperate advances from merman or laugh about Goku’s dorky behaviour. No adventures. No family. No lab.

Lost in thought, she mumbled, “If I become a Saiyan, I'll never be with my father or sister again. I’ll never swim with Goku or Krillin. I’ll never-”

“That's right,” moving his hand away from her face, he didn’t let her finish her thought, “but you'll have the prince. Life's full of tough choices, isn’t it?”

Agreeing with him on that notion, she absentmindedly nodded.

Suddenly, Freeza sprung into action, hastily moving towards a cabinet on the wall. His change in behaviour wasn’t reassuring, the way he rummaged through small bottles containing vibrantly coloured liquids seemed uncontrolled and fanatic.

Only when he had found what he was searching for, did the icejinn turn around. After opening the vial with his teeth, she was utterly confused as he poured its content into a bigger one held in his other hand. It was physically impossible to do that in water, but her train of thought was interrupted when he focused the little black beads he called eyes upon her. A shiver ran down Bulma’s spine at the unfathomable thrill shining in them, promising her that this was just the beginning of something bigger.
Realising that Freeza took her nod as consent to the deal, the full force of her decision hit her then. Waving her hands, she panicked, “I...I didn’t say yes yet! I was just-”

“Just what?” He turned around in the blink of an eye, staring at the young mermaid with narrowed eyes. “Breaking the contract before even setting a foot on land, hussy? I don’t think so.” Quickly getting closer to her, his eyes lost the unreadable look when determination and anger flooded them, “Drink up, little princess.”

Although, Freeza backed her into a corner, Bulma had made her mind up long before. Contemplating her past life only served as a commemoration, not at all sufficient to dissuade her from this decision. She wanted more and she would get that now.

Reaching for the vial held out for her, she faintly worried about the fact that she hadn’t even said goodbye to her family and friends. Reluctant to mull on these matters, Bulma made swift work of the potion, gulping down the sweet nectar of hope thirstily while Freeza watched her with a maniacal expression on his face.

Unsure what to expect, she held her breath, looking nervously at the bottle and then up to the icejinn. The mixture slowly ran down her throat, leaving behind an unknown taste. It was neither bitter nor sweet nor sour, it had no taste at all. Internally braving herself, she expected pain or at least discomfort but neither came. Just...a warmth spreading through her body, running through her veins and calming her senses.

She could feel the control over her body slipping through her fingers, the familiar force keeping her balanced in oceanic streams gone. Rather than seeing a strong tail, she abruptly realised there were two legs dangling beneath her body. The amazement at that was over in a flash, when water filled her mouth and, unexpectedly, made it impossible for her to breathe.

Sensing Bulma’s distress, Goku and Krillin finally broke through the moray’s defence. They were oblivious to slight nod from Freeza, giving them the signal to let them through. Shocked by what they were witnessing, the mermen just stared at their friend who desperately looked at them for help while gripping her throat.

Quick-wittedly, Krillin thought of the first thing he knew about Saiyans: they can’t breath underwater, “Shit! Goku, she needs air! We need to get her to the surface!”

Seizing the former mermaid’s arms, Goku and Krillin rushed out of the cave and towards the one thing able to save their friend – the surface. Bulma’s head felt lighter and lighter while at the same time her eyelids felt so heavy, she just needed to close them for a moment...or maybe longer. Drifting off to unconsciousness, her mind went through the events of earlier again...

“I don’t have to know him! They’re all the same,” her father’s face beet-red from anger, “Spineless, savage, killing, fish-eaters, incapable of any feeling! They’re monsters-”

“Daddy, I’m in love with him!” Slapping her hands on her mouth, Bulma was shocked at what she had just admitted...

Chapter End Notes
So...some of you might think "Wait a second, what'll Freeza get out of this?" - we'll come to that.
I'd love to hear what you think!

Another STUNNING artwork done by BianWW, please give her some love on Twitter and check out her art on tumblr! :)
"Daddy! No. No, please- Daddy, stop! Daddy, Nooo!!” When the light of her father’s trident blinded her momentarily, Bulma tried throwing up her arms in order to protect her eyes. Somehow she couldn’t move them, they felt very heavy and like a distant afterthought, not really part of her body anymore. The blaze was still illuminating everything around her, the brightness perceptible even with closed eyes-

Slowly, Bulma became aware of her surroundings. The scratching material she felt beneath her back made her wonder about the reason for lying on something so uncomfortable, but it also let her recognise slowly that she not with her father anymore. A groan left her mouth and a frown began to form on her face when she sensed the light still surrounding her.

Testing the willingness of her arms, she moved her fingers along the surface. It was so completely different from everything she knew that her mind forced her to open her eyes, ready to examine the foreign material to determine what she was dealing with. Her eyelids fluttered open- a big mistake as the sun was right above her and her eyes started stinging instantly, not used to its brightness-

What. How- Wait... the sun?!

At once, Bulma ripped her eyes open, pushing herself into a sitting position with an unknown strength and staring at her surroundings with a gaping mouth. She was on the surface!

Right in front her, familiar waves of water lapped at the beach but they didn’t catch her gaze for long. Her frantic gaze turned to her right, taking in a number of rocks as tall as her, waves loudly breaking along their root, messily spraying the salty water into the air. Although, the sight of the spray of water glittering in the sunshine was alluring, she didn’t waste time losing herself in the spectacle. Looking to her left, the beach only went on, seemingly without an end but with nothing special to observe.

That’s when she felt something warm and fuzzy gliding along her lower body. Peeking slowly at her lap, a high-pitched scream left her lungs. Trying to get away from whatever was trying to grab her, she turned around and began crawling up the beach on her extremities, already seriously creeped out by surface things. However, all flight was useless as she still felt the thing touching her-
Bulma stopped dead in her tracks. For the second time now, she was dumbstruck. The thing was touching her...*legs*. Shocked, she turned her head around. Forgotten was any fear or dread, her eyes were transfixed by the sight. Propped up on her arms, not only was she able to clearly identify the source of her panic behind her but also, for the first time, laying eyes upon the miracle Freeza had provided for her. Her mind was overrun with the information it had to process, so she stayed in her position, knees and hands settled on the warm sand.

“I have legs,” she whispered faintly. It was a desperate attempt to cope with a new reality, spelling out what she could not fully believe. It wasn’t all, however. “And...I have...a tail,” as if spoken to, the thing curled itself around her leg. An intense feeling overcame her, it was not only warm and smooth, but the small hairs tickled the skin on her thigh.

Catching up with the unpleasant sting of the grainy seeds below her on hands and legs, she turned around again, settling on her behind. Blinking several times, the presence of her friends floating in the shallow waters of the ocean near the coast stunned Bulma. This day sure was completely overwhelming her, she hadn’t even noticed the two merman until just now.

“Bulma, are you alright?” Krillin waved his hand to make sure she took note of them. They had seen her crawling up the beach after screaming her head off, rightfully losing it when picking up on her new tail. Krillin’s jaw had dropped and he laid his wide-eyed gaze on Goku. To his surprise, the older man hadn’t shared his confusion or seemed to be, at least mildly, concerned.

Putting that thought aside, he concentrated on Bulma again. The sight of legs beneath her body still unsettled him, especially the little fingers on the lower end of them which reminded him of the tentacles of an anemone wiggling in the never-ending stream of water surging through coral reefs.

She repeatedly opened up her mouth and closed it again. Only when her brows formed a frown, did she finally voice what went through her head. Unfortunately, her words were a mere whisper that Krillin couldn’t pick up. Nudging Goku, he inquired him about it but the dark-haired merman didn’t react, still staring at Bulma. Making up his mind to ask her repeat whatever she just had said, he was interrupted by another high-pitched screech.

“I HAVE A TAIL AND LEGS SO HMYGOD!”

~~~~~~

Being on his back had never stopped him from turning the fight to his favour. Sometimes it even gave him an advantage. The smaller build of his body enabled him to use the size of adversaries and while they unsuccessfully tried holding him down, he could contract his legs or arms to either kick or punch them off. Wondering for a short moment, why Raditz of all people would use such a predictable strategy, he quickly pulled up his legs and concentrated his energy into his right fist.

All of a sudden, the bigger Saiyan threw him into the air and followed up with a solid ki ball. After regaining control, Vegeta blocked the attack and rushed back to wipe the smug grin from Raditz’s face. Just as his fist was about to collide with its target, his sensitive hearing detected a blood curling shriek that halted his movement altogether. Checking upon Raditz and Nappa, he could see the puzzled looks on their faces indicating that they had heard it as well.

“Was that Nasu?” Nappa was the first to speak, still sitting on a rock to the side.
Walking quickly over to the bigger man and visibly relieved by not having to deal with Vegeta’s punch, Raditz chimed in quickly, “Nah, she went training with Kyuuri. Won’t be back for another day or so.”

“You fucking both now?” Nappa inquired while grinning toothily.

Before Raditz was able to answer, the two men heard a low growl, alarming them to an inpatient prince waiting on the sidelines, his lips pressed together and arms crossed. Unable to look into their eyes, Vegeta faced the direction from which the sound came. "Could you shut your filthy mouths? Nobody wants to know who Raditz is fucking!" His face burned up in embarrassment, much to the amusement of the addressed man.

Nappa dutifully bowed his head, apologising for their prattle, knowing full well that any consequent training with the prince would entail some form of punishment. Raditz had apparently yet to learn this lesson fully, even though he was the recipient of many punitive measures as a shit-eating grin was adorning his face. Before he would get both of them into even more trouble, however, Nappa landed a well-aimed elbow punch in Raditz' ribs. At least, the younger Saiyan wasn’t able to talk back to the prince.

Ignoring their antics, Vegeta stared at the part of the beach where he could sense the life force, the grainy sand slowly giving way to moss-covered rocks along the way. The ki was quickly distinguishable as there were not many other creatures in its vicinity. The owner’s vocal range already indicating that it was a female but, still, her ki signature didn’t seem familiar. Consequentially, this meant that there was another Saiyan out there, who hadn’t grown up within his sphere of rule.

Nappa and Raditz were oblivious to the dark thoughts clouding his mind, sitting on the coastal sideline and undoubtedly talking to each other about petty things. The new Saiyan could be a dangerous implication as he was neither commander nor her prince, lacking loyalty suggested that she could turn out to be a spy, send here to hand over intel about the Saiyans and its prince, or even a scout, gathering information about their strength – all in order to arrange for an imminent and effective strike against them. Desperately trying to quell the upcoming reminders of why the kingdom was in the current state that it was in the first place, he started walking towards the foreign energy source.

“Oi, Vegeta, where are you going?” Raditz’ question shook him out of his brooding.

He had completely blocked out their presence. Agitated by the absolutely not acceptable slip of awareness, his answer came out harsher than he had intended, “Doing your work, you lazy fuck.”

Throwing up his arms in surrender, Raditz eyed Nappa. The big man’s glance was revealing in two ways: while there was a knowing glint in there, telling him non-verbally he should have shut his mouth in the first place, there was also a tint of worry.

The three Saiyans had spent the majority of the past twenty years together, working for their kingdom and fighting to get stronger. Two years his junior, Vegeta served to fill the gap caused by the loss of his little brother. Well, probably a grumpier version of Kakarot but beggars can’t be choosers and growing up with him proved to be fun. They may or may not have played a role in Nappa getting bald early in life.

In recent years, however, Vegeta rather successfully repressed his more mischievous side in favour of regal stoicism and hot-tempered outbursts. Although it was easy to interpret his behaviour towards everyone else as distaste or even hostility but to people close to him (of course, he would never admit
that), it was clear as day that he cared. Almost too much.

Many of their fellow Saiyans had left the tragic events of their past behind time, relishing in the present and enjoying their time with mates, children or friends. Vegeta didn’t and it almost seemed as if he couldn’t. Having a cheerful and easy-going nature didn’t mean Raditz was blind or stupid, he knew much more than he let on which was reflected in the studious gaze aimed on the departing prince.

Concurrently, Vegeta was completely transfixed by the ki signal, unaccustomed to such a lively display of feelings. It was unusual for other Saiyans to let happiness, pleasure or pain show openly, they were warriors after all. Comparing his people’s mastery of displaying and covering their deepest feelings with this publicly displayed foolery was jarring, raising his suspicion at how un-Saiyan-like the female was acting. Suppressing his own ki to a minimum, he stealthily moved towards her location.

Massive rocks visually masked his presence, whilst pressure and tension almost made his muscles shake. Every fibre of his body was ready to spring into action should the need occur. Ears picking up on some foreign language, the ki was still bubbling happily, his eyes trained on the enem-

Vegeta stopped dead in his tracks. Whatever he had expected, it was most definitely not a naked Saiyan woman standing on his beach, shuffling around without a care in the world.

His bewilderment was cut short, when she turned around and her attention was suddenly on him. Training his gaze on her face, he slipped back into the professional soldier he was.

“Who are you?” He wasn’t here to play games, any hesitancy on her side and there will be no mercy given. The survival of his people was much more worthy than the life of one female.

The woman didn’t give him an answer, a confused look on her face, knitted eyebrows and eyes searching his face for... Well, he wasn’t sure what she was searching for, but he could almost see the wheels in her head turning. She was clearly thinking about her answer which obviously meant she was a spy – and a bad one at that. While raising up his arm, he collected his ki in his palm and instantly felt the familiar and almost soothing tingling. The female’s eyes widened when setting her eyes upon the bright ki ball he held in her direction. Although the only outside signal was her gulp, he could smell and sense her fear.

Without an apparent trigger, suddenly a different emotion welled up inside of her. She straightened her spine and crossed her arms, lips pressed together tightly and a fire started burning in her eyes. Her upper body expanding whilst taking a deep breath was the only warning Vegeta received before a verbal onslaught of unfathomable speed was aimed at him.

Words of foreign sound and nature were thrown into his face. Forgetting his plan to eradicate this creature completely, he listened to the unusual and alien language spoken. The sounds were flowing freely, although some of the syllables came out with a snap, always taking him by surprise. Fascinated by how song-like her language sounded, the prince noticed that her dancing words were in sharp contrast to his own almost growled speech.

Her irritation translated onto her face as well, painted in a reddish hue from the emotional exertion. Vegeta couldn’t believe his luck – of course, he had to come across the only blabbermouth spy. Any upper hand he might have had snatched away by this woman. Desperately trying to get back control of the situation, the extinguished ki ball began to form again.
The effect was immediate and came as an imaginable relief to him, the woman finally shut up. Only now could his eyes process the sight that was unfolding in front of him. Skin gleaming in the sun like the white chalk cliffs on the southern border of his kingdom; memories of him and Raditz hiding from Nappa around those cliffs for days surfaced. Hair as blue and bright as the sea and like the water covering the rich coral reefs surrounding his castle, her tresses protected her breasts from his wandering eye. A slight wriggle between her legs forced his eyes downwards and he discovered her tail, slung around her calf while its tip was flickering back and forth. His own tail started untangle itself from his waist, as if it felt the need to explore the other one dangling around the woman’s legs.

Forcing himself to skip gazing at her exposed loins, he looked into her face and was immediately drawn to pink lips, suggesting a softness that could rival the finest fabrics of the most excellent weaver his realm had to offer. The soft curve of her delicate jawbone lead his eyes from the bottom part of her face slowly over her exquisite cheekbone and, ultimately, to strikingly cerulean eyes. Pictures of every bright sky he had ever seen in his life swirled around his head, supplemented with recollections of him flying to unimaginable heights as a kid, desperately trying to justify the position among his people by conquering places his people have never visited.

The way she stood and looked exuded a purified rawness which made every fibre in his body vibrate with craving. The hum coming from deep within him, a representation of his essence.

A warrior hungry for prey.

A gasp escaping her lips made him aware of his position. While he had been standing several meters away from her just seconds ago, he now stood mere inches away from her, the ki surrounding his body crackling in the warm mid-day air. Her scent filled his nose, salt emphasising its aromatic sweetness and, peculiarly, traces of seaweed complementing the blend, making him lick his lips. The ki ball in his hand was long gone, standing this close in front of her inhibited him from wasting one thought to anything else.

Both of them hadn’t said a thing since he unconsciously extinguished his ki ball, neither one moving even the slightest bit, the pair rooted to their spots. He didn’t want to say anything, he didn’t want to do anything, which would mean acknowledging the weakness she brought out in him – his refusal to confront her on her past and her goal, eradicating any threat that could endanger his kingdom. A rough voice in his head called out the stupidity of this frail female with a power level lower than any infant could pose any risk that he answered with an annoyed snarl.

The female Saiyan took a step back, tail bristling slightly, hands raised protectively in front of her. Usually, Vegeta would relish in the fact that he made another person startle by such a little action but this time it made him feel uncomfortable, as if it was against his nature. Berating himself mentally to stop thinking such nonsense, he took another look at the woman. Unfortunately, clothes still hadn’t magically appeared and she was as naked as the day she was born. He couldn’t possibly bring her in this state back to his men or the castle. Well, not that Raditz or Noko wouldn’t mind but the thought of her being ogled at by everyone didn’t sit well with him, at all.

A quick scan of their surroundings made it obvious that there was no fabric or cloth around available to cover her, so the only solution would be his own attire. Vegeta could feel his face heating up; not out of embarrassment for taking his shirt off, he didn’t mind that at all. Sharing clothes was considered to be unusual, an intimate display that only mates partook in, and this was especially true for members of the royal family. Every Saiyan would easily detect his scent wafting from her body, which many would then assume that either they had been intimate or were mates. The gossip would keep everyone on their toes. Conspicuously, he wasn’t all that bothered by
The prince discarded his breastplate, throwing it carelessly onto the sand next to him. Grabbing his shirt between his shoulder blades, he dragged it off his head quickly. Slightly inclining her head, the woman contemplated his actions and, although, she wasn’t alarmed any more, he still felt like he was being under scrutiny. Hoping to cross their language barrier successfully, he reached out with his hand holding the shirt, nudging it once to make her understand better. Her thoughtful gaze focused on his hand, then jumped back to his face and again back to the shirt, working out the meaning behind his offer.

Up until this point, she had been rooted to the spot. Simultaneously stretching out her arm carefully and taking a tentative step forward, she suddenly lost balance and stumbled right into his chest. Skin on skin, breasts on pectorals, jolts of electricity ran through his body at the contact, his heart missing a beat.

Azure met onyx.

Albeit reluctant, Vegeta broke eye contact first, stepping away from her. Quickly shoving the shirt into her arms, he turned around to give her some privacy. The loss tugged at him, instinct requiring another taste of delectable contact but his analytical mind wouldn’t let him. Twice now the reason for this little mission, his vow to protect his kingdom, wiped from memory. He hadn’t let his baser instincts control him for the past 25 years, he wouldn’t start now.

Turning around stony-faced and with arms crossed, the moment he laid eyes upon her in his shirt (and, of course, she wore it the wrong way around), the now familiar flush crept up his face again, mind and mouth stuttering. It was too big for her, but at the same time too short and too tight in certain places. What destroyed any heartfelt attempt at restraint right at the spot, however, was her face.

The blue of her eyes shone from under long eyelashes, a small smile and red cheeks adorning her face. It was goddess-like.

Only when he felt two large kis approaching, did the spell break.

The prince tilted his head into the direction he came from, inviting the woman to follow him. Their attempts at some sort of communication had kind of worked so far and apparently this hint was something she understood as she started walking on wobbly feet. He didn't slow down or help her, seeking to bring some distance between them in the hope his busy mind would slow down or at least empty a bit.

Chapter End Notes

So, I'm quite nervous to see what you think about this chapter.. The mystery of why it wasn't necessary to take away Bulma's voice should have become somehow clearer now?

I won't upload the fourth chapter tomorrow as it's not yet finalised, so please bear with
Before we come to that, though, here's the promised artwork from BianWW, please give her some love on Twitter and check out her art on tumblr! :)

![Artwork](image-url)
The Beginning

Chapter Summary

The first day and Bulma tries to adapt to a foreign culture.
What could go wrong? ;)

Chapter Notes

I'm terribly sorry for the long wait! The writing and beta'ing took a bit longer than expected.

Thanks to my amazing Betas BlackSheep115 and Froglady15!

Before you start reading the chapter, two things.
I'm not sure if you have seen that this is the second to last chapter - for book 1. Because I'm such a sucker for time limits, I had to cut the whole story into two parts. So, this is not yet the end :)

Also, I'm so very happy to show you another amazing art piece done by BianWW for this story. As it is not chapter-specific but rather intended as coverart, I can show it to you at the beginning of the chapter. Please give her some love on Twitter and check out her art on tumblr!
The sun’s rays were seeping through the window, illuminating the room gradually. Only when it
reached the plush bed situated at the opposite wall, did its inhabitant slowly wake from deep slumber. Short toes peeked from the duvet, the first sign of movement. Slowly, the body’s muscles started stretching, unaccustomed to the firm mattress underneath.

While soft hands gently rubbed the sleep out of blue eyes, a yawn escaped pink lips, ultimately signalling that Bulma was more or less awake now. Laying eyes upon the still unfamiliar surroundings, the former mermaid couldn’t hold back and a joyous smile grazed her lips.

Bit by bit, the events of the other day seeped through.

Following the prince, she had met two other Saiyans. Both towering over both of them, but one with a hilarious dumbfounded expression on his face and very long hair, the other one with wide eyes, a moustache and bald head. They were a curious trio, talking to each other in hushed voices while trying not to stare at her for too long. After a few long seconds of deliberation between them, they apparently came to a decision and had taken her to the castle.

As she mulled over the castle’s composition, Bulma let herself fall back onto the bed.

It was, by far, not as impressive as her father’s but nonetheless...fascinating. Not because of its architectural features, but because of the people walking around, doing bizarre activities and wearing strange attires, and she could swear that she had seen Saiyans shoot through the air!

They all had been wearing something that resembled the clothes of her prince; tight dark blue or black fabric with some kind of white and gold armour on top. Some of the people seemed to prefer longer, more covering forms, while others chose clothing that revealed their arms and legs.

Only then had she understood the significance of why the prince gave her his shirt, covering her body up in a similar fashion as everyone else did. Wondering about the advantages of confining yourself and limiting your movements, she thought back to the stares directed at her. Most of the other men or women weren’t as discreet as the first three Saiyans she had met, staring at her candidly. She had attributed it to her colourful hair.

Having grown up in a castle herself, she was used to long corridors and angled twists that made it very easy to get lost. Well, she was used to swimming through one. Walking on her still shaky legs while desperately trying to avoid tripping over her tail, made the short journey adventurous.

When the three men escorting her had suddenly stopped, she had run right into Vegeta’s back. Apologising wildly while feeling her cheeks turning pink, she had wished to just be swallowed up into the ground, chastising herself that she had gotten so lost in staring at the paintings on the walls that she had not been paying attention to where she was going.

Although, once she was alone, the consequent thoughts made her blush.

The feeling of the hard muscles spanning over his back were almost sinful and the way they seemed to tense even more when she had accidentally touched him astonished her. Vegeta promptly walked into the room.

Overcoming their language barrier by literally using his hands and feet, he had conveyed that this was her refuge now. Shortly after, all three men had left. After waving them goodbye (which seemed to be another universal sign), she had admired the sunset on the balcony attached to her room.

Overlooking the courtyard, her eyes had followed the bustling of many Saiyans below, closing small
shops or meeting amongst themselves and then leaving through the gate. The racket of closing doors and dropping goods mixed with the guttural sounds of their language, the song of a vibrant people was carried to her little lookout.

The thrill of all these new, undiscovered things had slowly drained away when her gaze had settled upon the water stretching all the way to the horizon. Comparing the calm waves of her former home to the rough cliffs and surroundings of the castle, doubt blossomed in her.

Although the Saiyans had been kind to her, different languages had made it difficult to communicate. This thought had never crossed her mind before. She had been terribly naïve to think that getting legs (and a tail) was enough to be a Saiyan. Lack of faith combined with uncertainty about her abilities had quickly drained the first wave of excitement from her.

Pushing these thoughts into the back of her mind, Bulma got up from the bed. Today would be the first day of learning about the mysterious people and about her prince, especially. She was Princess Bulma of Capsula, the first mermaid to inspect and dissect surface gadgets, and the first mermaid to walk among Saiyans.

Freeza had given her three weeks, and Bulma would use every second of it to gain knowledge about the Saiyan’s language and culture. That will show everyone who ever may have doubted her.

Strolling through her room with newly gained confidence, she touched all the surfaces, absorbing every impression she could get. Reaching the wardrobe, Bulma opened the doors and feasted her eyes upon the variety of clothes.

Last night, a female Saiyan came to her room and equipped the empty wardrobe with an abundance of garbs. The woman had the most ridiculous hair she had ever seen. Inspecting the feel of the fabric, Bulma thought about how she had admired the reddish brown shade of the female’s unbelievably long hair, its spikes protruding from her head like the spikes of a blowfish.

Unused to covering her body, it took her a while to decide on something. On the right, there was armour and fitting under-wear, and on the left, she had found delicate robes tinted in a deep, bloody red with small crystals all over them. Hoping to make herself look as though she fit in, rather than drawing too much attention to herself, she chose the same blue tight clothes and white-golden armour most of the Saiyans had been wearing the day before.

The fabric was flexible and, contrary to Bulma’s expectation, gave way to all movements. Much to her amazement, the armour did the same.

Some years ago, she had been stumbling across a similar specimen in an ocean canyon in the middle of nowhere. Only after removing algae and barnacles sitting atop its structure, had she been able to admire the craftsmanship.

The armour lying in her lab- well, armour that had been lying her lab was much harder than the one she was sporting now which seemed to act as a second skin. The scientist within her craved to find out how the Saiyans had achieved such a seemingly impossible thing.

While getting dressed proved to be an easy feat, Bulma had problems adjusting to her additional appendage. The concealment had a hole at the exact spot where her tail extruded from her back. After a troubling minute in which she could not get it to fit through by sheer willpower, she impatiently grabbed the offending thing only to let it go right away when a stabbing pain laced through her body.
She eyed it suspiciously. Maybe that was the reason why all the other Saiyans curled their tail around their waists; they seemed to be very sensitive.

After successfully tackling the tail problem by carefully plugging it through the hole, Bulma looked around herself. She didn’t really know what to do now as the inherent structure of the castle wasn’t known to her.

The grumble of her stomach declared that it was time for breakfast, but out of respect for her hosts, she didn’t want to go wander around. Instead, she walked over to the balcony, deciding to observe the Saiyans some more and collect information on how to behave correctly.

Regarding the sun’s position, Bulma mused it must have only just risen. The fact that there wasn’t much activity in the court made a case for that conclusion. A certain distinctive hair style caught her attention, the wild flame not very different, but standing out nonetheless. Unconsciously, her heart rate accelerated at the sight of the prince. The way he held himself exuberated regality, his presence demanded awe.

Bulma vividly remembered how she’d actually met him the day before.

_There couldn’t have been another person who could have made her happier at that moment but instead of welcoming her with open arms as she had secretly hoped, he had glowered at her with knitted brows and a stance that reminded her of how Goku and Krillin fought each other during their spars._

While Vegeta had been barking at her in his rough language, she was reminded of the fact that he didn’t remember being rescued by her. He had been unconscious, which meant that this was his first time really seeing her.

_It had sounded way more threatening than what she had heard via the ocular shield, which had unsettled her. When he had formed a ki ball in his hand, Bulma had had enough. Living up to the frequent nickname ‘chatterbox’, she’d begun to ramble frantically about how unfair this shitty day had been for her._

_First, her thick-headed, but well-meaning, friends had snitched to her overprotective father about their adventures from the previous day. This had prompted him to destroy all of the precious belongings in her vast collection of surface items she’d acquired over the years. Shortly afterwards, she’d been escorted to an abomination of a sea creature, which had given her a tail, she absolutely hadn’t asked for. It hadn’t even had the decency to warn her that she may drown once the transformation was complete and if it hadn’t been for her foolish friends who had followed her, she surely would have died._

_Instead of yelling back at her, though, the prince did nothing of the sort. He had come closer. Very close._

Daydreaming of the events on the beach, Bulma thought about how quickly her annoyance had dissolved in the close presence of Vegeta. She was surrounded by his scent which was unlike anything she had ever smelled, but it was captivating her with its promise of unleashing freedom.

Bulma hadn’t noticed that she had been staring at the prince for the past couple minutes. Her trance was broken when he, apparently able to somehow sense her, looked up directly into her eyes without the need of searching for her.
Mortified by getting caught staring at him, she gasped and stumbled back into her room. Hiding behind the adjacent wall, Bulma placed a hand on her chest where she could feel her heart beating inside of her rapidly.

She tried calming herself down by breathing in and out slowly. A small chuckle left her lips, the comical side of it all not going unnoticed. To make absolutely sure that Vegeta wasn’t still standing in the courtyard, Bulma stood pressed against the wall for a while.

A rapt knocking at her door made her jump once again. “Come in,” she hollered without thinking. After slapping her forehead for this blooper, she walked to the door and opened it.

Staring at her with the same smirk as yesterday was the tall and long-haired Saiyan. Her greeting wave was met with a short nod. Acting on an idea, she placed a hand on the front her armour, “Bulma.”

After a split-second of processing, his eyes widened and before he could stop himself, he rattled on; the only part Bulma was able to understand was a guttural and rugged pronunciation of her name. With a raised eyebrow, she just stood there waiting for him to realise that not a word he had said to her was within her linguistic abilities.

The Saiyan seemed to sense her confusion and bewilderment and ceased his rambling. He threw his arms behind his head and a hearty laugh escaped his chest.

A sudden pang of familiarity went through Bulma and she smiled. The picture of the tall, wild-haired Saiyan standing in front of her, hand scratching the back of his head, and laughing carelessly brought her oldest and best friend to her mind. How could he resemble Goku to such a staggering extent?

Halting her line of thought by clearing his throat, the smiling man touched his armour in the same way as she did before, “Raditz.”

Bulma’s face lit up. It was his name. Wasting no time, she echoed it. The formerly sharp sounds were now flowing from her lips, freeing them from the Saiyans’ unrelenting language. Thinking about how she hadn’t had a real conversation since screaming at Goku and Krillin, she made a mental note about starting to learn their language as quickly as possible (she only had three weeks, after all).

After having formally introduced themselves to each other, it was time for Raditz to try and tackle the language barrier. He knew that she understood waving, so he tried indicating to come with him, by nodding into the broad direction of the dining room. By chance, it was a movement she was familiar with, and she walked out of her room to follow him.

Before they could go on their way, however, the small female ran back into her room. Left alone, Raditz’ glance darted around as if looking for answers for Bulma’s confusing behaviour. In no time, she came back, holding a blue spandex shirt in her hand. In order to ease the bewilderment clearly etched on the Saiyan’s face, she held up the shirt with a complacent grin, "Vegeta."

~~~~~~

Eyes darting to the wooden doors every ten seconds, Vegeta sat stiffly in his chair. He had sent Raditz to retrieve their guest some minutes ago, but they hadn’t yet arrived here. Annoyed with the incompetence of the inane Saiyan, he mentally scolded himself as his initial plan had been to retrieve
her himself.

The moment he’d finished the thought, Raditz wandered through the entrance with the woman right on his heels. In the sea of black hair and sun-died dark skin, her unique azure tresses and fair skin stood out to an extreme extent, almost like a beacon calling out for him to follow her with his dark eyes. Walking towards the table, the female's face spoke volumes of the fascination she experienced. Her eyes jumped around, head turning from left to right with an open mouth.

It was almost like she had never seen a dining hall before. Who had never seen a dining hall or breakfast table before? Where had this woman come from?

Vegeta mused about the implications behind her wonder, when he looked to his right only to find the aforementioned Saiyan standing directly next to his chair. Although his eyes were fixed on the bright grin adorning the female's face, he could feel the stare of the other attending Saiyans on them.

Before he could inquire her about what the hell she was doing, she stretched out her hand, holding in it the shirt he had given her the day before.

"Tch." Vegeta snatched the offending thing out of her hands, dismissing the woman.

Now focused on the table and the imminent meal, he couldn't see the way her face fell, smile fading and brows knitting together. However, that didn't mean he was oblivious to the way her ki changed from a bright flickering, resembling an openness that was usually only displayed in children, to a mere simmer like the dying flame of a fire.

Vegeta's eyes followed the figure of the peculiar woman, clad in a traditional Saiyan uniform but still so un-Saiyan-like, as she dejectedly walked to a seat next to Raditz. A pang of remorse went through his body, his gaze fixed on the his plate. He was torn between keeping the suspicious female at arm’s length and wanting to get to know more about her since meeting the day before.

He had not yet ruled out the possibility that she was a spy sent from the enemy, so he had to keep an eye out for any sign of deception. Being enraptured by every simple thing surely was enough reason for him to suspect that there was at least some kind of complicated backstory.

Maybe she was being held against her will, but then there was still the question of her parentage. Such unusual colours could also be an indication of her being a bastard. There were other races populating distant areas, which would certainly explain a few things about her.

Still, Vegeta couldn’t shake off the interest she had sparked in him. That little woman had the guts to stand up to him, screeching at him like he was nothing. It annoyed him to no end, but it also fired up his instinct; blood boiling, heart pumping, muscles tensing. From a logical point a view, he knew about how important Saiyan mating rituals and fighting were in their culture. Being confronted by his nature to this extent, however, was overwhelming.

A kick to the foot interrupted his train of thought, simultaneously making him aware of the fact that he was staring at the blue-haired female. Looking to his right, Nappa sat next to him with raised eyebrows and an infuriatingly complacent smile stuck on his stupid face. Growling dangerously at the older man, Vegeta focused his gaze on his plate. To his surprise, fruits and grains had already been served on the table.

Helping himself to some of them, Vegeta was inwardly hoping no other person besides Nappa had witnessed that embarrassing display of his just now. Becoming aware of laughter, he looked into the
direction it was coming from.

It was Raditz.

That of itself shouldn’t have been usual. Relief flooded through Vegeta, when he saw that his laughter wasn’t directed at himself.

What was unusual, however, was the behaviour of the individual sitting next to him. The foreign woman used water from her cup and poured it onto the fruits and grains on her plate. Vegeta wasn’t sure how to react, his mouth hang open while he was gawked with wide eyes at the display. After the amusement of the other Saiyans was quickly turning into resounding laughter, she stopped watering her plate.

What was going on with this woman?

Chapter End Notes

Damnit, Vegeta. Why do you have to be such a prickly dude?!

I'd love to hear what you think!
Discoveries

Chapter Summary

This chapter will shed some light on many things, but it will also leave some things in the dark.

Chapter Notes

Sooooooo, the final chapter of Book 1.

I still can't believe that I have finished this story and it got so many nice comments! I'm absolutely overwhelmed! It will take some time for the next part to be written, because I have an exam coming. But fear not, this story will get a conclusion (and so many good revelations!).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Face burning, heart pumping, fingers getting colder with every second. Frantically, eyes jumped around in search of absolution for the perfectly logical action she had just carried out. All complex beings run on the basis of water, so when she had been provided with rather dry food, her immediate theory was that the Saiyans needed to soak the solid parts in the life-giving liquid.

Bulma had splashed the elixir with fervour on her plate, a proud smile adorning her face, only to be surprised when Raditz snorted vociferously. A quick glance around the table into a sea of unfamiliar faces with raised eyebrows revealed that she has been the only one watering her food. Desperately wishing the ground would open up and swallow her whole, she sat straight like a rod in her seat, not a single muscle moving.

When Raditz broke the silence, she momentarily held her breath, unsure about what to anticipate. Although, his words* were lost on her, the reaction they elicited wasn't. The whole room erupted in laughter which made her sink deeper into her chair. Risking a glance in the prince's direction, she saw that the usual frown hadn't disappeared, but had deepened with furrowed brows and his mouth twisted downwards.

It was only her first day living among the Saiyans and she was already the laughing stock of the very people she desperately wanted to get to know.

Feeling a hand on her back, she turned to her right. Azure eyes following the tanned skin stretching over muscular arms, leading her gaze to the smiling face of Raditz. His dark eyes twinkled with mirth while his hand patted her back, giving her the impression that he wanted to tell her everything was alright.

Bulma gave him a lopsided smile. The attention had long since dissipated from her, the Saiyans were now loudly engrossed in debates and talking amongst themselves. Quietly contemplating where her theories went awry, the former mermaid picked at her food. The formerly sweet smelling fruits tasted...
A wave of sadness crashed over her, the most recent events sending her down a spiral of self-doubt and hopelessness. Bulma had been ecstatic to give Vegeta back his shirt, secretly hoping to get a chance to disclose her name to him, only to be cast off as if she was a small krill annoyingly swirling around his head. It was like a slap to her face.

The sound of talking around her filled the room with an animated buzz. Proof of closeness among the Saiyans made Bulma feel even lonelier, no chance at engaging in any kind of conversation.

In her past, Bulma longed for change as living among merpeople always felt askew, limiting; a part of her always felt strangely out of place. She had fulfilled her dream and sat, just now, among the legendary surface people, but reality was jarringly different. There was an abundance of people around her, only their differing vocabulary keeping her from reaching out. Without anyone to talk to, she felt as if she was floating along the fields of deserted sea floor where not a single living thing was in sight.

Alone...

Deciding to go back to her room to not be confronted with more evidence of her detachment, Bulma waited until most of the Saiyans had left their seats before she got up. Any thirst for exploration and knowledge was extinguished, visible in the eyes trained on the floor before her feet and drooped shoulders.

After exiting the grand brown doors, her gaze flew over the corridor to plan her way back. Swinging to the right, it fell on the stationary form of Vegeta leaning against a wall. Expecting to be reprimanded for her silly behaviour, Bulma pushed away thoughts about how her breath hitched and heart skipped a beat upon seeing him. As she was used to scoldings from her father for reckless behaviour, she kept standing and lowered her head in a silent show of submission.

Out of the corner of her eye, she was able to see how the prince pushed himself from the wall and, much to her surprise, refrained from grumbling at her in his cryptic language. Instead, he began to walk away.

"Ya, heh!" His powerful voice resounded in the empty hallway.

Perplexed as to who he was speaking to, Bulma turned her attention to him. A small hope that he might have directed this at her blossomed in her chest, even when her logical mind tried to suppress any feeling of optimism. Childishly, she pondered about the reason for his irritated reaction before breakfast - maybe he just wasn't a morning person.

A nod was all it took to let colourful flatworms dance in her stomach. The retreating form of Vegeta bewitched her as she unconsciously began to follow him, leg muscles and her control over them much more reliable after using them for a while. Every step he took was deliberate, and Bulma had difficulties concentrating on anything else than watching his muscles move.

The moment Vegeta halted his steps, the enchantment was broken.

It was a risky venture. Vegeta acted upon the idea that if he brought her to the labs, he could examine just how much interest she had for secrets or their defence. Of course, there wouldn't be sensitive
information on display, he had enough trust in the technicians working for him to take that for granted.

“This is our lab,” Vegeta gestured to the window front, “They produce our scouters, armour, and blasters for those who want that.” That should grab her attention.

Even though he had carefully laid out this trap, the female kept her I-don’t-understand-your-language-act up, tipping her head to the side and staring at him with raised eyebrows.

*Plan B it was, then.*

Once inside, they were welcomed by Nasu, his chief technician. The female Saiyan greeted him formally, but he detected a not so subtle questioning glance towards his guest. Realising that he didn’t even know the name of the foreign woman, he shifted uncomfortably.

Vegeta cleared his throat, indicating with his hand towards the manufacturer, “Nasu.”

The aqua-haired woman waved at her, but said nothing at first. Only when the silence stretched for another minute, she seemed to understand that it was expected of her to introduce herself.

“Bulma,” she disclosed with a wide smile and a hand on her chest, looking expectantly up to the both of them.

The sounds flowed from her tongue harmonically, especially compared to his own language. Never in his life had he heard such a peculiar name.

“Nice to meet you, Bulma.”

Tired of this foolish civility, he barked at the technician, “Enough. She won’t understand you. Outsider.”

“Oh, alright. May I help you with anything, Prince Vegeta?” Always the amicable person she was, Nasu was not one to get intimidated by his rough manners.

“Indeed. Show us your latest technological appliances.”

Briefly, her brows drew together. Refraining from arguing with her sovereign, she began to move around the laboratory. While Nasu was busy sorting out his request, he continued to check upon Bulma’s countenance.

The foreign female, indeed, let her eyes roam around the room, occasionally resting her gaze on a specific object in the spacious room. However, like a bothersome fly, he couldn’t shake off the feeling that the way she incredulously gaped at the lab wasn’t rehearsed but an honest display of wonder.

“My prince, would you want to have a look at the latest scouter update?”

“Sure.”

Vegeta and Bulma followed Nasu to a workbench brimming with all kinds of tools and multicoloured wires. Eyes gleaming with pride, she showed them the supposedly improved scouter, which looked exactly the same as their current issue. Nonetheless, the prince was keen to see what
his chief technician came up with.

Since Nasu had taken over the tech department, they had made huge developmental strides. Improvements to the range and sensitivity of their scouters, armour that could withstand the strongest ki attacks without losing any of its flexibility, and much more. The prince would never admit this, but the taller female with her spiky hair was crucial for the advancement of his kingdom.

Vegeta’s deep respect for her intelligence and abilities was also the reason why Raditz’ absurd behaviour infuriated him to no end. Everyone could see that Nasu was blindly in love with the big oaf but he had nothing better to do than to fool around with Kyuuri, who wasn’t the slightest bit interested in mating with him.

Gaining back his lost concentration, Vegeta focused on Nasu’s report while keeping track of Bulma. She hadn’t yet let anything slip, but maybe the information about technological advances cracked her acting.

Out of the blue, the object of his scrutiny let out a squeal. Rushing forward closer to Nasu, Bulma mumbled in something unintelligible in her language. Her wide eyes stared longingly at the object held securely in the technician’s hands.

However, before Nasu handed her the precious object, she threw a questioning glance to Vegeta, asking for permission to entrust the alien woman with something she took months updating.

Curious to see what exactly Bulma planned to do with it, he nodded quickly.

Carefully taking the scouter, her aura immediately began pouring off of her in waves of happiness and excitement. Without any hesitation or deliberation, the unusual Saiyan fitted the gadget against her ear.

At first, Vegeta thought he had made a mistake. Maybe that was the very objective of her mission, apprehending Saiyan technology in order to either infest it with a virus or bring it back to wherever she came from and use it to study the Saiyan kingdom.

Slowly, the prince realised that he had, indeed, made a mistake. But it wasn’t allowing her to wear the scouter.

The mistake was watching her.

Vegeta stared into one blue and one mauve eye beaming at him, mission and Nasu completely forgotten. Turquoise strands of hair framing a face void of hard edges, the intimately familiar structure of the scouter stood in stark contrast to eyes that looked nothing like a Saiyan’s, at all.

It stirred up deeply suppressed emotions. He could swear that at some point, in some way he had seen these colours, had seen the soft curves of this face once before.

The tips of his fingers tingled in anticipation, the need to touch her overrode any logical notion of self-preservation. At the same time, his muscles refrained from moving, out of fear of destroying the very thing he so desperately yearned to feel.

Despite Vegeta’s reluctance, reality hit him. He had been staring at her.

Clearing his throat, he could feel his face heat up. Attempting to dissolve the tense atmosphere, he
addressed Nasu, “Did you solve the … erm, problem with the transmission?”

The chief technician lowered her head, as if to hide the small smile forming on her lips, while confirming his inquiry.

“I have also included another feature.” Stretching her arm in towards Bulma’s face, Nasu pressed a rectangular button on the operational panel of the scouter.

The display sprung to life, and after initialising, showed a menu with different settings. Although, the text was inverted, Vegeta identified several languages that were spoken by people living at the border of his kingdom.

“With the language pack, the scouter automatically translates all known languages and either shows it on the display or transmits it to the auditory system.”

That gave him an idea. “Is it operational?”

Doubt crossed Nasu’s face, “Well, it’s only a prototype and I’m still working on the energy core-”

“Don’t bother. I’ll take it.”

“But, Prince Vegeta, I don’t think-”

Vegeta cut her off firmly, “Nasu. I’ll take it.” Without objecting his order, the taller female took a step back to signal her obedience.

Turning around, the prince was confronted with a smiling but slightly confused Bulma watching their exchange. Locking eyes, he wasn’t sure how to proceed.

Eventually, it was her turn to initiate contact. Tentatively touching the scouter, the blue-haired woman began speaking in her language.

The soft tones lulled him in, and he was distantly reminded of old legends about sirens of the sea. Their alluring charm and enticing songs had apparently brought even the strongest and wisest Saiyan warriors to their knees, unable to defend themselves properly against the siren’s onslaught. He had never believed these tales.

Only the female’s emphasis on the last syllable made him aware that it was a question. Without consciously giving it an order, his arm raised itself towards her. Slowly, Vegeta laid his hand on the white panel of the scouter, his thumb carefully caressing her hair.

Even this part of Bulma stood in complete contrast to the coarse strands of usually black Saiyan hair; smooth and silky strands, easily tucked behind her ear. Jolts of electricity ran through his body. His eyes flicked to her lips when she opened her mouth and let out a small puff of breath.

Forcing himself out of this reverie, he gingerly slid the scouter of her ear. “Thank you, Nasu,” his voice coming out in a husky rumble. With that, he briskly walked to the door, refraining from visually checking if the female followed him.

Embarrassingly, he was already very much in tune with her ki. His senses reached out to her almost naturally, taking stock of a woman he had no interest in.
Absolutely none.

These lapses in sanity were purely biological, a sign that he was only a mere Saiyan male, after all.

Nothing else.

Feeling and hearing her coming closer (what kind of Saiyan would be so damn loud?), the hairs on his tail began to stand up and its tip flicked in anticipation. Squeezing it even more tightly around his waist, he steeled himself.

Absolutely none. Nothing else.

Walking back to the reclusive refuge of her accommodation, Bulma recollected the day’s events. So many unique and colourful experiences, but nothing topped the tingling sensations in her stomach every time their eyes or fingers had met, and every time Vegeta’s gruff voice had tried to overcome the language barrier.

Just moments ago, he had been intercepted by Nappa and the two of them had left Bulma in view of her room, leaving her alone with her thoughts.

After Vegeta had shown her the incredible lab and beautiful ocular shield, she had been following him to a piece of barren land, right outside of one of the castle’s side gates. The sound of punches and growling battle cries swirled around the field.

As far as she could see, there were Saiyans engaging each other in combat. Some stayed on the ground, only using their fists and legs to subdue their opponent. Others flew up and the flurry of attacks and ki balls made it difficult for Bulma to follow their actions. It seemed as if they disappeared and appeared at a completely different place a split-second later.

Excited to see what Vegeta had planned, she had followed him in awe of the fantastic display of power. Reaching an empty spot, the prince had barked at no one in particular, “Kyuuri.” Confused, Bulma had waited. Did he ask for something? Was she supposed to do something?

When the same woman who had brought Bulma clothes the night before had turned up, it became clear to her that he had been calling her name. Without missing a beat, both of them had then bowed to each before they had taken up stances for their spar.

Interrupting her memory, a door obstructed her way. Taking in her surroundings, Bulma could find nothing remotely familiar in the corridor. The placement of doors, the curve of the hallway, the paintings. She was lost.

Before Bulma could succumb to the alarm bubbling up in her, the faint melody of sung words reached her ears. It wasn’t the sound of music per se that caught her attention. Transfixed by its familiarity, she moved towards the direction it came from.

*Oh, the waves roll low*

*And the waves roll high*

Following a flight of steps, her mind was taken back to the times her mother had sung these lines. Every time Bulma or Goku couldn’t sleep, the queen sat with them in their beds, humming these
And so it goes

She couldn’t believe her own ears. Her mother had died two decades ago. That’s what her father had always told her. Never how, never why, only that.

*Under a bright blue endless sky*

Emotions took hold of her, pain at the memories but also hope that against all likelihood she was alive. A tear broke hold of her eye, running along her cheek and splashing silently on the floor.

*Waves try to measure*

*The days that we treasure*

Following the last turn of a corner, Bulma again stood in front of a door. This one far wider and taller than the one before. The singing on the other side lured her in, promising her happiness and closure. Carefully, she pushed the last barrier that was separating her from her mother out of the way.

*Wave hello, and wave goodbye...*

Bulma’s breathing stopped. Instead of finding her golden-haired mother, a perplexed black-haired Saiyan woman gasped at her intrusion.

Chapter End Notes

* Who wants to know what Raditz said?

"She’s a thirsty one!" The old joke cracker ;)

---

Does anyone know the song at the end? It was from the prequel^^

My intention was to leave you with about a quarter of a million questions in your mind. And I intend to solve all of them :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!