A Life on Earth

by dbzkink

Summary

Trunks's efforts to save Goku in the past result in Bulma's untimely death and Vegeta is cast adrift, trying to figure out a life for himself after Cell's defeat. A new scientist and an old acquaintance try to help him find meaning.

Notes

This is an AN (alternate narrative) that looks at what Vegeta's life would've been like if Bulma had died. It is also a soap-opera-y lemon with yaoi and threeways as well as het. If you don't like, don't read. I also created a whole gender/sexual identity for Namekians that is obviously non-canon. Lots of graphic depictions of sex of many varieties, so don't read if that's not your jam. If it is your jam, I hope you enjoy reading as much as I enjoyed writing. At some point I'm hoping to post a doujinshi version. If sex is your main attraction to fanfic (believe me, no judgement here) and you're in a hurry to get to some, you can skip right to Chapter 7, that's where things heat up...and pretty much stay hot from then on. Also since I get all my DBZ/Super timelines confused, Gohan and Dende are definitely in their teens in this, regardless of how old they were in the real deal. Since I'm taking a LOT of liberties with everything anyway.
The New Scientist

When the boy from the future had come with the warning about the androids and Kakarot's death from a virus, of all pathetic things, Vegeta had assumed he was some illegitimate whelp of Kakarot's. But there had also been something distinctly un-Kakarot about the boy, something that Vegeta couldn't name, so he kept glancing at the fool, catching the boy watching him, and feeling enraged that not only had Kakarot achieved the Super Saiyan form, but that some bastard brat of his had achieved it decades younger than Vegeta, assuming he ever managed at all.

But once the boy was gone, Vegeta mostly forgot about it, consumed as he was by becoming Super Saiyan, surpassing Super Saiyan even, to make sure he was never bested by that bumbling idiot again. Only the occasional flare of jealousy, the admitted one of Kakarot achieving the Super Saiyan form, and the one that Vegeta would not admit, that of Kakarot having not one, but two, extremely powerful sons, reminded Vegeta of the lanky, purple-haired youth.

Kakarot retreated to King Kai's planet to train, mainly to avoid the virus that would ostensibly doom him, and he left the medicine with the chattery, blue-haired woman who had made it her mission to drive Vegeta to madness. Bulma, as she called herself, and her parents too, seemed completely unfazed by Vegeta's gruff and surly ways. But more strangely, the woman seemed to enjoy riling him up, egging him on until he was steaming he was so angry. He gradually realized that he too enjoyed this, and they found themselves deliberately coming together to eat late at night. Once or twice, he broke the gravity room just so she would have to come fix it.

She dated one of the idiots he had killed, that one was back, and treated her like garbage. Vegeta began making a more concerted effort to flirt with her, aiming gradually to get her into bed, if she would have him, since he still hadn't achieved his goal and imagined bedding her would vent some frustration. He stopped wearing a shirt after noticing that she smelled aroused whenever his was significantly torn. He hated himself for the weakness of wanting her. He knew that she could never love one such as him, such a failure. Such a loser, beaten by Kakarot, beaten by Frieza, less powerful than some teenaged bastard; Vegeta was unworthy of love. Unworthy, even, of desire, but Earth women proved susceptible to fine musculature, which he had, if nothing else.

They were on the brink of falling into bed together when the past rebelled against the purple-haired boy's future. Kakarot had not contracted the virus, but Vegeta fell ill. Deathly ill. Bulma nearly convinced him that perhaps he was worthy of love. She nursed him back to health, using the medicine destined for Kakarot to revive Vegeta. “I'll kill you if you die, Vegeta,” she said to him every day as she wiped his face with a cool cloth. Then one night, she whispered, “Don't leave me now, you big lug, not now.” And she laid her head on his sweaty, aching chest. It brought him some peace to have her with him as he faced the worst kind of death—one without glory, without purpose. A weak and pointless death.

But Vegeta did not die. With the medicine, he eventually got better. He was weaker than he'd ever been and senzu beans didn't even touch it. So he just got back to training, hoping against hope that his near death experience would at least yield gains once he'd recovered. He made no move on Bulma in his weakened state, wanting to come to her the first time as himself, not some wasted version of himself.

Time and the world folded back on themselves again, however, and a few weeks after Vegeta recovered, Bulma fell prey to the virus. Vegeta begged her to tell him where the rest of the medicine was, but she revealed that there was no more. She had used all of it to save him. So that he could save the earth. She had not been able to synthesize more.
Vegeta and Dr. Briefs immediately began a frantic race to recreate a Saiyan healing pod. With senzu beans, the technology had seemed pointless, but now he would try anything, so they worked ceaselessly until it was finished. But it made no difference, if anything it made her worse. Vegeta took her out and never left her side. One night, after her parents had left, he held her hand in his and opened up to her completely. He bore his soul to her on the off chance that his newfound ability to love, to be loved, would help her cling to life.

But it did not. Bulma slipped away. But not before saying in a ragged voice that she loved him, and making him promise to defeat the androids. To save the future. Then she said, “Find happiness, Vegeta. I know you think you don't deserve it. But you do. Let someone love you.” As her eyes slid closed that final time, Vegeta suddenly understood who the future boy had been, not Kakarot's son, but Vegeta's own. Vegeta's son with Bulma. And now there would be no purple-haired super Saiyan son, stronger than his father by his teens.

Vegeta felt lost and his grief was compounded by this knowledge of the life they might have had. The son he might have had. So he mourned two people he had never had, not really. Then he cursed himself for his weakness and prepared to leave the compound. He couldn't stay here now; he was responsible for her death. If only she hadn't wasted the medicine on him.

The Briefs both insisted he stay, going so far as to physically stand in his way. They both said it was what Bulma wanted. His eyes widened and he growled, “The dragon radar, where is it? I can bring her back with the dragon balls!”

Their eyes met and then turned back to him, brimming with tears. Bulma had died as a child, the real reason they had invented the dragon radar, one they had never told her, and as such, she had already been brought back. Then she had died again during Cell's rampage, so they brought her back with Dende's dragon balls too. No magic revival for her this time. Vegeta got to his ship, but found that Dr. Briefs had removed and hidden the fuel cells. When he raged at the old man, Dr. Briefs simply shrugged. “Bulma wanted this to be your home, and it is. Plus you promised you'd defeat the androids. You promised her.”

“I'm not the man she thought I was.”

“Bulma saw the best in everyone and yelled at it. You owe it to her to try to be that man. The gravity room is yours, your chambers are yours. This is your home. See if you still want to leave after you defeat the androids. For now you do what she died so you could do.”

The final few months were the most intense training Vegeta had ever done, and he surpassed even Kakarot. Then Cell came, changing the past again. The future boy, Trunks, returned again to help, and was shocked to find his previous trip had caused his own annihilation, as well as the death of his mother. He had no idea how to interact with Vegeta. It tortured Vegeta that he did not exist in Trunks's timeline and Trunks did not exist in this one. The weak part of Vegeta wanted to cling to this future child and bury his grief in becoming that one's father, but he also recoiled from the intensity of that potential feeling. Just the budding love he'd felt for Bulma had left him with a gaping, suppurating ache in his chest. He couldn't bear the thought of adding another void to that one.

Together they defeated Cell and Trunks prepared to return to his own time. He said, before leaving, “I know you're not my father, but know that if you were, Mom and I...we would want you to live your life. Mom's one of a kind, but you'll find that Earth has its fair share of fierce women. Goodbye...Father.”

“I...I will always think of you as my son,” Vegeta stammered, “I'm proud of you. Of what you've become, especially with no father.”
Then his almost son was gone and Vegeta felt broken. Felt alone and hated it for the first time ever. He had briefly achieved his life’s purpose of surpassing Kakarot only to have the clown stumble into Super Saiyan 3 when Gohan had been hurt. Typical bumbling Kakarot. Yet he felt too hollowed out to care even about that.

Now he was still on this planet, still lonely, and he had broken the gravity room. He had nothing but a whole lot of hush money from that idiot, Hercule Satan, given hastily to Vegeta with a plea for silence about who really defeated Cell. Even that duffle bag of money shamed him. He had plenty of his own money, but Earth hadn’t joined the intergalactic currency block, so he was left penniless, despite being wealthy in basically any other system.

It had been well over a year since Bulma’s death and he needed to move on, but where to go? As he ruminated and ate in the kitchen, Dr. Briefs found him. The old man said, rather more jovially than most people spoke to Vegeta, “Ah, Vegeta, my boy!”

“Tch,” grunted Vegeta. He still couldn’t believe the Briefs treated him with such affection after what had happened. Yet he liked it, if he was being honest with himself.

“The ol’ GR will be up and running and better than ever before tomorrow! I’ve hired a new scientist to, well, you know, handle things...things...things that Bulma used to handle. It was time, yes, time. Poor, dear, Bulma. Yes. Time. But I do hope you'll make good use of it.”

Vegeta nodded and retreated from the man's imminent tears. Affection or no, Vegeta had nothing to offer Bulma’s father. But Vegeta supposed that if her parents had moved on enough to hire someone, then he could get his sorry ass into the GR and make like everything was fine.

He rose before dawn the next morning, having slept poorly, as he had every night since Bulma’s death. He dressed in his training shorts, not wearing a shirt out of habit, and flew straight into the GR, which Dr. Briefs seemed to have left carelessly open. Vegeta fired it up to get it cranked to 300Gs as quickly as possibly. He almost choked as he heard a fleshy thump and a strangled, female voice shout, “What the fuck?” He slammed his hand down on the emergency shut off, raced around the central generator, and found a beautiful human female in torn clothing. She was squashed on the floor. She had wounds where her tools had bitten into her flesh as the gravity ripped them downward.

“Who the hell are you, woman?” he asked as he carefully picked her up.

“Holy shit!” she shrieked.

He looked around in alarm, shielding her body with his own. “What?” he barked.

Her eyes were wide as they met his, and they glittered like peridots set under a thick layer of dark brown lashes. She wheezed, “I'm Zeba, you must be Vegeta?”

“How is it that you know my name?” He tried not to let his eyes run over her muscular, tan legs. “What were you screaming about?”

“My ribs breaking, I'm pretty sure,” she answered wetly.

“No. After that. You were startled by something after I picked you up.”

“No, you startled me by picking me up like a piece of fruit instead of a grown-ass woman. That is what I was screaming about.”

He stared at her. “You are basically weightless. It was no effort.”
“Well, my ribs were just crushed by that weight, so pretty sure I'm not weightless...”

Vegeta knew he should set her down, but she had wrapped her arm around him. Her clothes had also been torn to shreds by the GR and he could feel her silken skin on his arms. It felt good. No. It felt amazing. Nobody ever touched the prince of all Saiyans.

“What are you doing in here? Earth bodies can handle a few G's in peak condition, but certainly not laying down with tools and inappropriate training garb.” He plucked at a piece of her torn top. “You should be more careful.”

She gingerly prodded her ribs with her hand that wasn't clasping his shoulder. “I obviously wasn't training. I was finishing some of the upgrades I installed. When Dr. Briefs told me to have it ready by Monday morning, I didn't know he meant...” she glanced at her watch, “4:45. I thought I had a couple hours left.”

“You are the new scientist.”

“I am. I was a classmate of Bulma's. I miss her. I miss everyone the goddamn plague took from me...which was everyone.” Then she awkwardly tried to get down. He set her lightly on her feet. “Thanks for helping me up.”

“Tch.” He crossed his arms and closed his eyes to will away the void of missing her flesh against his. When he opened them again, he saw the stiff way she was moving. She swayed on her feet and fell. He caught her and she coughed a giant spray of blood across his chest.

“Oh shit! I'm sorry! I...I...you...you didn't even flinch when I just fire-hosed you with blood.”

He handed her a towel. “I'm used to it. You can't fix this today, you're clearly injured. You can finish after you've used my healing pod.”

“What the hell is a healing pod?” she asked, still pressed against him.

His body was buzzing, but he felt irritation rise in his throat. “It is a pod for healing. You seem intelligent enough to figure that--”

“Yeah, no shit, but if the Briefs had tech like that, they'd have a bajillion more fucking dollars.”

“Your mouth is quite as foul as Bulma's.”

She flashed him a wicked grin. “You have no idea.”

Vegeta felt a smirk tug at his lips for the first time in months. “It isn't Briefs' tech, it's Saiyan. Come with me. Can you walk or shall I carry you? You are injured fairly severely for an earth woman.”

“I can walk.”

“Will you be slow?”

She snorted, pushing off him. “Yeah, I'll be slow, I think I have a punctured lung. But yeah, I'm sure it'll be faster for you to carry me all the way across the compound.” She chuckled.

“Excellent, that will be much more efficient,” he said and scooped her up. He flew to the balcony of his generous quarters, where he and Dr. Briefs had built the healing pod. He landed softly and strolled inside. Zeba clung to him, and he could feel her heart racing and smell her blood, and gods
if she didn't smell...aroused.

Before he could say anything, she gasped in a wet wheeze, “That was fan-fucking-tastic! I cannot believe you just picked my ass up and flew—or was it just a giant jump?”

“I flew--”

“Flew! You fucking flew me all the way here...” she trailed off. She looked around at last. “Is this your bedroom?”

Vegeta expected her to become screechy and indignant as he had seen Earth females do when any intimacy was implied. But instead she turned her sparkling eyes to his. They were wild with intensity.

He nodded, letting their eyes remain locked, but he carried her through the bedchamber and into the living area where his pod was. He couldn't be sure, but he thought he saw disappointment flash across her face when he walked past his bed. He set her down carefully to prep the pod. His fingers grazed more of her bare skin and his breath caught in his throat. No touch had ever felt so electric. Brushing her flesh felt more heady than some orgasms he'd had. He would have to watch himself or he would be seeking that feeling constantly.

“Take your clothes off,” he growled as he continued setting the dials to her size and injuries.

“Come again?” she said in a choked voice, but her arousal smell redoubled.

Vegeta was affronted and confused, his own aroused scent mixing with hers. “Tch, don't flatter yourself. I'm not a teenager, that interaction certainly didn't make me come. You Earthlings are vulgar.”

She began laughing and he felt a smile tug at his lips despite the certainty that her laughter was at his expense. He loved the sound of it, though. Hated admitting such a thing, even to himself. He suppressed his own mirth with a scowl. She stopped laughing, coughing blood violently across his tightly crossed arms and glaring face. He sighed, using the back of his hands to wipe her blood from his lips. He briefly considered licking them, but from what he knew about humans, they got squeamish about blood and she would likely find it disturbing. But he couldn't help but imagine other times he might find her blood on his lips and he shook his head to dispel the distraction.

She gasped, “'Come again' is a way of asking you what you said. I don't think I heard you correctly. Wow, that hurts a lot. And it is getting really...really...hard to breathe. It's an...Earthling phrase.” And she began to snicker, despite the blood this caused to trickle from her nose now.

A flush rose to Vegeta's cheeks. He was unfamiliar with the phrase and he'd made an ass of himself. It irritated him to care what this foolish, dying woman thought. She didn't even know she was dying. Then she gurgled out, “So what did you say?”

“I said to take off your godsdamned clothes before you drown in your own blood.”

“Kami! Why?” she coughed, backing away as she sprayed him with her bloody exclamation.

“You can't have all that cloth floating around you in the pod and now I need to drain your lungs, and having you clothed significantly increases the chance of infection.”

She waved him away weakly. “I'll just go to a regular hospital, call an ambulance.”

He roared and retrieved his med-kit, having done this innumerable times in the field. Before she
could protest, he stripped her, prepped her and put a drain hole in each lung. Blood gushed, then
trickled down his arms as he held her upright while she berated him colorfully before passing out.
He lifted her into the pod, placed the sedation mask over her face, and looked into her eyes as she
briefly regained consciousness. “I'll keep you safe. You'll be fine in a day.” Her fingers found his
just as she went unconscious again. He stared down at their intertwined fingers for a long moment.
While she had long, feminine fingers, they had the calloused, short-nailed look of someone who
always worked with their hands. He kissed her knuckles furtively, then finished sealing her inside
the pod.

He went into the kitchen to get breakfast and both Briefs dropped their mugs of coffee. He was fast
enough to catch them before they shattered. He glowered at both of them, “What? Am I no longer
welcome? You seem shocked that I'm here.” They continued gaping, so he continued, “I had hoped
to be training, but the new scientist was working in the gravity room and I broke her.” He growled
at their awestruck silence. “Godsdamnit—what!?”

Bunny squeaked, “Vegeta-kun, you're covered in blood. Are you alright? Did the GR explode
when you broke it?” She rushed over to fuss over him, mopping at the blood with a rag.

He half-heartedly waved her away, looking down at his reddened hands and forearms. Zeba's blood
had begun to dry in places, leaving an inverted vein network of cracks where his skin showed
through. He began scrubbing in the sink. “It's not mine. I didn't break the GR. I broke...Zeba...or
whatever her name is.”

Now the silence was colossal and their faces looked horrified. Dr. Briefs said, “What do you mean
you broke Zeba? Where is she? This was her first real day!”

Vegeta snorted. “Well, I didn't mean to break her. I didn't know she was there and I turned the
gravity to 300Gs” he was interrupted by their united groan, “and then I heard her scream and turned
it off. She was crushed, naturally.”

“Well where is she? Did you call an ambulance? Did you have a senzu bean?” Dr. Briefs
screeched, barely containing his obvious desire to grab Vegeta by the shoulders.

“No, no senzu bean. And of course I didn't call an ambulance, that would have been pointless.
She's in the healing pod. I drained the blood from her punctured lungs, hence the blood, and she
coughed all over me several times. She groused at me about her clothing or some earthing
nonsense. She wouldn't just undress, so I assume she was too injured, but that's neither here nor
there, she will be fine by tomorrow.”

Bunny squeaked again, her hand flying to her mouth, “Oh, Vegeta-kun, did you undress her against
her will?”

Dr. Briefs continued, “And drained her lungs without anesthetic?”

Vegeta growled, “Of course I undressed her! She was badly injured and you can't wear clothing in
the healing pod. And she was drowning in her own blood.” He paused and then said, “What is
anesthetic?”

They simultaneously put their hands their faces. He hated when they did that, as though over the
years they had become one mind. “What? Earth women are always parading about nearly naked. Is
immodesty not the norm? Godsdamnit!” Now his chi was flaring enough that the Briefs shielded
themselves. “What the hell is the custom on this waterlogged excuse for a planet? You are all
mad!” He took a platter of manju and started to leave the kitchen.
Bunny said, “Let me get a robe or something for her once she's healed. Just a moment.”

Vegeta suddenly felt possessive of his broken Zeba. His. The word came automatically and scared him. “No. I have robes. She'll be out tomorrow. Gah! Earthlings!”

He stalked back to his chambers, eating the manju one after another. It infuriated him to be thwarted yet again by the extremely complex social codes of Earth. Because of her scent, he'd simply thought she was being coy, but now he could see that he'd misread the situation. He didn't understand the value earthling women put on their modesty. No one seemed bothered when he went around mostly naked. Everyone on Earth complained of his surliness, wanted him to be like that clown Kakarot, but he hadn't been raised on this galling planet. Once he thought he'd mastered their basic customs, he found out that the many tribes each had their own, often very different, set of rules. He thought he managed rather well, given the circumstances.

He knew from Earth entertainment that this situation called for flowers and chocolate. Flowers were some sort of intersex panacea. Chocolates enhanced the effect. So he stopped by his chambers to acquire some foolish Earth currency. Then he growled, remembering that he wasn't supposed to fly in the city, so he made his way to his motorcycle only to remember that he was half-naked and covered in blood. He roared before he zipped back to his room to shower and change into Earth clothes. While they were not as functional as his Saiyan fighting garb that Bulma had replicated before her death, Vegeta secretly and vainly enjoyed some of the Earth clothing. Bulma had procured almost all of it for him, foreseeing that Vegeta would be a disaster in a shopping mall. He slid on a pair of well-fitted jeans, black combat boots, and a black button-down shirt in some slinky material.

Then he flew back to his bike, put on his dark sunglasses, and drove into the city. As he strutted into the confectioners, he was reminded of why he still felt out of place on this planet. Many humans quailed before him, yet with absolutely no change in his behavior, others fawned over him and smelled of lust. He had hoped after over four years on this damn rock he might have made sense of the humans, but he had not. He was as mystified as on his first day after being brought back from death by Frieza's hand.

Many females and some males enjoyed his smirk, causing them to fill the air with the scent of their arousal. He had known soldiers who favored men, but he had never been approached, so having men lust after him was a surprise. Certain clothing also resulted in this response, though he hadn't managed to pin down what exactly about the clothing caused the response. He suspected it was how well the clothing displayed what was beneath it.

The chocolate saleswoman and the florist both responded favorably to him speaking in a lower tone and smirking. They all laid their hands on his bare forearms and tittered, but he felt none of the electricity he felt with Zeba. Even the one who was young, beautiful, and fertile, flooding the air with the smell of her wanting, didn't stir him. It fascinated him that he could be so instantly attached to a human. Even Bulma had been a gradual attraction, though there had been instant respect for her fearless attitude.

Once he'd gotten the flowers and candy, he found a remote area to train in for the rest of the afternoon. He tried to distract himself. Eventually he showered and read until he fell asleep, assiduously keeping his eyes away from the healing pod. Now that he understood she wouldn't want him to look, he felt like a jackass even having her in his room. “Tch, humans make everything challenging,” he muttered to himself as he settled in to sleep. Not that he was in the business of being open with his own feelings. He tossed and turned in his bed, sensing her so close.

After a long time, and a great deal of berating himself, he let his hand slide down onto his rigid
erection. He tried to imagine anything but Zeba's naked body, but he could not. He couldn't imagine anything other than her strong, but delicate, hand, sliding up and down his shaft, gripping his head and twisting a little, holding him firmly. Then he finished himself fiercely, aggressively, so it almost hurt. He hated himself for wanting her this badly. Aching for her. Hated having so little control over his own body.

The next morning, despite sleeping poorly, he flew out to train again. He worked until he was exhausted and starving. Then he rocketed back to the healing pod, the sun high enough in the sky that he knew she would be ready to come out. He landed on his balcony and almost raced directly to her. But he was sweaty and filthy, bleeding and still panting. He needed to eat too. So he showered, dressed in a clingy t-shirt and jeans, and began inhaling food. Bunny found him in the kitchen. "Oh, Vegeta-Kun, you look dashing! Is dear Zeba all fixed up? If so, I'll bet you set her heart racing," the woman paused for a moment and then said, "You know, she's like a daughter to us too. Especially now that her parents are gone. The virus took her entire family and her fiancé too, the poor dear."

Vegeta grumbled around a mouthful of dumplings, "What's a fiancé? Some kind of pet?"

Bunny laughed. "No, dear, it's someone you're planning to marry. You know about marriage, right?"

"It's what you Earthlings call mating for life, yes?" She nodded. He considered this new information and felt even more dejected. Her smell must've been a primal response to Vegeta's obvious virility, not him as a potential mate. Or perhaps it was the flying, that was when it had started. He rose, "Well, I should go release her."

"Good luck, dear."

Vegeta snorted again. But he appreciated that Bulma's mother never showed fear with him, even when he lost his temper. And though she regularly commented on his appearance and physique, she only ever smelled of lust with Dr. Briefs, and Vegeta found that endearing. They seemed truly to have mated for life.

Sweat rolled down his back and sides once he was back in his room. He got the flowers, the chocolate, the human female outfit he'd found that seemed to approximate the one that had been ruined by him. And a robe. He carefully drained the pod, trying not to look at her more than necessary. He blasted her dry with chi, slipped the robe onto her wiry frame, and finally unstrapped the sedation mask.

Her eyes fluttered open and she saw him. He held his breath. She gave him a huge smile and fell against his chest, letting her hands trail over his pectorals. His nostrils flared, taking in the heady smell of her lust. She murmured, "Such a crazy dream."

His voice was low and rasping when he answered, "I'm no dream," and smirked down at her. She met his eyes and he could smell himself now too. Smell how badly he wanted her and feel his body responding.

Then she shook her head, blinked, and noticed the robe. "What the...oh! Oh! You! You tore my clothes off! And stabbed me!"

Vegeta was appalled. "I did not stab you! I saved your life! I kept you from drowning in your own blood!" He tried not to lose his temper.

She continued to lean on him for support. "The hell you did, you motherfucker!"
Vegeta gasped. “I never fucked my mother! Disgusting! Is that something you people do?”

She stopped short. “You people? Who do you mean by that?”

“Earthlings, obviously!”

She pressed her fingertips to her forehead. “Wait. What? And no, I know you didn't actually fuck your mom. It's an insult. Are you...are you...not an earthling?”

Vegeta's chest puffed out with indignation. He roared, “Of course I'm not an earthling! I'm the Prince of All Saiyans!”

She gaped at him, her fingers still trailing along ridges of muscle, as though they didn't care about her indignation or his revelation. “Holy shit,” she said each syllable as if it were its own word. “Dr. Briefs said that you were a little strange because you were not from here, but I thought, I don't know, I thought he meant another country, not another planet. You look pretty human: hot, jacked human, but not all sci-fi. But that does explain a few things.”

“I don't look like an alien because an idiot Earthling cut off my godsdamned tail. And what does it explain except my ignorance of some of your idioms and profanity? I pride myself on speaking several prevalent earth languages rather well. I don't even have an accent!”

“It mostly explains the flying.”

“Nonsense. Earthlings can fly with proper training.”

Her mouth fell open and she was speechless. Even her fingers stopped their explorations. He decided to fill the confusing void with the gifts he had gotten her. He handed her the lavish bouquet and gestured to the box of chocolates he'd set on top of the clothing box. “I'm unfamiliar with many Earth customs and I didn't realize that my actions were inappropriate. And I didn't know humans typically used a sedative or local numbing agent for such minor procedures as lung drainage. I meant no harm or dishonor.”

She stared at him with her shimmering green eyes. She took the items after a moment. Despite her reticent expression, her smell was intoxicating with its wanting. “It's okay. I guess I'll go get dressed and finish tuning up the gravity room. But to make this right you have to teach me to fly.”

Vegeta could see that she expected him to reject this request. Instead he felt a predatory grin spread across his face. “With pleasure. The larger box is clothing for you. I'll leave you to dress, but you can meet me here when you've finished for the day.”

“How should I get in touch with you?”

“I'll sense once you're back.” He flew off without another word, leaving her with a puzzled look on her beautiful face. He would have to find Piccolo or Kakarot to spar with or the day would be eternal.
Flying Lessons

Vegeta lucked out and found Piccolo and Gohan, which would have been child's play, but he goaded Gohan into losing his temper and they teamed up on him. By late afternoon he couldn't stand it any longer and he bid them farewell. He didn't like the gleam in Piccolo's eye as he said, "Got somewhere to be, Vegeta? It's not like you to cut out early."

"Shut your green mouth and mind your own business!" Vegeta growled, realizing that Piccolo was acting almost as a friend might. Had Vegeta ever had a friend? He didn't think so.

"I heard the Briefs hired a new scientist. A new, pretty scientist," the giant Namekan said. Vegeta thought he felt Piccolo's eyes race over him.

"Her name is Zeba, not that it's any of your concern." Why had Vegeta just told Piccolo that? Gohan now joined them.

"Who's Zeba? Do you have a girlfriend, Vegeta? That doesn't seem like you at all."

"Oh shut up, you little twerp. She's not my girlfriend, but I owe her a favor, that's all."

Piccolo's rumbling laughter was almost contagious. "Is that all? You're acting pretty weird, Vegeta, and your cheeks are the color of radishes. I think Gohan's hit on something there."

Vegeta needed to leave. He would not confide in Piccolo. He would not allow himself to become so...so...human, as to need a friend. To want a friend. Part of him desperately wished to ask Piccolo for advice, but what could another alien possibly offer in the way of advice?

Gohan piped up again, "Maybe you should ask Kururin for advice. He landed 18, and it's gotta be just as weird for a human to marry an android as for a Saiyan to marry a human."

"Who said anything about marriage? I don't need advice, I'm just teaching her to fly. Leave me alone."

Piccolo arched an eyebrow at him. "Then why are you still here?"

Vegeta flew away, flipping Piccolo and Gohan each the bird. What had that been? What had come over Vegeta? True, he had been training with their motley crew lately, but who else was he supposed to train with now that Cell was gone and Vegeta's powerful, almost-son returned to the future? Why did he care what Piccolo thought of him anyway?

He arrived back at Capsule Corps and showered quickly. He spent some time meditating. Then he decided to read until she returned. He liked Earth literature, it was probably his favorite thing about the accursed planet. He was reading Wuthering Heights but he couldn't lose himself as he normally did. Vegeta couldn't stop imagining his body entwined with Zeba's in the air, his mouth on hers. He would go insane if he couldn't move past his feelings for this woman, especially since she undoubtedly had no interest in becoming entangled with someone like Vegeta. But what would it be like to have her in the air. He wondered how much he could manipulate and move her with his own chi. He was breathing fast and was as hard as a rock when he sensed her coming toward his chambers.

Then she knocked and came in without pause. He jumped to his feet, awkwardly hiding his arousal with his e-reader. He flushed with humiliation at the thought that she would perceive his hard-on as being for Wuthering Heights. What sort of creature got an erection for Wuthering Heights?
He finally looked at her and he felt his breath catch. She had tousled her short blonde hair. Bulma had always been heavily adorned, but Zeba's face was bare of any of the paints that Earth women used in their futile attempts to enhance their features. Her skin glowed with a thin sheen of sweat from the warm day. Her eyes searched his. She wore the clothing he'd bought to great advantage. He said, “You are well built, like a warrior. This shouldn't be too difficult for you.”

She smiled. “Listening to you is a trip, Vegeta, but thank you, I think.”

He gestured for her to head out to the balcony. Once her back was to him, he adjusted himself as best he could. He asked, standing close behind her, curious if she would smell of fear, “Did I scare you yesterday?”

She turned back toward him and stopped. They were very close and if she was afraid, there was no trace of it in her smell or on her face. “I knew cognitively that I should've been scared—on Earth when a man strips off your clothes against your will, it's usually a prelude to rape--”

“Rape! Gods no! I would never rape anyone! What a disgusting, shameful act!”

She nodded and touched his arm, sending a thrill through him. “I know. I guess I sensed that wasn't your intention. I was mainly startled as hell and really embarrassed to have you see me naked.” She ran her fingers along the ridges of muscle on his arm. “You are well built too, Vegeta.”

He nodded with a grim smirk. “I am.” Then he began the business of teaching her to fly. He was startled how at ease he was with her, especially as she laughed easily, had no formality whatsoever, and no respect for his personal space. She swatted his shoulder if he made some jest. He swore that she deliberately fell against his body whenever she tumbled, which was often. He managed to keep his scowl intact, but it was hard with the smell of her desire and the contagion of her laughter.

By the end of the evening, when it was late, she was managing to hover unsteadily two or three inches off the ground. He felt ridiculous at the pride that filled him once she'd managed to levitate this tiny amount. He'd never taught anyone anything except the proverbial “lesson” and it was gratifying. When he saw her grinning like she'd become supreme overlord of the universe, he smirked.

She thudded gracelessly to the ground and fell against him. Both her forearms were pressed against his chest and he held her elbows gently, letting himself look into her eyes. She said, “That was fucking awesome! And the flying was fun too!”

He cocked his head to the side and growled, “What was awesome?”

She pushed off him and let a finger trail down his sternum. “I got a smile out of you.”

He smirked again, despite himself. “Don't get used to it. You did well, woman, for an Earthling.”

“You're not a half-bad teacher, for a grumpy alien. I'll see you tomorrow—same time?”

He startled. “What? Why would I see you tomorrow? Is the gravity room still in need of work?” He would never survive another day without training and he couldn't face Piccolo and his insinuating questions again. He would think about her nonstop without the GR to distract him.

She chuckled as she walked past him, caressing his shoulder. “No. Not that a day off would kill you. It's up and running with some new features that I think you'll like. I'll stop by early to show you, but then you have to continue my lessons.”

“But you've grasped the core concept, now you just have to--”
She shushed him, pressing her fingers to his lips. He felt his eyes widen and a flicker of something, but not fear, rippled across her beautiful features. “You owe me. Besides, floating an awkward inch or two off the ground is not flying. Badass, but not flying.”

Vegeta closed his eyes, removed her hand from his mouth, and said, “Very well. But only tomorrow!”

“Nope. Till I'm good at it.”

“That could take weeks!”

“Then I guess it's lucky you don't have a busy social calendar. Maybe I'll take you out some night, show you how we Earthlings entertain ourselves on the ground.”

“Be gone. I need to sleep. Be at the gravity room at dawn.”

“Goodnight, Vegeta, sweet dreams!” she said and left him. He felt the absence of her casual touch like a void in his gut.

Lack of good sleep was going to kill Vegeta if he didn't find some way to put her out of his mind at night. He'd had to jerk off again after she left just to fall asleep, but then he kept dreaming of her, waking himself, and struggling to fall back to sleep. As a result he was wide awake at dawn, still throbbing for her despite his manual efforts. He got up, dressed in only training shorts, and flew to the GR. He was shocked to see that she was already there, soaked in sweat, wearing nothing but a microscopic pair of shorts and what the Earthlings called a “sporting bra” or something like that. Bras baffled Vegeta even more than the other “undergarments” these fools wore. Had the crazed woman been training in the GR?

“Woman, have you injured yourself again?” He landed soundlessly beside her.

Her head snapped up and he met her eyes. He had to stifle a groan. Gods, he wanted her even more like this. This was no slow build of affection like he'd had with Bulma, this was mate-worthy passion and obsession. How would he continue to stifle this feeling if she kept coming around? She grinned at him, “Hey, you, looking all sexy and undressed.”

“What? I'm dressed!” he shouted.

She laughed more as she stretched herself, bending over and laying her lithe body against her legs. “I decided to run here and work. I can just shower in the compound. The Briefs asked me to move on site to be more available, so this weekend if you're bored, you can help me carry my stuff.”

“What is a weekend? And I'm never bored, but I can carry your things if it's required.” He watched sweat trickle down her glistening back as she led him into the GR at last. “Why were you running?”

“To stay fit and sane.”

“Oh. I understand. I too would go mad without training.”

“And it shows.”

He cast her a quick glance, but she was already working on the computer despite the heavy smell of arousal rolling off of her. He had begun to doubt his ability to identify the scent, wondering if maybe this was just her baseline aroma, and it just happened to be intoxicating because it smelled like she wanted to bed him as badly as he wanted to bed her. This thought, that he was mistaken,
was disappointing but practical. There was no point in her lusting after him, just as there was no point in him longing for her.

“Hey, Vegeta, you paying attention?”

He had drifted closer to her, his eyes nearly closed, as he inhaled her scent. “Damnit! No! Start over. You're distracting me!”

“But I want you to pay attention to me,” she said, turning her ethereal green eyes on him.

“No, you don't. You want me to pay attention to the GR control panel.” She looked at him for a long moment. Then she went through the new controls again, explaining the parameters he had to input. At last she finished and he felt like he'd run a gauntlet by not touching her sweat-slicked skin. “Very well. Thank you.”

“See you tonight, then?”

He nodded, his arms crossed tightly. He meant to watch her leave without any more of his obsessing, but she squeezed his forearm and winked. “Don't train too hard, Vegeta, you'll still have work to do tonight.”

What the hell did that mean? But she was already gone, running smoothly toward the main compound. Vegeta set up the GR and trained as he never had before. He had questioned whether anyone could truly replace Bulma's genius, but Zeba had been very innovative in her additions. Vegeta could essentially simulate conditions on any planet he'd ever been to, everything from gravity, wind, air density, oxygen levels, to the type of aggressor he had to fend off. It was enlivening. Plus she had added a function to make all of them change at random, so he could find himself suddenly barely able to breathe, while being crushed by 400Gs of gravity. He loved it. If he hadn't wanted to kiss her before, he did now.

He lost track of time, blissfully, in his training, but then, like a sonar ping, he sensed her chi approaching his chambers. He had four or five minutes at best. He turned off the GR and flew directly into his shower, not even waiting for it to warm up. He scrubbed himself quickly and had just blasted himself dry when he heard her knock and enter without pause.

“Hey, Vegeta, I got--”

“Godsdamnit, woman! What is the point of knocking if you just stroll in before you've even finished?” All he could reach without exposing himself completely was a hand towel. He clutched his dick and balls in it and walked past her as she gaped. As he stepped into his closet he peered over his shoulder to find her ogling his ass.

She flushed as she saw him see her. “I, uh, sorry. I just...since you said you would know when I was coming, I thought you must be psychic or something.”

He smirked as he dropped the towel and stepped into a pair of jeans. He took a shirt off a hanger and threw it over his shoulder. He walked up to her and looked into her eyes. “Saiyans are not psychic. I can sense where you are by your chi, so I only had a few minutes once I realized you were headed this way.”

She wasn't listening to him. Her eyes crawled over his bare torso. He had left the top button of his jeans undone and the very lowest of his ab muscles peeked out, along with the thin line of pubic hair, made more noticeable because of his otherwise hairlessness. Then she met his eyes and they seemed defiant, as if she were daring him to chastise her. “I got us a pizza.” She held up the box.
“Where's the rest?” he asked, glancing around.

“What?”

“Never mind.” He ordered another dozen pizzas, then turned to her. “You eat, mine will be here shortly.”

She laughed and said, “There's a whole pizza! Did you just seriously order twelve pizzas?”

“Saiyan metabolisms are very fast. Earth food is delicious, but not as calorically dense as our own.”

“Is...was...that mark on your back...were you serious that someone cut off your tail?”

“Tch, yes, unfortunately. I made a foolish mistake in battle, but I suppose it's all for the best, otherwise I likely would've destroyed the planet.”

Her eyes grew wide as she ate a slice of pizza. “Seriously? Why? Talking to you is crazy. Crazier than anything I've ever dreamed of.”

Vegeta wanted to offer other activities that would be beyond her dreams, but he couldn't know what Earthling women desired in bed. Kakarot had proven they could mate with Saiyans, but ChiChi certainly didn't seem satisfied. Vegeta hadn't had a woman in years. Until Bulma, he hadn't wanted any either. Especially here where many of them were timid and easily frightened.

His pizza arrived and he made short work of it. She slid half of her own pizza toward him. He shrugged his shirt on, but didn't bother with the buttons, hoping that she would touch him again as she had the previous night, but that tonight there would be nothing between them. He could at least enjoy the electricity of their skin meeting.

He stood up and extended his hand to her. She took it, but her eyes never left his. He wondered if she felt what he felt in that moment, the completion of a circuit, the wildfire that ran along every nerve where it met her skin. He clenched his jaw, breathing through his nose and he scented that her body, at least, enjoyed it.

He led her out under the stars and helped her again. Sometime into their lesson, he realized that he was not scowling, had not been for some time. He even chuckled with her from time to time, as she continued to tumble like a mediocre trapeze artist. She only made it three or four feet in the air. She had no real control, but at least she had mastered getting off the ground. Vegeta was certain that her hands lingered whenever they landed on his flesh. Once he even let his hands slide up her forearms to take her hands in his. Her eyes held his until he let her fingers slide free.

He was aching from keeping his arousal at bay when she said she should go home. Then her face fell. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I forgot I ran to work.”

He smirked. “Not quite ready to fly home?”

“I'm too exhausted, even if I weren't such a klutz.”

He chortled. “I'm not supposed to fly in the city, but I have a motorcycle. Come on, woman.” He hated himself for being too much of a coward to suggest she stay there. He could have offered her his bed and slept on the floor. But he knew he would never sleep a wink with her in the room. He picked her up, and flew to the motorcycle as she let out a surprised and delighted cry.

“Sweet Kami, I think I like flying with you better than I'll ever like flying by myself.”
“Why’s that?” he asked, buttoning his shirt after he set her down. He handed her the helmet that he’d bought with Bulma in mind, and for the first time didn’t feel a twisting ache in his heart.

Zeba looked abashed and shook her head. “Let's go. I'll give you directions.”

He let it drop, but he didn't forget those words. She looked nervous getting on the motorcycle in a way she didn't when he flew. He suspected he knew why she liked flying with him. He said, in a low voice, one that was almost wavering with feeling, “I'll keep you safe, Zeba.”

“So you do know my name,” she whispered and stared into his eyes.

He climbed on and she clung to his back, her thighs pressed tightly against his. He enjoyed riding with her through the pleasant night air. She had her arms wrapped completely around him. Her fingers seemed to have a mind of their own as they explored the ridges of muscle on his torso, but she tapped the appropriate shoulder whenever he needed to turn. She was trembling by the time he parked the bike in front of her apartment building.

“Will you be alright? I can take you up.”

She laughed. “I love that you offer to carry me places like it's no big deal.”

He shrugged. “I would prefer to see you safely inside.” His eyes scanned the murky street. He didn't tell her that he could see two young men watching her with interest from the place where they loomed in the shadows.

“I'm fine. You can't carry me up--”

He cut her off and quickly carried her up the seven flights of stairs to her front door. She was breathless, but he was not. He hesitated to set her down. “Rest well, Zeba,” he said, before tilting her until her feet touched the ground. He strode back down the hallway to the stairwell.

She shouted, “Vegeta!” He turned. She stammered, “Thanks. Really. Tomorrow, yeah? And I'll bring enough food.”

He canted his head to the side and smirked. “Just bring yourself, woman. I can provide my own food. Learn to knock though, I won't humor you with a towel next time.”

“Sounds more like a promise than a threat!”

Vegeta let himself laugh at that before waving farewell. He felt reckless back on his motorcycle, like he wanted to drive through an explosion. But that wasn't true: what he wanted was to drive back to Zeba's and ravish her. He didn't think he could carry on with her touching him and eyeballing him. Gods how he wished he understood Earth women.

Vegeta did make it to the weekend, and she continued to knock and enter without pause. She teased him that he hadn't kept his promise. Friday he'd answered with a predatory grin, “We won't get to flying lessons if I keep my promise.”

Her laughter made him feel whole as she said, “That sounds like another promise, Vegeta.”

“Well, maybe you should finish learning to fly.”

“Maybe I will.” But she didn’t finish that night and he endured another evening of enjoying her company, having her touching him constantly. Then she left him to his longing and imagination.
Saturday morning she woke him to help her carry her things in from the lorry. He was dismayed and delighted that her quarters were in the same wing as his own, just down the hall. Bunny seemed so pleased with this arrangement that he began to suspect that him falling for Zeba was her plan.

“Get up! I didn't know you were even capable of sleeping past dawn,” Zeba said.

“Perhaps I was just enjoying the quiet. Or recovering from an exhausting evening with a stubborn student.”

She chuckled. “Bullshit, I'm a great student. Come on. You can put all those beautiful muscles to work today. It's just me and you and I want to get it done today.”

He got up and stretched before remembering that he was naked, but also that she had not seen him fully nude. Vegeta had little patience with modesty, as if one's body was some big secret, so he went about his business. If she wanted to barge in on him in the morning, she could see his morning wood and hear him take a piss. But he couldn't help but watch her reaction. Her eyes glittered and she looked hungry, if he wasn't mistaken. He stepped into a pair of shorts and gestured for her to lead the way.

“I did not know you were naked,” she said with wide eyes, her face still flushed.

“Do you people sleep in clothes?” He was pleased to have made her blush.

“No. I mean, some people sleep in pajamas, which are basically clothes just for sleeping, but some people wear underwear.”

“Oh yes,” he snorted and shook his head in disgust, “undergarments, another ridiculous Earth custom.”

“Yeah, I guess I should've realized since you're always free-balling.”

“What is—never mind.” He tried not to smirk in response to her smile, but he was helpless.

She pointed out the lorry and before she went in, he said, “Get out of my way.” And within minutes he'd flown everything up to her balcony, carrying the bigger items, like her bed, into the bedroom.

She stood in utter shock, so he picked her up too and set her with her things on the balcony. He dusted off his hands and looked at her boxes. “Would you like me to move them somewhere else before I go train?”

“That took two huge guys most of the day yesterday to load!”

He crossed his arms and gave her a half-smile. “Well, whose fault is that?”

“You could've told me it would take you five minutes.”

“You could've asked me. You just use me for flying lessons and muscle.” He knew this would rile her up.

She huffed, “Of all the bullshit you spew! I am always fixing your wreckage and I--” she stopped. “You're fucking with me, aren't you?”

“You're getting better, woman.” Then he took off before he gave in to his urge to kiss the smile off her face. He heard her shouting after him, so he zoomed back. “What? I have training to do.”
“Wanna go out for dinner before I fly tonight?”

He crossed his arms and glowered down at her. “You think you'll fly tonight?”

“Maybe?”

“When?”

“Sundown. Wear something nice.”

“What does that mean?”

“I'll pick something out for you. I'll leave it on your bed.”

“While I'm showering, I assume? So you can look at my ass?”

“It's not a crime to appreciate art when one sees it.”

He chortled. “Very well. I'll take you out.”

“No, I'm taking—”

“Nonsense. We'll go on my motorcycle and I'll pay.”

“Vegeta!”

But he was gone and his heart was racing in his chest. What in the hell had he just agreed to do? He would have to eat first so as not to draw unwanted attention to her. Or he could just be what he was. He wanted to shield her, but he also wanted her to want him as he was. He knew now that sleeping with her would not help his ardor—it would likely just make him wish to mate with her.

While he'd resisted further entanglement with Zeba primarily because he thought she wouldn't be interested in such a thing, he also hadn't wanted the distraction. But now that they had moved forward he was able to focus like he used to, perhaps even more so as he found the prospect of being Zeba's protector to be an excellent motivator. He made good use of many of the GR's new features and by early evening, he quit to go shower with a few minutes to spare for reading and calming his nerves.

He showered without her interruption and it felt like a let down. He liked strutting around naked for her and he had even left his body wet a couple times to see what effect it had. Then he reminded himself that this meant nothing. A sky blue silk shirt and a deep charcoal gray suit hung on a hook outside the bathroom. She had even left socks and expensive, stylish black leather shoes. He supposed these were things Bulma had put in his closet that he had never noticed. He didn't fully understand the levels of Earth attire—they didn't even wear capes to formal functions!

He showered off, cleaned his teeth, and dabbed on a tiny amount of cologne; another Bulma purchase. He hoped he would be able to tolerate such a strong smell all evening. He pulled on the pants, which were flat-fronted and clung nicely to his ass. Then he put on the shirt and tried tucking it in as he had seen in Earth entertainment. He cinched the belt around his narrow waist and looked at himself in the mirror. He unbuttoned the top two buttons of the shirt. Then came the perplexing coat. He didn't understand layers that weren't armor. But he shrugged it on and walked out of the bathroom. He was gazing down at himself, checking to make sure the jacket was seated correctly when he realized she was there.

He looked up and she took his breath away. She'd put on a dress that clung to her muscular body
from hips to bust, but it flared above her knees and the back was low and open, showing her bronzed, lean back. He knew he ought to say something. The spring green of the dress made her eyes and hair glow so she looked like a super Saiyan. She let out a little laugh. “I will take your awkward silence as the highest of compliments.”

He flushed and fussed with his jacket more before he said in a low voice, “You look lovely as always.”

Then it was her turn to blush and her eyes sparkled as he scooped her up and flew down to his motorcycle. She shrieked and clung to him, using her other hand to keep her dress from flying up. She laughed as he set her down and said, “I think you enjoy startling me.”

He gave a satisfied grunt and handed her her helmet. He climbed on and extended his hand to help her mount up behind him. “You realize this is going to make my dress fly up, right?”

Now he gave her an evil grin. “I guess you'll just have to sit very close to me.” And he thought for a moment she would kiss him or slap him, but she just pressed her body tightly against his, squeezing his hips with her thighs. He stifled a groan but kicked off, with her tapping his shoulder when he needed to turn. What would their flying lesson be like tonight, after this tension and the intimacy of what could only be considered a date?

They arrived at the swanky sushi place where she'd made reservations. He helped her off the bike and pressed his hand to the small of her back. This time he heard her gasp. Interesting. Why was she putting them through this if she didn't want to act on her body's wishes? He was sweltering under the jacket. Earthlings ran cool. He knew Bulma had tried to find cool fabrics for him, but two layers was always warm for him. Now Zeba turned as they followed the maitre-de. “Are you okay? You feel hot.”

“I am hot. I run hotter than Earthlings. I need to get this ridiculous jacket off.” Vegeta noticed women watching him (and a couple men) as he shrugged out of his suit jacket and rolled up his sleeves. The smell of lust hit him from several directions, but most immediately from Zeba.

“Sweet Kami, it should be a crime to look like you do and be so oblivious.”

“What are you muttering, woman?” He pushed in her seat carefully, then sat across from her. His eyes darted around, looking for threats but he tried to relax. He knew Earthlings typically didn't fight for mates. He saw she was watching him and he felt uneasy. “Perhaps you should have brought an Earthling companion. People are watching me.”

She leaned toward him, giving him a view of the tops of her breasts. “Vegeta, they don't know you're an alien, they just think you're hot.”

“Can Earthlings sense the temperature of other life forms?”

“No, my sweet Saiyan, they think you're good-looking, well-formed, attractive. That's another meaning of hot.”

“It is true that I have better musculature than the men here.”

“That is a huge understatement.”

He looked into her eyes for a long moment. “Are you not ashamed to be out with someone like me?”

“Are you serious?”
“Yes. I've been vanquished recently in battle and the Briefs said that you had a fiancé, so I assume you must find Earth males attractive.”

She reclined and Vegeta couldn't help but admire the form of her upper body, her collarbones begging to have his mouth on them. “Vegeta, everyone gets, uh, vanquished sometimes. And yes, I had a fiancé. You had Bulma. But they're both dead. I have the rest of my life ahead of me. He wouldn't want me to waste my life and be lonely. He would want me to be happy.”

Vegeta said, “Bulma and I were not mates. I know that in another timeline we were, we had a son, but here, in this timeline, that did not come to pass. She and I were never even lovers. I realized too late what I felt for her. I couldn't save her, couldn't help her, even though she saved me, helped me recover from the virus.”

“Timeline? You had the virus?”

He nodded. “My son had traveled back through time to bring medicine to...well, never mind. Bulma used the medicine on me, so there was none left when she fell ill.”

“It must be strange to know what might have been.”

The waiter saved them from the gravity of their conversation. Vegeta grew irritated as the waiter refused to understand how much he wanted to order. Zeba finally said, “Look, I've personally seen him eat twelve pizzas.”

“Twelve and a half!” Vegeta interrupted.

She glared at him and he tried to calm himself. “Twelve and a half. So bring what he ordered. Here...” She reached into her purse. Vegeta quickly slid the man enough cash to cover their meal and tip, and with his other hand, he pulled Zeba's hand out of her purse. She protested, “I told you I'd take you out!”

“Nonsense. Taking a Saiyan out to eat is no minor matter. I can't allow you to purchase anything for me. It would disgrace me.”

“What about some underwear?” she said with a laugh.

He snorted. “Too hot and constricting. I would wear my training clothes all the time if it didn't draw so much notice.”

Vegeta was surprised that the rest of the meal passed in enjoyable conversation. He found himself laughing with her. The food was delicious. He loved being with her, so close to her, smelling her through all her moods. Her lust when he smirked at her or fed her a piece of sushi. His own lust as she took his fingers in her mouth. Despite his cardiovascular fitness, he was breathing fast as he asked, “Do you want dessert?”

He startled she looked at him so seductively, but also with what he thought was affection. “Hmmm...that depends what's on the menu.”

“Shall I ask the waiter?”

“No. I think I'll see what we have back at the compound.”

He canted his head and crossed his arms. “Not going to fly tonight then?” He meant only to tease her but he saw her eyes harden with resolve.
“I’d forgotten. I got distracted by you. I guess no dessert tonight.”

“Maybe after flying?”

“Maybe.” But Vegeta could see the moment had passed and her mind was already on his balcony, maybe already flying.

The ride back to Capsule Corps was excruciating. He wanted her straddling his front, not his back, and he'd bolloxed his chance back at the restaurant. Now he was supposed to teach her to fly...in that dress. He could imagine it billowing out around her shapely legs and not for the first time he hated Earth undergarments, which would inevitably make the view less sweet.

He parked the bike and swept her up to his balcony. He didn't give her a chance to talk. He saw she was covered in gooseflesh from the chill of the motorcycle ride and he cursed himself. He quickly took off his suit jacket and wrapped it around her. She slid it on wordlessly. It surprised him how much that sight turned him on, even though it swam around her body, hiding most of it from his view. He felt as though it marked her as his in some way.

He started instructing her as he rolled up his sleeves and watched. She was consistently able to putter around at three or four feet now, but she never went higher. He sensed that she was afraid so he growled, “Go higher. I know you can.”

“This is fine!”

“I said, go higher, and I'm your teacher, so do as I say.”

She glared at him and he almost chuckled at the little puff of increased chi she let off. “No. I don't want to.”

“You do want to, you're just afraid.”

“Oh like you're one to talk,” she bit back at him.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? I fly in the stratosphere!”

“You know that isn't what I meant.”

“But you have no reason to be afraid.”

“How about falling and breaking myself again?”

“Even if I allowed that, which I wouldn't, you would be healed in a day.”

“It hurts to get broken, Vegeta, not that you'd know!”

“Believe me, woman, I do. I've been dead before.”

She gaped. “Fine!” Then she spiraled into the air unsteadily and shouted, “Don't act like you've never been afraid! You happy now? Huh?” But as she looked down, he saw fear douse her energy and she plummeted.

He lunged into the air and caught her before she'd dropped more than a foot. She gasped and looked into his eyes. He stared back and said gruffly, “Tch. See, I told you not to be afraid. I'll never let you get hurt again.” He could feel her heartbeat fluttering in her chest like a hummingbird. What would she do if he kissed her now? But no, she had been talking about his fear as if he were a coward. She must think him one. He set her down. “You must be tired. I'm sure
you'll be busy unpacking tomorrow.”

“Vegeta--”

“Tomorrow evening, as usual. Thank you for accompanying me to dinner.” He launched into the air, homing in on Piccolo's chi, determined to shed blood, since he would find no peace in his bed that night. He heard her shout after him again, but he couldn't stand it. He couldn't be so close to her and smell her lust and not say something foolish. Or worse, do something foolish.
Vegeta arrived at Piccolo's home in record time. His former foe must've sensed his impending arrival, he was already in the air, rolling his head on his shoulders and cracking his green knuckles. He had a predatory grin on his face. “Vegeta, you want to just have out with what's been bothering you? Or you want to beat the shit out of me first? The suit looks great on you, but it’s not exactly training attire.”

Vegeta looked down and realized he was still in the formal garb that Zeba had chosen for their failed date. He roared, “Godsdamnit! Do you have a gi or something? I can't fight in this ridiculous clothing.”

Piccolo disappeared into his house and reappeared bearing a plain white gi. He tossed it at Vegeta, who carefully folded the suit. Piccolo was laughing but Vegeta felt strangely electric changing in front of the demon. “I thought the girl would be the one looking at your naked ass tonight, not me. It felt like you were in the city with her.”

“Shut your green trap. It's none of your business!” Vegeta launched into the air, suddenly remembering that Piccolo could magically change people’s clothing. Why had he made Vegeta change? Vegeta’s cheeks flushed, wondering if the demon had wanted to see him nude.

They began sparring, but Piccolo was more ruthless in his verbal attacks than his physical ones. “C'mon you proud son of a bitch, just have out with it. Why are you here? It's ridiculous. Goku's been bugging me from King Kai's place, asking me what's going on with Bulma's replacement. We all know you and Bulma had a thing—are you having trouble letting her go?”

Vegeta landed a punch that shut Piccolo up for a few minutes, but then the demon continued, “Are you having trouble getting it up?”

Vegeta roared, “Of course not! I'm having more trouble keeping it down! Can you never shut up, demon? I'm here to fight.”

“No, you're not. You're here to avoid dealing with your emotional stuntedness. No wonder you can never stay ahead of Goku, you're carrying a heavy mental load...not to mention another load, from the sounds of it.”

Vegeta erupted into super Saiyan two and lunged for Piccolo, but the green bastard was at his best, while Vegeta was sloppy and angry and half his brain was still back with Zeba, back taking his clothes off for her instead of Piccolo. Piccolo managed to land two devastating blows, knocking Vegeta out of the sky, deep into the rocky ground below. He groaned and growled and hauled himself out to find the smug green bastard chuckling at him. He sat cross-legged, hovering in the air. “Why aren't you just going for it? Bunny said you two are all sparkly-eyed for each other.”

“What cause do you have to speak to Bunny?” Vegeta was alarmed by this turn.

“I had business with Dr. Briefs. Bunny loves chatting with me while feeling me up, trying to fix me up with friends of Bulma. She said she hoped that you two were hitting it off.”

Vegeta relented and fell on his back on the hard, cold ground. “Fuck. I can't do it, Piccolo. You don't seem to have this weakness, this susceptibility to lust, the desire for a mate--”

Piccolo chuckled and looked at Vegeta in a way Vegeta didn’t quite understand. An electric feeling rippled over his sweaty skin. Piccolo said, “I definitely feel desire and lust. And how do you know...
I don't already have a mate?’

Vegeta lurched upright. His eyes widened. He looked Piccolo over and glanced at his home, tried to sense chi there, but there was nothing. Piccolo laughed even harder. “It would bother you, wouldn't it, if I had a mate? I know it bothers you that Goku has one.”

It did bother Vegeta, but maybe not for the reason Piccolo imagined. He grumbled, “That idiotic woman? No, never. Though she is fearless, I'll give her that. But you...can you even...are you...compatible...with humans?”

Piccolo smirked. “I am.”

“Can you truly mate? With offspring?” Vegeta cursed himself for his obvious interest in the topic.

“I have not put that one to the test, but Dr. Briefs believes so.”

“Do you...have a mate?”

“No, not yet. But I've experimented. It would be interesting to mate with a Saiyan. Can you imagine how powerful our offspring would be?”

Vegeta tried not to blush at Piccolo's suggestion. Tried to stifle the relief and delight he felt upon hearing that Piccolo didn’t have a mate. “If Gohan and Trunks are any indication of the power of Saiyan hybrids, then I truly can’t.”

Vegeta roared again as Kakarot suddenly materialized. Vegeta punched him and knocked him into Piccolo's relaxed form. The green demon growled, “What the hell?” Then he slammed a green fist into Kakarot’s face.

Kakarot whined, “Jeez, guys, what was that for? I heard you two having a conversation like pals, and I wanted to come hang out too! Sometimes King Kai gets boring,” he whispered the last part.

I heard that, you ungrateful lout! King Kai's voice shouted in their minds.

Kakarot chuckled. “So, Vegeta, do you need advice on how to marry Zeba?”

“Shut up, you clown. Last I checked, you only begat your son by accident. I don't want to marry Zeba, I want to mate with her for life, which is something you clearly haven't done because you never spend any time with that shrill woman you knocked up.” The moron clearly hadn't understood anything Vegeta had said so he continued, “Godsdamnit, Kakarot, go away! I was having a conversation with Piccolo, whose opinions I value more than yours and whose experience is closer to mine, though he's lived on this wretched planet his whole life.”

“Aw, c'mon, Vegeta. You have to have friends eventually, and we're like the only Saiyans left, we've gotta be friends! We just have to!”

Vegeta and Piccolo sighed in unison. King Kai loudly recalled the clown, who left, pouting as he teleported. Vegeta's black eyes snapped back to Piccolo's. “What do I do? She thinks I'm a coward. I can't start a war just to prove I'm not a coward.”

Piccolo finally got the whole story out of Vegeta, then slapped him across the face. “You Saiyans don't deserve your strength or your looks, you're such idiots. She thinks you're a coward for not putting the moves on her.”

Vegeta stared blankly.
“For not trying to mate with her. She wants you, Vegeta, as you have known, and been stupid about, from the beginning. You’re so daft at picking up the signs of people being attracted to you. You wouldn’t know someone who wanted to fuck you if they punched you in the face.”

Vegeta's eyes widened. “Shit.” He took off, then he came to a sudden stop, flew back, changed back into his clothes and said, “Thank you, Piccolo,” though he couldn't meet the other man's eyes he was so ashamed for having needed such puerile guidance. He was also acutely aware of his physique as he bared his body for the demon again. Piccolo had an inscrutable look on his face, but said nothing as he watched Vegeta go.
Vegeta touched down on Zeba's balcony and knocked on her french doors. She shouted, “Who the fuck is there?”

“It's me.”

She peeked out the curtains and he could see that she was wearing a thin, clingy cotton shift. She opened the door a crack. “What do you want? I'm already in bed.” Then she came out on the balcony. “Hey, you're bleeding. And dirty. Why are you bleeding and dirty?” She went back in her room and returned with a wet cloth and began to fuss over a cut on his cheekbone and some blood that was at the corner of his lip.

As she dabbed at it, he met her eyes. “You...you don’t think I'm a coward in battle?”

She searched his eyes, running the cloth lightly along his lips, her glance repeatedly dipping down. She was so close to him that he could feel her heartbeat. “Of course not. It was you who beat Cell for real. Only idiots think it was Hercule. It's just that no one knows who you are. It took me a while to put it together.” She was leaning closer to him. Now the cloth was not on his lips, but her fingers were.

He bent toward her mouth, searching her eyes, then he kissed her lightly, barely brushing their lips together. He pulled back to read her face, but her eyes were closed and she was leaning for more. He took her jaw in his hand and kissed her a little more aggressively. She threw the cloth down and slid her hands up his chest, over his shoulders, weaving her fingers into his hair as she pulled him against her. He tried to suppress a groan of pleasure at feeling her lithe body against him as they finally kissed. But he failed and she pulled back, panting. “Are you hurt?”

He blinked and rasped, “What? Hurt? No, why would I be hurt?”

She touched the wound on his mouth and his cheek, the one on his forehead, showing the blood on her fingertips. He shook his head and said, “No, it felt so good to kiss you at last.”

She smiled. Then she carefully kissed him again, more softly than he wanted, but he didn't want to push her past her own comfort. When she pulled back again, her cheeks were flushed and he could see her nipples straining against her nightgown. She breathed fast and exuded lust on every breath. But something else was in her eyes now, and he didn't know what it was. “Zeba?”

She gave him another quick kiss. “I should go to bed, and you should too. Goodnight, Vegeta.”

Then he was alone on her balcony, even more confused than he'd been before. He considered returning to Piccolo's, but he felt too ashamed of all he'd revealed already. This would unman him. There were also the other strange feelings he'd had with Piccolo. If necessary, he would tell the closest person he had to a friend under close questioning, but he would never willingly reveal this failure. Or was it? He didn't even know.

He moved to go back to his room and saw through her gauzy curtains that Zeba was sitting on her bed, her knees drawn up, and her face buried in them, her back shaking. He had made her cry. His kisses had made the poor woman cry. Shame burned through him like magma. He would have to leave. Dr. Briefs would surely prep the ship for him now that Cell and the androids were defeated. Vegeta flew quickly to his own balcony. He had so few belongings that it seemed absurd to call it packing, but he gathered his things so he would be ready as soon as the doctor was up in the
morning. He jumped in the shower and for once found his lust had withered. Zeba's tears had doused that fire as surely as a downpour.

The next morning, Dr. Briefs refused to prep the ship unless Vegeta confessed where and why he was going. He claimed it was for prepping purposes, but Vegeta saw through that. "Never mind, I'll find my own way off this rock!"

"My boy...if I may...you know Zeba lost everything, right? Fiancé too?"

Vegeta growled, "Why does everyone keep reminding me that she'd already picked a mate?"

"Just remember how you felt shortly after you lost Bulma, my boy. Try to imagine moving on so soon."

"What?!"

"Her fiancé's only been gone six months, but she lost everyone else too. Everyone. Don't be so hasty to make her lose another."

Vegeta roared and flew to the GR, which was thankfully working again. He tortured himself all day and well after dark before remembering that he was supposed to have flying lessons with Zeba at sundown. He zipped up to his balcony, sensing her chi there already. He came to a halt high in the air above her. She floated awkwardly about ten feet off the ground, the highest he'd seen her go. He heard her muttering to herself.

Then he felt her chi collapse and he dove to catch her. They were still nine feet off the ground when she opened her eyes suddenly, the green visible even in the moonlight. She said, "You caught me again."

He knew he needed to let her go, let her stand on her own two feet. But her thighs were so hot against his forearm, her back bared by a halter top, and now her eyes were dancing with his. She pulled his head toward her and he resisted, not willing to hurt her again. She looked so shocked, so hurt, that he was even more confused. "Zeba...I...I saw how upset you were last night. I didn't mean to. I just...when I left..."

"Which time when you left?" She said angrily and tried to push out of his arms. He slowly drifted down to the ground, where he freed her. "You know what? I don't care. Goodnight, Vegeta," and she started to walk off the balustrade.

He growled, dove over, and caught her before she hit the ground. Her heart thumped in her chest. He said, "Please tell me you thought you were going to be able to drift over to your balcony? Tell me that wasn't something more sinister?"

She shook her head and turned away from him. "I just thought I could fly such a short distance."

"Zeba, very few humans can fly at all, don't be so hard on yourself. Let me take you over, if that's what you want. I didn't mean to miss tonight, I just thought you wouldn't want to come over after last night."

"Did you want me to come over?"

"Of course. I always want you."

"To come over."
“That as well,” he added, feeling both brave and stupid for such a brazen admission.

“That as well,” he added, feeling both brave and stupid for such a brazen admission. 

“Vegeta...” she whispered. Now she was free, standing on her balcony, no obligation. Her hands ran over his bare, if filthy and sweaty, chest. “Sweet Kami...” He said nothing, letting her fingers trail along the ridges of muscle, occasionally waylaid by scars. Her index finger circled his nipple and then, as if waking up, her eyes snapped up to meet his. She leaned toward him, and while he didn't want to make her cry again, he couldn't fathom how not to. To leave now would surely be a rejection, but if...if...

Her lips met his hungrily. She took his lower lip between her teeth, and used her arms to pull herself up against him tighter, kissing him deeply. He let his tongue slide languidly into her mouth, feeling her own meet his. She teased his tongue and her lips moved over his, first his upper, then his lower. Her hands continued their muscle mapping journey. In his bewilderment, Vegeta held her lower back tightly, the fingers of his left hand splaying over her tailbone, but daring no further exploration without more explicit consent from her.

One of her hands had returned to his nipple and though he'd tried, he could not keep his erection subdued and it pushed enthusiastically against her as they kissed. He pushed her gently away. He felt overwhelmed. He wanted to flee. This was too confusing. Too agonizing. If she didn't want him, why was she doing this to him?

He looked into her eyes. She took another step back. Then her eyes slid closed and she stepped back towards him. He stopped her, held her at arms’ length. “Wait a minute...were you...were you pretending I was someone else? You cried last night. Is that—am I just a poor replacement? I knew you could never want a foolish coward. Godsdamnit!”

“Vegeta! No! Vegeta!”

But he couldn't listen to her. Wouldn't listen to her nonsense. It was all clear now. She did want him physically, which was obvious from her behavior and scent. But she couldn't get past who he was. What he was. So she must be pretending, fantasizing, that he was her dead fiancé. He could think of nothing more humiliating than being a poor substitute for another man. His eyes burned as he shot up into the air to where there was hardly enough oxygen. Let his lungs burn. Let his whole accursed body burn. He hated Kakarot then, with his teleportation abilities, because Vegeta actually considered trying to get the fool's attention just so he would come and take Vegeta away. As far away as possible.

He spent several days in the wilderness before his own filth drove him to return to the compound. He moved at night, into the GR while it was still dark, out of the GR after it was dark, probing the kitchen for her chi before he'd go anywhere near it. She was still around, of course, working on something or other for the Briefs. What he wouldn't give to be quartered on another wing where he wouldn't hear her crying at night while he briefly tried to sleep. One night he decided to sleep in the GR, just to finally rest. He could never rest so near her. He thought sleeping under intense gravity would be good training anyway.

After tossing and turning with effort all night, he finally managed a small amount of sleep. He awoke to a blaring alarm and a horrid crash, then, a familiar voice, “What the actual fuck?”

He leapt up, realizing too late that he was nude and enormously erect. He lunged for the thin blanket he'd been using. Gods, even his dick would be getting a workout, staying up at this gravity. Though it was winding down as Zeba tried to get up off the floor. “Vegeta, sweet Kami, what the hell are you doing? I guess my emergency shut-off sort of works, but apparently I need to put some kind of in-use light on the outside. Ow, ow, ow, fuck!” She managed to get into a sitting position, saw the compound fracture of her leg, threw up, and passed out.
Vegeta looked at her bloody, vomit-covered form. “Shit.”

This time, he brought no chocolates, no flowers. He helped her out of the healing pod, and the same happy, dazed look came over her face. She knew him, she saw him, and she kissed him furiously. He tried to pull away as her hand slipped down his body and into his shorts. He seized her hand. “Zeba... You're not fully awake. It's me, it's Vegeta.”

She nodded. She wrapped her arms around his neck again. “I know. Where have you been?”

“What happened?”

She thought for a moment and then she paled. She looked down at her leg and breathed a sigh of relief. “This thing really is miraculous. I'll have to study it and we can start selling them. You'll be a billionaire in no time.”

He waited to see if she would undrape herself from his neck. She pressed her cheek against his chest and sighed contentedly. “Is it weird that I'm tired and hungry after being in that thing? Wasn't I just asleep for a whole day?”

“Two. Your femur had snapped clean in half and you lost a lot of blood. Larger bones take longer to heal. I used to have a faster pod, but this was the best I could do with Earth materials.”

Vegeta reluctantly took her hands off his chest and stepped away from her. She still had the drugged look that humans got from the Saiyan sedative; they took longer to recover mentally. “Let’s get you some food and some clothes.”

She pulled her hands free from him and took his face in them. “Why have you been hiding from me? Why were you sleeping in the GR, for fuck’s sake?”

He pulled her hands away and took another step back. “Tch. As if you don’t know. I understand your distaste for the idea of being with me, but I can’t separate my body from my mind. I can’t be what you need me to be. I’ll take you to the kitchen.” He picked her up.

She struggled free. “What the fuck? I don’t have a distaste for being with you! Where the hell—“

“You cried after I kissed you, Zeba. Then you were obviously trying to forget who I was the last time you kissed me.”

“That isn’t true!”

“You wouldn’t even look at me!”

“I knew you’d misunderstand my tears and I was right! You won’t even listen to me. You are so sure that people see you a certain way that you never give anyone a chance.” She poked him in the chest as she yelled and he was reminded powerfully of Bulma.

He felt his throat tighten. “Because I killed her! I let her in and she died because of me! She died to save me and that wasn’t how it was supposed to happen. It should’ve been me. And I let her down even with Cell and the androids. I couldn’t beat them alone. She sacrificed herself for nothing.”

Zeba’s eyes softened. “Vegeta, you didn’t kill Bulma. And I know she wouldn’t want you to suffer like this—“
“And would your fiancé want you to be miserable? Would he want you to settle for a worthless coward with good musculature?”

Zeba laughed sadly. “Oh, Vegeta, I’m sorry you see yourself that way. I don’t care what he’d want because he’s dead. I miss him and I won’t pretend that I don’t, but now that I’ve met you…” she trailed off and tears filled her eyes. He went to say something, but the fierceness in her eyes as they met his again stopped him short. “I feel ashamed of how quickly I’ve moved on, about the questions meeting you has raised. I thought…I thought I knew what love was…” She trailed off again.

Vegeta moved to hold her when they both shrieked in surprise as Kakarot materialized right next to them. “Hey, Vegeta! Want to go train?”

Vegeta punched him so hard he flew through the glass doors and off the balcony. Zeba screamed and Vegeta pursued Kakarot to finish him off so he could never interrupt them again. They began exchanging blows and Kakarot said, “Man, Vegeta, that was a hard punch, but you could’ve answered first. Shouldn’t we get away from the Briefs’ compound before we really fight?”

“You moron! I don’t want to train with you, I want to destroy you!”

Then Piccolo’s voice came into Vegeta’s head, What the fuck are you doing, Vegeta? Prioritize! You can kill Goku another time, but your chance with Zeba is now, you stubborn idiot.

Vegeta thought back, How are you doing this?

There are more ways to train than just physically, Vegeta. You may be stronger but I could still teach you a thing or two.

Vegeta blocked a blow from Kakarot and said, “Go back to King Kai. I don’t have time for your stupidity today.”

“Aw, come on, Vegeta, I’m so bored.”

“Another time.”

“What if I say no?”

A wave of angry chi exploded off Vegeta and sent Kakarot flopping backwards through the air. “Not now, moron.”

Kakarot grumbled and said, “Guess I’ll go see if I can get Gohan away from his books.”

Vegeta rocketed back to his chambers but Zeba was gone. He sensed her chi in her own chamber so he leapt to her balcony and walked in on her. She screeched as she came out of her shower, naked and glistening.

“Vegeta!”

“Well! You do it to me all the time!” He didn’t turn away.

She hurriedly wrapped a towel around herself. “It’s different—look at you—you’re flawless.”

He felt his face fall in flabbergasted shock. He ripped her towel off and gestured to her body, catching her hands before she could cover herself. He put his mouth nearly on her ear and whispered, “You are perfection. Don’t ever cover yourself in front of me because you’re
ashamed."

Her chest rose and fell quickly and he laced his fingers with hers. She stared into his eyes and hesitantly moved forward, letting her lips brush his with her eyes wide open.

She whispered against his lips, “I’ve never imagined you as anyone or anything but who you are.” She kissed along his jaw, along the hard ridge of muscle running down his neck to the base of his throat. “I have been overwhelmed, terrified really, by the strength of my desire. I cried because I was ashamed how quickly my memory of Gen evaporated the first time I kissed you.”

Vegeta pulled back and looked into her sparkling green eyes. “Not regret? Not disgust?”

“Only shame at my own faithlessness to a good man who’s hardly cool in the ground.”

Vegeta pressed his forehead to hers. “I’ll wait, Zeba, if you need more time.”

She cut him off, kissing him and pressing her naked body against his bare chest, his training shorts the only thing between them. Her hands once again began their journey over his muscles and now he let his own begin to explore her completely bare skin.

Then they were thwarted again. “Zeba-chan! Are you okay? May I come in? Vegeta-kun said you were injured again by the GR and Dr. Briefs said he just saw Goku and Vegeta brawling.”

Zeba shoved Vegeta away and hissed, “Get out!”

He was so shocked by her reaction that he listened and flew back to his own quarters and proceeded to clean up the shattered glass and twisted metal that remained of his balcony doors. Then he dressed and rode his motorcycle to the hardware store and carried the new doors home with wide-eyed stares following him. He repaired the doors quickly.

He sought out Piccolo, who met him with a gi, cracking his knuckles as usual. He laughed as Vegeta stripped out of his jeans and t-shirt. “There a reason I see your naked ass more than the girl does, Vegeta?”

“Oh, fuck off, demon,” Vegeta said, feeling a blush come to his cheeks.

“Pretty rude way to talk to your therapist.”

Vegeta glared at him and dropped into fighting stance. Then he growled, “I probably should pay you, I’m here so often trying to decipher these dumbass Earth customs.”

Piccolo rolled his head around. “What is it this time?”

Vegeta described the latest confusing interactions to Piccolo as they began to spar. The green monster chortled. “Vegeta, she’s living in Bulma’s parents’ compound and she obviously doesn’t want to upset them by being seen with Bulma’s former lover.”

“I was never her lover, even though I hoped to be.”

“Bulma loved you, Vegeta, for better or worse, and her parents don’t know or care whether you two were fucking.”

Vegeta sighed and let his guard down, taking a vicious hit to the nose that sent him skidding across the ground. “Fuck, nice one.” He launched himself back at Piccolo. “So we have to sneak around like children?”
“Or convince her that the Briefs don’t care, which they obviously don’t because Bunny clearly orchestrated this whole thing to bring the two of you together.”

Vegeta smirked as he sent Piccolo flying. “And has Bunny succeeded in arranging a mate for you?”

Piccolo grinned, showing his fangs. “I don’t need Bunny to arrange a mate for me, but she has an eye for it. We could go on a double date.” Then he hit Vegeta again. “You should see the color of your cheeks. For a man who’s destroyed entire civilizations and struts around naked in front of basically anyone, you’re surprisingly quick to blush when I mentioned you being with a woman. Were you with men when you were soldiering, but now you’re with women?”

Vegeta landed a series of blows. “Not that who or how I fuck is any of your business—but no, I haven’t been with men. There were plenty of female soldiers and other genders as well. But I’ve never had a friend…someone who would wish to do something like double date. Nor have I ever dated.”

“Don’t try to make me feel sorry for you, Vegeta, it won’t help.” He sent Vegeta crashing to the ground.

Once Vegeta shot out of the rubble, he chuckled. “No friend of mine would ever go easy on me.”

Kakarot materialized again and this time it was Piccolo who slugged him. “Godsdamnit, Goku, it’s impolite to drop in on people unannounced. Maybe King Kai could teach you some manners.”

“It’s not fair that you and Vegeta are always hanging out and fighting—“

“Look, Goku, I know you can’t possibly understand, but when we’re sparring, we’re multitasking, we’re working on other things that are beyond your skill set.”

“A new fighting style?” Kakarot bounced up and down he was so excited.

Now Vegeta slapped him. “How are you so strong and yet so stupid?” He slapped him several more times. “Go away!”

“Not again! When can I hang out?”

Piccolo said, “The next time we’re just training, I will invite you.”

“Promise?” Kakarot whined.

Both Vegeta and Piccolo nodded and Kakarot vanished again. Piccolo turned to Vegeta. “You drink, Vegeta?”

“Don’t all living creatures drink in some way?”

“I mean alcohol. Booze. Spirits.”

Vegeta tried to suppress another blush at his lack of knowledge about yet another Earth custom. Piccolo stifled a laugh and said, “Go get cleaned up. We’ll go out for a drink tonight. See if your girl wants to come. It might put her at ease not to be so close to your bedroom and temptingly alone. I’ll meet you at the Briefs in an hour.”

Vegeta said, “Shall I see if Zeba knows someone you might like to fuck?”

Piccolo gave him an enigmatic smile and said, “I can think of at least one acquaintance of hers that
I’d take to bed.”

Vegeta cocked his head, but Piccolo didn’t elaborate. Vegeta took his clothes and headed home. He sensed Zeba was at the GR so he tapped down there and called out to her. She came out of the main generator coil filthy, sweaty, and scantily clad. He stifled a groan. She smiled. “Hey, Vegeta, sorry, it’s out of commission right now but if I work all night—“

“No. No need. I was wondering…I, uh, would you be willing to get a drink with me and…my friend…Piccolo? With an adventurous friend, if you have one?”

Zeba’s eyes widened. “You’re friends with the demon king? The dark half of a god?”

“Now he is a god, he and Kami-Sama rejoined and now Dende is the new Kami-Sama.”

“But you want me to find a friend and have us go on a date with a demon god?” Her face was shocked.

Vegeta thought it was a reasonable request but her credulity surprised him so his response came out as a question, “Yes?”

She laughed. “I’ll see what I can do, but it’s pretty short notice and most of my friends are dead.”

He nodded. “Mine too. Piccolo is my only friend on Earth.”

She looked sad, but he didn’t know what to say, so he said, “See you at my motorcycle in an hour or so?”

“Sweet Kami, Vegeta, talk about short notice! The GR is out of commission! Do not go in there until I say, do you understand?”

He nodded and said, “Do you want a lift to your chambers?”

“Why not?” She laughed and squealed as he scooped her up and moments later set her down outside her doors.

She grinned and her fingers trailed inside the opening of his gi. Then she kissed him hard and ducked into her room, closing him out.

Vegeta felt a real smile creep onto his face and he drifted over to his own balcony wondering how he would survive if this chance at happiness all went to shit. He decided he needed Bunny’s blessing. He showered and dressed in dark jeans and combat boots with a blood red, short-sleeve, button-down shirt Bulma had had tailored to fit his enormous shoulders and narrow waist.

He searched for Bunny’s microscopic chi and found it on the broad patio off the dining room. He dropped down next to her, and she smiled and came over, surprising him with a kiss on the cheek. “Oh my, you look quite delectable tonight! You’re done training early. Can I put some ice on that black eye for you?”

Vegeta startled, the bastard Piccolo really had gotten in a good hit. He grabbed Bunny’s hands as she fussed at his face and unbuttoned his top button on his shirt, nattering about showing his assets. “Bunny-chan,” he had never used the endearment before, but she seemed pleased, “I’m not here for food or cosmetic improvement. I need to speak with you. About…about Zeba.”

Bunny’s eyes lit up but she said coyly, “Oh, is she not keeping up with the Gravity Room, dear?”
He gave her a long look. “I think you know that isn’t my concern. I came to ask if you and Dr. Briefs, if I might, if it wouldn’t upset you two…I just…with Bulma gone…If it..shit. May I have your blessing to…to…”

Bunny smiled kindly and put her hand on Vegeta’s forearm. “We both hoped you two would find each other. That you would fall in love. Bulma would never want either of you to be lonely because of her. She always just wanted you to be happy, dear, and she was as surprised as you when you found it in her.”

Vegeta wasn’t sure how to interpret this. Had Bulma loved him or only wanted him to be happy? Or were the two the same? He met Bunny’s eyes and she said, “Be happy, Vegeta-kun, be at peace. Know that’s all we want for you and for Zeba-chan.”

“And Piccolo, I hear,” he said with a smirk.

She tittered and covered her mouth with her hand. “Now if I were young and unmarried, that’s where I would put my energies!”

“I asked Zeba to try to find him a date for tonight.”

“Oh-ho! Well, I’ll go talk to Zeba!”

Vegeta felt truly nervous now that there was nothing standing in his way. Nothing but himself, as always. He tried tentatively, then more sincerely, to reach out to Piccolo.

Piccolo’s voice in his mind said, *You’re a pretty quick study when you aren’t sabotaging yourself, Vegeta.*

Vegeta didn’t know if laughter could be transmitted via telepathy, but he was laughing as he responded. *We’re on for tonight. Bunny and Zeba are both eagerly finding you a date.*

*Make sure you pace yourself tonight. I don’t know how the Saiyan body processes alcohol.*

Vegeta snorted. *Some drug that humans use can’t possibly have an effect on a Saiyan.*

*Don’t forget what human blood did for Gohan and Trunks.*

*Dually noted.*

*I’ll pick you up, since four will not fit on a motorcycle.*

*I wish we were allowed to fly.*

*Wish in one, shit in the other, see which one fills up first.*

Vegeta was laughing out loud when Bunny and Zeba joined him on the patio. They looked concerned, and did not look any less so when he said, “Piccolo said something funny.” Then his heart started galloping when he looked at Zeba.

She wore a dress that wrapped around her and under her breasts and the fabric clung to her high, tight ass, but flared around her muscular legs. Bunny giggled as Vegeta ogled Zeba and said, “Vegeta-kun, here’s Mizumi’s address so you all can pick her up. Tell Piccolo-kun to get here now so you’re not late. She lives on the outskirts of the city.”

Vegeta strained to send the information to Piccolo and the demon’s deep voice resounded in his mind, *Excellent. I’ll pick her up first, see if she’s really cut out to date a demon.*
Vegeta relayed this information and Bunny sighed sadly. “I’ll have to let go of my demon daydreams, I guess.”

Vegeta smirked and said, “Maybe Piccolo fancies threeways.”

Bunny tittered and blushed, gently slapping his arm. “So naughty, Vegeta-kun. You better watch out, Zeba-chan, this one is dangerous.”

Zeba’s sparkling green eyes met his and she gave him a seductive smile and said, “I certainly hope so.”

If Bunny hadn’t been there, Vegeta was certain his self-control would have crumbled. It was uncomfortable enough keeping his hard-on at half-mast, and he tugged down his shirt to hide his bulging jeans. Zeba strolled toward him and they leaned over the balcony, watching for Piccolo. Vegeta felt Bunny slip away, but he knew it wasn’t an appropriate time to start making out with Zeba because he would never want to stop.

“Did you ask Bunny for her blessing?”

Vegeta turned to look in her captivating eyes. “I did. I felt…it was the right thing to do after everything they’ve done for me. To honor Bulma. And to put you at ease if that was a source of concern for you.”

“It was. I still…I might still struggle. It feels strange to have lost what I thought was the great love of my life only to realize…well…never mind. Moving on can be hard.”

Vegeta scrutinized her. A fluttering of hope smacked into the firm ceiling of confusion. If this Gen was the great love of her life, could she love again? Or was it the loving again that surprised her? Vegeta tried not to let his mind go racing off into an uncertain future. He tried to return to the present and looked her over. “You look ravishing.”

Zeba gave him a half-smile. “You look pretty fine yourself. I thought Bunny was going to rip that shirt right off you.”

He turned around and rested his elbows on the railing, accentuating his pectorals and shoulders. “And you? Are you going to rip my shirt off?”

“We’ll just have to see where the night takes us, won’t we?”

“Do you know this Mizumi, or is it all Bunny?”

“I know her. But this is Bunny’s plan. Not mine. It’ll be interesting to see what Piccolo thinks, I could see him taking to her.”

“But you’ve never met him.”

“No, but I grew up on stories of the demon-king. Most young girls have at least a few dreams about Piccolo the Demon King. Have you been running to Piccolo every time you’ve been avoiding me?”

“Not every time. I thought you were disgusted by me.”

“I do not make a habit of kissing men I’m disgusted by.”

“Your behavior has been confusing.”

“Bullshit. You’re the one who’s been randomly flying off, repeatedly breaking me, stripping me
Vegeta roared, “I never meant to hurt you either time! It’s not my fault you keep getting…” he trailed off as he saw she was laughing at him. “Are you fucking with me?”

“Only a little.” She trailed her finger along his forearm and hooked her fingers into his where he had crossed his arms tightly. He uncrossed them, fully entwined their fingers, and brought her knuckles to his mouth. He kissed each knuckle before trailing his lips over her wrist and up the inside of her arm. When he reached her bare shoulder, he could see her chest rising and falling rapidly. The lust rolled off her in waves, but before he could experiment further, she groaned, “Damnit, they’re here.”
The Double Date

Piccolo drove a sleek convertible in a strange oily color that changed depending on the angle one viewed it from. Vegeta almost let his jaw drop at the woman in the front seat. Mizumi was languid, tall, and gorgeous. Vegeta didn’t know what he’d expected, but a black-haired, amazon, bombshell was not it. Piccolo would be taller, since he was over seven feet tall, but Mizumi was probably six feet tall with high, voluptuous breasts, angular features, piercing black eyes, and a knockout smile.

Zeba muttered, “Stop staring at Mizumi or I will have Piccolo punch you.”

“I didn’t expect her to be so beautiful since she was available for a short-notice date with a green alien.”

“You forget he’s a god on our planet.”

“Well, obviously he’s attractive, but most Earthlings are timid, so I underestimated how much attention he commanded.”

“You command plenty too, you’re just oblivious.”

“Sometimes I smell people wanting me, but just because I’m structurally superior, but even the weakest Saiyan is structurally superior to human men.”

“And what about women?”

“Saiyan women were fierce, and we have a very different standard of what makes women appealing, but they’re all dead, so it doesn’t matter. They were powerful, muscular, excellent warriors.”

They reached the car and greeted Piccolo. The demon reeked of lust, as did Mizumi, so Vegeta assumed things were going well, though Piccolo’s lust only bloomed once he and Zeba approached the car. Piccolo introduced them to Mizumi, who offered her knuckles to Vegeta as though she were royalty and kissed Zeba’s cheek lightly. Vegeta felt a sudden and intense dislike for the woman, but tried to tamp it down for Piccolo’s sake.

Mizumi said, “Sorry to hear about…well…about everyone I guess. I didn’t realize you were still in Northwest City. It was the new strain there, yes?”

Zeba nodded. Vegeta and Piccolo were silent outwardly, but talked telepathically, leaving the two women to their polite small talk. Piccolo informed Vegeta that Mizumi’s father was very high up in the yakuza and as a result she was very lonely because no one dared to date or befriend her. As if she’d heard them, Mizumi turned and said, “Vegeta, you’re the one who beat Cell for reals, I hear? My father would like to meet you. Well, both of you actually.”

Vegeta saw jealousy flash across Zeba’s face, her eyes racing over Mizumi’s long, sensuous legs, and large uplifted breasts (fake breasts, Vegeta was fairly certain). Vegeta caught Zeba’s eye so she would know they were smoldering for her, not Mizumi. Mizumi was gorgeous, he wasn’t going to lie and say that wasn’t the case, but Vegeta preferred a muscular, brilliant woman who wasn’t so eager to show herself off, to create a veneer. Vegeta didn’t bother to look at Mizumi as he said, “Why would he want to meet me?”

“He always needs strong, reliable men.”
“I don’t work for others. The last boss I had wound up dead.”

Now Vegeta could feel Mizumi’s eyes on him, assessing him, so he turned his gaze to her, but without warmth. She met his eyes and she was unafraid, he would give her that. “And I hope your father would have enough sense not to attempt to hire a demon god, even a god of a worthless rock like Earth.”

Piccolo’s rumbling laugh broke the tension as he said, “Better a god of a shitty planet than a prince of no planet at all.”

Vegeta felt his temper rise, but he also knew Piccolo was right and possibly taunting him as he had seen male Earthlings do when establishing the bonds of friendship. “Indeed, though it makes ruling terribly easy.”

Piccolo laughed, but Mizumi and Zeba were lost. Piccolo parked and offered his hand to help her out. Vegeta swung Zeba out of the car.

Mizumi seemed determined to keep the night fraught. Mizumi said, “So, Zeba, it seems like you’ve moved right into all of Bulma’s roles. I wonder if you’ve ever gotten a boyfriend that wasn’t a friend’s first? What’s it like becoming Bulma’s backup?”

Zeba stopped and her face went ashen.

Before Zeba could respond, Piccolo said, “What the hell kind of question is that? I thought you two were friends?”

Mizumi’s eyes narrowed. “We were friends once, yes, but I’m guessing she hasn’t told you about her fiancé?”

Zeba said, “I have. It’s water under the bridge. Why can’t you just let it go?”

“No, no. I’ll behave. Sorry. I hadn’t seen her since they told me and my feelings go the better of me. I’m sorry, Zeba.”

Mizumi held up her hand. “I’m sorry too, for what it’s worth. We never meant to fall in love, it just happened.”
They found an outdoor table and ordered drinks. The atmosphere lightened as the two women began talking about their grad school days with Bulma. Piccolo and Vegeta weighed in when called upon, but Vegeta mostly watched the two women with horrified fascination at how easily they hid their true feelings. Vegeta thought to Piccolo, *How do we stand a chance with such dissembling?*

Piccolo replied, *It’s terrifying. I had hoped to get laid tonight, but I think we’re both more likely to have to break up a fight.*

Vegeta was so caught up alternating between guessing the two women’s true feelings, telepathically chatting with Piccolo, and participating in the out loud banter, that he paid no attention to how many drinks he poured down himself, as his volumetric capacity was essentially limitless. Then he found himself speaking aloud to Piccolo when he meant to be telepathic, “You think she came for you or Zeba?”

All three turned to him and Piccolo said, “I think you’ve had too much to drink. How many have you had?”

Mizumi gave Vegeta a hungry look and said, “I came for all the company.”

That was not a good look. That look meant trouble. Vegeta looked to Piccolo. “Shit, is this what it does? Do you deliberately drink stupidity-inducing truth serum?”

They all laughed but the world began to spin and Vegeta realized with panic that he was having trouble staying upright. Every time he tried to correct for the world spinning, it seemed to tilt off kilter. He turned to Piccolo with wide eyes and sent what he hoped was a silent cry for help.

Piccolo stood up, threw money on the table, and pulled Vegeta to his feet like a child. Vegeta hated how tall the demon was, not to mention the clown. He’d never cared about his height until Earth entertainment made it clear that he was supposed to be tall. He looked pleadingly at Zeba. She looked concerned.

“Piccolo, is he okay? Can he even digest alcohol?”

“Not with any efficiency, apparently. Come on, Vegeta, don’t make me carry you, because you know I will.”

Mizumi was looking at him now and something dark and gleeful glittered in her eyes. She whispered to Piccolo, “Can we bring him home with us? Think of the fun we could have!”

“I don’t think anybody is going home with anyone tonight.”

Vegeta registered the pouty rage that flashed across Mizumi’s face, but she said, “He’s too short anyway. And you’re enough man for me.”

Piccolo said nothing and led Vegeta through the horribly tilting world to his car. Vegeta toppled over and gasped, “Why would anyone do this on purpose?”

Zeba said, “Vegeta, how many did you have?”

“Only ten or eleven, I think. I lost count, I was starving.”

Piccolo facepalmed. He propped Vegeta against his car. “Fuck, I didn’t leave enough money. Shit, Vegeta, I told you to pace yourself.” Vegeta's skin tingled where his shirt slid up and the demon’s hand had touched his bare side.
Zeba said, “Vegeta, we’ve each had like one and half.”

Mizumi laughed. “Maybe he need to get blitzed after finding out about Gen. That you’re used goods.”

“Oh please, I doubt if Vegeta gives any fucks about virginity.”

“What is virginity?” Vegeta slurred. Why wouldn’t his tongue work?

Zeba tried to speak, but Mizumi beat her to it. “It means she’s fucked people before you, virginity is your first time. And you, Vegeta, are you an unpicked flower?” Mizumi ran her finger down his chest.

He swatted her hand away and said, “Human females reach sexual maturity in their teens, why wouldn’t she have had sex? Is that the custom? That’s absurd.”

Mizumi was seething and he realized that she did want him. She wanted Piccolo too, Vegeta had smelled that. Piccolo returned and, before Vegeta could protest, tossed him in the car. Vegeta was struck by a wave of grateful sentimentality toward Piccolo and Zeba for caring for him. He felt like crying though so he didn’t dare open his mouth to speak.

Piccolo growled, “I told our waiter to be less of an idiot next time and he’d get a better tip. I didn’t even hear you ordering, Vegeta.”

“If I raised my empty glass to him, he brought another. He was very efficient.” Then Vegeta had to focus all his energy on not screaming because the car made the world shift and spin even more.

They dropped Mizumi off first and she was outraged. “But…But…look at me! You don’t want me to come back to your place?”

Vegeta slurred, “Is it possible Mizumi is still a virgin in her thirties and that’s why she was picking on you, Zeba?”

Zeba cackled wildly. “Oooh, I don’t know. Is that it, Mizumi? I always assumed you got plenty, but maybe most guys are too scared to hit Daddy Yakuza’s little princess.”

Mizumi rounded on Piccolo. “I thought you would be braver than all those cowards, but I guess you’re just a green coward.”

“Or I have no interest in fucking you, but whatever helps you sleep at night, Mizumi.”

She emphasized her body and said, “You think you’ll do any better than this?”

Piccolo roared with laughter. “You are hot, Mizumi, but that is a minor part of a good lay. Goodnight.”

When they arrived at the Briefs, Piccolo carried Vegeta up to his chambers. He said, “How the hell are you this heavy, Vegeta?”

Zeba came along on Piccolo’s other side and Vegeta listened to them, half-conscious as they spoke on his balcony after Piccolo had stripped him and thrown him in bed. Vegeta felt a confusing thrill as Piccolo’s claws trailed along his skin. But he was too drunk to analyze what it meant.

“Sorry Mizumi turned out to be such an embittered bitch, Piccolo. She was fun in school, brilliant and fierce,” Zeba said.
Piccolo laughed. “Just like you, then? It doesn’t matter. I don’t like being a backup plan, and I think she was mainly after Vegeta, and even that was as vengeance against you.”

“Now that I know you’re on the market, I can put more thought into our next double date. I’m glad I got to meet you at least. Sorry you had to carry my alcohol-poisoning-drunk boyfriend home.” Vegeta’s heart thudded to hear her call him her boyfriend. That was the Earth pre-cursor to mate. She continued, “Do you think he’ll be okay?”

“Yes, he’ll probably have a hangover, but with Saiyans you never know. They’re remarkable creatures. I forgot that a bowl of pretzels isn’t even a snack for the Saiyan appetite. We should have fed him.”

“I didn’t know he’d never drank before. Thanks for helping me get him home, he’s so fucking heavy, like made me question my knowledge of physics heavy.”

“Yes, it’s like hitting a lead wall when we spar. He really cares about you, you know? But he struggles with Earth’s customs and his own self-loathing.”

Zeba’s laughter filled him with jealousy, but the world was too unstable for him to get up. “I sometimes struggle with Earth’s customs too. But I really like him. I wish he’d let go of some of his rage at himself.”

“He will. He carries a lot of guilt about Bulma. Her death is probably the only reason we didn’t all die by Cell’s hand. Vegeta just lost it about her dying for him and Cell never anticipated the kind of power that grief released. Vegeta hated himself afterwards because we all stepped in at the end, but we were just the double tap. Vegeta destroyed Cell, but he still considers the fight a defeat because we helped.”

Zeba said, “He is an all or nothing kind of guy. I…I wasn’t ready for how I feel. I don’t mean to confuse him. Fuck. I shouldn’t be telling you this. I’m sorry, you must be tired and disappointed.”

“Not really. We can’t all have it as easy as Vegeta, stumbling into love with beautiful, brilliant women.”

Vegeta hurled himself up and staggered to the balcony. Zeba and Piccolo jumped to their feet. Zeba tried, and failed to keep him upright. He slumped to the ground.

Zeba said, “Vegeta, you’re wasted, go back to bed.”

“I’m fine. If this—“ Vegeta flapped his hand at Piccolo, “Makes you happy, that’s all I want for you, Zeba.”

Piccolo picked Vegeta up and he felt heat rush to his cheeks. “Vegeta, she’s a gem, and I’m jealous you’ve had such luck, but we’re just chatting, mainly out of mutual, possibly foolish, care for you. Come on.”

Vegeta had other things to say, but then everything went dark, with the feeling of strong hands holding him.

The next thing he knew was sunlight searing into his brain as he awoke. Oh gods, he thought, what have I done? He took a shower and dressed to train. He debated whether to find Zeba first, but decided to get some of his pent up energy out first, then he would find her and apologize. Once he was inside the GR, he called out her name to make sure she wasn’t inside so he didn’t break her again. When no answer came, he sealed the doors and cranked it up to maximum power. His guard came up a second too late as the flash and boom hit him and his last thought was that Zeba had
warned him. She’d warned him and he stupidly forgot.
Zeba leapt up from reading her book while drinking her tea. A mushroom cloud roiled out of what had been the gravity room. She screamed and rushed inside and down the stairs. The second she was outside, Piccolo swung her up alongside him. “What the hell happened? I sensed Vegeta’s chi nearly disappear and then I heard the boom and saw the cloud.”

Zeba gasped and covered her mouth with her hand. “Oh fuck, he blew it up!”

Zeba screeched as Kakarot materialized next to them. “Hey, Piccolo, I think Vegeta’s almost dead. What’s going on?”

“For once, Goku, I’m glad you’re nosy. He blew himself up in his training room. Help me search the rubble.”

Zeba seethed. “I told him not to use it—that I was installing a new coil. That stubborn idiot.”

“More likely his overindulgence last night made him forget. Vegeta’s a pain in the ass, but he’s not stupid. This is Goku, he’s the only other living pureblood Saiyan.”

Zeba had never been introduced, and she swore Vegeta called this one something else, but she could see their structural similarities, though Vegeta was far more handsome. This one had a vapid look, but was taller. His hair had the same gravity-defying capabilities as Vegeta’s. Piccolo set her down on the smoldering edge of the wreckage. “Call Dr. Briefs and tell him to prep the healing pod for Vegeta. We’ll try to dig him out before he dies.”

Then she watched the surreal process of Piccolo and Goku tossing twisted chunks of metal and slabs of concrete many times their size like they were light as air. Goku shouted, “Piccolo, I found him! He’s bleeding bad! I’ll lift this off him, you apply pressure and fly him to the healing pod.”

Piccolo was beside Goku, but Zeba hadn’t seen him move. Then they were both gone. Then Goku was beside her and said, “Hold on, Zeba.” She felt herself blink out of existence, then blink back in beside the healing pod. Just how little effort had Vegeta been expending with her?

Then she saw Vegeta as Goku and Piccolo helped arrange what was left of him in the healing pod. She thought she might faint. He was shredded, bones were protruding, some of his entrails hung loose. She dropped to her knees sobbing and then Piccolo was carrying her out onto the balcony. He sat her down and his clawed hand was under her chin. “Zeba, he’s alive. He’s tough. He’ll be okay. Take a deep breath.”

She felt the absurd urge to kiss Piccolo. It had flashed through her mind the night before, but now, looking into his intense eyes, he felt like a magnet. Images of him in bed with her flashed in her mind.

Piccolo narrowed his eyes at her and whispered, “I’m not a tool for you, Zeba. And neither is he.” She recoiled, terrified that he knew her mind. Then he said, “Only when you broadcast it.”

She saw Goku standing with his forehead pressed against the healing pod. Piccolo joined him and then to her shock, punched Goku hard in the shoulder. “Hey! You guys! I don’t care if it made him feel better!”

Piccolo’s rumbling laughter hit Zeba and she knew she needed to leave. To get away from his predatory grin, his muscular, blood-smeared arms. Even Goku looked sexually appealing in her
distress. Then she remembered that Vegeta was hers and she said, “Get out. I’ll watch over him. Dr. Briefs can show me how to manage the pod.”

Piccolo kept his head pressed to the pod and she realized with horror that they were communicating somehow. So Piccolo had been reading her mind. “What’s he saying? Tell him I’m sorry,” Zeba said, laying her hand on Piccolo’s forearm. She regretted it immediately as her abdomen clenched. He gave her a sharp look and closed his eyes again.

Then he growled, spun, and made to slam his fists against the wall. Somehow Goku intercepted him and held Piccolo’s arms. “Jeez, Piccolo, you’ll break the supporting beams. Simmer down. I’m sure he’s just tired or sick of talking. You know how Vegeta gets.”

Piccolo wheeled on Zeba. “Go to your own chambers until he’s more stable! He can’t handle the shit you’re broadcasting right now!”

“What?”

Piccolo grabbed her and flew her to her balcony. “He learned from me. He isn’t as good as I am at picking up unshielded thoughts, but he’s struggling to hold on right now. Do you think you sexually contemplating his nemesis and his only friend is helpful? Fuck, Zeba, I thought you cared for him?” He scrubbed a hand over his mouth and stepped back from her. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. You can’t feel this way.”

Then Zeba understood why Piccolo was so angry. He wanted her, but she was forbidden fruit. Zeba thought back to Mizumi’s attacks and wondered if she’d been right. Had Zeba only wanted Gen because he was taken? Piccolo shouted, “Stay the fuck away from that pod until you figure your shit out.”

“Piccolo—wait!”

“No, Zeba. Not for anything.”

“Please don’t leave me right now.”

“I have to leave you right now.” Then he was gone and Zeba was left with her love and her faithlessness and her fear and her longing for Vegeta. She flashed suddenly back to Vegeta telling Bunny that maybe Piccolo fancied three-ways and Zeba’s loins clenched at the thought. She hurried to her medicine cabinet and found sedatives she’d gotten after the deaths of everyone she’d known and loved. She took a couple and crawled into bed.

Vegeta dreamed of Zeba and Piccolo writhing together and part of him was enraged. Another part of him found it strangely arousing. If only every inch of him, or what was left of him, didn’t hurt, he might join them. Then Kakarot was in his mind telling him to hold on, that he was safe. Vegeta’s blood boiled: could Kakarot bother him even in dreams?

Piccolo’s voice came in louder, causing the image of the demon and Zeba to burst like a soap bubble. Vegeta, you have to fight. You were badly injured. You have to want to heal.

Vegeta thought, I’d heal better if that clown would shut up. I’d hit him if I could. Is Zeba okay? Is she upset about my failure last night? Then Vegeta wondered if maybe Zeba and Piccolo were no dream. What had happened after he passed out the night before?

Not that, came Piccolo’s rough voice. But if you don’t get well, I might try my green hand at it.
Vegeta felt strange pride that Piccolo wanted to be with Zeba, then complex jealousy. *How long will I be in here?*

*Dr. Briefs thinks two weeks. Possibly three.*

*Fuck. Can you keep away from her?*

*I’ll do my best,* Piccolo said and Vegeta knew there was no lying with telepathy.

*Can she keep away from you?* he asked, not really wanting the answer.

*She doesn’t really want me, Vegeta, she’s just terrified and one of those people who gets all riled up when they’re scared. I think she also thinks if she fucks me, then if you die, it won’t be so terrible. Losing everyone has fucked that girl up.*

But Vegeta suddenly felt too tired to answer, too tired to think anymore. Too tired, maybe, to hold on.

Zeba kept vigil over Vegeta in alternating shifts with Piccolo. Occasionally Dr. Briefs or Goku would appear, but Piccolo always left immediately once she arrived. She was thankful that he had more willpower and tact than she did. She would press her forehead to Vegeta’s tank and apologize, staring at his exquisite body, which had finally healed externally.

After over a week, she came in to take her shift and Piccolo was seated on the edge of Vegeta’s bed, his head in clawed hands, his head wrap beside him. He looked up at her blearily. She said, “What’s he been saying?”

“Nothing since that first day. He’s deep in a true coma. The blast must’ve caused a concussion and possible swelling of his brain.”

“Can he survive that? Will he be the same?”

“Yes, and probably. Whether he will is another matter. He was awake some today, but didn’t want to talk to me, not that I blame him. But it’d be good to hear his grumpy voice telling me what to do. Dr. Briefs said he’s healing up nicely. So we just have to wait. You can go if you want. I’d like to stay another shift.”

Zeba mustered her will. “I’m sorry for your how I acted. if he ever gets better, I’d like to do another double date with someone who isn’t crazy.”

“Mizumi’s not crazy, just crazy jealous.”

“I know, but she wasn’t right for you. I think Bunny underestimated the level of Mizumi’s anger about Gen,” Zeba said.

“Did you steal him?”

“It was more complicated than that. He never wanted to marry her, but her father commanded it and he refused. Mizumi didn’t want to marry Gen, but was doubly pissed that even the might of Daddy Yakuza couldn’t sway Gen to marry her. By then I thought I knew what I wanted and he asked and I said yes. It would’ve felt cruel to say no after he’d lost his job and fiancé for me.”

“Did you really want to marry him?”
“I thought I did. Vegeta has thrown me into a tailspin. I don’t know what to think about anything anymore. It is so different with Vegeta, but part of me is afraid of that and afraid that this type of intensity can’t last. And now that I’ve had these other equally confusing feelings, I don’t know what to do about anything. Maybe just move away and save everyone a lot of strife, but I can’t imagine that either. Can you imagine yourself as you were before you met him?”

Piccolo chuckled. “The first time I met Vegeta, his partner killed me, so we haven’t always been pals. Since Bulma’s death, he changed. And after Cell’s death, I think he’s struggled to find a purpose. A reason for existing. I think meeting you made him want to be…more human. It’s something I understand. I never wanted that until I had my first student. But Zeba, if you don’t love him wholly, let him go. Don’t do what you did with Gen.”

“I did love Gen! I did. But Vegeta is a lot more intense. Gen and I had known each other since we were children. I think my reaction to you is partially a result of the intensity of my feelings for Vegeta and the fact that you’re the closest thing he has to a best friend.” Zeba felt herself blush and laugh. “That and maybe something Vegeta said to Bunny.”

Piccolo glanced at Vegeta in the healing pod and his antennae were fully extended. Then his gaze met hers. “What did he say?”

Zeba stammered, “Well, uh, Bunny, you know how she is, she has a thing for you, and she was moping about you and Mizumi and he said, ‘Maybe Piccolo fancies threeways,’ or something like that. Anyway, it’s caught in my head like a catchy lyric.”

Zeba had to turn away from Piccolo his eyes were so intense. Then he stood up and went to Vegeta, his forehead against the pod. But he sagged after a few minutes. “Still quiet, though out of anger or injury, I can’t say.”

“Why would he be angry at you?”

Piccolo sneered. “For a smart girl, you’re often surprisingly dense.” Then he was above her on the bed, breathing along her neck and down her body as he growled, “See, the trouble with guys like me and Vegeta is that we’re not human. We may make our way in your ridiculous society, but we’re more like animals. We hear your thoughts, we smell your wanting, we have to suppress our animal urges. So if you think that I didn’t respond to your desires in a way that he can sense, you’re an idiot. And if you think he thinks about it the way you or your fiancé would, you’re wrong. Vegeta and I are friends because we understand each other other. Because we understand what it’s like living among humans, dealing with all the nonsense and emotions and customs that make no sense.” Piccolo stood back up, leaving her on her back on the bed, hungry for him, or Vegeta, she wasn’t sure she even cared at the moment.

Then Piccolo grinned his sexy, predatory grin. “But maybe you already knew that. Maybe you knew and that’s why you find us both so irresistible.”

Zeba felt herself nod.

He bent over and put his hands on her knees. He slid them up to the hem of her skirt and whispered, “But we also try not to act like animals because we’re both a little ashamed.” He snapped her legs closed and walked toward Vegeta obviously adjusting what appeared to be a very large erection. “So I won’t fuck you without his blessing, Zeba. I won’t betray him.”

Zeba’s breath was coming fast and ragged. Her mind and her heart raced. She remembered the feel of Vegeta’s body under her hands. The feel of his mouth on her skin. She wanted Piccolo to leave so she could do what she needed in Vegeta’s bed, with his smell around her. But the green tease
was communing again. She said, “Should I go? Are you staying with him?”

“Do what you need to do, Zeba, it’s the most honesty we’d get out of you since that disastrous double date.”

She scoffed. “So I should just lie here and rub one out right in front of you?”

“Are you thinking about him?”

“Yes.”

“Then yes, I’ll go if you wish.”

“What would he wish?”

Piccolo made an animal noise and said, “You better wake up soon, Vegeta.” Then he left the room.

Zeba ripped off her clothes the minute he was gone and approached the tank. She pressed her nipples against the cool glass and let her hand trail down into her pubic hair. She spread her lips and felt how wet she was simply from imagining everything two animalistic men would do to her. But Vegeta drove the fantasy. She could practically feel his eyes on her as she used the glass to stimulate her nipples. She pushed her finger into her cleft and began rubbing her clit, her fingers slick with her own excitement. She imagined Vegeta’s large strong hand palming her wide, if flat, breast, twirling the nipple roughly. As she continued stroking herself, she thought of the taste of his mouth, the way his tongue danced so in time with hers. Could such passion and chemistry be anything but a pre-cursor to love? She stroked her clit harder and even considered spreading her lips to press her clit to the cold glass.

She opened her eyes to look at Vegeta’s muscular form and gasped. His eyes were open and taking her in. He blinked slowly and met her eyes. She took her hand away from her sex. “Vegeta! You’re awake! Should I get Dr. Briefs? Or Piccolo?”

She saw the faintest shake of his head, then he cast his eyes toward her hand and her crotch. Did he want her to continue? Did he like this? She’d been ashamed to be caught masturbating to the sight of his body, but she could see even in his injured state that he enjoyed it.

“You’re okay with this? Blink twice for yes.”

He did. Then he blinked twice more. She whispered, “Get better so you can do this, please?”

Another two blinks. His hard-on seemed to grow even larger. She slid her finger back onto her clit, then decided to lay back and spread herself for him so he could see. She pressed her clit in tight, circular motions, then came hard the instant she pushed two fingers inside herself. She had hoped to draw it out for his enjoyment as well as her own, but the past few weeks had put her on the edge.

She stood back up and pressed her forehead to the glass, but there was only silence and now Vegeta’s eyes were closed again. Then she saw on the other side of the tank: Piccolo. She was still naked, so she looked frantically back at Vegeta’s eyes before bolting for her clothes.

Once she was dressed, she turned to find the demon-god leaning against the door jamb between Vegeta’s bed chamber and the smaller room that housed the healing pod. She whispered, “He woke up. He saw me. He liked it.”

Piccolo’s rumbling laugh made her tingle. “Of course he liked it, Zeba, who wouldn’t?”

“But he must be getting better, right? If he could open his eyes and get a fucking hard-on? That
must mean he’s almost ready to come out.”

“He’s had to regrow many broken bones and a significant number of organs, including a lot of skin. Let him heal. Don’t rush him for your own sexual needs. Vegeta’s hard enough on his body.”

“But he’ll be okay?”

“Yeah, now I’m sure of it.”

“Did you…did you do that on purpose?”

“You’re the only one who did anything.”

“Bullshit. You got me all riled up and then made me feel like…I don’t know, like I’d betrayed him. But you wanted to test him. Because he’s not talking to you. Probably because of whatever this is.”

“This, Zeba, is me wanting to fuck my only true friend’s girlfriend, and in case that wasn’t enough, I keep fantasizing about him, whether he’d fuck me, or let me fuck him.”

Zeba heard a sucking, draining sound followed by Vegeta’s low voice, “That’s a hell of a statement to come in on.” Piccolo whirled as Vegeta blasted himself dry and staggered a little. “Gods, how long was I in that fucking thing?”

“Pushing nine days now. Should you be out?” Piccolo asked and Zeba saw that even over the green, she could see his cheeks were flushed.

But Vegeta looked at Zeba. “I don’t know, should I?”

While in the healing pod, Vegeta ignored everyone as much as possible, but when he sensed Zeba’s chi fluttering higher and higher so near Piccolo’s, he had to know if she was finally fucking the green demon. Vegeta wouldn’t blame them, but it still hurt. But then they weren’t and Zeba gave him a lovely show. He knew Piccolo saw it too, and Vegeta didn’t even care. It turned him on a little, if he was being honest.

Now he emerged to hear that Piccolo was contemplating him sexually. Vegeta had wondered, perhaps even excitedly, even before Zeba, about the Namekian’s sexuality. Gender wasn’t the same on Namek and everyone could lay eggs and everyone fucked whoever they wished. But Piccolo had been raised on Earth and would likely be shaped by that. But maybe not. Especially since Piccolo had mentioned a Namekian-Saiyan hybrid, Vegeta had been more than a little curious if he could fertilize Piccolo’s eggs. It had started as more of a desire to have a super-powerful child, but it had morphed into something more. Did the Namekian want Vegeta? Or was he just a stepping stone to Zeba?

Piccolo said, “You want a hand to the shower. You probably want to rinse off after being in that thing.”

Vegeta shook his head and strolled naked toward his bathroom, but dark spots swam across his vision. Piccolo steadied him. Zeba said, “I’ll go in and help him clean up.”

“What good would you do if he starts to fall? Can you hold up this sack of lead?” Piccolo grumbled. She tried and failed. “He’s too woozy to do it on his own.”
It was not helpful when the demon-king slung off his clothes, leaving them naked together in the steam. His sharp claws trailed along Vegeta’s scalp as he shampooed him, followed by firm hands soaping his body, keeping him upright as he pitched forward. “Sweet Kami, it’s no wonder you Saiyans eat so much, there’s no other way to maintain your density.”

Piccolo finished scrubbing and rinsing Vegeta. Zeba came and helped dry him off and Vegeta imagined the three of them together and his dick came to life. The three of them stopped, stared for a moment, then Piccolo looked at Zeba and said, “He’s basically super drunk. He can’t really consent to anything like this.”

“I can too!” Vegeta shouted, trying to function without either of them, and failing. Piccolo caught him and righted him.

“Don’t fall on your dick,” Piccolo said with a chuckle. The green demon had such strong hands. He moved Vegeta onto the bed and sighed. “Look, Vegeta, I’m sorry. I’ve fucked everything up, but you need more rest. I’m not sure you should be out of the healing pod at all.”

“Could that clown Kakarot bring a senzu bean?”

“He tried. Korin didn’t have any.”

Vegeta grunted. He met Piccolo’s eyes. But he felt too tired to have the conversation that needed having. Piccolo’s voice was insistent and calm as it always was. Rest, Vegeta, if you can keep from blowing yourself up again, we’ll have plenty of time to deal with this crazy love triangle.

*I hate feeling this helpless and weak.*

*Now you know how most of us feel all the time.*

Then Vegeta felt darkness come over him again, and while he reached for Zeba’s hand, the last thing he saw was Piccolo’s muscular back as he started to dress.

Zeba sat feeling helpless on the edge of Vegeta’s bed. What a crazy mess she’d made of everything. But even still she couldn’t keep her eyes off Piccolo’s incredible body. All of him was so strong and big. She had Vegeta, why couldn’t she be content? Piccolo grazed his claws along her upper arm. “Come on, Zeba, go get some rest.”

“What about you? Don’t you need to rest too?”

“No, I’m okay. Bunny set me up in the suite on the other side of his.”

Zebra felt tears prickle her eyes, but she knew comfort from Piccolo was playing with fire. He rubbed her back anyway, obviously sensing her despair. “He looks like a different person when he’s asleep. I wish I could give him that peace while he was awake.”

“You will, once the tumult of beginning is over. Vegeta has always hated feeling anything so there will be an adjustment period. He’ll come around though.”
Dr. Briefs came in and began questioning them while prodding Vegeta. He made noises of disapproval and finally said, “He needs rest. Real rest. He needed another day, maybe even two or three in the healing pod. So either he gets back in or he’s on limited activity for a month.”

Piccolo groaned. “Nope. I’m putting him back in, he’ll never rest that long.” So Piccolo lifted Vegeta like he was a five pound bag of sugar and he and Dr. Briefs reset the pod. Vegeta woke and complained, but Piccolo sedated him and they finished sealing him inside the tank.

Piccolo looked as surprised as Zeba felt when Dr. Briefs rounded on them. “You two figure your business out, but not near him. He is conscious enough to pick up on the juju you two are putting out. I’ll send Bunny in to watch over him and get Goku to take some shifts, but you two need to be elsewhere. I’m certain he came out because of you two. Go. Now.”

Piccolo strode out of the room, casting a long look at Vegeta. Zeba followed, helplessly admiring Piccolo’s broad, muscular back and shoulders. He said, “Let’s go get a cup of coffee. Then we’ll both have a nap and see if we’re allowed back as long as we’re separate.”

He wrapped his arm around her waist and flew her to his car. She tried to tamp down the lust that flared when they flew together. Once they were in the car, she whispered, “He was teaching me to fly. I got so overwhelmed by how strong and sudden my feelings were. Then I was even more confused by his reticence. And my grief and guilt about Gen and Bulma. It was harder than it should have been when you fall in love.”

“And do you love him?”

“I do, in my own fucked up way.”

“But you still want to fuck me?”

“Is it so strange to want more than one fine man? I think I’d grow to love you too.” They arrived at the coffee shop. “He didn’t seem opposed to it, Piccolo. The opposite, I think. He seemed willing to try, anyway.”

They ordered coffee and sat outside, Piccolo drawing stares and whispers, blowing up phones as they popped up to capture his picture. He answered in a rough voice, “He did seem willing to try, but I’m concerned that Vegeta could never be happy sharing you.”

“What about you?”

“I’ll be fine sharing you—“

“No, I mean do you think he’d be happy sharing you?”

Piccolo laughed. “I’m not his primary objective. Namekian sexuality isn’t inherently monogamous like it is here for humans. We often form pods of sexually compatible adults who have and raise children together.”

“Really? Do you want children? Is that…possible, with me?”

“I can actually have children with you and with Vegeta, in theory. All Namekians have sperm and eggs. I’m certain that fact has been on Vegeta’s mind, especially since he knows Saiyans and humans can mate.”

“Does he want to mate with me?”
“Saiyans typically pair bond very intensely, but it’s not always the case. Goku is asexual for all intents and purposes. He only has a child because his wife gets him drunk and sleeps with him. But he is so disinterested that it’s clear he can’t even imagine wanting sex, let alone love, though he does enjoy platonic love, as long as it’s with fellow warriors. Sorry, off track. My guess is yes, Vegeta will want to mate with you, but you’ll have to ask him.”

“And you?”

“Given our situation, you’ll have to be more specific.”

“Do you want to mate with me? Or Vegeta? Or both? Neither? Form a pod?”

He grinned at her, revealing his sexy canines. “I’d like to practice with both of you before committing to a pod. That’s how it’s done on Namek. Nobody lays eggs until the kinks are worked out.”

“There is some definite kink that needs working out.”

“Seems like you got a start on it today,” he said, letting his eyes run over her.

“You obviously wanted that, so don’t act like I’m some deviant. Do Namekians masturbate?”

“Of course. In an apocalyptic scenario we can even fertilize our own eggs if need be. It’s not an ideal choice, obviously, but in desperate times.”

“Have you fucked humans before?”

“Yes.”

“Male or female?”

“You’re pretty liberal with your questions.”

“Well?”

“Both.”

“So it’s not all my fault you’re contemplating Vegeta? It’s maybe a little his for being smoking hot, virile, and having...what does he say...superior musculature.”

“I’ve thought Vegeta was hot from the first moment I saw him, but he was bitter and angry, arrogant and aloof. Then with the androids and Cell, I noticed he’d changed, but he was a hard man to get to know. Then since Cell’s defeat, when he trains with me, it’s like I can feel that he’s struggling to find his way. Find who he is, after years of oppression and being nothing but a killing machine.”

Bunny called Zeba, said that Vegeta was restless and agitated, that Dr. Briefs wanted her to come alone to see if she could soothe him. Bunny tittered, “He thinks Piccolo would only rile him up, and I can sympathize with that!”

Piccolo drove her back, but he left her at the front door. She reached Vegeta and leaned against the cool glass of his tank. She spoke out loud, not sure if she was just deaf to their telepathic talk, or if she also couldn’t send messages that way. “I’m sorry for everything. But know that I want you. I was terrified when you got hurt. Even more than when Gen got sick. That’s been the trouble all along, you know, I loved Gen, but what I feel with you overwhelms that. I didn’t want to admit that
at first, but I do now. Just get better so we can make love and babies and a new GR. We can do anything, but let yourself heal. Let yourself rest.”

His eyes remained closed but his heart rate and blood pressure lowered to their more relaxed numbers. Bunny returned and told Zeba to go rest.

She managed to sleep a few hours, but then it was evening and she was too stir crazy, so she went to the bar where they’d had their disastrous double date. She read her book by candlelight as she drank on the patio, under the stars. A large shadow fell over her. “Great minds,” Piccolo said, and gestured questioningly to the chair across from her. She nodded and put her book away. “This isn’t rest, Zeba.”

“I took a nap, I woke up, I’m going to get drunk so I can fall back to sleep.”

Piccolo chuckled and ordered them another round. “How is he?”

“Restive, rather than resting. I don’t think stillness is in his nature.”

“Definitely not. How are you?”

“Exhausted by various what-ifs.”

“Likewise.”

They continued to drink until they were both drunk, then hailed a cab back to the compound. They stood outside her door. He bent and put his face against her neck, “Gods I want you, Zeba, with or without his blessing.”

Her body betrayed her, her breasts arching up toward him, her neck opening more so he could kiss it. “Two more days, right?”

“Do we have to wait? Has he even claimed you?”

“Does it matter? I love him. You do too. We can wait, right?”

Piccolo skimmed his hands along her waist onto her hips. He squeezed them but then held her carefully away from his body. “Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”

“Do not go to him. If he’s resting, you’ll ruin it.”

Piccolo growled and spun away from her. She watched to make sure he didn’t go into Vegeta’s quarters.

The next two days she didn’t see Piccolo or Vegeta either. Dr. Briefs had put a strict as needed visitor policy in place and she had not been allowed back to see him after that first night for fear she ramped him back up.
Pod Formation

Vegeta knew Zeba was near but he could not understand her. He took her presence to mean that she would wait for him and he relaxed into oblivion. When he came to again, he was surprised to find Dr. Briefs, not Zeba or Piccolo. The doctor was releasing him from the pod and he felt much improved, though he was voracious.

Unlike his previous exit, he was fully capable of showering and dressing. He made his way to the kitchen where preparations for a starving Saiyan had been made. He ate and ate and ate. Then he said he intended to go train, but Dr. Briefs said no training until at least two days out of the healing pod. He was allowed to lift weights and do cardio, but no sparring. The gravity room was gone, so that couldn’t tempt him.

He grumbled as he made his way back to his chambers. Then he sensed her there, waiting for him. It was overwhelming to contemplate the things that had happened since he had met her. “Zeba?”

She was on his balcony and she rushed to him, throwing her arms around him tightly, burying her face in his chest. “I’m so glad you’re okay. You asshole! I told you not to go in the GR.”

He stroked her blonde pixie. “I know. That memory was obliterated by the alcohol, I’m afraid. I remembered as I was being blown up, which was a little too late.”

“You didn’t do it on purpose?”

“I’m more for self-flagellation than suicide.” She smiled up at him and he didn’t mind being shorter than Piccolo or that big, dumb idiot, Kakarot because he felt perfect with Zeba in his arms. He continued, “So, did you fuck Piccolo?”

“Vegeta! Sweet Kami! What kind of question is that?”

“A reasonable one, I think.”

A deep rumbling voice answered, “She did not, despite at least one half-hearted drunken attempt.” Then Piccolo embraced him, and the hug wasn’t as startling as the pleasure it brought Vegeta. Much to his shame, the combination of Piccolo and Zeba was causing his body to respond rather dramatically. He sat down abruptly to hide his rising erection and Zeba sat next to him. She peppered him with questions about whether he needed anything and how he felt. But all he really felt was Piccolo’s ruthless gaze on him. He kissed Zeba’s knuckles and said, “Can I have a moment alone with Piccolo?”

She looked nervous but said, “Okay, but no fighting…or fucking. Yet.”

Vegeta put a hand over his face to hide his flushing cheeks. “I know. Go on. Could you get me some more food? I’m famished.”

She left and the room crackled with the strange charge between him and the demon. He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. “What is this? What are we now?”

Even Piccolo’s voice seemed sexy now to Vegeta. Had he just been repressing it before? “What do you want it to be. Vegeta? Obviously you heard what I want. And I’m not going to pretend I don’t just because Earth’s customs are unlike my own. I’ve wanted you for a while, but since you asked me about Saiyan-Namekian hybrids, it started to seem possible, then it morphed from logistics to…maybe passion. Maybe happiness.”
Vegeta nodded his agreement. He scrubbed his hands over his face. “I want Zeba. But now…can we…what would this be? Saiyans hold no qualms with homosexuality, and polyamory isn’t unknown to us, or even stigmatized, but here, what will she think?”

“On Namek we called it a pod. There’s an experimental phase, usually, then children.”

Vegeta felt his heart tighten at the thought of having offspring. Then he started to laugh. “Can you imagine Kakarot’s face? That fool has never had a sexual thought in his life. It will be hilarious.”

Piccolo grinned. “Will you be okay with that? With this arrangement? He won’t be the only one on Earth who finds it strange.”

“If Zeba is willing, I’m eager, as you may have noticed.”

“Shall we proposition her then, when she returns?”

Vegeta nodded. He couldn’t stop the montage of graphic images flashing through his mind and he knew Piccolo would smell his wanting and could probably see it as well. The Namekian sat down next to him and said, “Did you mean it, about the soldiers? You’ve never been with another male?”

Vegeta shook his head. “No, never. It’s different with you. You’ve been with men before?”

“Just once.”

“And?”

“I certainly enjoyed myself, but I wasn’t at this baseline level of attraction, and with him it was just sex, nothing else.”

Zeba returned with manju. Vegeta wasted no time, fearing he would lose his nerve. “Are you interested in a three-way? Not just for sex, but you know, as more?”

She dropped the plate, but Vegeta caught it. Piccolo caught her as she started to sink to the ground. He set her on the bed and the three of them sat facing each other while Vegeta inhaled manju. Zeba stammered and flushed. “You mean…like all of us, together? Or like rotating pairs?”

Piccolo and Vegeta glanced at each other and shrugged. “Both, at times, I would think.”

Vegeta could smell her intoxicating arousal and see her nipples through her thin shirt. “And that’s what you both want?” she asked.

Both men nodded. Vegeta said, “But I want you, that’s non-negotiable. I would like to be able to have Piccolo too, but if that’s not okay, then we can probably manage by sharing you.”

Zeba laughed more. “I…I don’t know what to say. This is beyond my kinkiest fantasies. Like I could watch you guys fuck, but also join in? Or you could both fuck me at the same time? Or, or, or…” She was breathing fast.

Piccolo answered, “Yes, yes, and yes. I think we’re all agreed that there’s a lot to figure out by trial and error, but that—”

She sprang up and locked the door, tugging at her clothes as she walked. She tripped in her shorts, but Vegeta caught her. She lunged to kiss him and he groaned. Then he felt Piccolo finish taking Zeba’s clothes off before starting on Vegeta’s. Zeba broke the kiss as Piccolo pulled Vegeta’s shirt over his head. Then she jumped up to kiss Piccolo, who cupped her ass with one hand and Vegeta’s
with the other. They both yanked at Piccolo’s clothes until he wore nothing but a tight pair of boxer briefs.

He threw Vegeta on the bed and tugged off his jeans as he ripped off his own boxers, leaving them all naked. Vegeta cried out in surprised pleasure as Piccolo took him in his mouth. Zeba was kissing him now and he held her breast in one hand and stroked Piccolo’s antennae with the other. Then he pulled at Zeba’s hip and lifted her up onto his face, so she was straddling him. He slid his tongue into her slit while she moved more to take Piccolo’s green cock in her mouth. Piccolo pulled off Vegeta as he groaned, but he trailed his claws lightly over Vegeta’s scrotum and then deep-throated him again.

Vegeta’s tongue delved deep into Zeba, and he was nearly overwhelmed with sensation. He clasped her ass tightly, not letting her retreat from him at all. He licked her clit until he could feel she was on the brink, then he held Piccolo’s hand with his and thrust their forefingers into her together. Zeba moaned, stroking Piccolo with her hand while she came hard, spasming on both men’s fingers. Vegeta surprised himself by moving her so he could finish Piccolo too, even as he kept his finger inside her.

Piccolo uttered his name in a guttural growl and Vegeta felt his own impending orgasm as he swirled his tongue around Piccolo’s tip. He still thrust gently into Zeba, who continued to clench on him. Then Piccolo groaned, “Come for me, Vegeta,” and Vegeta was lost. His balls seized so hard that the pleasure bordered on agony. As he spurted into Piccolo’s mouth, he felt the demon respond and Vegeta was surprised at how pleasant the taste of his cum was, particularly when mixed with Zeba’s pussy.

Piccolo licked the last of his orgasm out and Vegeta did the same before there was a moment of stillness. Then they all moved into a pile, heads together, arms draped over one another, with Piccolo in the center, barely fitting on the length of the bed.

Zeba was the first to speak. “Holy shit. I think that was a successful first foray into three-ways.”

Vegeta didn’t even know what to say or how to feel. He’d never experienced ecstasy like that, especially when coupled with the intensity of affection he felt for both of them. He felt so close to them that it was terrifying. Piccolo’s fingers trailed along Vegeta’s side and occasionally clasped his hip. Vegeta could see his other arm doing the same with Zeba. Vegeta and Zeba held hands over Piccolo’s heart.

Piccolo sighed. “I never thought I’d find a pod on this rock, but that seemed an auspicious start.” He craned his head back to look into Vegeta’s eyes. “Okay for you?”

Vegeta nodded. “It’s a lot to take in, but that was incredible. I feel incredible. I think… I think I feel at peace, maybe for the first time in my life.” He turned his face up to Piccolo and Piccolo bent to kiss him. Vegeta was nervous despite what had happened. Piccolo’s lips were firm and consistent and Vegeta felt the razor tips of his fangs. It was a gentle kiss, short and affectionate.

Then Piccolo pressed their foreheads together. Thanks for being brave, giving this a chance.

I’m scared now that it’ll end. That I’ll fuck it up.

Let yourself enjoy the moment for once.

“Hey, you two, way to make a girl feel left out,” Zeba said, crawling on top of Piccolo.

He pulled away from Vegeta and let out a rumbling laugh. He took her face in his hand and kissed
her hard, then passed her to Vegeta, who met her with zeal. She pulled back, “Don’t try to distract me. What were you guys talking about? No brain talking post-coitally.”

“Just some processing for a hyper-masculine guy who hadn’t previously considered male partners, let alone three-ways,” Vegeta answered drily.

Zeba screamed as Kakarot appeared at the foot of the bed. Vegeta hurled the nearest thing he could reach, which was a hyper dense kettle bell. It hit Kakarot in the gut as he stared in bewilderment at the trio. Piccolo swept his cape off the ground and over them as he growled, “What the fuck, Goku? You’ve got to stop popping up like this.”

Kakarot wheezed as he stood. “I thought you guys were training and hanging out without me again. Which you were. Sort of. What are you guys doing? Is Zeba training too? Your chi were going crazy a minute ago but King Kai made me finish my meditation.

Vegeta sent his loudest thanks to King Kai who responded wryly, *I told him not to go, that it wasn’t his type of training, but you know how obtuse he is.*

*Shit. Were you just being a voyeur?*

*Nothing I haven’t seen before, Vegeta, it looked like you had a good time. Don’t let that shame take hold. You deserve to be happy.*

Vegeta turned his mind away from King Kai and back to the idiot at hand. “Kakarot! Get the hell out of my quarters, you intractable idiot!”

“Why are you guys always doing stuff without me? It’s not fair!”

Vegeta leapt up, holding his t-shirt over his dick. “I will kill you if you don’t leave this instant.”

Kakarot dropped into fighting stance, but seemed to slowly register that all three of them were naked. He stood back up. “Wait…what were you guys doing? Why are you naked? You don’t normally spar naked.”

Piccolo bellowed, “Goku, you’re not welcome, get out!”

Kakarot scratched his head before his eyes widened and he held up a hand and whispered to Vegeta, “I think Piccolo might be trying to make a baby with Zeba!”

“Kakarot, godsdamnit, there are more reasons for sex than making babies and I pity your wife that you haven’t figured that out. It is not my job to educate you about the many ways to find sexual pleasure.”

“Are you talking about boobies? Or masturbating?”

Vegeta roared and erupted into his super-Saiyan form. He saw Piccolo shield Zeba and he hurled Kakarot out the open balcony doors. As the idiot bounced back he said, “Glad you’re all healed up after the explosion. I can tell you’re stronger.”

Then Bunny shouted, “Yoohoo! Goku! Vegeta’s not allowed to fight yet. Come have some food and leave him be. You two can spar next week.”

“All right!” Kakarot shouted happily and zipped down to Bunny.

Vegeta sagged and watched Bunny send Kakarot inside. Then she turned and winked and tittered
and he realized that he was balls out in the breeze. He blushed and retreated back to his room.

Zeba was entwined in Piccolo’s arms, kissing along his neck as he arched his head back. His eyes were closed and Vegeta moved carefully above him and kissed his open mouth, letting his tongue flick across his delectable fangs. The green demon’s eyes flew open and he kissed Vegeta more deeply, removing one arm from Zeba to hold the back of Vegeta’s neck as he hovered above them. Zeba’s hands were exploring Piccolo’s body in tandem with Vegeta’s and Piccolo’s breath came in ragged draws through his nose. Vegeta could see he was not alone in being ready to go again when an insistent knock came at the door.

“Vegeta, my boy, Bunny thought…well, er…um, ahem, she thought maybe you were engaged in activities that your health is not ready to sustain. So, well, um, you must stop and if you won’t listen, I hope those who care about you will stop encouraging you. You’ve regrown most of your organs, give them two or three days to get up to snuff,” Dr. Briefs called through the door.

Vegeta growled, “Oh fine, if you insist. We need to develop a better healing pod if it requires rest afterwards!”

“Indeed. Indeed. How about Bunny and I grill up a celebratory feast this evening. You’ll, uh, let Piccolo and Zeba know? Say sevenish. Rest, rest, rest.”

Vegeta settled heavily on the bed next to Piccolo. Zeba sat between Piccolo’s legs. When Vegeta and the demon rolled their heads to look at each other, they all burst out laughing. Zeba flopped on Piccolo and hooted, “Oh, sweet Kami, poor Dr. Briefs. Can you imagine his face when Bunny told him to go break up a threesome so Vegeta wouldn’t get hurt?”

Piccolo laughed and said, “He can’t have been that shocked after he told us to stop our nonsense while Vegeta was in the tank.”

“But still—oh my goodness. And look at Vegeta’s cheeks!” She leaned forward and lightly kissed both his cheeks. “At least they don’t seem angry or disgusted by it, which is always a risk on Earth.”

Vegeta snorted. “Earthlings are a bizarre lot, as if homosexuality and polyamory aren’t the norm amongst other peoples and species.”

Piccolo groaned and stretched. “Who cares what they think, we have the bigger problem of how we’re going to pass three days of chastity without sparring.”

Zeba gave Piccolo a significant look. “We could just give him a three day porn extravaganza.”

Vegeta’s jealousy flared like a phosphorous fire at the same time as his arousal. He could see that their pod would not be simple to navigate. He said nothing and waited for Piccolo’s response. Piccolo nipped her breast and said, “As delightful as that sounds, I think we ought to wait, I don’t want our jealous Saiyan to feel left out.”

Zeba bent to kiss Vegeta while Piccolo sucked her nipple. “Mmmmm…that sounds fun. I just wish we didn’t have to wait. I guess I’ll work long hours on the new gravity room so you two have somewhere to train.”

Piccolo reclined with his hands behind his head. “Sparring is certainly going to be more interesting now.”

Vegeta smirked. “Don’t think I’ll go easy on you just because we’re fucking.”
Piccolo flipped Vegeta on his back, pinning his arms above his head. “I’m worried it will make you go harder.” He rolled his hips sensuously against Vegeta’s.

Zeba kissed Vegeta’s neck. “Ooo, three days of imagination might mean we’ll be very busy the following three days. But, Piccolo, you had better stop that or we might injure him. Vegeta, you should have a nap.”

Piccolo dropped back onto the bed and pulled Vegeta against his side. He kissed Vegeta and growled, “Sleep now. I need a nap too.”

Vegeta felt Zeba settle in with them, but he couldn’t hold on to consciousness. He heard Piccolo’s voice in his head, *Rest now, I’ll watch over you and Zeba.*

Vegeta didn’t know what to expect when the three of them showed up to the feast. Kakarot and his family, Kururin, 18, and others were all there. Vegeta said to Piccolo, *Do we make some kind of announcement? Or hide it? Or just...*

Zeba asked much the same questions out loud. Piccolo shrugged. “I’ve never given a flying fuck what Earthlings think of me, but I understand this is very unorthodox, so I’m happy to keep them guessing, or make an announcement, or just do as we feel and let them figure it out.”

Bunny sidled over with twinkling eyes. “Oh-ho! My sleepy trio! It seems you all found just what you needed on that date!”

Piccolo chuckled. “Surely you didn’t plan this, Bunny?”

She winked. “I’m not sure you tough guys give old Bunny enough credit for having an eye for these things. Zeba-chan, you look radiant. Come with me and tell me all about your hunks.”

Vegeta and Piccolo blushed at that. Piccolo left to go say hello to Gohan. Dr. Briefs questioned Vegeta at length about how he was feeling. Then he muttered, “Well, my boy, we all want your happiness, whatever form that takes. Yes, yes, Bulma would be happy.”

Vegeta bowed. “That means a lot. Thank you for saving my life.”

He saw Piccolo across the balcony talking to Gohan and ChiChi. Piccolo met his eyes and Vegeta was startled by the intensity of the gaze and the subtle smile that crept onto Piccolo’s face. It gave Vegeta courage to join Piccolo, standing close to him. He heard his demon’s rough voice in his mind, *May I?* How strange to think of Piccolo as his. Vegeta knew what he meant and nodded. Then Piccolo’s hand was on his lower back, light but proprietary. There was no mistaking what that touch meant. ChiChi’s jaw dropped. Gohan stared at his mother. “What’s wrong, Mom?”

Piccolo said, “Vegeta and Zeba and I have formed a pod, like on Namek.”

Gohan’s cheeks reddened, but he smiled and said, “I’m happy for you, Mr. Piccolo. And you too, Vegeta.”

Vegeta nodded, feeling as awkward as he always did at these functions, but also feeling warmth in his chest that Gohan, at least, made no issue of it.

ChiChi was still gaping. Vegeta said wryly, “Are you jealous, ChiChi?”

She fumed. “Why! I can’t even imagine such aberrant, disgust—“

Gohan loudly interrupted her. “Mom, leave ‘em alone. Just cuz you and Dad like never have sex
doesn’t mean other people shouldn’t.” Gohan rolled his eyes.

ChiChi rushed over to Kakarot. “Goku, did you know about this?”

Now Vegeta felt nervous, but rather than flee, as he did in most social situations, he tucked in closer to Piccolo. Zeba was sauntering over now and kissed his cheek and Piccolo bent to receive one as well. Kakarot and Kururin came over with the others.

Kakarot said, “Huh, I didn’t know that Piccolo could even, you know,” he began giggling, “But especially with a guy!”

Piccolo gave him a chilly smirk. “Well, surprise!”

Vegeta sneered. “You’re an idiot, Kakarot, you know nothing of sex or love or affection.”

Kakarot looked puzzled. Then he said, “I wonder if it’ll make you two fight better together?”

Vegeta and Piccolo endured a lot more stares, but very few people actually dared to say anything about it. 18 came over to chat with them for a long time, expressing sympathy for dealing with idiots. She and Kururin had faced discrimination and impertinent questions when they began dating as well. She continued, “But it didn’t make the sex any less hot.”

They all laughed, but Vegeta was starting to flag. He was grateful for Piccolo’s hands on him, steadying him. Not even a year earlier, the idea of admitting any intimate relationship would have horrified him, but here he was, showing off two. He thought this was probably healthier. Despite that, he longed for his bed and to be alone with his lovers and well enough to do as he wished.

Piccolo bent and pressed his mouth to Vegeta’s ear, “Soon enough.”

Vegeta turned and whispered back, “It is not. Now would hardly be soon enough.”

Zeba heard and swatted Vegeta’s butt. “Get some food and you’ll be back to full activity sooner.”

He pressed her against his body. “I liked what I ate earlier.”

“Don’t tempt me to make bad decisions regarding your health.”

Vegeta piled two plates high and ate until he was stuffed. Bunny chattered at him about how divine Piccolo was. Then she said, “Dr. Briefs and I have been working on a surprise for him that maybe you and Zeba can help us finish. We’ve created a whole Namekian biosphere with many native crops, but there’s a lot left to do. We thought with you three getting everything sorted that he’d likely move here too and we thought the garden would be a perfect housewarming present.”

Vegeta agreed and liked to imagine his demon’s face upon showing him the garden. So he and Bunny plotted. Then she put both her hands on his crossed forearms. “I’m truly happy for you, Vegeta-kun. Sometimes the universe takes us on strange paths but we end up where we were meant to be.”

He kissed her cheek in a fit of sentimentality and they both blushed. Just then Piccolo rejoined Vegeta and laughed. “Are you trying a different path to my bed now, Bunny?”

“Oh, you! You best put this one to bed, he’s stuffed and looks tired. Shoo! Shoo!”

Vegeta felt Piccolo’s strong hand on his lower back again. *Is she right? Ready to rest? I’m exhausted. It’s strange to drop walls I’ve had my whole life.*
Zeba’s enjoying her threesome celebrity, so I can take you back to your quarters.

They flew to Vegeta’s balcony on the opposite side of the compound. Piccolo pressed his forehead to Vegeta’s as they landed, lacing the fingers of both their hands together. His demon growled, “These will be a long few days. After what’s been a long couple of weeks.”

“I suppose at least I was unconscious for most of those.”

“I should have asked Zeba for her permission to tuck you in properly.”

Vegeta brushed his lips over Piccolo’s and murmured, “I think the doctor would object, in any case.”

“Gods, I can’t think about anything but you. I keep thinking what we could’ve been doing instead of sparring. You stripping in front of me. And now I have to wait.”

Vegeta kissed him more and Piccolo ripped off his shirt. They kissed for a few minutes then pulled apart and Vegeta ran his hands through his hair in frustration. “Fuck. It’s so complicated. I don’t want to hurt Zeba.”

“I know. I’ll go, we can’t fight this.”

“We finally found something that can defeat us together,” Vegeta said with a smirk.

“Not sure if it’s a defeat or the biggest win ever. Rest well, Vegeta.”

“Will you be with her tonight?”

“No, I want this to be freedom. I want to be able to have either of you when the mood strikes, so I need to reciprocate.”

Piccolo purred, “I’d have you all to myself tonight if I could.” His hands raced over Vegeta, causing him to shiver. “As soon as you’re well.”

Vegeta hovered enough to kiss him hard on the mouth, then shoved him away. “Go. Goodnight.”

His demon left and Vegeta quickly brought himself to climax with the memory of Piccolo’s touch and kiss. Vegeta gasped as he spurted all over his newly scarred belly, the cum gleaming in the moonlight, a bright contrast to livid scars. He feared he would never sleep, but the orgasm lulled him and before he knew it, it was morning. Only two days until freedom.

“Finally awake,” came Piccolo’s languid voice.

Vegeta had a brief moment of shame at the dried giz on his belly and his throbbing morning wood. Then he rolled his head to look at Piccolo. The demon eyed his cock hungrily. “What are you doing here, besides tempting me to bad behavior?”

“Thought we might do some cardio and weights, keep our bodies occupied.”

“Yes, I’m disgustedly weak after my time in the tank.”

“Your standards are hilarious. Come on, looks like you need at least a rinse.”

Vegeta turned away, feeling his cheeks heat. “I couldn’t help it.”
“I’m delighted to have that effect on you.”

“I wish you’d been able to participate.”

Piccolo crawled above him in the bed. “Do you think the doctor would begrudge us a handy? A gentle, no-strain handy?”

Piccolo was already cupping Vegeta’s balls, pulling on them gently. Vegeta thrilled at the light scratch of Piccolo’s claws. “Gods, my demon, what you do to me…”

“Zeba and I couldn’t think of anything but you last night, so we ended up laying together masturbating, talking about you, your beautiful body, this rock hard dick. Gods. Two more nights seems an eternity.”

Vegeta kissed Piccolo hungrily and reached inside his pants to find him fully erect. Vegeta spit into his hand and began to stroke his demon. Piccolo arched toward his hand, groaning deep in his throat, “Vegeta, please…” Piccolo’s pleading did something to Vegeta and he held his breath, trying not come too soon. But Piccolo’s low growl, “Come for me. I need it. I need you,” pushed him over the edge. Vegeta cried out and let himself go in Piccolo’s hand. Moments later he felt Piccolo’s spray on his hand and arm. He kissed Piccolo fiercely, cutting his tongue on his demon’s fangs. They held each other’s cocks until their tremors subsided.

Piccolo grabbed the remnants of Vegeta’s t-shirt from the night before and cleaned them both up. They flopped on their backs, side by side. “My desire is going to cut into my training time,” Piccolo said as he caught his breath.

“There you two troublemakers are,” Zeba said as she poked her head into Vegeta’s room. “That sounded like it was against doctor’s orders.”

Piccolo smirked and kissed Vegeta. “I was assisting the patient in relieving unwanted pressure.”

“And what was the patient doing for you?”

Vegeta chuckled and said, “Routine maintenance.”

Zeba had a cart loaded with breakfast. She wheeled it next to the bed and climbed on the bed next to them. “Sweet Kami, I slept better last night than I have in ages.”

They all agreed that enhanced sleep was a pleasant side-effect of their newfound ardor. Vegeta felt a nagging nervousness in his mind though whenever he thought of actually fucking Piccolo. Or rather, being fucked by Piccolo. He’d never even fucked a woman in the ass, so he didn’t know exactly what was entailed. He also knew Piccolo’s dick was huge, and Vegeta wanted him, all of him, but he was scared. It wasn’t that Vegeta couldn’t handle pain, that was one of his specialties in battle, but he didn’t particularly want to feel pain in bed. It made him think of Frieza.

Piccolo’s voice rumbled in his mind, *Vegeta, we’ll work up to that and I never want to hurt you. I never want you scared in bed.*

*What if I can’t?*

*I know you can, but if you don’t want it, there are plenty of other paths to pleasure. But I think you’ll find the breaking in process is just as much fun as the actual fucking.*

“No telepathy. Just have out with it,” Zeba said.
“Vegeta’s scared of my big cock in his sweet, tight ass,” Piccolo said casually.

“Oh, yeah, we’re going to have to work up to both of you fucking any of my holes because you’re both huge.”

Vegeta snorted. “I’m not…scared…per se. Never mind. Not worth dwelling on right since we’re still two days out from any version of fucking.”

“You know even I could sense your chi when you two were jerking each other off. I can’t even imagine what will happen when you’re actually fucking. It’ll be like a hurricane.”

Vegeta and Piccolo smirked at each other. Then Piccolo said, “We better get out of bed before we violate doctor’s orders.”

“Okay, you two eat, I’m off to work on the GR. For forty-eight hours. To avoid how much I want to fuck you both.”

Piccolo seized her and kissed her hard. She said, “You could fuck me. He could watch.”

Vegeta’s cock jumped to life. “Gods, give me a moment to recover,” he said.

Piccolo slapped her ass and sent her off. “Later. Now we should train.”
The three managed to go about their business most of the day. Vegeta bowed to taking a nap mid-afternoon after Piccolo insisted his color wasn’t good. The sexual tension with Piccolo was crazy enough for Vegeta to adjust to, but his demon’s tenderness filled him with a strange chimera of ease and terror. Piccolo laid beside him, their hands exploring gently as they kissed.

Vegeta couldn’t help but think of their offspring. “Where do you lay eggs?”

Piccolo laughed. “I forget that’s how I’m built differently than Saiyans and humans. Here, give me your hand.”

Vegeta rose up on one elbow, and Piccolo laid back. He ran Vegeta’s hand over his cock and balls. Then he arched up and Vegeta felt his hand clenched between rock hard ass cheeks. “That’s my asshole. But this…” he moved Vegeta’s hand to a soft spot under Piccolo’s balls. Piccolo pushed Vegeta’s fingers and the spot opened and hugged Vegeta’s fingers in velvety folds. Piccolo gasped, his eyelids fluttering closed.

Vegeta whispered, “Is it…does it feel good? Do you like being fingered here?”

“Sweet Kami, yes. It’s got so many nerves that it’s almost unbearable. When it senses semen, it stimulates an egg to drop to be fertilized. It’s very intense, I’ve heard. There is nothing more intimate for a Namekian than our theadur.”

“What would happen if I were to keep finger ing it dry like this?” Vegeta probed the soft, tight sheath, “Does it have any type of orgasm?” Vegeta guessed from the way Piccolo’s erection strained and his hips rose to meet Vegeta’s hand that it did something, but Piccolo’s groan sounded almost as if he were in agony.

“It hungers for more. And yes, you can definitely give me a back orgasm, as we call it. But it’s hard for another to do, especially since it wants semen.”

Vegeta sat up and took the tip of Piccolo’s cock in his mouth. He sucked it hard as he slipped a second finger inside his demon and Piccolo trembled, nearly shook. “Vegeta…I don’t know if I can handle it.”

Vegeta whispered, keeping his lips against Piccolo’s tip, “Do you want me to stop?”

“Yes and never. I never want you to stop.”

They rose off the bed in their pleasure and the room shook. Vegeta slid a third finger inside Piccolo, making the demon cry out and arch farther, thrusting his cock into Vegeta’s mouth. Piccolo curled up and gripped Vegeta’s shaft. Piccolo’s hand felt amazing on him, but not as earth-shattering as Piccolo’s theadur pulling at his fingers, eager for more. He pushed all four fingers inside his demon and took Piccolo’s dick out of his mouth to gasp. “Is this okay? I’m not hurting you?” as he pushed his fingers deeper, stroking Piccolo’s balls with his thumb.

Piccolo leaned up in the energy storm they were creating. “More, I need more.” Piccolo’s skin began to glow, faintly at first, then brighter.

Vegeta gave his demon what he wanted and reached his whole hand inside Piccolo and the tight, gripping of the velvet tunnel set him off and he sprayed cum in a huge arc. Then Piccolo let out a primal cry and seized on Vegeta’s hand as he sprayed in Vegeta’s mouth. The feeling was so
intense that Vegeta felt himself erupt into Super Saiyan and another orgasm rippled through his balls and he spurted again. Lightning coursed over Piccolo’s skin.

Slowly, almost as if they were injured, they pulled apart. Vegeta gingerly removed himself from the intimate sheath Piccolo had shared. The light blinked out of his skin. Vegeta sucked the last cum from his demon’s tip, eliciting another guttural cry. Piccolo didn’t relinquish his grip on Vegeta’s cock, but he didn’t mind.

They stared into each other’s eyes and Piccolo whispered, “That was incredible, I didn’t know that was possible without mating. I’ve never…never allowed anyone to do that.”

Vegeta growled, “And I hope you never allow anyone else to do it.”

“Even Zeba?”

Zeba’s voice startled them from the balcony, “Sweet Kami, you two can’t be trusted alone!”

Vegeta surprised himself and Piccolo as he swept the sheet up over their lower bodies. Piccolo’stheadur was still swollen and visible from their lovemaking and Vegeta wanted another short moment of their secret intimacy.

“How did you get on the balcony, woman?” Vegeta called.

“I flew up. I had to pull myself over, but pretty good, huh?” She strolled in, dirty and disheveled. “What was all the lightning about?”

Piccolo and Vegeta looked at each other and grinned. “About our inability to keep our hands to ourselves. And Vegeta’s incredible blowjob skills.”

Vegeta felt his cheeks redden and a deep gratitude toward Piccolo for keeping their small secret, even though he suspected that three-ways worked better without secrets. But he thought he wouldn’t care if Zeba and Piccolo had secrets that brought them closer.

“You two aren’t allowed together anymore. Doctor’s orders, remember? Kami’s own, Piccolo, you should be the voice of restraint!”

“I know, but I’m weak to his charms.”

Zeba hopped in bed and Vegeta started kissing her as he growled, “You are what I need to round out my sexual diet. And since you two had a go last night…”

She moaned but pushed him away as he pulled her shirt up to reach her breasts. “No, just because he’s willing to bend the rules doesn’t mean I am. I want you, but I want you to get well. So heal up quick. Piccolo, do I need to banish you? Or bone you enough that you can manage to be around him?”

“Mmm…right now you could let us take a well-earned nap.”

“Fine, but I better not feel anymore shock waves coming from here. Or any more lightning. Got it?”

Both men nodded, and Vegeta was half-asleep by the time he heard the door close behind her. He felt Piccolo bite his shoulder and groan. His demon shocked him as he whispered, “I think I love you, Vegeta.”
Vegeta surprised himself, answering gruffly, “I know I love you, my demon.” Then they fell asleep entwined.

Zeba kept Piccolo away from Vegeta all the next day and night and at lunch on the third day. Vegeta sought out Dr. Briefs to be cleared to get on with his life. “Fit as a fiddle, my boy, despite disobeying my directives. The garden is almost ready to go if you’re ready to invite Piccolo to move into the compound. Bunny has already prepared quarters for him, of course, and has ordered larger beds for all three of your quarters.”

Vegeta felt himself blushing as he bowed deeply. “Thank you for taking me into your family and for being so accepting of our rather unorthodox situation.”

“Ah, well, we’re glad we’ve gained a son,” Dr. Briefs said and gave Vegeta a hearty pat on his muscular shoulder. Then he winked and wiggled his eyebrows. “I suppose we’ll have to start pressing you for grandchildren.”

Vegeta was surprised by his own mirth. He chuckled and said, “Be careful what you wish for or you might have brats galore running around.”

Now that Vegeta was finally cleared, his low-level fear about the future of their pod ramped up. He worried about disappointing either or both of them. Or petty jealousies ruining everything. He worried he would not be able to handle Zeba having access to Piccolo’s theadur. The ownership Vegeta felt over Piccolo’s secret sheath was fierce, nearly all-consuming. An animal feeling complete with animal aggression and possession.

Vegeta tried to shake those thoughts from his head as he flew down to Zeba at the new GR. He knew Piccolo was off training with Gohan. He also knew Zeba and Piccolo had been together the night before. He landed near Zeba, where she sat welding on a high beam. “I’m glad we’ve done flying lessons, because I see you aren’t strapped on.”

She flipped up her mask when he touched down next to her. She kissed him deeply, then smirked and said, “With two men I didn’t think I’d need a strap on. How are you feeling?”

Vegeta chuckled. “Like I got cleared to do whatever the hell I want. And you’re at the top of my list.”

“Mmm…I like the sound of that. I have a few more hours of work, then the three of us can grab dinner and spend the whole night getting up to all your wildest dreams.”

Vegeta was disappointed but reminded himself that she was employed. He said, hesitantly, “You know, I could support you. I have plenty of money—”

“I know, and that’s very sweet, but I like working. It’s not like the Briefs are hard-asses, but I know once I start knocking off to knock boots, I’ll never get anything done, you know?”

“Yes, I do. I can still pout, can’t I?”

“Of course, my sweet Saiyan. Why don’t you go find Piccolo and blow off some steam? Or at least train a little?” She kissed him, trailing her finger down his chest. “I can hardly wait to get you naked tonight.”
He held her petite, muscular body against his and kissed her for a long time. It was strange to have come so far with her in such a short time. Then he remembered the Namekian garden. “I was going to ask Piccolo to move on compound tonight. Bunny said the garden is ready. She said we could harvest some stuff and surprise him tomorrow at dinner.”

“Sounds perfect, let’s tell him tonight, together. Now go on, I have work to do.” She smacked his ass.

Vegeta didn’t know whether he should be worried about Zeba’s lack of zeal. He’d never been in a relationship and he supposed most people couldn’t just spend all day fucking. He zeroed in on Piccolo’s chi, but felt strange interrupting his training with his young pupil. So Vegeta sighed and called out to King Kai, *Does that clown want to train?*

*I want him to go away for a bit, so I’ll send him your way.*

Kakarot appeared. “Hey, Vegeta! You hardly ever train with me—is this because of your weird stuff with Piccolo?” He looked around. “Or do I get to fight both of you at once?”

“It’s not weird, you imbecile! And no, I’m only training with you because he’s busy training with Gohan. And I always feel like beating you up.”

“All right! Let’s do it!” Kakarot shouted happily and leveled up to Super Saiyan.

Vegeta was surprised how little strength he’d lost in his convalescence. It helped to be motivated by Kakarot’s idiotic description of his pod. Part of him didn’t care what anyone thought, but the Saiyan in him hated any slight against his mates. The day passed quickly and as the sun sank, Vegeta told Kakarot to go. “Aw, come on, we can fight in the dark.” Vegeta pulled away as Kakarot grabbed his hand, a gesture he found weird and unsettling.

“Why don’t you go home to your wife, Kakarot? Maybe you shouldn’t be so quick to judge your friends when your own marriage is a sham.”

“Yeah, I like having kids, I guess, but I don’t think I’m cut out for marriage.”

Vegeta facepalmed. “Your poor wife. Go Kakarot. I have a life outside training.”

Kakarot dogged him all the way back to the compound. “Are you and Piccolo, like, married now?”

“Your questions are always idiotic.”

“I just don’t see the point. You’re already friends and you can’t have babies.”

“Yes, we can. And that’s beside the point. You know that most beings actually enjoy sex, right?”

“How can you and Piccolo have a baby, neither of you are ladies? I guess I’m pretty hazy on ladies too.”

“Go away. Go ask your wife!”

“Hey, Dad! What are you doing here?” Gohan asked as he flew up with Piccolo.

“Oh! Hey, Gohan! Hey, Piccolo! Vegeta and I did some training but now he’s ignoring my questions about how he and Piccolo could have a baby.”

“Dad! That’s not your business.”
“Okay, but Vegeta thought your mom could explain it.”

They disappeared with a wave, and Vegeta and Piccolo were alone. Vegeta approached him and realized they were both caked with dirt and sweat. They were close and Vegeta wasn’t sure how to greet him, but Piccolo grabbed him by the hips and pulled their bodies close. He kissed Vegeta fiercely. When he finally pulled back, he said, “Did you get the all-clear?”

Vegeta nodded. “Zeba wants us all to go out to dinner, so we should probably clean up.”

“I’ve been wanting another shower with you anyway.”

Vegeta held Piccolo’s jaw as he kissed him. “We’ll have to save some energy for Zeba after dinner.”

But when they got back to his quarters, Zeba was there, undressing to get into the shower. Her eyes glittered as he and Piccolo tossed off their clothes. They got in the spacious shower and Vegeta turned on the steam vents too, making the whole interior warm and relaxing. They fell into line with Piccolo shampooing Vegeta while Vegeta shampooed Zeba. He smirked over his shoulder at his demon. “How convenient that the tallest is also hairless.”

Piccolo arched over and kissed Vegeta’s chest and growled, “You’re hairless where it counts.”

Vegeta reached up and cupped Zeba’s breasts, rolling her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. “Did you two enjoy last night? I got hard just thinking about it. I’m glad I get to be with you both tonight.”

Zeba arched back against him. She said in a breathy voice, “We still didn’t fuck since I don’t think I’m quite broken in enough to handle Piccolo. But we managed to have a good time anyway.”

Vegeta nipped her ear and whispered, “Tell me what you did,” as Piccolo’s hand slid onto his balls. She turned in his arms and smiled past him, up at Piccolo. “Maybe we’ll just show you.”

She slid down his body and took Vegeta’s head in her mouth. Piccolo growled in Vegeta’s ear, “She started by sucking my cock.” He trailed his claws over Vegeta’s balls, but then Vegeta felt him dull them somehow. He glanced at Piccolo. “Retractable, kind of like a cat.” Then Piccolo’s hand reached back further to Vegeta’s taint, which he stroked firmly, “But I couldn’t let her pleasure me without reciprocation, so I started by slipping my tongue in her pussy, just a little,” Piccolo tongued Vegeta’s ear, his breath coming in ragged gasps. “But it tasted so good that I was sucking that clit as hard as she sucked my dick.” Piccolo swirled his tongue in Vegeta’s ear and he had to grip the wall of the shower to deal with all the sensations as Zeba sucked his cock even harder. Piccolo continued, “But then I told her I missed you, and she suggested that I slip a finger in her back door.”

Vegeta gasped as he felt lube drip into his ass, Piccolo’s finger followed, firmly rubbing his asshole. “And I did, and she came so hard that I could barely get my finger out.” Piccolo sucked Vegeta’s earlobe and neck.

Vegeta was quivering from all their attentions and he rasped, “Please, Piccolo, oh gods, Zeba, don’t make me come before he’s fingered me.”

He could feel Piccolo smiling against his neck as he began gently probing Vegeta’s back door. Then he finally pushed inside him, slowly and smoothly and Vegeta came almost instantly. Zeba clung to his hips and Piccolo delved even deeper, slipping a second finger in him and wringing every drop of cum out of him and into Zeba’s mouth. Vegeta’s legs buckled, but Piccolo’s strong
arms wrapped around him and kept him upright.

Zeba was back on her feet, smiling and kissing Vegeta. Piccolo stole her mouth and growled, “I want to taste him on your breath.” Vegeta slid down Piccolo’s body and took Piccolo’s enormous hard-on deep in his mouth. Piccolo groaned and Vegeta saw him wash his hand before thrusting two fingers into Zeba’s pussy. Vegeta paused to tongue her clit, licking Piccolo’s fingers at the same time. His demon let out such a guttural cry that he feared he had missed Piccolo’s orgasm. He returned to his demon’s dick, holding the taller man’s rock hard ass in his hands as he mouth-fucked his demon as hard as he could.

Zeba came first and Vegeta could see her clenching on Piccolo’s fingers, where he was holding her against the wall and off the ground by her pussy. Piccolo roared and filled Vegeta’s mouth with cum. His demon’s legs gave way and he crumpled onto Vegeta’s lap. Piccolo clung to him and Zeba wrapped herself around them as best she could with her petite body. Vegeta felt the sting of tears and almost recoiled, the old him—the proud, arrogant one—tried to prevent this vulnerability, this display of emotion.

Piccolo kissed his tightly shut eyelids and it felt like a benediction. He let the dam of feeling break and he clung to both of them in the steam and the spray. It was a flash flood and passed quickly and he appreciated that neither of his lovers said anything. They held him until they all got to their feet and finished washing.

“Boys, I think we may be the best at threesomes,” Zeba said after the moment had cooled.

Piccolo swung her up into his arms and kissed her. She laughed and he tossed her to Vegeta, who kissed her, relishing the taste of Piccolo on her soft, feminine mouth. Then Piccolo kissed him before saying, “Yeah, I’m going to agree with Zeba on that.”

Zeba shaved her legs while Piccolo kissed and kissed Vegeta. Vegeta wondered if she minded, but then she shoved Piccolo out of the way and took over kissing him. Vegeta couldn’t believe he was already hard again, but he was. Zeba clasped his erection between her thighs. He hoisted her up to kiss her neck and breasts. She held him tightly and gasped, “Can he fuck me, Piccolo?”

“Gods, yes,” Piccolo growled.

Then she was grabbing his cock and Vegeta cried out as he thrust inside her at last, after weeks of confusion and wanting. He held her thighs and rolled his hips as he moved her back and forth. He thrust his lower abs forward to rub against her clit.

Piccolo had moved behind her and was holding her breasts, pinching her nipples, sucking her neck, but his eyes were on Vegeta. Vegeta could feel his demon’s hard cock rubbing underneath where he and Zeba were joined, pressing delightfully into his balls. Piccolo lunged forward, kissing Vegeta aggressively. Vegeta came hard in Zeba. Piccolo twisted her nipples and Vegeta felt her start to clench on him. He groaned in Piccolo’s mouth and his hand found Piccolo’s shaft, quickly bringing him to climax on Vegeta’s thighs, loving the feel of his demon’s hot spurt hitting his flesh.

Then he let Zeba down and saw his own seed spill out of her. “Oh shit, Zeba, I’m sorry. I should have pulled out.”

She kissed him and shrugged. “Oh well. I can’t imagine my life without you two, so if I’m knocked up, I’m knocked up.”

Piccolo cleaned his semen off Vegeta who said, “Zeba and I were hoping you would move in.
Bunny said she prepared larger quarters for you, since she wasn’t sure how we’d want to arrange
our living situation, but getting you here is all that matters.”

Piccolo smiled his predatory smile and kissed Vegeta before whispering, “Of course. I love that
asking me to move in made you blush, but finger fucking me didn’t. You’re as enigmatic as
always, Vegeta.”

They eventually managed to go out to dinner, where they drew an enormous amount of attention
both for Piccolo’s celebrity status and the obvious nature of their connection. Several people tried
to take their picture only to find their phones exploding. Piccolo winked at Vegeta and he could
hardly believe the strangeness of such intimacy.

After dinner, Vegeta and Piccolo moved his few belongings into Vegeta’s quarters. They decided
that since neither man had much, they would all fit in Vegeta’s chambers. Then they prepared for
bed. Vegeta realized as they all stood brushing their teeth that he had never done more than take a
nap with another person. Zeba laughed. “I’m not surprised that you’re a hit and run kind of guy.”

“Well the company has never been so fine or so numerous.”

Piccolo tossed Vegeta on the bed. Vegeta was still adjusting to not counterattacking when Piccolo
touched him in this manner. Piccolo said, “I guess the advantage of multiple chambers is that we
don’t all have to participate if one of us is tired or not in the mood.” He crawled above Vegeta
while Zeba flopped beside him. “Though that seems far-fetched right now.”

Zeba kissed Piccolo and said, “I don’t know, I think we might want duo nights. We all have our
own chemistry combos, don’t you think?”

“That, yes, but I promise you and Vegeta having a night alone will not be because I’m not in the
mood.”

Zeba murmured, “Mmmm…likewise. I am exhausted, however, and realizing that alien warriors
might have more stamina than me.”

Piccolo kissed Vegeta tenderly. “Are you tired, Vegeta? I don’t want to wear you down after you
just got better.”

Vegeta shrugged. “I’m tired, but ready to rumble, as you well know.” Vegeta couldn’t stop
thinking about fucking Piccolo now that he’d fucked Zeba. The more nagging, more fraught desire
was the one to fuck Piccolo in his theadur. He wanted that so badly his balls ached, but he still
didn’t even know if Zeba knew about it.

Zeba kissed them both and said, “No hard feelings then if I step out tonight? You guys fucked me
so good in the shower. And dinner was fun. I love you both.” She got up with a farewell kiss each
and went down the hall to her own quarters.

Vegeta watched after her and said, “Is she okay?”

“I think so. She’s still struggling with her guilt about Gen and Bulma.”

“But this is okay?” He caressed Piccolo’s face.

“Yes, she has no problem with us being together without her. We talked about that last night. She
thought particularly the first time I fuck you, we might want it to be just the two of us.”
“Does she know about...about the thing we did the other day?”

“Not explicitly.”

“I know I shouldn’t, but I feel so possessive. I can barely bear the idea of her having you that way. I know that’s not fair, but it felt...sacred...what we did. The thought of...of...making love that way...it makes me tremble. I know I’m being a fool.”

Piccolo kissed him hard and placed Vegeta’s hand between his legs. “Not a fool, but not feasible. I think Zeba will leave it alone if you tell her how you feel. She loves you fiercely, I’m secondary.”

Vegeta’s finger ran along the edge of Piccolo’s theadur marveling how hidden it was until he put enough pressure, then the folds would open, revealing the deep magenta interior. Piccolo gasped as Vegeta opened it very gently. Vegeta rasped, “My mind has been clouded with this since the other day. You’ve bewitched me and I keep thinking if I have enough of you, I can break the spell.”

Piccolo’s erection grew even larger and he growled, “I never want you to break the spell. You’re mine.” Piccolo bit him on the pec, then trailed his mouth over to Vegeta’s nipple.

“What happens if I make love to you in your sheath but pull out? I don’t want to make you lay an egg unnecessarily.”

“I don’t actually know. I...as I said, I’ve never let anyone touch me there. I want your dick inside me.”

“Once I’ve had you this way, I think I can bear to share it. But I won’t risk fertilizing your egg if you aren’t ready.”

Piccolo grasped Vegeta’s face in his hands, his long fingers reaching into Vegeta’s hair. “I am ready. I’m fine waiting if you want to wait, but I’ve been obsessed since the other day. It’s like it has a mind of its own. I’ve basically been having the theadur equivalent of wet-dreams, except while I’m awake.”

Vegeta slid a finger inside Piccolo, twisting it back and forth, feeling every micrometer of him inside. He smoothly added a second finger, but Piccolo’s face contorted in what looked like suffering. He pulled his fingers back and returned to just kissing Piccolo. But his demon’s eyes snapped open and he took Vegeta’s dick in his hand. He pushed Vegeta’s head inside his theadur causing Vegeta to gasp. Piccolo grabbed Vegeta by the hips and eased his cock deep into the velvety sheath. His demon’s mouth was open, his eyes half-lidded in ecstasy.

Vegeta took Piccolo’s green cock in his hand and started stroking it as he rocked deeper into his demon’s squeezing tunnel. As they each let out a throaty cry, Vegeta abruptly pulled out and said, “Shit, Piccolo, will pre-cum—“

“Shush, Vegeta, please stop thinking and worrying and just be with me in this moment.” Then he guided Vegeta back inside him with another groan. Vegeta looked into Piccolo’s eyes and fell even more in love as their hips synchronized, pulling apart and thrusting together in a slow smooth motion. Piccolo’s mouth was open in a fixed gasp of pleasure, his eyes hooded as he held Vegeta’s ass and tried to spread his legs wider to grant Vegeta deeper access.

“Gods, Piccolo, I won’t last long like this, even though I want to have you forever this way.” Vegeta’s skin felt covered in fireworks wherever Piccolo ran his hands over him. They were in the air now, the lightning around them was so intense it obscured the walls.

Piccolo wrapped his legs around Vegeta and pleaded, “Harder, Vegeta, please, gods, harder.”
Vegeta let go of the green erection and took Piccolo by the hips and gave his demon what he needed. Piccolo’s skin began to glow from within and he trembled. Then he roared, “Yes, Vegeta, yes!”

The velvety clenching pushed Vegeta over the edge and he ripped his body away from Piccolo’s just in time to spray all over his cock and stomach. He clasped Piccolo’s rock hard dick tightly in his hand and brought him to secondary climax so quickly that their seed swirled together in a pool in the crenelations of Piccolo’s ab muscles.

But instead of ecstasy, Vegeta felt bereft and the glow had blinked out of Piccolo’s skin the moment he had pulled out. Vegeta frantically kissed Piccolo, breaking to whisper, “I’m so sorry, I’m so sorry.” He pressed his forehead to Piccolo’s and sent wave after wave of apology.

Piccolo said, “No, no, no. Vegeta, stop. That was incredible, but my body is designed to get what it needs to procreate. It just…I forgot that we were going to separate. I wasn’t mentally prepared.”

Vegeta cleaned them up and washed his hands, drying them carefully. He jumped back in bed and looking into Piccolo’s eyes, he very slid a finger inside him, checking for cum. Nothing but red-hot velvet. Piccolo squirmed and rasped, “Vegeta, sweet Kami, are you trying to shatter me?”

Vegeta reluctantly withdrew. “I should have come in you. I’m sorry.”

Piccolo kissed him again. “Don’t fucking apologize. That was phenomenal.”

Vegeta covered them up but continued kissing as Zeba knocked and came back in. “Are you guys okay? What are you doing that’s causing the lightning and the earthquakes? Am I killing it for you guys or something?”

Both men laughed. “Gods, no! We just can’t power up like that with you or we’d hurt you,” Piccolo answered and Vegeta realized that it was true. They both suppressed their chi to keep Zeba safe. But Vegeta caught Piccolo’s eye and said, Let’s tell her, if we’re going to mate, we have to.

“We did try something new and…sensitive,” Piccolo said.

She cocked her head and walked over. Piccolo raised his hand and slammed the door behind her, twisting his hand to lock it. She stopped, her glittering green eyes wide. “I did not know you could do that. Also a bit creepy.”

“Sorry, you’re not trapped, I just don’t want company.”

She crawled onto the bed until she was straddling Vegeta, and she ran her hands over his chest. He held her hips. “Did he fuck you? Are you okay?” She looked concerned.

Vegeta’s heart still rebelled against telling her. “No…I…well…remember how we talked about how either of us can mate with Piccolo?”

“Yeah, though I am unclear on the logistics.”

Piccolo explained it to her and Vegeta tensed his whole body as he waited to see if she would want to try it or see it or watch them. But she looked at Vegeta strangely and he realized it was with deep tenderness. She said, “Is this…hmmm…how shall I say…were you nervous to tell me?”

Vegeta let his body relax a little. “Not exactly, but I’m ashamed how possessive I feel about it because I know it’s not fair, that it isn’t mine.”
“Vegeta, not everything is fair in a threesome. I don’t have a dick, I can’t impregnate either of you, but you guys don’t get to be pregnant or nurse or have tits, if we’re being honest. We might disagree, but we have to be honest or it will fall apart.”

Piccolo startled Vegeta as he muttered, ‘I would prefer if...for now at least...if it’s just Vegeta with my theadur, I’ll pleasure you any and every other way—“

“Guys, it’s okay. I don’t actually enjoy penetrating things. I like being penetrated. I might like to watch at some point when you’re more comfortable and if it can be safe for me, but this seems like a special, intimate thing between the two of you and I like when you two are hot for each other. That gets me going. But I like knowing so I don’t feel excluded for being boring or dickless.”

They laughed and she kissed back and forth between them. Then she whispered to Piccolo, “Do you think you could fuck me? I decided I want equal odds on Saiyan or Namekian baby. I won’t take it personally if Vegeta needs to get your motor running.”

Piccolo threw back the covers, revealing his turgid, green erection. “Not necessary, but what about your motor—should Vegeta get it started?”

She put Piccolo’s hand on her pussy and whispered, “No, I want you to do it, but he can play with us if he wants.”

Vegeta grew hard again just watching Piccolo slide two fingers in and out of Zeba while using his palm to apply pressure to her clit. Piccolo bit her nipple and whispered, “What if I fuck you doggy-style, while Vegeta fucks my theadur from lying underneath you, so he can touch those beautiful titties.” The grin that split Piccolo’s face as he pulled his shiny, slick fingers from inside her told Vegeta her answer. “That work for you, Vegeta?”

“Do you want me to finish or pull out?”

“Finish. I can’t bear that again.”

Zeba got up on all fours and Vegeta slid under her. He scooted down far enough to lean up and licked along her slit, probing deeper to tongue her clit. Piccolo arched over her, tall enough that he could be on all fours above her. He braced one arm by his shoulder and ran the other along her flank and over her hip before he took his hard-on in his hand and gently pushed his head inside her. “Okay, Zeba?”

She nodded, breathing hard. Vegeta’s tongue flicked along Piccolo’s shaft, then back onto Zeba’s clit. Piccolo began to rock gradually inside her, letting her body adjust to his girth. He drizzled more lube on his cock. Vegeta licked her clit until she cried out, “Sweet Kami, you two are going to make me come before you’re even all the way inside me.”

Vegeta pulled back and reached up to push two fingers into Piccolo’s sheath. Piccolo still had a couple inches to ease into Zeba, so Vegeta contented himself with exploring his demon’s theadur with his fingers, pulling out to grip Piccolo’s balls. Vegeta put his ab muscles to use by curling up to take Zeba’s breast in his mouth. She was already panting from the exertion of taking Piccolo’s length. Vegeta raised himself up further, kissing her mouth, then he said, “You okay, Zeba?”

“Sweet Kami, yes!” she cried as he played with her nipples.

Piccolo sank his entire dick into Zeba and started thrusting gently, growling her name before saying, “Fuck me, Vegeta, I want us all to come together. Gods, Zeba, you’re so tight and wet.”

Vegeta felt his balls tighten remembering fucking Zeba mere hours earlier and the thought of his
seed still slick inside her almost made him come before he’d even gotten to Piccolo.

As he pushed into Piccolo’s sheath, Piccolo roared with pleasure. Vegeta bit his own tongue to stay his orgasm and began the sweet ecstasy of slowly thrusting deeper and deeper into Piccolo’s theadur. As the glow reappeared under his skin, Zeba gave a startled cry and Vegeta watched the dark silhouette of her hand as she twisted around to hold Piccolo’s face. Piccolo growled and trembled. He nipped Zeba’s neck, but used his long arm to pull Vegeta’s face up to his own and kiss him hungrily.

Vegeta had one hand on the side of Zeba’s ass and one gripping Piccolo’s, but he finally pulled away from the kiss to drop his shoulders onto the bed for leverage. The room crackled with lightning and Zeba’s green eyes were wide and sparkling. Vegeta gasped, “Okay?”

She nodded and sweat dripped off her chin onto Vegeta’s chest. Now he was thrusting hard into Piccolo, who had one large hand splayed against Zeba’s lower abdomen. He pulled her upright, holding her breasts and dropping hard onto Vegeta. Vegeta bellowed as his cock found the tight, squeezing end of Piccolo’s sheath. Piccolo stuttered a cry and Vegeta rammed his demon up and down on his cock while Piccolo brought Zeba up and down more gently on his green shaft. Zeba reached her hand up behind her head to hold Piccolo as he grazed his fangs along her silken neck.

Vegeta felt the inevitable, enormous crest of his orgasm and he cried out, unable to help his jump to Super Saiyan as he came inside his demon. Piccolo roared and the glow of his skin shifted to a warmer hue and his sheath sent rippling waves of grip down Vegeta’s shaft at the same time as Vegeta saw Piccolo’s balls tighten and tremble in his double release. His final, deep, slow thrusts sent Zeba spiraling so hard that Vegeta could see her pussy seizing on Piccolo’s dick.

Piccolo’s skin continued to emit a pulsing glow for several minutes. They all remained motionless and Vegeta was gasping as Piccolo’s sheath continued milking his cock. Zeba looked absolutely spent. Vegeta felt fiercely protective and possessive of both of them now and he realized that would never abate until his death. He imagined both of them carrying his child and the fierce pride that welled in him briefly silenced his inner turmoil.

Piccolo gently pulled out of Zeba and helped her lie down. He kissed her mouth, down her neck, and onto her breasts. Vegeta was still inside Piccolo as he finished kissing Zeba. Then he turned his attention back to Vegeta. His skin was still glowing. Vegeta whispered, “Will it stop when I pull out?” He gave Piccolo a smirk. “I’m like your battery.”

Piccolo laughed and rocked a little, making Vegeta shudder with another aftershock of pleasure. Vegeta gasped at the pleasant ache in his balls. “I think you’ve actually exhausted me. I haven’t been this tired since we fought Cell.”

Zeba sighed happily. “Well, it’s a good thing Dr. Briefs made you rest those extra days. I don’t imagine he meant for you to resume your activities at this intensity, but he knows you well enough that he might’ve factored in your stubbornness.”

Vegeta finally eased himself out of Piccolo and the emptiness that filled him the moment they separated was terrifying. Nothing had ever had such power over him.

They all caught their breath in silence and then Zeba said, “I checked my calendar and there’s a really high chance this was procreative, just so you guys know.”

“We already knew,” Vegeta answered.

Piccolo chimed in, “We can smell when you’re in heat.”
Zeba blushed. “Oh…What about you Piccolo? Will you lay an egg now?”

“I believe so, but there’s still a chance that Saiyan and Namekian DNA won’t be cross-compatible. If Vegeta caused my body to create and release an egg, we’ll know soon, then it has to incubate for twelve weeks. But that may vary because of his genes’ influence. Saiyans mature quite quickly compared to Namekians.”

Vegeta ran his hands over both their bellies, bending to kiss each, then he stretched out between them, as high on the bed as possible, so that Piccolo almost fit. “It’s hard to believe that I might be a father soon. Possibly twice.”

Piccolo and Zeba coiled around him and they settled in for the night. Vegeta tried to fall asleep before his mind could get away from him, but it was too quick. A thousand fears and worries and recriminations zigged and zagged through his mind. After over an hour, he felt Piccolo’s firm lips on his temple. **Why so unsettled?**

*What if either of you is hurt in the process of giving me offspring? What if I’m a terrible father? What will I do about their tails?*

**Vegeta, stop. You’re being an idiot.**

*Of course I am! I have no idea what I’m doing!*

*You are fucking everyone like a pro and enjoying yourself.***

Zeba sat up blearily and flopped onto Vegeta’s chest. She kissed along his sternum. “No mind-talky. I don’t like it. How are you guys awake?”

Piccolo narrowed his eyes at her. “Can you hear us?”

“No, just like static. Like noise. I can’t hear what you’re saying,” she mumbled sleepily.

Vegeta widened his eyes at Piccolo. “Zeba, how long has that been going on?”

“Just started.”

Piccolo chortled. “Vegeta, my swimmers might have won the race already.”

“She can’t be pregnant yet. Maybe she’s just learning telepathy, like I did.”

Piccolo shrugged. “We’ll see. I’ve never known a human that could do it, not even Master Roshi or Kururin, who have certainly tried. Now get some sleep.” Then he readjusted them all so he was in the middle. “No offense, Vegeta, but you’re too short to be the cream filling of this particular cookie.”

“We’ll see who’s too short when we get back to training.”

Zeba grumbled, “If you guys are gonna fuck again, I’m leaving, I’m tired.”

Piccolo kissed her and nodded toward his quarters at Vegeta. Vegeta kissed her too and then they both flew out. The minute he landed in Piccolo’s quarters, Piccolo slammed him hard against the far wall, pinning his arms above him, and kissing him fiercely, then he tore away the shorts Vegeta had thrown on as a courtesy to the Briefs. Vegeta laughed. “You can’t hold me, my demon.”

“I can’t do anything I want yet, but give me time.”
Vegeta lunged for Piccolo’s mouth, but humored him by not breaking his hold. Piccolo had gotten much stronger, even since fighting Cell. Vegeta was hard again, despite the ache in his balls. “How will we ever train?”

“With great discipline and regular fucking breaks.” Piccolo said, dragging his fangs along Vegeta’s neck and chest as he kissed. “Gods but I want you to fuck me again. I meant to fuck you once we were both awake, but now that I have you, all I can think about is you inside me.”

“Keep talking like that and I’ll never make it. It seems my appetite for you is as insatiable as my other appetites.” Vegeta broke his arms free and spun Piccolo around, kissing along the taller man’s neck and shoulder. He held Piccolo’s arms behind his back and Piccolo seized Vegeta’s dick with both hands. Vegeta gasped and his hips started thrusting into the firm grip of his long green fingers. “Gods, Piccolo, don’t make me come in your hands. I know you want more than that.”

Piccolo smirked over his shoulder. “I want to finger your ass while you fuck me this time. I need to start breaking you in because I do want to fuck that tight ass, Vegeta, I want it so badly.”

Vegeta was trembling as Piccolo spoke and kept his hands firmly wrapped around his member. Then Piccolo pulled him to the edge of the bed. He laid back and threw his legs over Vegeta’s shoulders. Vegeta decided to savor his demon this time, to remain calm, to take Piccolo to new heights. He took Piccolo’s hands away and began teasing Piccolo’s headur.

As he touched the head of his dick to Piccolo’s hot, hidden fold, Piccolo groaned. Vegeta held his cock and swirled it around the entrance until Piccolo was squirming.

“Make use of those magnificent long arms and do as you said. I want you inside me too.”

Piccolo hissed, “I can’t even think with what you’re doing to me.”

A fluttering glow already rippled under his skin and lightning licked between their bodies. Vegeta bent his knees and thrust his tip inside Piccolo, but upwards toward the base of his cock. A brighter glow radiated out from his demon’s balls as he cried out. Vegeta pulled back slowly until their flesh was barely touching and Piccolo was panting, but Vegeta saw his claws retract and he poured lube on his fingers before grabbing Vegeta’s ass with his dry hand. He trailed a slick finger between Vegeta’s taut cheeks, finding his asshole and massaging it with great care while Vegeta continued his teasing thrusts. Piccolo curled up to kiss Vegeta’s mouth and murmured, “Are you trying to destroy me? Or do you want to make me beg?”

“I want you all night, craving me until you can’t stand it anymore. I want my name to be the only word on your lips.”

Piccolo kissed him fiercely, and Vegeta felt the first tentative entrance of Piccolo’s finger. He shuddered and gave Piccolo a slightly deeper thrust, feeling the sheath’s powerful muscles pull at him, and he stifled a groan by biting Piccolo’s shoulder. He murmured his demon’s name and felt Piccolo smile against his neck. “That’s it,” his demon whispered as he pushed his finger deeper into Vegeta.

Vegeta imagined the tight resistance of his ass on Piccolo’s dick and he clenched on his demon’s fingers, eliciting a growl from Piccolo. Then his demon gasped, “I need more, Vegeta, let me have more.”

“You have to earn it. I was imagining my ass on your cock, how tight it will be. How I’ll grip you. But that means you need to break me in, get me ready.” As he spoke, Vegeta released the grip he had on Piccolo’s thighs and took his green, thrumming erection in his hand. Piccolo cried his name
and pushed his finger deeper into Vegeta. It took all of Vegeta’s willpower not to ram himself balls deep into Piccolo.

Piccolo was breathing hard now and working steadily deeper into Vegeta’s ass, while Vegeta had limited himself to shallow, gentle sliding in and out of only the very mouth of Piccolo’s *theadur*. Piccolo thrust a second finger in as deep as the first and Vegeta cried out. Piccolo began working them hard, making Vegeta pant. But still Vegeta wouldn’t relent, he only teased Piccolo’s entrance.

Piccolo grabbed the back of Vegeta’s neck and pulled their faces together. He kissed Vegeta desperately, plaintively, and they looked into each other’s eyes. Vegeta felt the lightning snapping back and forth between them and finally allowed himself to slide slowly and deeply into Piccolo, causing them to release a guttural cry in unison. Somehow Piccolo found deeper penetration into Vegeta’s ass and it made him tremble, but it also gave him extra length to thrust into his demon mate. He pulsed hard and deeply into Piccolo until he got his wish and Piccolo breathed his name on every breath.

Piccolo’s glow redoubled and he pushed a third finger into Vegeta as his sheath clasped Vegeta so tightly he came in one long, agonized spurt. He stroked Piccolo’s cock as his demon continued to thrust into him and finally his demon came all over Vegeta’s chest. They were lit by Piccolo’s glow as they sat heaving, Vegeta still deep inside Piccolo and Piccolo’s fingers still deep in Vegeta’s trembling asshole. Piccolo rose up again and bit Vegeta’s shoulder before pressing their lips together. Sweat streamed along their skin as if they had been training.

Vegeta pressed their foreheads together and love flowed between them. They separated tentatively and rinsed off in the shower before returning quietly to Zeba. Piccolo settled in between them and lay at an angle to fit on the bed. Vegeta’s mind still buzzed, but this time his exhaustion won and he slipped blissfully into sleep, wrapped in Piccolo’s arms with Zeba holding his hand.
The Past Returns

He woke to bright sunlight the next day. He never slept past dawn. His Saiyan biology had never fully adjusted to Earth’s solar cycle. Vegeta felt both rested and exhausted. And damned if he wasn’t sore from so much fucking. He had fucked more in the past seventy-two hours than he had since his soldiering days.

He glanced at Zeba and Piccolo. They were both soundly asleep. He and Piccolo had finally gone to sleep after one in the morning. It was after eleven now. Vegeta could hardly believe it, but maybe Piccolo was right and sleep deprivation was making his training less effective. He supposed continuing their rate of congress wasn’t actually possible, but it was useful as a sleep aid. His balls ached, but he was hard as marble. His eyes trailed over Zeba’s smooth, golden skin then over to Piccolo’s taut green and pink flesh. Vegeta was glad he could train again or he would go insane from his own lust.

“Did you sleep?” came Piccolo’s sleep-roughened voice.

“Like death. I think I need to sleep more.”

Piccolo stretched. “Gods, I feel like we trained all night rather than fucked all night.”

“My balls feel like they’ve been in the GR.”

Zeba yawned, “You guys are ridiculous, how are you awake? I’m exhausted. Should I go if I want more sleep or are you guys gonna go train?”

Piccolo smirked at Vegeta and they each took to kissing and sucking one of her breasts. She smiled reluctantly and her green eyes popped open. “No fair tag-teaming me. How do you two still have hard-ons? Weren’t you up all night fucking?” Vegeta pushed her legs apart and dipped into her with his tongue. “Vegeta, no, I’m gross.”

“You’re perfect, and I can taste Piccolo in you. It’s amazing. I’ll only stop if you’re not enjoying it.”

She trailed her nails along his scalp as he let his tongue probe her clit. Piccolo continued to work her breasts until she was begging for Vegeta to fuck her. He slid inside her with a groan and he held his hand between them to keep working her clit. Piccolo crawled behind him and Vegeta whispered, “I’m not ready—“

But Piccolo said nothing and spread Vegeta’s cheeks. Then he plunged his face in and began rimming him, letting his tongue rub Vegeta’s asshole as he thrust into Zeba. He felt her building on him as she gasped his name. Vegeta came suddenly and hard as she started clenching and she cried, “I want Piccolo too!” So Vegeta roared, “Vegeta rolled out of the way, loving to watch his demon slide into Zeba, renewing her spasms. Vegeta had never eaten someone’s ass, but he decided there was no harm trying. He knocked Piccolo’s legs apart and probed his tight, twitching asshole. He groaned, realizing that he needed to fuck Piccolo’s ass as well as his theadur.

As Piccolo roared with his release, Vegeta wondered if only a dick in his theadur made Piccolo glow, or if it was the quality of orgasm. But he didn’t want to think about it too hard while giving his first rim job. They fell into a heap.

Piccolo started to say something to Vegeta, but Kakarot appeared, and Zeba screamed. Piccolo sent a blast of energy into his chest, but Kakarot blocked. Vegeta roared, “You idiot! Get out of my
But to Vegeta’s surprise, Kakarot went after Piccolo. Piccolo was caught off guard by Kakarot’s powerful punch to his lower abdomen. Vegeta bellowed with rage, “No!” and slammed his body into Kakarot, knocking him through the wall and outside. He erupted into Super Saiyan and pursued Kakarot outside. He reset himself, preparing to fight. “What the fuck are you doing, Kakarot? Piccolo is your friend.”

“I know, and I’m sorry to do this, but I can’t let it happen.”

“Let what happen?”

“I can’t let him have offspring. He absorbed Kami-Sama. What kind of demon would he bear? ChiChi made me realize.”

“Since when do you kill unborn children to save yourself a potentially difficult opponent? I would think you of all people would appreciate the potential power of a Namekian-Saiyan hybrid.”

Kakarot dropped back to his regular form. “What do you mean Namekian-Saiyan? I thought ChiChi meant Zeba and Piccolo, and since I saw them in the same bed the other day…So, do you mean you and Piccolo are gonna have a baby? How’s that even work? ChiChi just told me Piccolo would have a demon baby that would destroy the world, so I had to destroy him.” Kakarot paused to scratch his head. “I didn’t really think about it very hard. But I don’t think you and Piccolo can have a baby. Aren’t you both boys? But if you could, ChiChi’s right, it’d probably be a mean baby.”

“Trunks isn’t mean! And we saved your accursed planet! Twice! I saved your son!”

Kakarot erupted into Super Saiyan again. “Aw, man, I thought you wanted to beat me up? I can’t go back to ChiChi unless I’ve done what she told me to do. So I guess if I have to fight you to get to Piccolo, I will.” He made as if to strike, but a green blur appeared in front of Vegeta.

Piccolo growled, “I don’t need anyone to protect me from you, Goku. Your wife is just a bigot. She can’t stand something that doesn’t fit her idea of a family.”

Vegeta mentally shouted to Piccolo, Stay out of this! Are you alright? I won’t risk you getting hurt. What if—what if… Vegeta couldn’t even form the words to describe the image of a shattering egg that filled his mind.

I’m not so fragile, Vegeta, and I’ve only gotten stronger since Cell.

Kakarot interrupted them, attacking Piccolo full force. Piccolo fled, clearly trying to draw Kakarot away from the Briefs and Zeba. Vegeta pursued. Piccolo touched his head and his nudity was covered by his usual blue Saiyan armor. Piccolo smirked just before he began exchanging blows with Kakarot. Hard to focus on fighting with you naked.

Vegeta joined in the fight, but Piccolo angrily called him off. Vegeta shouted, “I’ll fight this fucker any day, Piccolo, regardless of his motives. He’s shown up in my bedroom too many times.”

After they had fought for a bit, Kakarot was on the ropes. Then Vegeta sensed Gohan’s approach. He groaned, knowing Piccolo wouldn’t want to square off against his pupil, which meant Vegeta would have to leave Kakarot to Piccolo, which made him nervous. Gohan surprised Vegeta by blazing past him and slamming into Kakarot.

“What are you doing, Dad? Mr. Piccolo’s my friend, my teacher, and a good guy! And Vegeta is
too! Why are you doing this?"

Kakarot stopped, wiping blood from his mouth and nose. “Your mother said I had to make sure Piccolo didn’t have a baby.”

“Jeez, Dad, now you’re the monster! I don’t want to fight you, but you have to stop attacking Mr. Piccolo.”

Kakarot dropped to his base form. “You guys have gotten really strong. I don’t think I could beat you together.”

Vegeta snorted. “Tch, you can’t beat me alone, anymore, Kakarot.”

“What the hell, Goku?” Piccolo said, and Vegeta worried that he was so out of breath. “Why are you letting ChiChi control you?”

“She’s really scary!”

Vegeta shouted, “Stay away from my family, regardless of what that woman says. I will destroy you next time you appear in my quarters.”

“Man, I’m gonna be in so much trouble. But I am excited for how strong a fighter Piccolo’s child will be!”

“And mine!” Vegeta barked.

Gohan’s eyes widened. “You’re both having babies? With who?”

Piccolo rumbled with laughter, but his green looked dull, the pink patches looked blotchy to Vegeta. “With each other. Namekians are all hermaphrodites.”

Gohan turned a deep shade of red and said, “Well, er, congratulations to both of you.”

“Possibly premature. We don’t know if Saiyan and Namekian DNA are compatible. But one of us is having a child with Zeba.”

“Wow, you guys are going to have a big, busy family, Mr. Piccolo.”

“Maybe you can babysit sometime if your mom will allow it.”

“I’m tired of her controlling me.”

Now Vegeta was sure Piccolo had suffered some kind of internal damage. He was still breathing hard, even though they had stopped fighting several minutes ago. Go rest, my demon, you don’t look well.

I’m fine. I’m not so weak.

He caught you off guard, that’s different. It has nothing to do with strength.

Gohan got between them and Kakarot, glancing nervously at Piccolo’s obvious decline. “I mean it, Dad, if you and Mom keep this up, and make me choose, you might not like my choice.”

“Aw, come on, Gohan, I don’t even know how they’re having a baby, but your mom is scary.”

“Toughen up!”
Kakarot slunk off, but Vegeta suspected this would not be the last time they would be persecuted for their relationship. Gohan waved and flew after his father. Then Piccolo collapsed, falling toward the earth. Vegeta cried out and dove to catch his limp, green body. He rocketed back to the compound and saw Zeba watching for them on the balcony. She sprinted inside, obviously going to prep the healing pod. Vegeta flew straight in and set Piccolo in the tank, adjusting a few dials and putting on the mask. Vegeta turned to Zeba, “Go get Dr. Briefs, he’s the closest thing we have to a Namekian doctor.”

King Kai’s voice shouted in Vegeta’s mind, Take Piccolo to Dende, now!

Vegeta grabbed Piccolo and then scooped Zeba up, explaining on his way to the lookout. He tucked her tightly into his body, trying to shield her as he broke the sound barrier. He touched down on the lookout and called for Dende, who ran toward them with wide eyes.

“What happened?”

Vegeta explained as Dende immediately laid his hands on Piccolo, his forehead crinkling over his closed eyes. Zeba fell to her knees beside Piccolo, taking the hand that Vegeta wasn’t holding. Dende worked for a long time, then opened his eyes. “He’ll live, but you were right, Vegeta, Goku damaged the egg beyond any power I have to heal. The egg will work its way out in a day or two. Piccolo will be well again after that, but he needs rest until the egg is expelled. I was able to heal the damage to the reproductive end of his theadur, which Goku injured badly, so Piccolo will be able to mate, but not for a couple weeks.” Dende gave Vegeta a significant look. “Nothing, okay? Or you risk infection that could sterilize him anyway.”

Vegeta nodded through the blinding rage he felt toward Kakarot. Kakarot had killed his child. Had nearly killed or at least sterilized his mate.

Dende, you have to get the egg out now! Piccolo’s body is rejecting the Saiyan tissue that’s leaking out of the broken egg, King Kai shouted in their minds.

Vegeta sent his thanks and moved Piccolo to a bed in Dende’s palace, wanting his demon to be comfortable for whatever was about to happen. He looked at Dende, feeling his composure begin to slip. “Do you know how?”

“Yes, I’ve delivered damaged eggs before.”

Piccolo’s eyes opened a slit. “He damaged the egg?”

Vegeta nodded, kissing his demon’s forehead. “And you. Dende is going to remove it.”

“No. I can push it out. Dende, thank you, but please leave us.” Piccolo’s voice was shaky.

Vegeta knelt under Piccolo’s head and Piccolo lifted his rear and lower back off the ground. He grimaced for a long time. Zeba still held his hand. He said in a strained voice, “Remove my pants, it’s time. Look away, Vegeta, Zeba can handle this.”

But Zeba was nearly as green as Piccolo. Vegeta whispered for her to go, as he put a pillow under Piccolo’s head. She protested, but Vegeta kissed her and held her face as he said, “I’ll take care of him.” Then she fled.

Vegeta ripped off Piccolo’s pants and positioned himself facing his lover’s dilated theadur. Piccolo was sweating rivulets as a guttural noise escaped him and an apple-sized pale pink egg came into view, latticed with cracks. One crack oozed red blood and Vegeta was glad he’d sent Zeba away.
Piccolo groaned again and the egg slipped out, trailed by a viscous mixture of blood and what Vegeta assumed was yoke. Piccolo said in a hoarse voice, “Incinerate it. Then unfortunately you’ll have to clean the remains out of my theadur. I’ve done what I could.” He turned away from Vegeta.

Vegeta said softly, “Do you want to see it?”

“No, it’s hard enough as is.”

Vegeta vaporized the egg and then scoured his hands in the sink before sweeping his fingers inside Piccolo, removing several shards of egg and more viscous liquid. Piccolo was unconscious again and Vegeta was glad. He hoped his demon would have no memory of this medical procedure. Dende knocked and offered a tool for cleaning theadurs in case of rape and miscarriage. Vegeta took it and nearly broke down in front of the Kami. But he willed himself to be strong for Piccolo. For Zeba.

Once it was finished, Piccolo’s color improved almost instantly. Vegeta felt his demon’s chi begin to recover, so he curled next to him on the bed, contemplating how to exact his revenge on Kakarot.

Piccolo croaked, “We won’t. I’m not going to kill Gohan’s father, but we’ll need to have a watch for a while, unless maybe Dr. Briefs or Zeba can create some kind of chi scrambler so Goku couldn’t teleport to us.”

“I’m never sleeping while you’re asleep again.”

Piccolo held Vegeta’s face. “Easy, Vegeta, we’ll be okay. I’ll be okay. And it’s okay to be sad.”

Vegeta buried his face in Piccolo’s chest. “But I’m devastated. I’m ashamed. I’m furious. I’m disappointed.” He shook as tears forced their way out of him.

Piccolo held him tight and he felt the demon shake too. Then he said, “I can save you some suffering though. I can use the time room. It’ll be a couple hours for you and weeks for me, but I can use the time to train.”

“Dende said rest, not train.”

“He meant no fucking, Vegeta, not no training.”

“I’ll be double checking, but I’d rather you were with me, even if we can’t fuck.”

“I can’t. I can’t bear it, it was hard enough when you were in the healing pod.”

“Couldn’t the healing pod accelerate things?”

Vegeta, you could use more rest anyway. Piccolo’s plan is a good one! King Kai shouted in Vegeta’s mind.

Since when have you taken such an interest in me, King Kai?

Since the strongest being in the universe started listening to his wife’s insane directives. I need a dependable fight, who knows his own mind. And I’ve always wished the strongest in the universe was more intelligent.

The average jellyfish is more intelligent than Kakarot.
Dende had returned and Piccolo clothed himself. They clarified what Dende meant by rest, causing the young Kami to blush. Piccolo had been right. Dende excused himself again and Vegeta stared up into Piccolo’s eyes. “You don’t need to do this. I’ll be good. Restrained.”

“Vegeta, we weren’t good for even a single day, let alone weeks. You’ll be okay, you’ll have Zeba, and it’s only for a few hours, tops.”

“I know, but I want to be with you. Not just…not just for that. I want…I want to mourn with you, together.”

“We will. Take a nap and I’ll be back, healthy and stronger.”

Vegeta’s voice broke as he said, “What if…what if once you’re away from me, you realize I’m a mistake. That Kakarot saved you from being forever linked to me?”

Piccolo bent to kiss Vegeta, turning his face up, skimming Vegeta’s lips with his fangs. “I’m linked to you forever with or without a child, Vegeta. Stop the self-loathing and let us love you, for fuck’s sake.”

Vegeta nodded and they pressed their foreheads together. Then Piccolo kissed him a last time and headed for the time chamber. Vegeta fell onto the bloodied bed. The next thing he felt was Zeba’s tiny chi and her hand running over his chest and shoulders. She whispered, “I thought that guy was your friend, Piccolo’s friend. How could he do this?”

Vegeta told her what Kakarot had said. Zeba hissed, “Bullshit, she just doesn’t want anyone to be stronger than her husband and kid. She’s nothing more than a baby-murdering soccer mom.”

Vegeta felt Gohan’s chi. He raced out to the edge of the lookout, preparing to fight. “What do you want, Gohan?”

“I’m not here to fight, Vegeta, I just felt Mr. Piccolo’s chi waning before and wanted to make sure he’s okay. He’s one of my best friends. I also wanted to apologize for my dad. Is Mr. Piccolo okay?”

“Tch. He’s alive, but your idiot father killed our child, nearly killed Piccolo, and almost sterilized him, so you’ll forgive me if I’m wary of your family right now. Especially since Kakarot only managed by taking a cheap shot. Piccolo thought he’d just come to train and your father struck him while he was still lying in bed, just trying to talk to that moron. What sort of man—what sort of warrior—aims a cowardly blow at a fetus?”

Vegeta was shaking. Gohan approached slowly and warily, then tapped down on the lookout. “I’m sorry, Vegeta. I’m extra sorry for Mr. Piccolo. I won’t bother him if he’s resting. But promise you’ll tell him I stopped? And I’ll personally take care of my dad if he ever goes after Mr. Piccolo again.”

“There will be no need because I will kill him. Piccolo forbade me from killing him this time for your sake, but my magnanimity will not extend to you a second time. You have no idea the suffering he caused today.”

Gohan looked as though he intended to hug Vegeta, but thought better of it and waved farewell. Vegeta went inside and took Piccolo’s advice and let himself fall asleep with Zeba in his arms.

The next thing he knew, he was back in his own quarters, naked, and being tucked into bed. The bed rocked to one side and Vegeta turned to see Piccolo. He rubbed his eyes and said, “You’re out! How are you feeling?” He reached for Piccolo’s hand.
“Like I could kill Goku the next time he fucks with me.”

Vegeta sprang out of bed. “No, I’ll go.”

“I didn’t say I was going to kill him. I meant I’m strong enough now. I trained a lot. I stayed six months in there. Zeba said you’ve been out cold the whole time. You weren’t really supposed to be fighting Goku and helping your partner through a miscarriage all within a week of your own recovery. Anyway, six months without you two was miserable.” Piccolo slid under the covers and pulled Vegeta back down with him, wrapping the smaller man in his arms.

Vegeta said, “How is Zeba? I can’t believe I fell asleep and left her unguarded.”

“She’s fine. I don’t think Goku would attack a woman on the lookout. I just brought you both down a few minutes ago. Goku seemed more concerned with Namekian-Saiyan hybrids than with any human hybrids that we might produce.”

Vegeta told Piccolo Zeba’s theory. His demon nodded, “That makes sense, especially because ChiChi probably mistakenly believes that since Goku was once stronger than you, your human offspring are no threat to Gohan.”

King Kai’s voice came into their minds, *I believe ChiChi may be pregnant again, despite Goku’s apparent confusion about how these things work. But I think that’s what is fueling her murderous directives. Stay on your guards.*

Piccolo bared his teeth in a growl. “Even though all I want is to be with you right now, I’m going to go talk to Dr. Briefs about a chi-scrambler. And about some kind of alarm system so he can’t take us entirely unawares again.”

Vegeta grumbled, “Why can’t we just kill him? It’s so much simpler.”

Piccolo chuckled and kissed Vegeta. “I know that’s your go-to problem solving method, but what if it set Gohan off? You know how crazy and unpredictable he can be.”

“I could beat him when Cell was here. He’s emotional and sloppy.”

Piccolo climbed above Vegeta and rolled his hips. “You, my prince, are not one to talk about getting emotional while fighting. Your power and skill are well beyond Gohan’s but he spikes, you tend to plummet.”

Vegeta felt himself growing hard and angry at the same time, even though he knew Piccolo was right. He gave another low growl. He clutched Piccolo’s ass and kissed him roughly. He pressed his hard-on against Piccolo’s belly, wanting his demon to feel how much he hungered for him, how ready he was.

Piccolo grinned against Vegeta’s mouth, then hopped out of the bed. “Not yet. Zeba’s working and I’m going to talk to Dr. Briefs.”

Vegeta threw off the sheet, revealing his naked body and erection. He held himself, running his hand up and down his shaft. Piccolo’s eyes glittered. “You’re just going to go? After six months?”

Piccolo’s clothes fell to the floor and he climbed back above Vegeta, kissing him roughly, moving Vegeta’s hand so he could stroke his cock. Vegeta took his demon’s dick in his own hand. “I can make it quick if you really want to go. You smell like Zeba’s pussy, so I know you weren’t in that big of a hurry.”
Piccolo’s mouth moved along Vegeta’s jaw and neck, his free hand moving over Vegeta’s chest and belly, tracing ridges of muscle. Vegeta spit in his hand and started stroking Piccolo slowly, tenderly. “So, my demon, should I sprint to the finish line or—“

Piccolo cut him off, kissing him aggressively. He fumbled at the bedside table and said, “I want you—no, I need you—to fuck my ass, Vegeta, a hand job is just not what I need.” Pre-cum burst out of Vegeta’s tip and Piccolo grinned as he kissed Vegeta more. “I think it’s what you need too.”

“I haven’t broken you in at all, Piccolo. I don’t want to hurt you, and I know I’m not hung like you, but I’m not small either.”

“Then finger me first to warm me up, but I need you. I need your dick in me. These past six months have been hell. Gods how I missed you.”

He stroked Vegeta’s straining erection with lube, Vegeta took some and reached to rub Piccolo’s tight ass. His demon was eager and arched toward him. Vegeta slid a finger inside him, then after a few thrusts, a second. “Piccolo, you’re so tight…are you sure?”

“Finger me a bit longer,” Piccolo’s voice trembled, “And I’ll be ready.”

Vegeta pulsed two fingers in and out of Piccolo until his demon was begging and Vegeta’s balls were aching as pre-cum streamed down his dick. He added a third finger and slowed himself, watching Piccolo’s face. All he saw was pleasure. He removed his fingers, re-lubed his dick. Then he rolled Piccolo onto the bed, spreading his legs. He held himself in one hand, felt Piccolo’s tight ass with the other and pushed his head into Piccolo, still watching his demon’s face. Vegeta rasped, “Gods, my demon, you feel divine.”

Piccolo grinned and kissed Vegeta’s mouth before grazing his fangs along his neck. “I am divine.”

Vegeta chuckled before gasping as he slowly sank himself into Piccolo. Vegeta groaned at the tight ring of pressure at the base of his cock, the hot sheath clinging to him all along his shaft. He began thrusting slowly, grunting with pleasure, “Gods, I love fucking you.” Vegeta started to move a little faster, but he kept his movement smooth and controlled. His dick was already twitching, aching to come.

Piccolo trembled and sweat beaded all over his body. Vegeta’s own sweat dripped onto his demon as Piccolo groaned, “You fuck me so good, Vegeta. Gods I missed your dick.”

Vegeta began pounding Piccolo, and his demon threw his head back in pleasure, crying out as pre-cum dripped from Piccolo’s cock onto his belly. Vegeta gripped Piccolo’s erection and Piccolo roared. Lightning bolted between them and Piccolo spurted, hitting Vegeta from navel to chin. Watching cum spray from Piccolo’s green slit set Vegeta off and he came hard as he pushed deeply into Piccolo. Then he fell forward onto Piccolo, kissing him fiercely. He was still inside Piccolo and he dreaded pulling out.

He finally willed himself to get up and get them a towel. He barely suppressed a whimper as he slid out of Piccolo’s ass. They cleaned themselves up, then dressed. Vegeta took Piccolo’s face in his hands and kissed him. He leaned into him, breathing the smell of their lovemaking mixed with Zeba’s pussy.

Piccolo said, “I’m okay, and Goku won’t ever get the drop on me again. And…look, I know I’ve had a lot more time to process, so it’s okay if you’re not okay. But I’m physically fine, so we can have another whenever you want.”
Vegeta looked away. “If I hadn’t…If I’d had better control of myself, you never would have been so vulnerable. And my DNA made you sick, nearly killed you.”

Piccolo seized Vegeta and kissed him roughly as he slammed him against the wall. “You didn’t do anything I didn’t desperately want. And I still want that, Vegeta, don’t let that moron, Goku, ruin our sex lives or our future.”

Vegeta nodded and slipped his hand inside Piccolo’s pants. He trailed over his half-hard cock and onto the soft entrance to his theadur. He didn’t penetrate it, but caressed the exterior. Piccolo trembled at his touch. “I could never deny you anything, especially not this,” Vegeta said in a low voice.

“Mmmm…I’m supposed to be talking to Dr. Briefs. And you should take a shower, because I know Zeba will want a go with you once she’s done working on the GR.”

Vegeta reluctantly pulled his hand away from Piccolo’s theadur. He saw disappointment and resolve flash across Piccolo’s face. He kissed Vegeta and said, “I’ll be back in a while. Why don’t you rest more?”

“Tch. You’d like that now that you’re six months ahead of me on your training.”

Piccolo smirked. “If only six months would bring any closer to your level.”

“Well, I’m going to go train anyway. Too bad Kakarot decided to be an idiot—he was a good training partner.”

Piccolo snorted. “You’re better off training with Gohan. At least then you’re not powering up the enemy.”

Vegeta had an idea. “Once I get back, you should beat me nearly to death and heal me over and over until I’m so much stronger that we won’t have to worry about him anymore.”

“I’m not going to try to kill you.”

“Not like that—for the sake of our future child.”

Piccolo’s face fell. He whispered, “What if there isn’t one? Dende said he couldn’t guarantee my fertility after the level of injury I sustained.”

Vegeta held his demon’s face, kissed him. “Then we’ll raise our children with Zeba and continue to have great sex.”

Piccolo nodded and finally left. Vegeta rinsed quickly in the shower. He searched out Gohan’s chi and went to him. Gohan was flying toward him and shouted, “I’m on my way!”

“What?”

“To Piccolo!”

Vegeta suddenly realized then that he could feel Goku’s suppressed chi approaching the Brief’s compound. “Fuck!” Vegeta caught Kakarot as he approached the new GR, where Zeba was still working. Vegeta and Gohan hit him full speed, knocking him into the ground, spraying rubble everywhere. Vegeta swooped down to grab Zeba and raced with her to Piccolo, to whom he mentally cried out, The bastard just tried for Zeba!
King Kai cried out, *Goku! No more of this madness!*  

But Vegeta could see that something was wrong with Kakarot. His eyes were red and raw looking and he had an unsettling smirk on his face. Piccolo took Zeba from Vegeta, dodging as Kakarot tried to hit her in the abdomen, as he had with Piccolo. Vegeta came down on the back of his neck with a devastating blow, mentally shouting, *Go, Piccolo, hide her. Suppress your chi and head for the lookout.*

Piccolo didn’t argue this time or join in the fight as Gohan had joined them and nodded sternly at Piccolo. “Dad!” he shouted, “Why are you doing this? Just leave Mr. Piccolo and his family alone!”

But Kakarot seemed unable to answer. Then Vegeta realized what he was reminded of: Frieza had once tried a drug on local populations to control them. It proved disastrous because they started out pliable but became more and more confused and destructive. “I don’t know where your mother got it, but she’s drugged him with a drug Frieza used to use. We need to get him somewhere remote until it wears off.”

They fled, grateful when he followed, until he peeled off and up. Vegeta knew he was headed for the lookout and Kakarot wasn’t in control. Vegeta changed course, shouting for Gohan to help him drag Kakarot to one of the unpopulated islands. As they wrestled Kakarot gradually away, Gohan said, “A few hours ago someone used the dragon balls—didn’t you see the sky? What if someone brought Frieza back and he’s trying to use my dad to ruin your life and my dad’s? Who would enjoy that more than Frieza?”

“But who would bring Frieza back?”

“His men, maybe?”

“Or your mother wanted to ensure the return of a foe that could beat me.”

Vegeta could feel that the drug kept Kakarot from reaching his full strength. Gohan shouted, “Behind you!” just in time to confirm Vegeta’s fears and take a blow to the back from Frieza.

But Frieza had died when Gohan was a five-year-old pup. He didn’t even know what hit him as a super-Saiyan, fully enraged, teenage Gohan blasted him. Vegeta returned his attention to Kakarot, hoping to incapacitate him quickly so he could assist Gohan. He finally knocked Kakarot out, and he dropped to the island below.

Gohan was holding his own against Frieza’s final form, but Frieza changed course and came at Vegeta. Vegeta powered up to super-Saiyan two and smashed him to the earth. He touched down as Kakarot staggered to his feet. Before Vegeta could do anything, Gohan dealt him a blow that knocked him out and he fell face first into the sand.

Frieza blasted out of the ground and into Vegeta, who blocked him easily. “Go back to hell, you slimy bastard!”

“I hear that you’re with that weak excuse for a god here. How could you possibly reject me? Rebuff me? Not want me, but want that weakling? I thought you admired power, Vegeta?”

Vegeta’s stomach turned as long buried memories of Frieza groping him, licking his ear as he held Vegeta against a wall. The cold fingers fumbling at Vegeta’s uniform. He felt his gorge rise. Frieza had surprised Vegeta when he didn’t rape him, but it was humiliating to have the older, small man fondling Vegeta’s flaccid penis and trying to convince Vegeta to do what Frieza wanted—he had
wanted Vegeta to fuck him.

“You disgusted me then, you disgust me now. You’re a sick, perverted monster. That wasn’t any kind of—of—” Vegeta stopped talking and started pummeling Frieza, feeling out of control and weak, the way Frieza had always made him feel. He could see now that maybe none of it had been about sex at all, that it had all been designed to make Vegeta feel powerless and worthless so Vegeta would never rebel.

Frieza laughed and said, as if he had heard Vegeta's thoughts, “Oh, no, my boy, I wanted you. From the start. That’s why I had to kill your father, and the only reason I let your dirty little Saiyan trio live. I assumed Nappa and Radditz were showing you the ropes.”

“Fool. They were too weak to rape me!”

“Not rape. I thought they’d train you up so you could please a man, but you always did have a stubborn streak that was problematic.”

“Yes, I do, but that isn’t why I wouldn’t…wouldn’t…You are repulsive. Revolting.”

“You know, Vegeta, my people are distantly related to Namekians. We breed almost the same way. Think of the child you could father with me. Think of the power.”

“Who brought you back? You can’t possibly believe that I would ever fuck you, Frieza. You sicken me.”

“I know, and that makes me want to take it from you even more. Your body is still just a dumb monkey body and I will make it do what I require. I just need to get you away from that green weakling.”

“Were you the last hole in any universe, I wouldn’t put my dick in you.”

“Perhaps once I have your pathetic green lover, you’ll sing a different tune!” Frieza flew straight up.

Vegeta was mere inches behind, but Frieza was headed for the lookout. Vegeta cried out mentally to Piccolo, sending him memories so he would understand, despite the humiliation this caused Vegeta. He wanted Piccolo to hide Zeba and himself.

But as Frieza touched down, Piccolo was waiting. He rolled his head and cracked his knuckles. He threw off his cape and head wrap. “Back the fuck off my mate, Frieza, or this will go even worse for you.”

“I think not. Maybe I’ll wear your skin, see if that will help him get hard, since he never could as a young man.”

Vegeta launched into him, but Frieza dodged and went for Piccolo, despite Vegeta’s attacks. Piccolo said, *Let me brawl with this pervert, Vegeta, you can kill him. I’m not carrying an egg this time, and I’m on my guard.*

*I can’t bear you getting hurt.*

*You can’t always protect me. Zeba is safe.*

Piccolo surprised Vegeta by landing blow after blow against Frieza, who was even more surprised. Frieza grew increasingly frustrated. “What has happened? You were a weakling. Stop this
It was the wrong thing to say to Vegeta’s mate. Piccolo’s chi surged to new heights and in a series of devastating blows, he knocked Frieza senseless. Then he turned to Vegeta, chest heaving, “Would you like to do the honors?”

After years of shame, Vegeta stepped up to Frieza and incinerated him point blank.

Vegeta fell to his knees with the relief of it. The joy of finally destroying the man who had obliterated his home, stolen his childhood, terrorized his teens, and unmanned him for years. He started to laugh and it became increasingly hysterical sounding as Piccolo approached him warily.

“Vegeta…”

Gohan touched down with a hungover-looking Kakarot. He threw his father down. “Do what you like with him. He’s dead to me.”

Vegeta got ahold of himself and stood. He slapped Kakarot hard across the face. The drug had worn off.

“Ow, Vegeta, it’s not my fault.”

“Tell your fucking wife that I will kill her myself if she even contemplates harming my family again, by any means.”

Kakarot nodded and Gohan smacked him and told him to get going. Gohan chatted quietly for a moment with Piccolo. Vegeta suddenly felt so overwhelmed by the shame of Frieza’s violations and the fact that he’d forced Piccolo to endure that knowledge that he couldn’t stand it. He took off as fast as he could, suppressing his chi to nothing once he was out of sight from the lookout. He could never face Piccolo or Zeba again. Not after this. What would he say to them?
“You better not be fucking hiding from me, Vegeta,” came a gruff voice behind him. He turned and there was his demon. They were alone on the small island Vegeta had landed on.

Vegeta couldn’t help his smirk. “Obviously not very well.”

Piccolo sauntered over to where Vegeta had dropped to his knees in the sand. “Should I try to poke around in your mind, or you want to just tell me what’s bothering you? I thought maybe after we’d fucked a few times you’d stop being shy and ridiculous.” Piccolo smirked at him and Vegeta’s heart started to race, seeing the glint of his fangs.

“Good luck poking around in there, it’s a mess,” Vegeta said, holding his head in his hands. Then he slumped back off his knees and fell onto his back in the sand. “Fuck. I never wanted you to know…about Frieza. About any of that. I feel disgusting. I was so weak, I endured his… attentions…for years.”

“Vegeta—until Goku came along, Frieza was the most powerful being in the universe. What could you have done?”

“Fought. Died trying.”

“To what end? You escaped him once you were strong enough.”

“But I wasn’t fucking strong enough. Kakarot, gods, Kakarot of all fucking people, had to save me.” Vegeta felt rage fill him at the memory, but also at the tears that were threatening now. “And now, to have you know the humiliating truth. It’s…I didn’t think I could face you now that you know.” Vegeta still hadn’t looked into Piccolo’s eyes. Didn’t want to, either. He feared what he might see there.

Then Piccolo was above him, on all fours, bending to kiss him. Despite everything. Despite not just knowing, but seeing it from the hasty way Vegeta had transmitted the memories. Piccolo whispered, “Well, if you don’t want to face me, I can take you from behind, but there’s no way I’m not going to look at the sexy face for the rest of our lives. So you better get used to facing me.” Piccolo ground down onto Vegeta’s hips. Vegeta’s hands went helplessly to his ass, moving him in such a way that Vegeta was groaning and hard in no time. He finally looked in Piccolo’s eyes, saw nothing but lust and affection.

He gasped, “Is Zeba safe?”

Piccolo nodded. “She’s with Dende, eating up all he’s telling her about Namekian tech. I told her I’d be back once I’d snapped you out of your Frieza funk.”

Vegeta was losing the ability to speak coherently. “She knows?”

“Some. I gave her the gist of it without specifics that I thought you would find humiliating.”

“I find all of it humiliating.”

Piccolo rumbled a laugh, but started tugging at Vegeta’s armor. “Vegeta, you find anything other than perfection humiliating, so that’s not even a little surprising. Gods, speaking of perfection…” Piccolo had finished undressing him and was looking at his body hungrily. He kissed Vegeta fiercely and ran his hands over his body. “You are perfection, despite the horrors you’ve endured.
How would you feel about me trying to put them out of your mind?"

Vegeta’s hips arched up to Piccolo’s. “Demon, you have already put them out of my mind. The only thing on my mind now is just how I’m going to fuck you.”

Piccolo slowly pulled off his own clothes. His eyes glittered. “You sure you want to fuck me, or you want me to fuck you?”

Vegeta felt his body stiffen. Piccolo noticed immediately and laid his body over Vegeta’s, holding Vegeta’s face in his hand. “Hey, hey, we don’t have to do that—I’m not him, Vegeta. I never want you to do anything that you don’t want. What I really want, I’m not sure if you’re ready for either…”

Vegeta’s hand slid down the ridges of Piccolo’s bare abs. He trailed his fingers lightly over Piccolo’s shaft and then pulled gently on his balls for a moment. He used his other thumb to rub Piccolo’s nipple until it was as hard as his cock. He gripped Piccolo’s dick, sliding his hand up and down until pre-cum spilled out of his slit. Piccolo was panting as Vegeta said, “I think I am ready…I’m scared. I don’t want you to get hurt again, but I want it so badly. I want you so badly.”

Then he let his hand trail down to Piccolo’s theadur, and stroked the exterior until a faint glow fluttered under Piccolo’s skin.

Then he rolled Piccolo onto his back. Vegeta sucked each of his nipples, letting his mouth explore all the green and pink ridges of muscle. Zeba’s image flashed in his mind and he considered going to get her, but the thought of leaving Piccolo’s touch filled him with a physical ache and he decided they would just have to have another round with her that evening. Vegeta’s hand continued teasing Piccolo’s theadur until he was so turned on he could feel the fullness all the way up to his sternum. He wanted to ravish Piccolo, but he also wanted to fuck him slowly, for hours, dragging out their release as the stars moved above them.

He pressed one finger inside the velvet sheath and Piccolo’s mouth opened in a silent cry. Vegeta pulsed inside his demon until the glow grew stronger. Piccolo growled, “Sweet Kami, Vegeta… you know how to make a demon beg, don’t you?”

Vegeta smirked. “Only my demon.” Then he slipped a second finger inside Piccolo. Piccolo gasped and writhed beneath him. Piccolo was obviously resisting touching Vegeta’s cock, but his hand found his own green erection and Vegeta almost came just watching his demon stroke himself roughly. But he opted to force his demon to wait, so he pulled Piccolo’s hand away, grabbing his other and pinning them both above Piccolo’s head while he continued to tease Piccolo’s theadur.

Piccolo’s fangs flashed at Vegeta and he murmured, “You’re not really playing fair now, since I can’t break your hold unless you let me.”

“Do you want me to let you? I don’t want you to come too soon. I don’t want to rush. I want to celebrate killing that monster. I want to savor you.” Vegeta removed his free hand from Piccolo’s theadur and gave Piccolo’s dick a few firm strokes, swirling the slick of his pre-cum around his tip and gripping it firmly, twisting. Then he licked his fingers sensuously before he took Piccolo’s tip in his mouth, sucking until Piccolo was crying out, and then he slid two fingers back into his theadur.

“Fuck, Vegeta, I can’t take it…”

Vegeta pulled off and out, stopping all contact except where he held Piccolo’s wrists. “Very well, I’ll stop. Should I get dressed?”
Piccolo lunged up to kiss him and Vegeta met him hungrily. Then Piccolo growled, “So you do want me to beg. Please, Vegeta, please, I need you. I need you so badly.”

Vegeta smirked and loved that pre-cum spilled out of his demon at his smirk. He took his demon in his mouth again, this time pushing three fingers inside him. He twisted them, curling their tips toward the base of Piccolo’s cock. Piccolo’s skin now rippled with a faint green light and Vegeta added a fourth finger for a few thrusts before fistig Piccolo until the sheath seized tightly, squeezing his hand so hard that Vegeta felt his knuckles pop. His demon spurted in his mouth. Piccolo’s ass arched up off the ground and he pushed hard onto Vegeta’s hand, but he rasped, “No, no, you know I need more—“

Vegeta eased his hand out, Piccolo’s skin’s glow dimmed immediately, and he answered gruffly, leaning over Piccolo, so his mouth was against his demon’s lips as he spoke. “I’m not done with you yet, I just want to see how much pleasure I can wring out of you.” Then he slid his tip inside Piccolo, but just barely, taking Piccolo’s dick back into his hand, pulling on it languidly as he teased Piccolo’s now swollen, still post-orgasmically tight headur. He groaned, “Gods, my demon, you’re so tight and hot, I won’t last long like this.” Piccolo tried to break his hands free, but Vegeta held firm. He whispered, “Ah, ah, ah, don’t rush me. I won’t be rushed,” and he pulled himself out entirely, the glow blinking out briefly until he thrust just his tip back inside his demon.

“Gods, Vegeta, at least let me touch you.”

Vegeta bent to kiss him more, then sucked his way down Piccolo’s body, “Is this enough touching?”

“Fuck no. Let me have my hands free.” Piccolo’s hips rose up, trying to take more of Vegeta’s erection inside himself, but Vegeta skillfully pulled away, still giving his demon only his head. Piccolo chortled and craned his neck to kiss Vegeta’s forearm. “I could bite you.”

“Mmmm…you could, but don’t be so sure that will make me loosen my grip.” Vegeta thrust a bit deeper and Piccolo’s glow redoubled. Lightning licked between their bodies. “Did you miss me in the time chamber? Did you touch yourself, thinking of me?”

Piccolo’s shoulders popped as he curled up hard to nip Vegeta’s chest. “I actually didn’t touch myself at all. I maintained complete chastity.”

“That explains the amount of cum I got out of you earlier.”

“If Zeba wasn’t pregnant before, I imagine she is now. I filled her up when I fucked her today.”

Vegeta groaned at the mental image and thrust deeper into Piccolo. Piccolo gave Vegeta a mischievous smile. “Her pussy was so tight, it was like fucking her for the first time, even though it had been less than a day.” Vegeta pushed deeply into Piccolo, imagining his demon fucking Zeba.

Then he pulled out suddenly and completely, the glow blinking out, but lightning continued to rip between their bodies. “Very clever, trying to rile me up and get me to fuck you harder, deeper, faster, but I told you…I’m going to savor you now. I haven’t had the control to do that yet.”

Piccolo growled and his arm muscles bulged as he tried to break free. “If I get my hands free, I’m going to make you fuck me so hard.”

“But you won’t get your hands free.”

Piccolo began charging up a blast in his palms. Vegeta laughed out loud. “Desperate, aren’t you?”
Vegeta used his other hand to hold one of Piccolo’s, yanking them apart so he couldn’t finish forming the energy ball. He tried to move them down by Piccolo’s hips, but Piccolo’s leverage got the best of Vegeta and he broke free.

Instead of grabbing Vegeta’s ass as he’d expected, he sat upright and grabbed Vegeta’s face and kissed him passionately. He kissed him so deeply and tenderly that Vegeta felt tears form in his eyes. Piccolo pulled their bodies close, his eyes open just enough to see Vegeta. He whispered, “Gods, I love you, you foolish man.”

“Mmm…I love you too, my demon.” Then Vegeta sat back on his haunches and pulled Piccolo onto his lap. He held him by the hips, sinking into his theadur slowly but steadily until he was as deep inside his demon as he could go. “Fuck, Piccolo, you feel amazing. I love being inside you.”

They rocked together slowly, Vegeta kissing and sucking on Piccolo’s neck and chest, then kissing him more, and Piccolo holding him tightly, letting his head fall back to expose his neck. He used his powerful thighs to rise up and down in rhythm with Vegeta’s thrusts, his hard, green dick rubbing between their bodies. Vegeta held Piccolo’s ass, but let one hand trail onto his cock, causing an immediate stream of pre-cum to drip out of Piccolo’s slit. He growled, “Vegeta, sweet Kami, you’re going to make me come.”

“Come for me, my demon, come for me.”

A few more firm strokes and Piccolo’s cum sprayed up between them, spattering Vegeta’s chest. Vegeta groaned and went back to holding Piccolo’s ass as he pushed even deeper into Piccolo’s theadur. He whispered, “Gods, Piccolo, I want your sheath to squeeze every last drop of cum out of me.” He could feel the velvet glove begin to twitch on him. Then Piccolo bellowed and dropped hard onto Vegeta, pushing his tip into the very end of his theadur. Then the squeezing started, fast and throbbing and strong.

Vegeta’s mouth fell open and he released a series of harsh cries as the orgasm built and built until it crested so hard his ab muscles cramped as he curled himself to thrust deeper and deeper, feeling his spurt swallowed hungrily by Piccolo’s theadur, almost as if it had a mind and a satisfaction all its own. Vegeta felt a flash of fear for his mate as Piccolo’s skin glowed so brightly that Vegeta’s eyes hurt. Then the glow dimmed, but was still throbbing and incandescent. He rasped through his ecstasy, “Are you alright?”

“Fuck yes, better than I’ve ever been,” Piccolo murmured, and another wave of grip rippled down Vegeta’s still hard dick and a second spurt of cum shot up out of Piccolo. He groaned and kissed Vegeta fiercely, holding his ass and pulling him more deeply inside his sheath. “I don’t ever want you to pull out. I feel like I could keep coming on you until you’re hard again.”

Vegeta smiled against his demon’s mouth. “Don’t make promises you can’t keep, my demon.”

“Not a promise, just a wish. But I suppose I’ll have to share you with Zeba again soon.”

They pulsed together a few more times, their open mouths gasping against each other’s shoulders. “Gods, Piccolo, when I heard you as I came out of the healing pod, I had no idea how much you would consume me.”

Piccolo said, “Nor did I.” They kissed lazily for a few more minutes and finally Piccolo stood, the glow snapping out of his skin. Vegeta realized then that it was dusk. He hadn’t noticed as he’d basked in the glow of his bioluminescent lover.

Vegeta felt a little like crying again now that Piccolo wasn’t riding him. He stood and stretched.
“Fuck. It nearly breaks me every time we have to separate.”

“Mmmm…I know. It’s not imaginary, the pheromones Namekians make when they mate are very strong. It keeps pods bound together, and it works on us too. I feel similarly bereft when we aren’t in contact.”

“So you’re drugging me, basically?” Vegeta said with a smirk, taking Piccolo’s hips as he dressed.

“Maybe I am, but I don’t intend to stop. If it makes you feel any better, it’s only released after an egg is formed, so all the other times you’re just responding to my natural charm.”

Vegeta laughed with his mouth wide open. “And what’s your excuse for coming back to me again and again?”

Piccolo bent and kissed Vegeta hard. “I think you know, my prince.”

Vegeta swatted his ass. “You’re the only thing I rule, and my reign is tenuous.”

Piccolo kept kissing him until Vegeta began undoing every piece of clothing Piccolo put on.

“Vegeta, let’s go get Zeba and go home.”

Vegeta nodded, pressing his forehead to Piccolo’s. He thought, *Will you be okay? Did Dende think this was safe? Now I’m nervous about what I’ve done to you.*

*You did nothing that I didn’t want with every fiber in my body. And yes, he thought I’d be fine. I’m better than fine. I feel fantastic. I wish we could teleport like that idiot.*

Then they dressed quickly as dark settled over the earth. They swung by the Lookout to thank Dende and Vegeta scooped Zeba up in his arms, kissing her fiercely before tossing her to Piccolo. She squealed as Piccolo let her free-fall for a moment. He caught her and chortled as she smacked him before kissing him, then shouted, “You asshole! That was terrifying!”

Vegeta swooped beside them and said, “Maybe you should have tried using your flying skills that I spent so much time imparting.” He gave her a smirk and she tried to launch after him. She flew successfully for a few feet before she looked down. Then she screeched and Vegeta felt her chi collapse. He spiraled down until he was below her, but he flew backward directly below her, laughing wildly.

“Godsdamnit, Vegeta! Help me!”

“Get ahold of yourself, woman!”

He felt her chi flutter up and she slowed some, but every time she glimpsed the distance to the ground, it collapsed. “Stop looking down! Look at me!” he shouted. He had his arms crossed as he fell beneath her, completely calm. She met his eyes and managed to slow her fall enough that he had to slow himself to stay close to her. Piccolo wove his way over and under them, a huge grin on his face as he zipped up behind Vegeta and kissed his neck as they fell. Then he flew up above Zeba, kissing the nape of her neck without holding her body, so she was forced to continue using her own chi.

She hissed, “You guys suck, you make it look so easy. I’m working really hard right now and I’m still falling like a motherfucker. Come on, Piccolo, just grab me since Vegeta’s being a dick.”

Piccolo swooped down underneath Vegeta again and wrapped his long arms around Vegeta’s broad chest. Vegeta smirked over his shoulder at Piccolo, who nipped at his jawline. Then he slid his
hands down Vegeta’s body, groping him, holding his balls and cock in his hands, reaching inside Vegeta’s uniform. Zeba’s chi spiked and she managed to follow as they began moving horizontally. “You two are the worst. You’re neither fucking me nor helping me fly, and I know you have both already gotten yours, while I’ve had nothing since Piccolo fucked me earlier.”

Piccolo moved Vegeta’s body to catch Zeba on his hips. She straddled him and burst out laughing. “Guess I should have worn a skirt, then I could have just saddled right up.” Vegeta pulled her face to his and kissed her.

He growled, “I think Piccolo will have to be our cream filling. I’m not ready to take that monster dick of his.”

She laughed with disbelief. “You don’t seriously mean to have a three-way fuck mid-air?”

Vegeta glanced over his shoulder at Piccolo. Piccolo’s eyes glittered in the starlight and Vegeta could feel his hard-on. Zeba whispered, “I could maybe be the cream filling?”

Vegeta arched an eyebrow at her. “You think you could take me in your ass?”

She gripped him and hefted him as though she were estimating his weight rather than his circumference. “Hmmm…maybe not at the same time as I take Piccolo in my pussy. But we need to be working toward that. Maybe Piccolo could finger my ass while he fucks me and you fuck him?”

Vegeta groaned simultaneously with Piccolo. They had stopped their descent and they were over open ocean. The air was cool, but not frigid. Piccolo unceremoniously ripped off Vegeta’s clothes. He did the same to Zeba who let out a scream that morphed into laughter. She swatted his bare pecs. “I don’t like being naked with you two, you’re both so hot.”

Piccolo was behind her before Vegeta could even sit up. He held her breasts from behind in his green, clawed hands, “Don’t ever say that again or I’ll incinerate all your clothes. You’re perfect. I love every inch of you.”

Vegeta pushed her legs apart and buried his face in her pussy. “Gods, yes, what he said. And you taste as perfect as you look.” He dipped his tongue into her before sucking her clit, softly at first, then harder as she grew more excited. She gasped, “Vegeta, fucking-a, are you trying to make me come before either of you fucks me?”

He sucked her clit, but he grabbed Piccolo behind her and guided the throbbing, rock-hard dick into his woman. She groaned and he broke suction for a moment to help ease Piccolo’s length in, licking along his shaft as his demon gasped. Then Vegeta returned to her clit, whispering, “I guess you can be the cream filling after all.” He sucked until she came hard and he watched her clench on Piccolo’s dick. Then he moved behind Piccolo, growling in his demon’s ear, “This okay? Can I take your theadur again?”

Piccolo nodded, but his mouth was open in silent ecstasy as he slid slowly in and out of Zeba, who continued to sporadically clench on him. Vegeta spread Piccolo’s legs and moved to between them, underneath his demon and his woman. Piccolo made an animal noise and spread himself for Vegeta, pulling Zeba’s ass along with him so he didn’t pull out of her as he opened to take more of Vegeta.

Piccolo said, “Gods, Vegeta, you’re going to make me come before I can satisfy Zeba.”

Zeba said, “Ah, too late for that, I’m still coming from that oral combined with your dick.”
Piccolo growled, “He might’ve made you come, but I want to make you come.” He spit on his fingers and reached around, putting his fingers on either side of her clit, applying pressure, and vibrating his fingers from side to side. She gasped. He kissed along her neck and Vegeta saw the glow building in his skin. Piccolo continued to speak to Zeba, “I can’t let Vegeta have all the fun. I have to make sure you feel good too, because I’m going to come so hard. I can already feel it building. And I don’t care if you already came, you’re coming again, Zeba, even if it takes all night.”

Vegeta reached up and around to hold her breasts in his hand. He took her nipples between his thumb and middle finger, using his forefinger to stroke the very tips while he pinched them and pulled them. She gasped and he knew that he was taking her somewhere along the border between pleasure and pain. Piccolo’s theadur came hard and Vegeta’s balls clenched, sending his seed deep into Piccolo again.

Vegeta let out an agonized cry as he pulled out of Piccolo’s theadur. The discomfort it caused him was startling. He expected his hard-on to wither, but it refused to go limp. He still ached for his demon, so he whispered, “Can I slip in your ass, my demon? I can’t get enough of you.”

“Kami, Vegeta, you're going to make me come every way possible tonight, aren't you?”

Vegeta used his own cum and spit on his hand, then slid slowly and deeply into Piccolo’s anus, crying out into the night. He thrust slowly at first, increasing his speed as Piccolo started to thrust harder into Zeba. Piccolo’s ass gripped him tightly and Vegeta went into him deeper, but he noticed there was no glow this time. He tried to push it from his mind, but he worried that he was hurting his demon, or that his demon was faking it, just trying to get by, rather than actually enjoying what Vegeta was doing.

Piccolo’s voice rumbled in his mind, I’m not fucking faking it, Vegeta. I only glow with my most intense theadur orgasms, and I’d only ever heard stories about that, I’d never experienced it when I masturbated, so don’t get all down on yourself. Believe me, you’re fucking my ass just right. I want to fuck you forever, my demon. I feel perfect when I’m inside you.

Zeba’s about to come...come with her. Then Vegeta let his hand trail down on top of Piccolo’s where he was pulsing on her clit, then he let his fingers spread wide over where she stretched around his demon’s big green cock. He groaned at the feeling, but then he felt her seize and she cried out their names to the stars. He slid his hand lower, feeling all her pussy muscles clenching hard on Piccolo. He grabbed Piccolo’s balls and tugged down on them gently as he thrust deeper into Piccolo.

Piccolo rasped, “Oh Kami, Zeba, you and Vegeta are...” and then he devolved into a guttural moan and Vegeta felt his balls tighten and his asshole squeezed so delightfully on Vegeta that he came suddenly and hard, crying out Piccolo’s name. He thrust several more times, feeling his balls ache as they squeezed out the last bits of semen. He and Piccolo started drifting down until they were just above the water.

Zeba said, “Fuck no, that’s going to freeze my tits off.”

“Give me a minute,” Piccolo growled. They were all still connected, Vegeta unwilling to pull out of Piccolo, and he assumed Zeba didn’t have the leverage to pull off Piccolo on her own, but she didn’t seem to mind. Piccolo was gathering an energy ball in the water and Vegeta could see the steam begin to rise up. Piccolo lowered all three of them gently into the now hot water.

Zeba laughed wildly as Piccolo finally slipped her off of him with a gasp.
Piccolo glanced over his shoulder at Vegeta. He rasped, “You’re still hard. Did you get off?”

“Gods yes, twice.” Then Vegeta reluctantly pulled out of Piccolo and turned his demon to kiss him. Piccolo grasped him immediately under the water and started stroking him hard, running his hand tightly up and down the shaft in the swirl of the warm water. Vegeta could see Piccolo’s other hand glowing with energy under the water, keeping up their pocket of warmth. “I’m fine, my demon, you don’t have to—"

“I’ve never done anything with you because I have to—I want to, Vegeta.”

Zeba was back and she draped herself over Vegeta’s shoulder, kissing along his neck. She turned his face toward hers and kissed him. He turned to hold her breasts while Piccolo kept running his firm hand up and down Vegeta’s shaft until Vegeta was panting in Zeba’s mouth, twisting her nipples until she was gasping right back. He slid one hand down her body and found her clit. He started to pulse his fingertip on it under the water and he broke from the kiss to look down. In the glow of Piccolo’s energy, he could see his demon stroking him while he touched Zeba and that turned him on. He growled, “I need more hands so I can jerk Piccolo off too.”

She groaned, “Maybe he could take over the nipple play and you could use that hand on his gorgeous green dick?”

Both men shuddered with pleasure at her graphic suggestion. Piccolo’s hand came up to her breast and Vegeta’s dropped onto Piccolo. It only took them a few minutes and the water was filled with cum and Zeba cried out to the stars, “Holy shit, holy shit, I’ve never had an orgasm without penetration.”

Vegeta wrapped his arm around her as she started to slip deeper into the water. She murmured, “How are you two not exhausted? I’m so tired.”

Piccolo eyeballed Vegeta. “I think he is exhausted. He’s just hiding it. I’m more amazed that he can float with as dense as he is,” he said with a smirk.

Vegeta used his free hand to pull Piccolo’s face to his and kissed him deeply. “You two keep making me lose weight. Now let’s get cleaned up and take her home. Can you do your clothing magic with her too?”

Piccolo and Vegeta blasted Zeba dry once they got out of the unnaturally warm water. Piccolo dressed all of them and they flew home. Zeba drowsed in Vegeta’s arms but never actually fell asleep. Piccolo whispered, “I can carry both of you.”

“I’m fine,” Vegeta growled.

Piccolo chuckled. “That you are. Come on, then, let’s stop moving at such a snail’s pace. You can draft behind me to keep her out of the worst of the wind.” Then they both shot forward, once again breaking the sound barrier and snapping Zeba into wakefulness as she burrowed into Vegeta’s body. They touched down on his balcony and he stripped her down unceremoniously and laid her in bed. She muttered that she loved them and was asleep in seconds. Piccolo stood behind Vegeta and wrapped his arms around the Saiyan. He whispered in his ear, “Get undressed and go to sleep, Vegeta. You’ve only had functioning organs for a few days, it’s okay to be tired. It’s okay to let go. I’ll watch over you both tonight. Dr. Briefs thought he could create a chi based alarm system to detect when Goku came within a certain distance, and he thought he could use the same tech to shield our quarters, so that it would seem as if we weren’t here. Goku would have to come by flying that way, and would trigger the alarm. He thinks he’ll need Zeba’s help, so we’ll talk to her in the morning.”
Vegeta looked at the clock and saw that it had actually gotten late. He turned in Piccolo’s arms and pressed his hand gently to Piccolo’s abdomen. He looked up into his demon’s eyes, “How are you feeling?”

“Like I just got fucked so good by both my mates.”

Vegeta chuckled. “Indeed. But I’m serious, can you feel anything?”

Piccolo pressed his forehead to Vegeta’s and carried him out of the room so they didn’t wake Zeba. Then he laughed, “You fucked me like an hour ago, Vegeta, I won’t know for a bit.”

“It happened fast last time.”

“Yes, it does seem to happen faster with your super-saiyan-sperm, but it’s still early. Give me twelve hours at least.”

“I’m worried that you’ll be hurt or that the egg will crack again and you’ll get sick and—“

Piccolo stopped him with a kiss. Kept kissing him, even once Vegeta couldn’t think clearly enough to speak. They stood a long time on the balcony, kissing each other, letting their hands explore, but nothing more. After a while, Piccolo whispered, “Stop worrying, okay? I am tougher than I look, and I look pretty tough.”

“I know. I know. I just don’t want to be the reason you become ill. Plus bearing an egg seemed very unpleasant.”

“When it’s dead, yes. When it’s going to be our child, no, not at all. I mean, yes, it will be painful, the egg will be much larger once it’s fully developed, so actually laying the egg will hurt, but it’s worth it. I’m excited now that we at least know you can fertilize my eggs, hopefully it also means the egg will be viable. We have to be patient.”

Vegeta felt physically ill. “It will be larger?”

“Oh yeah, that was like a one day old egg, that’s why it was probably, what, smaller than your fist? It grows in me for several days, very weird, I know, for a placental mammal to contemplate. But then I’ll lay it, we’ll incubate it while the fetus grows, and then it will hatch.”

“I don’t want to cause you pain.”

“You’re not causing me pain, Vegeta. Like I said, stop worrying. And you better get used to causing me pain because I’m not going to stop training with you just because we’re fucking. I thought we were agreed on that.”

“Well, that pain is because you leave yourself open, you deserve that,” Vegeta said with a grin.

Piccolo chortled. “That’s more like the Vegeta I know.”

“How long until you’re ready to lay the egg?”

“I’m not sure with your DNA. I’ll know when it’s time. I’ll be okay for the next few days, but then I believe I will get rather pregnant looking and I’ll probably have to lay off training and possibly fucking. I need to consult with Dende since he trained with the healers on Namek.”

Vegeta snapped, “We’re not training until the egg is born. I won’t risk another cracked egg.”

Piccolo bit back, “That won’t happen again. That never would have happened if I’d been even a
little on my guard, but my brain was still ninety-percent fucking and ten percent saying hello to a friend. I can’t stop training.”

Vegeta pinned his demon’s arms above his head, kissing his neck, as he whispered, “Yes, you can. You can train without sparring, but no sparring, and certainly not with me. If anyone can hurt you on your guard, it’s me or Gohan, and Kakarot. In the morning you can go talk to Dende, then we’ll have a better idea of the timeline. I’m nervous enough about fucking you once the egg is fertilized. What if I crack it?”

Piccolo growled, “Let me down. I don’t know about that either, we’ll have to talk to Dende. I know some Namekian’s can stave off renewed fertility during the infant stage of their offspring, but I don’t know how. I don’t know what’s safe during the egg’s gestation. I only hope Dende does. I can’t imagine my body craving yours so insatiably if it weren’t safe for the egg. Now release me.”

Vegeta still held Piccolo’s arms above his head, but he loosened his grip and let them fall until they were resting just above Piccolo’s head and then he dropped his hand down onto Piccolo’s face, holding his jaw as they kissed. He breathed, “I don’t want to fight with you, I just want to take care of you.”

Piccolo nipped at Vegeta’s jawline and kissed down to his collarbone. He kissed back up to the smaller man’s mouth and after a long, passionate kiss, he rasped, “You do. Let’s go to bed, you’re obviously exhausted.”

Vegeta pressed Piccolo against the wall, still holding his demon’s face, but letting his other hand slide down the larger man’s torso. “Are you tired, my demon?”

Piccolo grinned against Vegeta’s mouth. “Don’t toy with me, you know very well I’m never that tired.”

Vegeta unceremoniously slid his own pants down, ripping Piccolo’s off, and he pushed into Piccolo’s theadur, causing both men to gasp. Vegeta moaned and stopped deep inside Piccolo to stay his almost instantaneous climax. “Gods, my demon, you feel so good.” Piccolo shuddered and wrapped Vegeta tightly in his long arms, hoisting Vegeta into him deeply as he clasped his ass. Vegeta’s feet were well off the ground and he wasn’t even floating, Piccolo was just lifting him. He chuffed a laugh into Piccolo’s neck, “Are you using me to train? Do a little lifting?”

Piccolo caught Vegeta’s ear between his teeth, “This is one form of non-sparring training I could do all day.”

Vegeta was too racked with pleasure to speak anymore and he clung to Piccolo’s shoulders as his demon pulled him deeper into his velvet sheath. Piccolo dropped onto the ground, so Vegeta could fall between his legs and push completely into Piccolo until his skin was glowing brightly as they kissed and kissed, like they were both drowning and the other was air. Vegeta felt the sudden spray of Piccolo’s spurt between their writhing bodies and his own balls contracted, ready to send his own seed deep inside Piccolo, but he held himself back until the shattering pleasure of Piccolo’s theadur gripped him in its orgasm. The tight sheath gripped and squeezed Vegeta and he groaned and let himself go at last, thrusting as deeply as he could inside Piccolo.

His demon’s glow remained bright and Vegeta suddenly feared that he had come too soon and not achieved Piccolo’s back orgasm. Piccolo’s rumbling laughter put him at ease as his demon said, “I have to say Vegeta, I didn’t foresee how your perfectionism would play out in bed, but you need to worry less. I will let you know if something isn’t okay or if I need something. You know that, right? And I expect the same from you.”
Vegeta’s eyes darted away from Piccolo’s searching look. “Yes, I suppose I do know, but I want…I want you to feel perfect.”

“There’s no such thing as perfect, Vegeta. That was a good one, but I have no control over the glow, it is my *theadur*’s doing, but I can’t even say that brighter glow necessarily means better orgasm, so stop reading too much into the glow. That was a pleasant surprise, since in the ocean I was sure I’d be carrying you and Zeba back you looked so tired.”

“Poor Zeba, keeping pace with us, I hope we aren’t making her raw. She seems able to withstand a bigger jump in chi than I thought would be safe, so that’s a relief, since I can’t seem to control myself with either of you.”

Vegeta finally eased himself out of Piccolo and stifled a cry of agony at the loneliness that overtook him immediately. “Fuck, whatever voodoo you pump out when I fuck you is going to make it impossible to get anything besides you done. I can barely stand to pull out of you.”

“I have been told the edge comes off that once the egg is out.”

“Godsdamnit, we’re going to Dende first thing in the morning.”

The glow of dawn was already on the horizon. “I don’t think we’ll have long to wait, but I need to sleep. You do too. I think we’ll be safe tonight. I reached out to Gohan and he’ll keep an eye on Goku for tonight.”

Vegeta and Piccolo crept in and curled around Zeba, but she never even stirred as they rearranged her and themselves so they could all sleep comfortably. Piccolo kissed Vegeta a final time, pulling him close and whispered, “I love you.”

The next morning they went to Dende who confirmed that Piccolo was indeed pregnant, that it would likely take eight days, unless the Saiyan DNA accelerated things. Then the egg would incubate for twelve weeks, maybe less with Saiyan genetics. Vegeta felt triumphant when Dende told Piccolo that he couldn’t risk any form of contact sparring, that his *theadur* was most at risk during the period of egg development.

The young Kami blushed as he explained that sex during that period was fine, even encouraged as a bonding measure. Then he looked at Vegeta and said, “But nothing crazy, I don’t want your unprecedented strength to cause any problems. Piccolo, you should also eat and drink more, even if you’re not hungry. You may feel nauseous as the egg compresses your organs, but water is especially important. It’s part of the reason Namek depopulated so fast, no one could drink enough water to sustain an egg when there was so little water available.”

Piccolo nodded and thanked Dende. He, Vegeta, and Zeba made as if to leave when Dende said, “And Piccolo, if you need someone to help you with the birthing process, please call me. I assisted with several births before Namek was destroyed.”

They thanked him and flew back to the compound. Zeba had work to do, so she kissed them both goodbye. She poked Vegeta’s chest and said, “You, in particular, need to behave. Nothing rough. Go train with Gohan if you need to train, but don’t even engage him about it, because he will charm you into thinking it’s okay.”

Vegeta chuckled and grabbed her hand, pulling her against him. “I guess if I can’t contain myself, I
will take you away from your work.”

Zeba’s eyes glittered and she flushed. Vegeta realized then that although he and Piccolo had been wearing her out, he hadn’t been spending time with just her. He was consumed by Piccolo, and not just physically. The revelations the day before and the brief but intense battle with Frieza had solidified the fierce love he’d already felt for Piccolo, but he and Zeba hadn’t bonded in the same way. He wanted that closeness with her too. He kissed her fiercely and said, “You know that I love you? Tonight, I’ll show you.”

She whispered, “Bunny wants to do another party tonight and show Piccolo the thing, you know?”

“We forgot we were supposed to do that last night.”

“It’s fine, she knew when Goku went crazy that it wouldn’t be happening. But tonight, okay? We’ll see where things stand after that.”

Vegeta offered her a lift down to the GR and she agreed. He set her down. He kissed her aggressively and she pushed back from him a little. “Mmmm…I do have work today or I would be all over what’s in your pants. It doesn’t have to be just us.”

“I know, but I want just you.”

She laughed. “I know that’s not true, I saw you two this morning saying goodbye—“

“Zeba, I want Piccolo too, that isn’t…Grrrr…I want…I want to make you feel good, to be able to focus. We always tag team you and wear you out, then I never get a chance to just focus on you. I would enjoy focusing on you.”

She caressed his face. “Everything we’ve done has been delightful and amazing, so please don’t worry about something that doesn’t bear worrying about. If you want a night alone with me, that also sounds great, but stop worrying, for Kami’s sake. Okay?”

He nodded. He gave her a final kiss and flew off to find Gohan. Piccolo joined him in the air and said, “She okay?”

“I believe so, but I think I should devote some time to her tonight. I’ve been so obsessed with you that I feel she’s been left by the wayside.”

Piccolo chuckled. “I never knew a monarch who worried so much about others. You are an all or nothing guy, my prince, intense concern and love or disdain and revulsion.”

Vegeta said, “Where are you off to? I’m going to train with Gohan, but you are not training with us.”

“No, but I’m going to meditate and I can tell you both how to be less stupid. That’s really my best feature when we train.”

Vegeta smirked and rolled onto his back beneath Piccolo. Piccolo curled to follow him, saying, “What are you doing?” But Vegeta said nothing and once his face was level with Piccolo’s crotch, he yanked at his demon’s pants and immediately took Piccolo’s balls in his mouth. Piccolo gasped, “Holy gods, Vegeta…” Within seconds, Piccolo was hard and Vegeta licked up the length of his shaft before sucking his head and then taking Piccolo’s full length in his mouth. They were high up in the sky, over a deserted field. Vegeta stopped their flight and ripped Piccolo’s pants completely off. He shucked his own off and pushed his head inside Piccolo’s theadur, causing his demon to groan.
Vegeta felt Piccolo’s hot velvet sheath hold him tightly and he panted as he started thrusting, helpless in his ache and wanting. He pressed his mouth to Piccolo’s neck and shoulder, sucking, biting, and he whispered, “I can’t stop thinking about you, about this, about how perfect this feels.”

Piccolo nodded, but took Vegeta’s face in his hands, he kissed him fiercely. “You feel incredible. I’m lost for you.” Then his hands slid down onto Vegeta’s ass, pulling him more deeply inside his theadur, slapping his taut cheeks, running his finger over Vegeta’s asshole, never penetrating, but putting delightful pressure on it, making Vegeta moan.

“Gods, my demon, this is what I needed.” Vegeta felt the glorious pressure of his mounting orgasm, so he took Piccolo’s marble-hard erection in his hand and began stroking him vigorously. Piccolo came quickly, his cum flying down to the earth below them, and the orgasm cascaded into his theadur where Vegeta trembled and cried out as the powerful muscles of that organ began clenching and squeezing on Vegeta’s cock. He held out as long as he could, letting it build and build, until his release was almost painful as he slammed deeply into Piccolo.

Piccolo’s skin rippled with light, even in the bright morning sun, and Vegeta didn’t pull out right away. He ran his hands over Piccolo, enjoying the hot, smooth feel of his demon’s skin when every nerve ending was electric. He murmured, “No matter how hot it is, I never feel my lust is slaked. How will I ever focus on training again?”

Piccolo kissed him hard, then pressed their foreheads together. “Fuck, I don’t know. Maybe once the egg is born we’ll have an easier time. I feel like the world is foggy when you aren’t inside me, and the only clarity I have is when you’re so deep inside me there’s no air between us.”

Now Vegeta instigated the kiss, ached for it, and most of all dreaded pulling out of his demon. He knew Gohan would be waiting, and he knew their wildly spiking chi would have already given the young Saiyan an idea of what they were doing, but still, to suffer that separation even for a second, let alone many hours, was agony even to contemplate. Piccolo said, “But we must. We have to be strong for our child. Or children, as the case may be. Zeba needs us too. Once you get training you’ll be alright. Meditating is going to be a real bitch today.”

Vegeta laughed, “True, I do get the better distraction. Will you be alright?” He eased himself out of Piccolo and shuddered. Piccolo’s light blinked out and Vegeta saw what looked like pain cross his face. Vegeta kissed him more tenderly, stroked his theadur gently, making sure it was okay, and he hoped that it would ease Piccolo’s suffering.

Piccolo gave a sad chuckle. “Gods, I had no idea it would be like this…this…all consuming fire. Even your hand makes me ache now. Not that it didn’t before, but these pheromones are a hell of a drug. That and your expert fucking.”

Vegeta gave him a last rough kiss, took his hand away, and they redressed, using Piccolo’s magic, and continued on to where they could now feel Gohan waiting. Vegeta’s mind raced and he knew he would probably get his ass kicked today for lack of focus. He grumbled, “You’ll put me in the healing pod if I fight poorly today and get worked over? It’s not all bad if he beats me nearly to death, then at least I’ll be stronger by tomorrow, but it’s hard on the pride to have a teenager kick one’s ass.”

“No shit. And of course.”

“Don’t carry me back to the compound, he can do that, but I don’t want that little whelp handling me naked.”

“Nobody but me and Zeba are going to handle you naked if I have any say in the matter.”
Vegeta managed to hold his own against Gohan, despite Piccolo’s constant distracting presence. After Gohan left, they both agreed Zeba needed some focused attention, and Piccolo felt unable to focus on her as long as Vegeta was around, so he said he was going to stay in the wilderness and train while Vegeta spent the evening with Zeba. “Just call me when you want me to come home.”

“I want you to come home now.”

“I know, but not really. You want her too, and it’ll be easier on her body if it’s just you. I’ll take her out and have a night with her once I’ve laid our egg. Go, enjoy her, and I’ll enjoy you later tonight, okay?”

Vegeta kissed Piccolo hard, considered fucking him again, but Piccolo whispered, “If we get started, we’ll never stop. Go on.”

Vegeta flew home and found Zeba in the shower. He called out to her so he wouldn’t startle her. “Woman! Care for some company? Because I’m coming in.”

“You’re so subtle,” she said with a little laugh as he came into the shower. “You have a good day training with Gohan? Did Piccolo behave?”

Vegeta growled as he saw her naked body and picked her up, kissing her deeply. After a long time plundering her mouth, he pulled away and said, “Yes, it was a good day. He’s going to stay out meditating. He wants a night alone with you once he’s birthed our egg. So tonight you’re all mine.”

“Too bad, I love watching you two fuck.”

Vegeta’s hard-on strained even more at those words and he felt pre-cum spill out of his tip. “Mmm…and we like when you join in. But tonight I want to take my time with you. I want all of you. So I hope you’re not too tired, because I intend to wear you out.”

She kissed him again, smiling against his mouth. “Oh yes, and how does my sweet Saiyan intend to wear me out?”

He bent to take her nipple in his mouth, sucking until she was writhing. Then he kissed his way over to the other breast and pulled that nipple into his mouth. He suckled until it was hard and she was whispering his name. Then he said, his mouth against her breast, “By making you come and come and come until you beg me to stop.”

She took his face in her hands and brought it back up to her mouth. She kissed him passionately and he hoisted her up on his hips. She whispered, “You can start by putting that glorious dick in me.”

“What if I want to eat that pussy first? Then fuck you?”

“I need you inside me. You can suck my clit later if you still want to, but give me what I want… what I need. I got Piccolo earlier, but I haven’t had you enough.” She reached down between their bodies, where his hard-on was pointed up between them. He helped hold her back enough that she could guide his tip inside her.

She was already wet for him and he groaned at the slick, hot squeeze of her pussy. He pressed her against the wall and began sliding out of her teasingly, slowly, then just as slowly thrusting back
She clung to him, her legs trying to force him into her more deeply, but all her strength was nothing to him. He smirked and kissed the side of her mouth, across her jaw, and down her neck, sucking on her shoulder before he said, “You’re trying to rush me, my love.”

She rasped, “You have no idea how badly I’ve wanted this all day.”

“Oh, I think I do, but I want to savor it now. Your pussy feels incredible.”

She stilled and he pulled back to look in her eyes. She had turned away from him. He took her chin and gently turned her back to him. “What? What did I say?” He searched her eyes.

She looked down and whispered, “Does it? Do you still enjoy fucking me? After Piccolo?”

He slid deeply inside her and trembled. She gasped, despite herself, and he murmured, “Gods, woman, I will always love fucking you. I love pleasuring you. I love being with you. Our demon is ours, and I love him too, but this…this is sublime. Don’t pull away from me. He loves you too. I just wanted this tonight. Just you. No distractions, no crazy chi, just my woman, riding me with her sweet pussy,” he said the last part with a smirk and kissed her hard.

She laughed a little. “I just don’t want to be…I don’t know…a burden for you two.”

“Gods, Zeba,” Vegeta pushed inside her deeply, rocking his lower abs against her clit before continuing, “You are not, nor will you ever be, a burden. Let me love you. Feel me, yes? Feel every inch of me inside you. Let me take you there.”

Vegeta took his time with her, now that he was fully aware of her insecurities. He cupped her ass in his hands and pulled her off the wall. He knew she still marveled at his strength even though lifting her on and off his cock was no harder than breathing, so he flexed his muscles and curled his torso to rub her clit while he slowly moved her body in time with his thrusts. She watched his body hungrily and that turned him on more. He felt like he could push her over the edge at any moment, but he knew it would more powerful if he took his time, so he pushed her back against the wall to free one hand to put on her breast. He used the spray of the shower to hit her nipple as he pinched it, pulled it taut, and she cried out. He felt her approach the brink and he pushed into her as deeply as he could.

She shuddered and groaned, “Fuck, Vegeta, I’m coming, sweet Kami, I’m coming!”

Vegeta felt the blissful clenching of her pussy on him and he bellowed as he found more length and thrust deeper, coming inside her, spurt after spurt, as he shouted her name. He held her carefully so as not to crush her while he leaned against the wall, more spasms of pleasure tightening his balls. He kissed her, with his eyes open, so she would know that he wasn’t thinking of anything but her.

Her eyelids looked heavy and sleepy as he rocked his hips a last few times, feeling her final clenching. He said, “Mmm…can I lick your pussy or are you spent?”

She chuckled. “Sweet Kami, Vegeta, you fuck as much as you eat, I don’t know what I would do without Piccolo to take some of the pounding. You might have to wait until after the party. Everyone is going to be here in half an hour for Piccolo’s garden.”

“Shit! I completely forgot. I thought I was going to have you all to myself the rest of the night.”

“And you’re having me more later, that’s for sure, but right now, you need to tell him to get back here, in case he needs a shower too.”

Vegeta called out to Piccolo and his demon returned. Though Piccolo’s eyes smoldered when they
met Vegeta’s, Vegeta was glad that his demon greeted Zeba first, sweeping her up into his arms and kissing her deeply. He kissed her until she was practically a liquid in his arms. When he at last set her down, she looked dazed and Vegeta could smell that the party was no longer foremost in her mind. Piccolo hopped in the shower, but Vegeta threw her on the bed, spreading her labia with his fingers as he sucked her clit. His other hand found her breast and pinched her nipple, twisting it a little until she was gasping his name, arching up to meet his mouth. Then he plunged two fingers into her while he kept sucking, he reached for her pleasure as she muttered, “I don’t think I can come again so soon…”

He sucked harder, engorging her clit even more, letting his tongue swirl against the button of flesh. He thrust a third finger inside her and let his pinky rub against her back door, probing until it slipped inside her a little and she bucked against him. She moaned, “Fuck that feels good.” He gave her more pinky as he thrust deeply with his fingers, then he groaned as he felt her seize and begin clenching hard on his fingers, her muscles pulling at her clit so he could no longer effectively suck. She screamed out her pleasure as Piccolo came out of the shower and shouldered Vegeta out of his way.

He growled, “Can I fuck you, Zeba?”

She nodded breathlessly and he pushed into her. Vegeta loved seeing her swollen, slick pussy take Piccolo’s large dick. Vegeta was so hard he thought he might burst without contact, but then Zeba whispered, “Fuck Piccolo, Vegeta, I love when you fuck him while he fucks me.”

Piccolo said, “Gods, Zeba, you feel so good and then you say shit like that and now I have to have him in my ass. Fuck me, my prince.”

Vegeta didn’t have to be told twice. He smeared lube on his cock and Piccolo’s ass and then he thrust carefully into his demon’s ass, making Piccolo cry out against Zeba’s mouth as they kissed. Piccolo’s ass arched toward him, opening to accept Vegeta’s full length and he groaned as he arched over Piccolo and Zeba, almost light-headed with pleasure. He slid in as deeply as he could and then slowly withdrew before thrusting in again completely.

Zeba said, “It makes him go so deep in me, Vegeta, keep fucking him, fuck him until he comes deep inside me.”

Vegeta didn’t know whether Zeba’s words or his demon’s tight ass turned him on more at that moment, but he did as she said and he steadily pushed back balls deep into Piccolo, rocking his demon deeper into Zeba at the same time, then he heard Piccolo growl, “Gods, Zeba I can feel your pussy clenching on me.”

“Fuck, I’m not even coming yet, but I’m so close. Push into me, push into me hard, Piccolo, give it to me as deep as you can.”

“I’m so close to coming,” he rasped.

Vegeta knew he should hold back, but he thrust even deeper into Piccolo and cried out as he released his seed in the hot depths of his demon’s back door. Then he felt Piccolo begin to grip him as he came in Zeba with a shout. His ass cheeks tightened and flexed, and Vegeta gave his ass a slap as he continued to spurt in his demon.

At last Zeba screamed in what sounded like agony, then Piccolo shouted, “Fuck, Zeba, oh fuck, your pussy is milking me so hard.” Piccolo trembled and his asshole gripped Vegeta even harder, causing a final spurt of giz to spray out of Vegeta’s still buried cock. He gasped for breath and tried to stop pumping, but his hips had a mind of their own as they wrung a few last cries of pleasure
from both Piccolo and Zeba.

He reluctantly pulled out and Piccolo followed suit, so that he and Zeba could both cuddle on Piccolo’s chest as he flopped onto his back. Vegeta suddenly remembered what Dende had said about being careful. He mentally said, *Egg feel okay? You? I’m sorry, I got carried away.*

*I’m fine, Vegeta. The egg is fine. Zeba is fine. Just enjoy some bliss.*

*Hey! I can hear you guys!*

Both men turned to Zeba and she laughed, “Haha! Now you fuckers can’t talk about me right in front of me!”

“We don’t do that,” Piccolo said, more offended than Vegeta.

“That’s an interesting turn of events. Looks like Namekian sperm won the contest,” Vegeta said.

Piccolo kissed her hard. Then he said, “We only ever talk about Vegeta’s weird insecurities, so prepare to just hear him whine a lot.”

But Zeba looked very tired. Vegeta caressed her face. “Are you up for the party tonight?”

“Hell yeah, you guys just wore me out. I think you’ll have to sate each other the rest of the night.”
The party that night was the normal crew. Piccolo restrained Vegeta when he spotted ChiChi and Kakarot. Kakarot bumbled through an apology, but Vegeta told him to go away. The other Saiyan looked so forlorn that an outsider might’ve thought Kakarot had been the wronged party. He watched Vegeta and Piccolo the rest of the night, making Vegeta edgy.

Finally, the part of the evening Vegeta had been waiting for arrived and Bunny had tray after tray of Namekian delicacies brought out. Piccolo’s eyes widened, as did Dende’s, who they had also invited. Piccolo stammered, “But how…where? Where did you find Namekian fruit and grain…and vegetables? Frieza destroyed the planet years ago.”

Dr. Briefs explained how they had been able to use various genetic profiles from things the surviving Namekians had taken with them, as well as data from Piccolo’s own genes to clone most of the plant life used for food. While most of the guests took a few things and tried them, Piccolo and Dende went nuts. They piled plate after plate and Vegeta’s heart felt full. He felt at peace in a way that he never had, despite the clown watching them like prey.

Zeba snuggled up against Vegeta and he wrapped his arm around her. She smiled up at him and said, “Wait until he sees the biosphere. He’s going to lose it.”

Vegeta nuzzled her neck and kissed behind her ear. “It’s hard for me not to lose it with you in my arms. You almost ready to head to bed?”

She laughed. “I don’t think you and I are thinking the same thing when we’re thinking about going to bed.”

“I can be quick,” he murmured, squeezing her hip.

“Let’s take Piccolo to the biosphere, then we’ll see.”

Piccolo finished his third plate of food and Vegeta took his hand. Vegeta hoisted Zeba against his side and they took off for the far side of the compound, opposite the half-built GR. They touched down in front of its glass doors and Vegeta typed in the code. They opened and the scent took Vegeta back to Namek. They walked in and Piccolo’s mouth fell open. He spun, looking around in wonder at the arid landscape with alien plant life everywhere, complete with Namekian buildings and a neatly tended Namekian orchard and vegetable garden, several small fields of grain.

Piccolo turned back to them. “You did this? For me?”

Vegeta laughed. “We helped, but Bunny actually organized everything. That woman loves you. I mean, she loves her husband, but if he dies, we had better watch out.”

Piccolo kissed Vegeta, then Zeba before hugging them both and whispering, “Let’s go home. I need to get in a private place with you two.”

By the next morning, Vegeta could see some fullness in Piccolo’s lower abdomen. It made his heart ache to think of his child, growing at that moment. Zeba also decided to take a pregnancy test. He and Piccolo waited anxiously sitting on the bed, after she told them to stop looming.
Several minutes later she came out of the bathroom and held it up with an uncertain smile and said, “You’re stuck with me!” Vegeta saw the tiny word “Pregnant” on the little window. He swung her up into his arms and kissed her mouth. Piccolo snatched her away and they kissed for a long time.

The next few days went along much the same way, Vegeta trained with Gohan, Piccolo meditated, Zeba worked on the GR. By the fifth day after verifying Piccolo’s pregnancy, Vegeta couldn’t stop fretting about him even coming out to meditate, fearing a wayward energy blast might hit him. Piccolo sighed. He was very visibly pregnant now, his stomach distended and rounded in a way that he had never experienced and he complained bitterly about feeling unattractive. He was also miserable, eating and drinking small amounts constantly to keep up with the caloric demands of a part-Saiyan baby.

Zeba had already left for the GR that morning after a lively bout of triangular oral sex. Vegeta was trying to keep Piccolo home. “My demon, stay and rest. You need to eat and drink all day. Plus you could go into labor any day now, any moment. I want you here. Just call as soon as you’re ready and I’ll be back in minutes, seconds. Please? Don’t risk anything now.”

Piccolo flopped on his back, running his hands over his stomach. Vegeta settled next to him and gently massaged the taut mound. Then he let his hands trail lower, his fingers helplessly drawn to Piccolo’s theadur. He probed it gently, watching Piccolo’s reaction. Piccolo’s legs fell open and he let out a long breath. Vegeta realized then that he had never put his mouth on his demon’s theadur, so he bent and ran his tongue all along the edge of the secret sheath. It was so firmly closed that Vegeta had to use some force with his tongue make it open, and that caused Piccolo to gasp and squirm. “Holy shit, Vegeta…”

“Good or bad?”

“Amazing,” Piccolo rasped, his hips moving toward Vegeta.

Vegeta let his mouth explore the velvet folds, his fingers slipping inside to give his demon penetration while he licked at the exterior part, delving deeper with his tongue as Piccolo’s moans became more excited. He could see the glow building. He pushed his tongue as deeply in the sheath as he could, following it with his hand pointed into a fist. He kept licking and tasting the exterior folds as he fisted Piccolo deeply, but gently. Piccolo was now crying out his name, “Vegeta, gods, Vegeta, it’s not enough, I need you to fuck me. You feel so good, but I need your dick. Please. Please.”

“Let me have both, my demon. Come on my mouth and then I’ll fuck you till you come again. Please. Give me your pleasure.”

Then Piccolo rocked hard onto his mouth and his hand and Vegeta felt the tight, blissful squeeze of his lover’s theadur and Piccolo groaned as if in agony. The squeezing went on for a long time and then finally Piccolo gasped, “Vegeta, now, please. How much do I have to beg?”

Vegeta sat up and pulled Piccolo carefully onto his painfully hard dick. He thrust deeply and the sheath was still squeezing from the first orgasm. Vegeta knew he wouldn’t last long so he clasped Piccolo’s cock and began jerking him off. He pulled on the big green erection, pre-cum streaming out of his tip as Vegeta thrust deeply into his theadur.

The theadur seemed happy to have been so well treated and even though Piccolo told Vegeta to keep fucking him, it felt like the sheath’s orgasm had never stopped. After Vegeta arched up into Piccolo especially deeply, Piccolo growled and curled into a semi-sitting position and then the real fireworks began and his theadur gripped and milked Vegeta so strongly that he came instantly, crying out Piccolo’s name, but it didn’t stop. It squeezed and squeezed, rippling its strong velvet
muscles over every inch of Vegeta’s cock and he gasped as a second enormous orgasm ripped through his balls, and he could feel his cock sliding around in his own cum in Piccolo’s velvet tunnel. Piccolo was sitting on him now, ramming Vegeta deeper and deeper inside himself.

They groaned together and Vegeta fell to the side, mindful of Piccolo’s tender belly, but he didn’t dare pull out. They had explained the pheromones to Zeba after it became increasingly unbearable to part after they’d made love. The past two nights, Vegeta had slept balls deep in his demon, half-hard throughout the night, because he couldn’t bear to pull out. Zeba thought it was cute.

Now Vegeta wrapped himself around Piccolo and kissed him tenderly. “Okay, my demon?”

“Sweet Kami, Vegeta, only a perfectionist like you would call that okay. That was mind-blowing. Until I fucked you, I honestly had no idea sex could be so hot. It’s like we were made for each other.”

Vegeta cradled Piccolo’s distended stomach and Piccolo used his longer arms to wrap around Vegeta so they could snuggle together. Vegeta knew he would have to go soon or Gohan would come to the compound looking for him, but just the thought of pulling out nearly brought him to tears. “The pheromones reach absurdity at a certain point. How will you birth the egg if my dick is constantly inside you?”

“Maybe all that giz in my theadur makes it slide out easier. I can’t believe I haven’t gone yet. I’m huge. It needs to happen soon or I’ll split like a melon in the sun.”

Vegeta didn’t like that image at all. He’d been in a barely subdued state of panic since he found out both his lovers were pregnant and vivid imagery of them suffering made him queasy. Piccolo must’ve noticed and he said, “Not really though, I can grow much larger than this if need be. I’m fine, Vegeta. And I’m lucky, I only have a few days, think of poor Zeba, human gestation is over nine months, and according to the information Bunny got out of ChiChi, it was a little longer with a Saiyan, so who knows what it will be with a Namekian.”

“Is it possible that Zeba will lay an egg?”

“I don’t think so, she doesn’t have the same egg equipment I do.”

Vegeta groaned. “Fuck. I have to go train with Gohan. Will you be alright?”

“Yes. I’ll probably go lie in the pool. Buoyancy sounds delightful.”

“Is that safe?”

“Yes, I know how to swim.”

“I meant, you know, it can’t get in your theadur and chemically damage the egg?”

“It’s a saltwater pool, Vegeta, it’s safe. Even if it wasn’t, you know that thing seals up tight when it’s not being fucked by you.”

Vegeta chuckled and Piccolo eased off of him. Vegeta held his breath for a moment, realizing that he would cry if he had to say anything. He took deep breaths. Then he met Piccolo’s eyes, and he was lost. He hid his face in his demon’s shoulder, but he released a few guttering sobs before he got ahold of himself. Then he kissed Piccolo goodbye and fled before any more emotion took hold. As he flew he heard his demon in his mind saying, You know it’s okay to cry, right?

I should be one of the only people you can cry in front of, my prince. Don’t bury that shit, it’ll find its way out one way or another.

Very well, I will let all my feelings out next time, then you’ll be stuck with a crybaby until you go into labor. I can’t bear it when we have to separate. It’s destroying me. I never thought the biggest challenge I’d face physically would be pulling my dick out of another man, but here I am, trying to figure out how to train for that, since it’s only getting harder.

Vegeta could hear Piccolo’s rumbling laughter as he found Gohan. They fought viciously for hours, stopped to eat and drink around mid-afternoon, then went back to sparring. Gohan seemed edgy so Vegeta decided to talk to the boy. “What’s got you looking like a roach ran up your leg?”

“Nothing, it’s just been weird at home. My mom’s been pushy with my dad. My dad is acting weird about you and Piccolo. Neither of them knows about Piccolo being pregnant again, but it makes me nervous.”

“Gohan, if he comes for Piccolo again, I will kill him. You understand, right? I won’t have to kill you too?”

Gohan shook his head sadly and they stopped fighting. “I just don’t want that to happen. It’s not Dad who wants to hurt anyone. Dad said he’d really like to fight your baby someday, but then Mom really lost her temper. I’m afraid she’s plotting. But I don’t know what she’s plotting.”

“Thank you for telling me. Piccolo’s very near his time, but since a Namekian and a Saiyan have never bred, we don’t know exactly when he’ll lay the egg.”

“I’m gonna try to convince Dad to go train with King Kai, so that Mom can’t keep pushing him, you know? Do you think you could convince King Kai to let him back up there?”

“I can try, but he’s the Kai of Earth, he’ll do as he sees fit.”

King Kai’s voice came loudly in their heads, Of course that idiot can come up here if it means he’s away from ChiChi so Piccolo can give birth in peace.

Thank you, King Kai. I’ll owe you one.

And I won’t forget it, Vegeta.

Vegeta wondered what that meant, but didn’t care just then. He said, “Gohan, would you like to come visit Piccolo? He’s pretty miserable in his current condition. Without training, I think he’s bored.”

“Sure! Does he look pregnant?”

Vegeta smirked. “Very, but you would be wise not to dwell on that fact too much. He’s none too happy about his body’s condition right now.”

They flew back and Vegeta saw Piccolo sunning himself by the pool. His demon saw Gohan and said to Vegeta, What the fuck, Vegeta? I don’t want anyone to see me like this. I’m disgusting.

Nonsense. I love how fecund you look. Besides, it’s not just anyone, it’s Gohan, and I know you love him, so stop your griping.

Then he and Gohan were touching down and before Piccolo could even offer Gohan a seat, Bunny arrived and asked if she could bring them drinks or snacks. Piccolo had obviously been grazing
voraciously all day, which was not his typical way, so he was annoyed. He looked even bigger to Vegeta, as if the egg were growing faster now. Piccolo stayed in a semi-reclined position and he said, “Sorry you have to see me like this, Gohan, but given that I’d like you to be its godfather, you might as well witness me in the fullness of my gestation.”

“I can’t believe your stomach! You’ve always had such a washboard, it’s weird to see it like this. Can I touch it?”

Piccolo raised his eyebrow to Vegeta who nodded slightly. “Sure, why not?” Piccolo said. Piccolo had taken to only wearing pants, leaving his taut stomach exposed to the world. Everything itched when it came in contact with the stretched skin.

Vegeta couldn’t help the smile that played at his lips as Gohan very gently let his hands glide over Piccolo’s large belly, and then very gingerly pressed his ear to the top of it, listening for what, Vegeta didn’t know. Piccolo ran his hand over Gohan’s hair in a paternal gesture. Gohan stood up with a huge grin on his face and said, “I’m so happy for you, Mr. Piccolo. You and Vegeta and Zebra seem really happy.”

Zeba rejoined them then with Bunny, who handed out drinks. She fussed over Piccolo and he smirked at her before she left him with a kiss on top of his head. Zeba greeted Gohan and they all spent the evening drinking and chatting and eating, the Briefs joining them eventually, then Kururin and 18 showed up unannounced and joined the impromptu party. Even Dende came down from the Lookout. Vegeta sat as close to Piccolo as he could without hovering over him. Zeba leaned into his ear and whispered, “It’s okay, Vegeta, he’s okay. Don’t be so edgy.”

“Fucking Kakarot, he’s made me paranoid.”

“He’s not here, and everyone would defend Piccolo if he shows up.”

_I have the clown with me, Vegeta, rest easy_, King Kai said in his mind.

Vegeta relaxed some. Vegeta realized with a smug smirk that his demon liked all the attention he was getting. Vegeta liked having his fingers laced with Piccolo’s, liked that people accepted it now, that it was no different than Bunny and Dr. Briefs. No different than Vegeta and Zeba. Vegeta supposed if he was being honest with himself, he enjoyed that both he and his partners had proven fertile. He liked everyone knowing that he had put the baby in Piccolo, that it was his love, his seed, his strength. He didn’t know why, especially since before Bulma and Cell, the thought of even admitting any of those things would have horrified him. But especially after Frieza’s return and immediate death, Vegeta had felt free in a way he hadn’t thought possible. Free of the terrible burden of his own shame and guilt and of bearing that disgusting secret. It felt good to no longer worry that it would come to light.

Piccolo finally lurched to his feet and said, “Friends, I’m exhausted. My mates are going to see me to bed, and I hope the next time I see all of you, I will be back to my normal size.”

Vegeta picked Piccolo up in one arm and Zeba in the other and flew off to his balcony. Piccolo grumbled the whole way about being able to fly on his own, but he stayed in Vegeta’s grip. Zeba fluffed up pillows so Piccolo could sleep semi-reclining, then she started kissing him. Vegeta got ready for bed while they made out and he realized that he too was exhausted. The emotional turmoil of becoming a father, of his obsession with Piccolo, and Zeba too, was wearing him out.

He climbed into bed intending to go to sleep right away, but Zeba leaned over Piccolo, putting her breasts in his face to kiss Vegeta. He groaned and felt his dick stir to life. Piccolo sucked on Zeba’s tits, one hand roaming over her body, the other searching out Vegeta’s now hard cock. Vegeta
murmured, “Aren’t you both tired? I’m exhausted.”

Zeba chortled and said against his lips, “Like you can fall asleep without your dick in Piccolo. Nice try though. I think he’s too big now for me to fuck him while you fuck him, but maybe he can get me off with his hand while you two fuck.”

Piccolo grumbled, “You make it sound like a chore. I love getting you off, and I wish I wasn’t a fucking whale, so that I could fuck you properly.”

Vegeta rolled Piccolo gently on his side, and without much ceremony or even foreplay, he slid into his demon’s sheath and immediately felt better. Despite her argument, Piccolo had also rolled Zeba onto her side, and thanks to her petite frame, he was able to take her from behind. He held on to her by her breasts, so Vegeta reached for her clit. It was one of the more awkward positions they’d ever done, but he stroked her until she was bucking back against Piccolo. Vegeta could see his demon’s smirk and he curled up to kiss his green lips. Vegeta’s angle was awkward, but everything was awkward now with Piccolo’s belly, so he shimmied around until he could bring Piccolo to climax. His demon was glowing already, so he knew that he was close.

Vegeta thrust deeply, now just holding onto Piccolo’s hip because Zeba had started to come and Piccolo had slid his hand down and taken over for Vegeta. Vegeta came before Piccolo, which wasn’t how he liked things to go, but he pushed deeply into his theadur and felt the rippling grip of the velvet muscles as he had a back orgasm. Then Piccolo came in Zeba, pulling her hard onto his dick. Then Vegeta felt something different.

His immediate impulse was to pull out, but he waited, curious if Piccolo felt anything. It had felt almost like Piccolo’s theadur had spurted. Then Vegeta began to panic, thinking that maybe he had cracked the egg and it was leaking right now, making his demon sick, risking his life. But Piccolo seemed deeply content, he was running his hand along Zeba’s arm and back. He muttered, “That okay, Zeba? Despite my giant belly?”

“Sweet Kami, yes. I didn’t think you could get there with your tummy, but your dick is so long, you made it work, you found my spot. Do you feel okay?”

“I feel great. And now I can sleep having fucked you and with Vegeta inside me. Okay for you, Vegeta?”

Vegeta nodded against his demon’s back. Then he said, tentatively, “Does everything…inside…feel okay?”

“Yes, why?”

“I feel something different. Like your theadur made some kind of fluid.”

Piccolo whooped happily. “Excellent! I must be getting close! Dende said my theadur will start secreting a moisturizing fluid a couple days before birth, and it’s good to fuck it around, it keeps the theadur from tearing when the egg comes through. Then he said after two to three days of that, it will secrete a heavier lubricant. We’re on the home stretch.”

Vegeta wrapped his arm protectively over Piccolo’s tummy, hooking his hand on Zeba’s hip. She got up and curled around Vegeta’s back, spooning him and wrapping her arm tightly around him. He heard both Zeba and Piccolo fall asleep almost immediately and was envious. The moisturizing fluid, after his initial terror that he’d cracked the egg, had given him hope that Piccolo’s suffering was at an end, but now Vegeta knew there were at least two more days, if not more. It seemed small, but Piccolo’s misery was written all over his face, even in sleep. And Vegeta hated that he
had caused the misery, while simultaneously loving seeing his ripe, fertile lover full of his own seed. It was a conundrum.

It had also lately occurred to Vegeta that once the egg was born, he would have to be mindful of how he fucked Piccolo’s theadur so he didn’t immediately impregnate him again. He supposed he’d just have to start taking Piccolo in his ass, that would distract him from the theadur for a while. But trying to keep away from his sheath long-term sounded insurmountable. Vegeta wanted to get up, go train, but even if he could bear to pull out of Piccolo at that moment, Zeba was soundly asleep, pressed to his back so tightly he definitely wouldn’t be able to escape without waking her.

The next morning Vegeta pulled out reluctantly only because he had to piss. He let out a terrified shout as he saw his dick was coated in what appeared to be blood. Piccolo groggily came awake. “What’s wrong?”

“I think I hurt you! Look!” Vegeta moved so Piccolo could see. Zeba rubbed at her eyes.

Piccolo pulled Vegeta to his mouth. “I’m okay, Vegeta, the moisturizer has some blood in it, it’s natural, it’s normal, you didn’t do this.”

Vegeta ran his hands through his hair. “Fuck, this is very stressful.” He hurried into the shower and tried to finish before either could join him, but they both did, and they blocked his retreat. If he blasted out, he risked hitting one or both of them with shattering glass. But he felt cornered.

Piccolo squished Vegeta to his side and bent to kiss him. “Hey, see, remember when I talked to you yesterday about letting this shit out? You’re so keyed up, but I want you to enjoy this, enjoy our good fortune.”

Vegeta nodded briskly and said, “Yes. Yes. That is what I need to do. But now I need to go train. I have energy to burn.”

Piccolo raised an eyebrow at him and Zeba said, “Let him go, Picc, he won’t begrudge me a day with you? I’m waiting for a part for the GR, so I’ve got all day to devote to fucking around with you.”

Vegeta growled, “Not his theadur, right?”

She kissed him. “No, my sweet Saiyan, I know that’s your territory. Try to work through stuff today instead of adding fuel to your paranoid fire, okay?”

Vegeta finished showering, feeling crabby and like no one was as worried as they should be. Piccolo grabbed his arm as he made to leave. He raised his eyebrows and looked into Vegeta’s eyes. “Don’t do anything stupid today. That tends to be what you do when you’re upset. You can stay home today if you can’t make intelligent choices.”

Vegeta smirked and kissed his demon quickly. “I will refrain from making stupid choices. But I can’t stay here. I would fuss over you all day like an old biddy. Enjoy each other.” He kissed Zeba quickly.

He dressed and was off to find Gohan before either of them was out of the shower. He imagined them writhing in the shower together and it turned him on. He growled and took a few deep breaths to subdue his hard-on. He called out to King Kai, The idiot still up there?

Yes, and you really do owe me. He is a like a destructive locust. He eats everything and wrecks up the place.
I will owe you. Perhaps I could just pay you back by eliminating him.

Ha! We’ll see if his wife can be less crazy once she has her child.

Vegeta tried to focus as he trained with Gohan, but he failed. He was nearly senseless by the end of the day. Gohan took pity on him as the sun set and offered to help him fly home. He said, “Vegeta, I think you might need the healing pod. What happened? You were taking everything like you forgot how to block.”

“I’m distracted. Piccolo is close.”

Gohan blushed, but said nothing. He slung Vegeta’s arm over his shoulder and flew him to Vegeta’s balcony. He said, “I’ll let you walk in, since it feels like maybe Piccolo and Zeba are inside.”

Vegeta chuckled as Gohan turned an even deeper shade of red. “Indeed. Thank you, Gohan.”

Gohan nodded and fled. Vegeta staggered into his quarters. Zeba was on all fours in front of Piccolo as he fucked her hard. It made Vegeta hot and worried all at once, as he considered whether the egg could be damaged from force of Piccolo thrusting into Zeba. Piccolo and Zeba both smirked at him, and he waved, stumbling right past them to the healing pod. He set everything up and stripped, climbed in, and slipped on the sedative mask as soon as he’d closed the door.

When he emerged hours later, he could see Zeba and Piccolo curled around each other in the bed, fast asleep. He hated himself, realizing they could have had a perfectly normal life together if he hadn’t been so selfish. But he couldn’t imagine leaving them now, leaving his child, never mind that Piccolo and Zeba would be superior parents. He rinsed off in the shower, then slipped on a pair of shorts before sitting on the balcony, looking up at the stars. How differently his life might’ve gone if Frieza had never enslaved his people and then grown to fear them. But Vegeta realized that for the first time in his life, he didn’t care. He had a life here. A real life that he loved.

Piccolo came out onto the balcony and laboriously sat down next to him. “What are you mulling over tonight, my prince?”

“Just that for the first time in my life, I’m grateful for Frieza destroying my home, my legacy. If not for that fucker, I’d probably be in a loveless marriage for political reasons, fathering bastards and legitimate children that I’d never even see.”

Piccolo pulled Vegeta against him and stared up at the stars. “I’m glad you’re here. Even if you were a huge asshole at first.” Then he laughed and kissed Vegeta’s chuckling mouth. “Gohan fucked you up, huh?”

“I couldn’t focus and he was on his game today. He helped me home, at least. You and Zeba enjoy your day without your mentally ill Saiyan?”

“We had a good time. I think I wore her out. I’m used to your stamina. It was hard to go to sleep without you inside me.”

Vegeta kissed his demon. “That could still be arranged.”

“I don’t want to wake Zeba.”

“Then fuck me out here and I’ll fly you in to bed.”

Piccolo’s teeth glinted in the moonlight as he smiled and turned, pushing Vegeta onto his back. He
ripped off Vegeta’s shorts and straddled him, rolling his hips. He clasped Vegeta’s heavy erection in his long-fingered hand. They were so hungry for each other these days, that it was often all they could do to kiss a few times before Vegeta thrust into his demon. He ached now, as Piccolo ran his hand up and down Vegeta’s shaft. He whispered, “Are you trying to torment me?”

“Maybe a little. I miss our more leisurely lovemaking.”

“I gave you a very leisurely bout the other day and you were begging me to hurry the whole time.”

“I know. I want you immediately and I want to savor you at the same time. The only solution is to just keep fucking you so good.”

Vegeta’s hips rolled up to meet his demon’s hand at those words and he grinned. “That is a solution we can both agree on.”

Piccolo bent awkwardly over his belly to kiss Vegeta, then he sat up and rose up on his knees, placing Vegeta’s tip in his velvet sheath, now slick with the moisturizer. “You didn’t even have Zeba finger you to work the moisturizer into the flesh?”

Piccolo looked injured. “No! Of course not. You’re not the only one who has strong feelings about my theadur.”

“I wasn’t trying to upset you,” Vegeta said and then gasped as he finally plunged himself completely inside Piccolo. “I want to make sure it’s getting worked in so you don’t suffer any more than necessary when you give birth. I guess I’ll have to take my time and make sure to really work it in.”

Piccolo looked on the brink of tears. “Gods, I needed this today. Tomorrow you might have to beg off training. I can feel I’m close now and it’s getting unbearable.”

“Why didn’t you say something this morning?”

“I know you’re struggling.”

“I’m yours, my demon, yours. I’ll be whatever you need.” Vegeta felt his heart ache that he had caused Piccolo suffering.

“It felt like you were running away this morning.”

“Waking up and thinking I’d hurt you sent me on a downward spiral. I couldn’t get my head together all day.” He held Piccolo’s hips as he thrust into him, enjoying the novel sensation of the slick coating inside Piccolo’s sheath. He had expected it to feel more vaginal once it was wet, but it didn’t. It still felt like a theadur, only slippery, instead of having only the velvet coating serving as the lubricant for penetration.

They could no longer speak as Vegeta thrust into Piccolo, holding his hips as he kneeled over Vegeta. Vegeta watched as his demon took his own green hard-on in his hand and began slowly stroking it. He looked into Vegeta’s eyes as they both inexorably approached their climaxes. Vegeta felt the sting of tears at the intensity of his feelings for Piccolo. It surprised him to see that Piccolo was also glassy-eyed. Then the crest of Piccolo’s orgasm crashed down on him and he felt his balls seize as he ejaculated deep into the slick of his demon’s theadur. Piccolo threw his head back and gave a gasping cry as he spurted on Vegeta’s chest, spraying him from navel to chin, heavy and thick. But Piccolo wasn’t glowing. Vegeta whispered, “Are you okay, my demon?”

“Yeah, fuck, yeah. You?”
“You’re not glowing?”

“I think maybe the moisturizing secretion changes it. That felt great, so it’s not that.”

Vegeta whispered, “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be fucking sorry, Vegeta, I’m extremely uncomfortable as well, since I’m huge, so it could be that too. I came in front and in back, so I’m great. I’m exhausted though.”

“Likewise. Want to spin around and I’ll fly us to bed to spoon?”

Piccolo complied and Vegeta held his stomach gingerly as he rose up slowly and they floated into the bedroom. Zeba was still sound asleep as they nestled in next to her. Piccolo said, *I love you, Vegeta, go to sleep, stop worrying.*

Vegeta wanted to listen, to obey, but he spent the night awake, his only solace was the glorious feel of his lover still snugly clasping his cock in his *theadur*. The night was long though and by morning, Vegeta wanted nothing more than to train, but he knew he needed to be with Piccolo today, so he’d have to do his best with the modified equipment Bulma had made for him before her death.

*Still awake? Gods, Vegeta, it seems I need to teach you to meditate.*

Vegeta was fully hard again, and very horny, if he was being honest, but he suddenly felt something different again. He pulled out and choked back a sob and Piccolo shouted like Vegeta had punched him. Zeba sat up suddenly. Then Vegeta was feeling inside Piccolo, seeing the bloody secretion on his cock and having that uncomfortable mix of terror and pride that had enveloped the entirety of Piccolo’s pregnancy. His fingers reached the very end of Piccolo’s *theadur* and there was much thicker, more viscous liquid. He smiled and whispered, “I think today might be the day. The lubricant has come in.”

Piccolo’s color looked a little dull to Vegeta and all his fears came rushing back. When he removed his bloody hand and his demon cried out again, he said, “Piccolo, are you alright?”

Piccolo nodded. “Gods, I’m so sick though. The thought of eating and drinking makes me want to vomit.”

“But you will, because that’s what Dende said to do, right?” Zeba said, stroking his antennae gently.

Piccolo nodded despondently. “I’m also not real keen on Vegeta pulling out of me. That was not my plan for today. My plan was to have his dick in me all day to help me endure the eating, the drinking, the being a blimp.”

Vegeta raced to wash his bloodied hand and then climbed back into bed. He curled behind Piccolo and growled, “You want me now, or you want me to warm you up?”

Piccolo arched back toward Vegeta and hissed, “Now.”

Zeba kissed them both and said, “Sorry, my alien loves, but I’m sore as fuck and raw from yesterday, so I’m off to the GR. But you’ll come get me if he goes into labor?”

“Can you hear us from that distance if I call you mentally? I don’t want to leave him once he’s in labor.”
“You could use the fucking cell phone Bulma got for you that you just keep in the bedside table.”

“Very well, if you insist on your primitive Earth tech.” He gave her ass a swat as she left.

Vegeta slid inside Piccolo again, groaning deep in his throat, “Fuck, my demon, what are we going to do once the egg is born and I have to pull out again when we fuck.”

Piccolo froze and looked sharply over his shoulder. “What? What do you mean?”

“I’ve been dreading the fact that I’ll have to stop ejaculating in your head after the egg is born so you don’t get immediately pregnant again.”

Piccolo laughed and awkwardly pulled Vegeta’s mouth to his. After kissing him feverishly for a moment, he whispered, “This is why I wish you’d talk to me. Dende says I’ll have a period of infertility after I lay a full term egg. Then we can try condoms, see how that feels, and worst case scenario, we’ll just have to have a lot of children.”

“So I won’t have to pull out? What’s a condom?”

“You soldiers, so irresponsible. It’s like a little bag for your dick, but thin, so you can hardly feel it. It stops pregnancy and the spread of disease.”

“Earthlings still have venereal diseases? Filthy creatures! Zeba doesn’t though?” Vegeta suddenly realized that he’d never even thought of such a thing because of advanced medicine in the Frieza force that had eradicated all the known VD.

“No, she’s clean. Kami, Vegeta, I’m glad I got to you before you started fucking your way around Earth.”

He thrust deeply into Piccolo, making his demon gasp. “I’m glad you got to me because I love fucking you.”

Vegeta stopped talking and focused on fucking his demon into bliss. He pulled Piccolo to the edge of their bed and put his demon’s legs over his shoulders, pushing deeply and slowly into him. He preferred to be able to look into his demon’s eyes, another novelty of this new Vegeta. He ran his hands up and down Piccolo’s thighs. They came in unison and Vegeta shoved Piccolo farther onto the bed, moving acrobatically to spoon him without pulling out. “I can’t believe you’ve been worrying about having to pull out all this time,” Piccolo said with a chuckle.

Vegeta smirked. “No one ever accused me of being communicative.”

They basked for a long moment in their post-coital bliss, but Vegeta felt strange again and he felt anxious without being able to pin down why. He said, “Are you feeling well? I don’t like your color.”

“Vegeta, I’m fine.”

“I want to get Dende.”

“I didn’t need him to lay a dead egg, I don’t need him for this.”

“But what if there’s a complication? Couldn’t he at least stay in your quarters for the night? Just in case.”

“Vegeta. Stop. I can’t manage your stress while I’m in labor. It’ll probably be tomorrow.”
“But the goop. The goop is a day of thing, isn’t it?”

“I think it’s just more moisturizer. I don’t feel any contractions dilating the end of my theadur yet.”

“But it felt different inside you.”

“Of course it did, it’s all slimy.”

Vegeta made a face and Piccolo laughed. “Please, you need rest, and I need your dick in me, so take a nap. We can see where we’re at once you wake up, deal?”

Vegeta felt sleep weighing on him like heavy gravity. He closed his eyes and was gone.

When he woke again, he was fairly certain he had just had a wet dream in his demon because his balls were still twitching. His eyes snapped open, but Piccolo was asleep. He caressed Piccolo’s face helplessly. His demon opened his eyes sleepily. Then Vegeta knew that something was wrong. His eyes looked dull and confused. “My demon?”

“Still fine, Vegeta. But I think you’re right. I think today is the day. Although…did you just come in me?”

Vegeta blushed with shame. “Sorry. Wet dream, which seems absurd given how much sex we’ve been having.”

“Don’t be ashamed, I just didn’t think we’d had sex.”

“By some definitions, we’ve been having sex nonstop all day,” Vegeta said with a smirk.

Piccolo grimaced. “I can’t bear you pulling out of me, but I think I just felt the first contraction.”

“I thought something felt different. Maybe that’s why the pheromones make it so unbearable to pull out, so you have a dick thermometer in there, feeling all the changes. But I’d like to go get Dende. I can fly faster than him, I could be back within minutes. What if I get Zeba here and then go? Your eyes and your color are dull.”

“I think my body is just getting ready. I’ve slept almost twenty-four hours, with fucking breaks, so I think it’s just my body prepping. Fuck, but I haven’t been eating or drinking. That’s probably the issue, you Saiyans can’t be without food.”

Vegeta tried mentally calling out to Zeba, but he received no answer, so he moved them enough that he could reach the infernal cell phone. He called her and she answered on the first ring, “Is it time?”

“No, but close. Can you bring food and water for a full grown Saiyan and one in the works?”

She laughed and told him she’d be there shortly. He went back to holding Piccolo in his arms, unable to help the fact that his dick was hard as a rock again. Piccolo noticed and reached back to grab Vegeta’s hip, pulling Vegeta deeper inside himself. Vegeta tightened his ass and thrust inside Piccolo, but now it definitely felt different. There was a significant amount of lubricant in the sheath, and the normally tight, squeezing end was softer, more pliable, like Vegeta could thrust even deeper if he tried, though he didn’t dare for fear he hit the egg.
Piccolo growled, “Come for me, Vegeta.”

Vegeta slid until he was nearly outside his demon, but then teased his entrance with his head. He did that until Piccolo’s skin finally began to glow a little. Then he pushed slowly and deeply into his green lover, the glow increasing, but still more subdued than usual. Piccolo was gasping, begging, pulling at Vegeta’s hip. Vegeta withdrew again, circling his tip on the firm velvety exterior, smearing it with a blood red mixture of Piccolo’s secretions and Vegeta’s own cum. Then he pumped hard into Piccolo, his muscles seizing in an unexpectedly strong, fast orgasm.

Piccolo came hard too, a staccato series of cries coming out of his open mouth, his fangs glinting in the last light of day. He twisted to kiss Vegeta as his sheath began squeezing Vegeta’s cock hard. But the pattern of the squeezing changed suddenly and Piccolo rasped, “Oh, fuck, it’s beginning. Oh fuck.”

Vegeta gasped into Piccolo’s neck, “Should I pull out?”

“Gods, I suppose, but I can’t bear it, I can’t even bear the thought. Let me see if I can contact Dende telepathically.”

Vegeta waited, unable to stop the soft, shallow thrusting their hips were doing, seemingly on their own. He could definitely feel the change in the texture of the end of Piccolo’s theadur. After several minutes Piccolo said, “He’s on his way. But he said that you don’t need to pull out yet, though you might wish to before he gets here if you’re feeling modest.”

Vegeta laughed wildly at that. He heard Zeba open the door and she had a whole cart of food. She laughed upon seeing them and said, “I guess I’ll be feeding you both, as well, since you haven't moved a whole lot since this morning.”

“I can feed us, woman, if you put the food over here. Dende’s on his way.”

“So... you gonna take your dick out of him before a literal god gets here?”

“Tch, no. It causes him suffering. I won’t do it until it’s medically necessary.”

Then they both saw and felt Piccolo’s stomach muscles seize and they knew his labor had started in earnest. He groaned in misery. “Gods, I did not realize that I missed out on this part with the miscarriage.” Piccolo lurched into a semi-sitting position, forcing Vegeta to twist acrobatically to maintain their connection. He hissed, “Vegeta, can you apply counter pressure to my abdomen when it seizes. I’m used to pain, but not like this. This is different.”

“I don’t want you to suffer. I’ll do what I can. Should I pull out?”

Piccolo took several fast breaths and said, “Fuck, I don’t want you to, but I think you need to. I don’t know how fast everything will happen.”

Vegeta steeled himself and pulled out with what felt like physical pain. It felt like someone had hit him directly in the chest with a strong blast. He wheezed for a moment and gasped, “Holy fuck!”

Piccolo let out a low wail and Zeba crawled quickly behind him, putting a pillow in her lap so she could hold him comfortably. She ran her fingers softly over his head and antennae, whispering to him, trying to soothe him. She looked into Vegeta’s eyes and said, “You’re going to have to handle that end, I think I’m too much of a weenie for it.”

He nodded, still trying to recover from pulling out of Piccolo. He looked into his demon’s eyes when they finally opened after a long agonized cry. They were glassy and spoke to the level of
suffering Piccolo was experiencing. Then he rasped, “Another one is coming. Not too hard, Vegeta, remember there’s an egg in there, just pressure, you’re not trying to pop me.”

Vegeta nodded and spread his hands wide on either side of Piccolo’s belly. He felt the enormous power of the muscles at play. They felt like they were trying to rip Piccolo in half, so Vegeta pushed back against them and Piccolo sighed and said, “Yes, gods, that feels less terrible.”

They carried on like that for twenty more minutes before Dende arrived. Vegeta was suddenly aware of the fact that he was naked with a bloody, limp dick, blood smeared all over his abdomen and hands. It looked like something seriously fucked up had been happening. Dende, to his credit remained mostly unfazed after allowing his eyes to grow wide when he saw Vegeta’s dick, wider when they lit on Piccolo’s. Vegeta smirked, but another contraction hit Piccolo and he returned his focus to his lover.

Zeba started relaying every bit of information she could to Dende who eventually held up two hands at her and said softly, “Please, give me a moment to assess Piccolo. Some births happen very quickly, others take a long time. I want to see what I’m dealing with.”

He asked Vegeta to remove his hands and he held Piccolo’s belly, eyes closed. Vegeta didn’t like the way the young Kami’s eyebrows furrowed. They furrowed even deeper as he slid one close to where Piccolo’s cock lay curled asleep for once. Then he looked into Piccolo’s face and said, “May I examine your theadur?”

Piccolo looked to Vegeta and Vegeta nodded almost imperceptibly. Piccolo said, “Yes,” in a quiet, defeated voice.

Dende spread Piccolo’s long legs wide and bent to look. He used his palm to make a light and then very gently opened Piccolo’s theadur, and his brow furrowed again. Vegeta realized he was going to throw up. He sprinted to the bathroom and lost the food Zeba had fed him. He came back quickly, wanting to be strong for Piccolo, but hating the sight of anyone touching Piccolo there, even if it was medical.

Dende spent another minute with his eyes closed as he felt Piccolo’s hugely distended belly. Then he finally spoke. “I’ve never seen this, Piccolo, but I believe you are carrying two eggs. Is it possible you made love two times within an hour or two when you were fertile?”

Piccolo blushed and Vegeta stifled a laugh. But then Piccolo was seized with another contraction and Vegeta moved to help him bear it. Vegeta said, “Yes, absolutely. We didn’t know that was a possibility.”

“I’ve only ever heard it as an old wives’ tale, but most of those have a nugget of truth. So we are in a precarious position, the danger being that the contractions crush the two eggs together, cracking them both. They are intact as far as I can tell now. Your theadur isn’t dilated. Vegeta can help with the pressure during those contractions and I can help him feel how to keep the eggs apart. Then he’ll need to apply pressure to the top of the lower egg so when you push, it only pushes against Vegeta’s hand. I’m afraid it’s going to be very painful. One egg is bad enough, but this is going to be hellish because you’ll have to use less muscles to get it out safely, and then immediately the other will fill its space. You’re also going to be exhausted. So I need you both to mentally prepare for this. I’ll stay through the whole birth, but we’re going to be here a while. And Vegeta, this will require finesse: Piccolo’s body is very strong, if allowed to contract without you directing it, it will crush the eggs. Do you understand? There will be no breaks until we get them out. Zeba, you can help by getting them water and keeping Piccolo as comfortable as possible.”

They all nodded. Vegeta met Piccolo’s eyes and said, “Sorry I fucked you so much.”
“I thought I was exceptionally huge.” Then he groaned, “Fuck, Vegeta, this is going to be a big one.”

Vegeta braced himself, and as he pushed against the terrible force of Piccolo’s body’s hurricane strength, a strange calm came over Vegeta. He could do anything now. He would do anything to save his babies. To save his mate. He saw that Zeba’s face was ghost-white and tears were streaming out of her eyes. She looked lost. For the first time in his life, Vegeta realized that he wasn’t broken by everything he’d endured, he was strong. He was the only person in the world who could save Piccolo. The only one strong enough. He met Zeba’s eyes and said, “Don’t be afraid. I’ve got this.”

Then he looked into Piccolo’s eyes and his heart ached to see the fear and pain there. “And you, I’ve got you. You’re doing amazing. I’m here. I love you.”

Another huge contraction caused Piccolo to grimace. After it eventually eased, he clutched Vegeta’s hand and kissed it fiercely before letting Vegeta put it back on his abdomen. Piccolo drank some water that Zeba provided. She looked slightly more capable of handling what was happening. Piccolo heaved for breath, but smiled despite his obvious suffering. Sweat streamed down his face and body. “Gods, I’ll be so glad not to be fat.”

Vegeta bent and kissed his stomach. “You’re beautiful.”

It was twenty hours before Piccolo was ready to push the first egg out. Dende knelt between the much larger Namekian’s long legs and said, “Okay, your theadur is finally dilated enough, but this will be the worst part, Piccolo. You have to do it slowly, or you’ll damage yourself and the egg. Think easing, okay? Ease it out, even though you’re going to feel like you want to rocket it out of you like a bullet.”

Piccolo let out a long growl. “Fuck, I’m so ready to push this thing out. You sure I can’t just power push?”

Dende looked horrified. “Yes, you absolutely cannot do that, Piccolo!”

Piccolo chuckled. Vegeta laughed and said, “Don’t even think it, my demon. You’ll ease it out. I’ll help you as much as I can.”

Dende held Piccolo’s stomach after another huge contraction. His brows furrowed and Vegeta waited with bated breath. Then the small Kami blew out a long breath. “They’re both still intact, so easy does it. They’re large too. You picked a very virile mate, Piccolo.” Vegeta smirked as Dende gave him a looking over that was more than scientific.

Piccolo saw it too and grinned at Vegeta. Vegeta bent to kiss him hard. Zeba was exhausted and asleep underneath Piccolo’s head, half propped up by the headboard. Then Piccolo took a few fast breaths and said, “Okay, ease, okay, ease…fuck, fuck, fuck…Vegeta…”

Vegeta focused all his energy, all his mental strength and provided a perfect counter-pressure to Piccolo’s powerful push, but he also said in a low calm voice, “Ease, my demon, ease.”

“Fuck you, it’s not your body being torn apart.”

“I know. But you’re stronger than I am, so I know you can do this.”

“Fuck fuck fuck,” Piccolo heaved, but Vegeta could see that the majority of his effort was
restraining himself.

Dende was still between Piccolo’s legs, a light coming from his palm. “You’re doing great, Piccolo. That was perfect!”

Vegeta thought the pushing would never end and he was certain that Piccolo was going to die of exhaustion. After four more hours of easing the first egg out, with no break from the misery once it was in his theadur, Dende said in an excited voice, “Vegeta, come on, come take it.”

Vegeta felt tears spring to his eyes as he came to see his poor demon’s stretched and embattled theadur. There, one easy push from freedom, was an egg as big as Piccolo’s head. It had a pale pink shell with a tracery of green lines, like the veins on a leaf. Dende put both his hands on Piccolo’s belly, as Vegeta had been doing and he said, “Last push for the moment, Piccolo, let Vegeta ease it the rest of the way.”

Vegeta watched as Piccolo strained and then he placed his fingers wide on either side of the egg and pulled on it very gently, careful to put his thighs so they could catch it if it slipped, as it was slick with bloody lubricant. A quick tug, then it slipped into Vegeta’s hands and he held it. He dried it with a towel that Zeba had brought in and ran his hands over it, checking it for damage, but it was perfect. He covered his mouth with one hand as he began to sob.

Piccolo gazed at him and Vegeta met his eyes, sparking a fresh sob. He said, “You did it, my demon,” then he continued, “Halfway there.”

Piccolo chuckled drily and said, “Fuck, that’s cheering. I feel like I might die.”

Vegeta crawled up to lay beside him for a moment, holding the egg carefully cradled on their two bare chests. Vegeta kissed him and Zeba stirred and woke. “Holy shit! You guys did it! Are you doing okay?” They both groaned and Vegeta felt sleep trying to take him down, but he rallied, handed the egg to Zeba, who cradled it carefully and said, “How do I incubate it? I can’t sit on it.”

Piccolo answered, “Just keep it warm, blankets, your body, however. You can prop me with pillows. Fuck, fuck, fuck, Vegeta, I need you.”

Vegeta was in position before the contraction took hold, and now it felt less fraught, without the other egg. But he could see it would still be a delicate thing, he didn’t want to overdo the pressure and hurt the egg or Piccolo, but if he didn’t apply enough, Piccolo suffered more. But he took a deep breath and found the line. Piccolo groaned and Vegeta again reminded him to ease it out. Vegeta saw out of the corner of his eye that Zeba was giving him a strange look. When he turned, he thought he saw her eyes avoid his, but then she forced herself to look at him. He cocked his head, curious what that meant. She turned away from his gaze as her eyes filled with tears.

It took all his strength to return his full attention to Piccolo, who had been seized by another fierce contraction and was trying to rocket the egg out. Vegeta said, “No, my demon, no, you can’t. You’re almost there, but don’t fuck yourself up after so much great work. You can do this.”

Piccolo’s breath came in ragged gasps and his eyes were closing involuntarily as he wheezed, “I don’t think I can, Vegeta, I’m so fucking tired. It hurts so much. I feel like a weakling. You should be the one in the bed. I don’t have the grit for this.” Tears slipped out of the corners of his eyes.

Vegeta took his face in his hands and looked into his eyes. “You do. You can. I’m here. Zeba’s here. She’s got the first of our babies. And I’m going to be with you through the end. Then you can rest. We’ll take it from there. You have to stay strong.”
Piccolo sobbed until another contraction took him. Vegeta was able to apply enough pressure with one hand that he could hold Piccolo’s hand with his other, clapping it to his lips, gently reminding him to go easy. He forgot about Zeba’s strange look in the next three harrowing hours. It was slightly faster than the first, but it felt twice as long. Vegeta was in tears he was so tired and so sick of seeing his lover suffer. Then Dende cried out triumphantly, “Vegeta, now, now!” And they switched places.

Piccolo gave a final push and Vegeta eased the egg the last few centimeters and Piccolo shuddered with relief. Vegeta crawled up to hold it together on their chests and he saw Zeba had fallen back to sleep, curled around the egg, which was buried under a mound of towels, pressed against her stomach. Vegeta started to pull a blanket over them, but Dende said, “Hold on, Vegeta, let me check Piccolo out, okay? I want to make sure he’s unscathed before he goes to sleep.”

Dende felt Piccolo’s stomach, which Vegeta thought still looked abnormally large. Dende’s face was complete shock and Vegeta knew what he was going to say. Vegeta whispered, “Oh fuck, there’s another egg, isn’t there?”

Dende nodded wordlessly. Piccolo had fallen immediately asleep once the second egg came out, but another contraction ripped through his abdomen and he snapped awake with a cry. Vegeta hurriedly tucked the second egg in Zeba’s makeshift nest. He curled himself over Piccolo’s stomach while Dende peeked into Piccolo’s theadur, something that still made Vegeta queasy, but now his stomach was empty. “Is it okay? Did we crush it with the last one?”

“No, it’s smaller, but not small, by any means. I knew something was reading weird when I examined him but I couldn’t make sense of it.” Dende looked Vegeta over with wonder, his eyes lingering on Vegeta’s penis. “How many times did you have sex in a couple hours?”

Vegeta felt his cheeks heat and growled, “At least three, apparently. Let’s hope there are no more surprises.”

Then Piccolo bellowed and interrupted their discussion. He looked at Vegeta with terror in his eyes and gasped, “I’m too fucking tired, Vegeta. I’m too tired.”

“No, you’re not. It’s like when we fought Cell. You just have to dig deep. We’re at the end now and this one is smaller, Dende said, and the second was faster, so this one will be even quicker.”

Piccolo cried out as he contracted. Vegeta held his much smaller abdomen and said quietly to Dende, “Isn’t he already dilated? Why isn’t he having pushing contractions? That felt different. It felt…wrong.”

“I don’t know—this was my first time delivering two, I’ve never even heard of three, not even in fairy stories.”

“Fuck. Fuck.” Vegeta ran a hand quickly through his hair and felt the egg’s position. He grimaced. “My demon, I think I need to reach inside you. Something isn’t quite right with this one. Do you want me or Dende?”

Piccolo was too tired to answer, but he squeezed Vegeta’s hand and nodded weakly. Vegeta sprinted to scrub his hands up to his elbows, then came back and as smoothly as he could reached inside Piccolo. He felt where the formerly tight end of the theadur should have been, the place that had become soft and pliant during their last fuck, and now it was absent and Vegeta knew he was at whatever the Namekian equivalent of a uterus was. He ran his finger around the tight ring of muscle that had been dilating—what Vegeta thought of as the ring of fire for his poor exhausted demon. Then he felt it starting to inch closed.
“No!” he shouted. He turned to Dende, “It’s trying to un-dilate. Why is it doing that?”

“I’m sure it thinks it’s done! Can you feel the egg?”

Vegeta shoved in further and Piccolo let out a noise that was too close to a whimper for Vegeta’s comfort. Zeba was awake again, carefully stroking Piccolo’s head and face, holding one of his hands. Vegeta could just brush his middle fingertip and feel the egg so he said, “Piccolo, my demon love, you have to push, now. Push.”

Piccolo sat up a little and grunted, straining against his body’s natural inclinations and Vegeta felt the egg come closer. He turned his hand so it was palm up. “Push again, my demon, push for me, push onto me.”

His demon groaned terribly and Zeba got behind him, helping him to stay in a semi-sitting position as he wailed, veins popping up on his face and neck and arms. But Vegeta felt the egg inch forward, it was almost on his fingertips now. “Vegeta, you’re hurting me, what the fuck are you doing? I know I’ve never said this, but get out of there.”

“I can’t, my demon, the egg is caught and your body is trying to contract back down to normal. I’m going to pull the egg once you get it a tiny bit further.”

Piccolo tried to scoot away from him. “Do you know how much that’s going to hurt?”

“No more than pushing it out, right?”

“Fuck, Vegeta, you have knuckles, and it adds a lot to its girth.”

“It’s smaller than the other two. Give me another good push. Now is the time to use your rocket push.”

His green lover gave a guttural cry and Vegeta felt the egg inch forward and then pull back. “No, keep it up, you can do it, this is the end, Piccolo, we’re at the end, this is the one, you need to do it for me. For Zeba, for our babies. Push, push, push.”

Zeba leaned over Piccolo and placed her hand on the upper part of what remained of his belly. She said, “Go on, I’ll brace here, maybe Dende can help me and together we can give you the counter-pressure you need to be able to bear it, okay? You can do it. Vegeta will take it the rest of the way and you can rest. Just one more big one.”

Vegeta tried not to let his mouth fall open in shock. He never would have predicted that Zeba would participate at all in this process. He counted, “On three, my demon, one…two…three!” Piccolo strained and squirmed and Vegeta reached farther inside his demon, knowing that it hurt him, but wanting to save his life from the potentially deadly Saiyan DNA in that egg. The deadly thing Vegeta had put in his lover. Three times. Piccolo groaned harder and Vegeta shouted, “You’re almost there, push it, push, push!” Then he could bend his middle finger and the egg tipped toward him. He used that tiny progress to inch his other fingers behind it and get a good palm grip on it. It was very slick, so he knew the trick would be keeping his grip.

He started tugging and Piccolo screamed an animal scream. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, Vegeta, it hurts!”

“Dende, what’s happening?” Vegeta was terrified by the dull wash that had come over Piccolo’s skin.

Dende said, “Sorry for this Piccolo,” and reached his thankfully small hand in with Vegeta’s. He pulled out almost immediately and said, “The end of his theadur is closing quickly, you have to get
that egg through. Here,” he moved Zeba and got behind Piccolo, pulling his legs so his knees were nearly up by his ears. Then he shouted at Zeba to put all her might into pushing the stomach. To Vegeta’s surprise, Gohan flew in through the balcony.

“Leave us the fuck alone, Gohan, we’re in an emergency situation.”

“I know, I felt Piccolo’s chi dropping. What can I do?”

Dende’s face lit up and he put Gohan in his place and said, "Don't let him move, no matter how he screams."

Vegeta suddenly said, “Can’t we put him out and cut it out of him as they do with humans?”

“Namekian’s die with anesthetics, so no,” Dende answered grimly. He got on Piccolo’s other side from Zeba and said, “Piccolo, if you want to live to see these babies hatch, push like your life depends on it, because it does. Vegeta is going to pull, but you’re in a bad way, I make no promises about this egg. But we can save you if you can be strong for about one more minute.”

Piccolo’s head had fallen back onto Gohan’s shoulder and Vegeta shouted, “Don’t you dare give up now, Piccolo. I will kick your ass. Get up and do what needs doing. I’ll give you three seconds to rally. One…Two…Three!” And Vegeta felt his demon try while Gohan spread him as wide as possible. Piccolo was wailing like an animal in a trap, which Vegeta supposed he was, and Vegeta closed his eyes and tried to keep his grip on the egg as he pulled it through the tightening ring of bone and muscle. His knuckles ached and the egg was stuck. He let out a sob and put his other hand in, making Piccolo scream even more. Then Vegeta used that hand to yank away the muscle that was holding on to the egg and it popped through.

He still had the whole length of the theadur but Piccolo transitioned from shrieks to shouting obscenities at him, which he took as a sign of reduced pain. Then the egg emerged, not much smaller than the other two, and Vegeta had blood up over both wrists. He handed it to Zeba who cleaned it off and put it in the nest. Vegeta sobbed into his bloody hands, the weight of relief at Piccolo surviving the ordeal and the horror of having caused his mate so much pain, were both too much for him at that moment. Dende moved him out of the way and apologized to Piccolo again as he examined his theadur.

“Minor tearing, but I’ve seen worse with single egg births. You’re amazing, Piccolo. And you too, Vegeta. You’ll be good as new in a couple weeks. Gohan, you can let his legs go.” Gohan released Piccolo’s legs and his demon used them to pull Vegeta up onto his bare chest.

Vegeta thought he saw the look on Zeba’s face again, but then Piccolo pulled her into his embrace and kissed them both, holding them as tightly to him as he could without breaking bones. Vegeta held Zeba’s hand, noting that she tried not to cringe at all the blood. He kissed her knuckles and said, “You were a champion.”

She turned away and he gently turned her face back. “Zeba, I mean it. Don’t turn away from us.”

Gohan was still pinned under all of them and he laughed, “Man, Vegeta, you weigh like a thousand pounds. How is it even possible for someone your size to weigh that much?”

They all laughed as Gohan wriggled out from under them. Dende was fussing over Piccolo, but Piccolo had closed his legs tightly. Dende frowned and said, “I’d really like to make sure things are as they should be. I’d like to feel your abdomen too, which means your mates need to move.”

Vegeta rolled Zeba on top of himself and then slid off to Piccolo’s side. Piccolo grimaced as Dende
looked carefully in his theadur, then as he touched the former Kami’s stomach. He shook his head. “Unbelievable. I will have to contact the other Namekians and tell them about this. How’s your pain level Piccolo?”

“I’ll live. I’m more tired than anything.”

“Yes, I am too, so I can only imagine your exhaustion. Do you have someone who can look after your eggs so you can rest for a few days?”

Vegeta said, “I’ll do it. I’ll take care of them until he’s rested.”

“No, Vegeta, you won’t. You need sleep as well. As does Zeba. I mean someone who wasn’t in this room.”

Gohan said, “I’ll do it, Piccolo. I bet Mrs. Briefs would help me fix up a nice nursery for them until you’re rested. And if by some chance my dad decides to be stupid, I’ll protect them with my life.”

Piccolo and Vegeta both startled at the mention of Kakarot. Vegeta had forgotten all about him in the chaos of birth. He supposed that his eggs weren’t safe just because they were born. They were even more vulnerable now. Piccolo said, “That’d be great Gohan. Aside from Vegeta, you’re the only person I believe is truly strong enough to defeat Goku. Gods I’m tired. We almost done down there, Dende?”

Dende was peering into Piccolo’s theadur again and Vegeta didn’t like the renewed furrow in his brow. The young Namekian looked over all three of the eggs while Gohan went to get Bunny. Then he looked back inside Piccolo. Then he frowned more deeply. “Do you feel like you’re still having some contractions, Piccolo?”

Piccolo was silent for a moment and then said, “Fuck, yeah, they’re so minor compared to what was happening, that I didn’t notice them that much.”

Dende turned to Vegeta and said, “I have to go get the tool that we used before, but his theadur is closing. Go scrub your hands and do a good sweep, there’s something still in there that is messing up his body temperature and his recovery. Now, Vegeta!”

Vegeta was so exhausted that he felt like he was moving through quicksand, but he did as the little Kami said. He apologized to Piccolo as he slid his hand inside his sheath. Piccolo gave him a tired smirk and said, “We might have to take a break from fisting for a bit after this.”

“Indeed,” Vegeta answered drily, feeling for anything inside his demon. He reached until his fingers felt the ring of fire. Then he found it. There was a small, underdeveloped egg, but it had cracked. Vegeta could feel the yolk spilling out before he even grabbed it. He started to pull but the ring of fire was tight around his knuckles. He felt trapped. If he let go of the egg, he could get his hand out, but then the egg would still be stuck. Plus there was all the stuff that had come out of it. He said, “Fuck, my demon, you’re going to hate me after this.” He reached his other hand in, causing Piccolo to scream. Gohan came back and held Piccolo down just in time. Zeba hurried out with the eggs so Bunny wouldn’t have to witness the gory scene.

Gohan pinned Piccolo’s legs as he shouted at Vegeta. Vegeta used his second hand to pull the ring of fire over his knuckles, feeling them crack as he did so and feeling Piccolo’s body rebel against the force. He set the egg down in his lap and reached back in immediately, sweeping what fingers he could fit around the rapidly closing ring of fire. He secured more of the egg’s innards and a final, small fleck of shell, then the ring closed up tight and Piccolo’s theadur was back to itself.
already gripping at Vegeta’s fingers like it was ready to fuck.

Piccolo had passed out, but Gohan still held him. Vegeta was slumped in a stupor, hating himself for all the suffering he had instigated that day. He unintentionally looked up and met Gohan’s eyes. Gohan said softly, “He’s alright, Vegeta, his color is already way better. And he’s not mad. He was just hurt. Give him a few hours and he’ll be fine.”

Vegeta nodded wearily, as Dende returned. He used the instrument and got more yoke out of Piccolo. Vegeta said, “I believe there’s still yoke up inside his womb. But I got all the shell, I think.”

Dende looked as shocked as Vegeta felt. They both sat motionless and Gohan excused himself to go care for the eggs. He told Vegeta to call if they needed anymore help. Vegeta sat, still heaving for breath, in part to keep his tears at bay. Dende was examining Piccolo and sighed with what Vegeta hoped was relief. “He’s okay, Vegeta. He’ll recover. I wonder if this happened because of the damage caused by Goku? Perhaps it allowed more than one egg to drop per…stimulation.”


“It usually requires orgasm and semen. So there is theoretically a window after the tiny egg drops into the fertilization zone, but before the top of the theadur reseals that you can stimulate a second…and apparently a third egg to drop before the body registers that it should no longer respond in that way to the semen orgasm combo. Is…is the fourth possible?”

“Yes. We fucked a lot once we started. We didn’t know. The downside of growing up in exile from your biological people. Perhaps the fourth just couldn’t develop for lack of space.”

“I imagine so. I’m not sure if the other three are even all viable, but you’ll know in twelve weeks, or I can come back sooner to examine them.”

“I’d like that, if you’re willing. What do we do now, for Piccolo?”

“I’ll get some ice to put on his theadur and abdomen, as I imagine he is very sore. He’ll need to rest for at least a week, but probably two or three. Walking around and light activity is fine, but nothing strenuous, nothing sexual, at all, okay? Nothing. I know it seems like manual stimulation of his penis would be fine, but it’s not. All his organs are connected and all the hormones released affect things. So nothing. In a week I’ll check on him, we’ll go from there. His body is strong, but birthing three eggs is very taxing. Most Namekians barely handle one.”

Then Dende was gone, getting ice, and Vegeta waited for him to return to quickly shower. He gave Piccolo a sponge bath with Dende’s help and Zeba returned as they finished. The young Kami bid them farewell and then Vegeta and Zeba were alone.

He stood, wearing only a towel and approached her. He took her face in his hand and she pulled away from him. “What’s wrong, Zeba?”

She looked down, but eventually forced herself to look back up. “I thought you loved me, but then I see you with him, and I…I see…I’m just an accessory for you two.”

Vegeta held her cheek, kissed her softly, and then more fervently. He pulled back to mutter, “That is complete and utter bullshit. I love you too. He loves you. Don’t judge us for what was one of the most intense and terrifying things we’ll ever go through. In nine months, you’ll be the one suffering, and we will be there for you. I hope your labor is less traumatic, but there is no bipedal birth without pain.”
“I don’t think you ever look at me the way you look at him. Like your world would shatter without him.”

“Zeba, my world would shatter without him, but that doesn’t mean it wouldn’t shatter without you too. Because it would. That is the only reason I’m still on my feet. It’s been close to two whole days at this point that I have gone without rest or food, being scared, hurting one of my mates beyond any pain he’s ever experienced, but I’m here. I’m standing. I’m talking to you, because it broke my heart when you gave me that look. It breaks my heart that you think I love you any less.”

“You’re with him so much more.”

“Could you handle it that much? Would you want to? We aren’t built like you, Zeba. If you were my only love, I would make do, but you aren’t. I think if I were to come to you as often as him, it would hurt you physically, exhaust you, right?”

“I guess that’s true. Is that really all?”

“Yes! Think how you felt after your day with Piccolo—he and I make love at twice that rate every day—it would destroy you. It has nothing to do with how much we love you, it’s because we’re basically wild animals, governed by our needs, but with the minds of humans. We don’t want to hurt you or exhaust you or make you raw. Piccolo’s face when you said you were raw from all the fucking was pure anguish. He would have stopped fucking you to save you that pain.”

Vegeta was dead on his feet. He needed to be done having this conversation. Zeba sighed. “I guess maybe I just got jealous. Jealous of all the attention he was getting, not just from you. And jealous of the intensity you two share, that you’re probably right, I don’t think I can handle or be a part of it. But it also felt strange to see you take charge and carry him through that, and I thought—I can’t be that for either of these men. I’m basically worthless.”

“You’re not worthless. I love you, and you did great. You aren’t a trained warrior. You’re not accustomed to seeing suffering up close, to causing it, to being inured to it. But we both are, and it was grueling, despite all that, so you have nothing to be ashamed of. I’m grateful you were there.”

She nodded and caressed his face. “I think you need to go to sleep, my sweet Saiyan.”

“Those are the best words I’ve ever heard in my life.” Vegeta climbed into bed with Piccolo, pulling Zeba down with him, and he fell asleep immediately, despite his worries for Piccolo and for Zeba.
Vegeta had no idea how much time had passed when he woke up. Zeba was gone, but she’d left him a note that she was going to take some time with the eggs, then she would be at the GR. Vegeta gingerly curled his body around Piccolo’s, enjoying his warmth. Vegeta still ached he was so tired, but it faded upon feeling Piccolo’s still-breathing body pressed against him. He kissed his demon’s shoulder softly. He felt a slight response and he murmured, “Are you awake and pissed?”

Piccolo yawned and rolled onto his back and pulled Vegeta against his side. Piccolo bent his neck to kiss him. “I’m not pissed, Vegeta, you did what needed doing. It was terrible. I know it was terrible for you too.”

“How are you feeling?”

“Like my insides got torn out through my theadur by a big, burly Saiyan.”

“No, not like that. Sore. Exhausted. Torn. Deflated. Are the eggs okay?”

“I believe so, but I haven’t seen them since last night. I’ll go check with Gohan in a moment. I was just savoring the quiet and being with you without a retinue.”

“I know. I guess we were pretty brazen in our scorn for birth control.” Piccolo smirked as he spoke.

“We’ll be fine. They’ll be fine. At least we have twelve weeks to recover before they hatch.”

Piccolo was motionless and his eyes were far away. Then he said, with a faint smile, “As of now, they’re all alive, I can sense their chi. It’s strange that I never registered what I was feeling when they were inside me. Are you okay, you know, about the fourth?”

“I am. I’m just grateful we got the three out safely. The fourth was never going to be okay, it was too small and the shell was thin. I thought I was going to lose you.” Vegeta’s eyes stung. “And Zeba is pissed off at us. Maybe jealous is a more accurate term. She feels that we love each other more than her. I explained that we can’t be with her in the same way as we’re together because of our strength and stamina.”

Piccolo searched Vegeta’s eyes. “That’s part of it. But she’s not entirely wrong. I feel more intensely about you, if I’m being honest, but that might change once she’s given birth. There’s something crazy about mating with someone. Plus, I can’t sort how much of what we’ve felt has been the pheromones, but given how I felt about you before I was pregnant, I don’t know. But I love her. Comparisons are not a useful road to go down in a pod.”

Vegeta felt his throat tighten. What he wanted was to fuck Piccolo, but he knew that no form of that could happen, so he contented himself with a deep, passionate kiss. “She’s fragile right now, is
what I’m saying.”

“And you, Vegeta? Are you fragile?”

“No, of course not,” Vegeta grumbled.

Piccolo kissed his eyelids. “I think you are. I think I almost shattered you yesterday.”

“Losing you would have shattered me. But being able to help you…that was novel…and intense…and it felt revelatory, to be something other than a killer and a destroyer, but still to be useful, necessary even. To have my strength have some other purpose.”

There was a soft knock and Zeba came in with a stroller that had three round incubators cradling the eggs. She smiled at Piccolo and pushed it over, bending to kiss him. “You’re awake! How are you?”

Vegeta stretched and sat up. He took her chin and kissed her over Piccolo, but he could feel her reluctance. His heart ached, but he was so tired. He hopped off the bed and walked around to see the eggs. They were snugly situated in what looked like a space age version of an egg carton, wired up to a power source to heat it. She said, “Gohan is still on compound, he just went to get a bite to eat. He’s going to come here when he’s done and bring some food. He said not to worry about his dad, that King Kai is on top of it.”

Vegeta tried to catch her eye, but she deftly avoided him and she tried to keep speaking. Piccolo must have sensed the tension so he cut her off, “What the fuck, Zeba? You know how terrible that experience was, right? We’re both exhausted. I know you’re tired too, but you slept through a ton of that and didn’t have any physical exertion. We love you, and if you love us, you’ll stop this sulky bullshit.”

Vegeta’s eyebrows shot up and he barely managed to keep his mouth shut. He waited to see how she would respond. She narrowed her eyes. “Easy for you to say—you won. I never should have come on to you in the first place.”

“Where the hell is this coming from? We’ve been having a great time. We’ve been fucking your brains out whenever you want it, together and separate. You’re fucking pregnant by one of us, so we need to get this shit sorted out, Zeba.”

Zeba’s face paled and she collapsed on the side of the bed. She burst into tears. “I’m terrified. I’m so scared of doing this—of being pregnant, of going into labor. But especially…of being alone, being without what you two have. I want to feel a part of it, but it’s like I can’t keep up.”

Vegeta sat beside her and wrapped an arm around her. He said, “You won’t be alone, and no, you can’t keep up, but that doesn’t mean we love you any less—“

“Fucking-a, Zeba, it’s not a competition anyway,” Piccolo growled.

She sobbed. “I just want whatever it is that allowed Vegeta to basically torture you, but I could see it hurt him more, and you…you still loved him even as he destroyed you. I want that. I want that love.”

Vegeta pressed his lips to her temple and muttered, “You have it. You’re just not seeing it because it doesn’t look the same with you.”

“I want to touch it. Once he’s well. I want to at least feel the magic fucking theadur,” Zeba said through her tears.
Piccolo snorted. “Fuck, really? You can touch it now if that’s what all this is about.”

Vegeta’s whole body went rigid. Zeba said, “No, I can’t, Dende said nothing like that for a week, but I’m done being an outsider, I want to be included.” She wouldn't meet Vegeta's eye.

Gohan came in with food, cutting off any potential discussion. Vegeta met Piccolo’s eyes and he saw apology there, as if his demon knew it would hurt Vegeta, but deemed it necessary anyway. Vegeta knew he and Piccolo needed to eat, but neither had much of an appetite after Zeba’s demand. Vegeta thanked Gohan but said that he needed to go back to sleep.

Gohan said, “No problem, I’ll leave the food, but I can take the eggs to keep an eye on them if you’d like.”

Piccolo nodded and laid back down. Vegeta could see him cringing as he moved. Gohan left and Vegeta tended to Piccolo before continuing their discussion with Zeba. “My demon, are you comfortable on your back, or do you want to be on your stomach? Or your side?”

Piccolo groaned. “I don’t think comfort is possible right now. Zeba, what happened? Before the birth you seemed fine. Why now? What’s going on?”

Vegeta stared into her eyes for a moment, reached out the way he did when he spoke telepathically to Piccolo. He felt Zeba’s mind cringe away from his. His eyes widened and he growled, “ChiChi came to see you when you were working on the GR yesterday, right before Piccolo went into labor. She said something that got to you.” Zeba’s eyes watered. He continued, “How could you let her fuck with what we have? After you saw her for what she really is? She killed our child! She nearly killed Piccolo! She tried to have you killed! She brought my molester and the man who murdered my entire race, and most of Piccolo’s, back to life. What the fuck, Zeba?”

She crumpled and began sobbing hysterically. “She has the dragon balls.” Zeba threw a few weird looking tablets on the bed. “She said that if I put these in Piccolo’s theadur, he’d be sterilized, but not hurt otherwise and that she’d leave me be. But if I didn’t…if I didn’t, she was going to use them to bring Gen back. And my family. My very, very traditional family.”

Vegeta gaped at the four aqua pills she had thrown down. He roared and roughly pinned her against the wall. “How could you fucking agree to do it? Wouldn’t you be glad to have your family back?”

“Yes, but they’d disown me if they found out about us. And Gen. He can’t come back. Not now. What would I do if my fiancé suddenly returned to find me pregnant by another man—an alien no less—and unwed? Like six months after he died. And possibly by my best friend’s former lover. I mean, sweet Kami, the shame is bad enough when I’m the only living person who knows!”

Piccolo said, “Let her down, Vegeta, there’s no sense hurting her. At least she fessed up. Fuck, Zeba, why didn’t you just talk to us?”

Vegeta scrubbed his hands over his face after he carefully let go of Zeba. He paced between her and Piccolo. Then he seized the pills, threw them out into the air off the balcony and incinerated them. Then he returned, guarding Piccolo like a wild animal. Piccolo murmured, “Easy, Vegeta, settle down. ChiChi is obviously not going to let this shit go.”

Then Vegeta remembered the eggs and he launched out into the hall. He didn’t know whether Gohan would fall prey to his mother’s nonsense or not, but he wasn’t willing to risk it. He was so tired that he imagined this was what people felt when they drank a few drinks instead of a dozen. He found Gohan sitting with Bunny by the pool. He was reading a story to the eggs while Bunny
checked what must’ve been the thermometer on the incubator. He raced over to them.

“Gohan, your mother, has she been threatening you? Trying to get you to do something to the eggs?”

“What? No! Of course not. She doesn’t even know I’m here. She thinks I’m at the tutor’s. She always thinks I’m at the tutor’s house, but I don’t even have a tutor. Why?”

“She tried to blackmail Zeba into poisoning Piccolo. Can you communicate with him, you know, telepathically?”

“A little. I’m not very good at starting it, but sometimes I can. Why?”

“If she comes here, will you call us? Or if Zeba comes near the eggs.”

“Zeba was being very loving with them earlier.”

“Does your mother know that Piccolo was pregnant again?”

“No, I purposely didn’t tell her.”

Vegeta sighed. So maybe her ploy with Zeba had been because she thought she could still prevent the Namekian-Saiyan child. Vegeta thanked Gohan and Bunny and flew back to Piccolo, realizing that he had left him alone with Zeba.

To his surprise, Zeba was curled on the bed, kissing his demon, her hand on his jawline as she murmured something against his lips. They were both smiling. Vegeta touched down in the bedroom and they saw him gaping. Piccolo beckoned him onto his other side. Vegeta stammered, “What the hell is going on? Are you just—are we just going to pretend…”

“Vegeta, cut her some slack. It’s been a hard few weeks. This is still new for all of us—“

Vegeta cut Piccolo off and glared at Zeba as he said, “No theadur. I’m not okay with that.”

She shrugged. “I don’t actually want to do anything with his theadur. I never have, I know how much it means to you, that’s why I gave you that look when he was in labor. I felt terrible even contemplating touching it, especially after you puked when Dende did. Piccolo and I had a little chat about how we’ll handle if she does bring everyone back. I’ll be okay. As long as I have you two, I’ll be okay.”

“Just like that we’re going to pretend she wasn’t going to poison you?” Vegeta shouted at Piccolo.

Piccolo sighed. “Vegeta, come lie with me. Come on. Settle in and take a few deep breaths. First of all, your goon literally killed me on your order the first time we met, so I’m not really the grudge-holding type. Second, she was never going to do that. Anyone could see what a shit job of acting she was doing. And she obviously didn’t really want to do it or she would have done it now when I offered before I knew about ChiChi. That would have been the perfect time, then they could have blamed infection or something.”

Vegeta shivered. “Don’t say shit like that.”

“Tell me you’ll work on moving past this.”

Vegeta turned back to Zeba. “Did you mean the other stuff you said?”

Zeba shook her head. “I mean, yes and no. I’m jealous, but also happy for you two. It’s like with
your weird *theadur* sleeping thing—it’s cute and I love it, but I also feel a little left out, but that’s okay too. And it was scary and thrilling and impressive and horrifying to watch you two labor together. I had this burst of trying to be like you, trying to have that intensity and confidence…then I got scared again, like how I puked on myself when my leg got broke in the GR, or how I lost my shit when I saw Vegeta torn to shreds by the explosion. I just feel like…like I have nothing to offer two men like you.”

Vegeta and Piccolo hooted with laughter. They started to settle, then got going again. It took a few minutes and then Piccolo wiped tears from his eyes and said, “Zeba, you’re brilliant, fearless—except with blood—and you’re kind and caring and empathic. You’re sexy and fun in bed. You bring balance to what would otherwise be a couple of rampaging dragons roaming the countryside eating children. You’re like our handler. Our sexy, genius handler.”

She teared up and said, “Really?”

Vegeta crawled into bed and said gruffly, “Yes, he’s right. And I love Piccolo, but I love our pod. You two are my family now, and it wouldn’t be perfect without you, woman.”

Piccolo bent and kissed Zeba, then turned and kissed Vegeta. “Now can I get some more fucking sleep? Remember how I just pushed three eggs out like a giant chicken?” They all laughed. Zeba got up, but Piccolo pulled her back down. “You stay. You sleep with us, you need it too.”

Vegeta settled in carefully, trying not to bump Piccolo, who finally said, “Kami’s own, Vegeta, go to sleep, I’m okay. I’m sore, but I’m mainly exhausted. You’re like a dog that keeps circling instead of just fucking laying down.”

Vegeta chuckled and stilled himself until he heard both Piccolo and Zeba were asleep, only then did he let himself go.

Twelve weeks passed in a blur of training and tending the eggs. Piccolo took three weeks to heal completely and Vegeta showed Zeba just how much he could fuck her if she wanted it. Piccolo always went to the mountains to meditate when they were making love so he wasn’t tempted to join in. Vegeta kept his concern for Piccolo’s well-being at a simmer instead of a rolling boil. He was grateful for Gohan’s level-headed influence. He was also grateful for the training partner the first few weeks as Dende said Piccolo couldn’t train either.

By the time the eggs were ready to hatch, Vegeta had begun to worry about the duration of Piccolo’s infertility. He grumbled as they prepared for bed, “I think we ought to get some of those condom-dickbags you spoke of, my demon. I don’t want to to risk another multi-egg fiasco.”

“Vegeta, I know you fuck me a lot, but the eggs haven’t even hatched. Dende assured me that passing a viable egg through the *theadur* turns off my fertility for about a year.”

“Yes, about, it’s the *about* that I worry about.”

“You know twelve weeks isn’t even close to a year, right?”

“How should I know what this accursed planet’s cycles are like. Gods, look, my demon, it’s just not worth having that brutal labor again, especially when we’re about to have three nightmare-powerful brats running around.”

Zeba cut in with a laugh, looking up from her book, “I hope they don’t come out running!”
Piccolo said, “They might come out crawling, just so you’re prepared. Namekian’s have a strange developmental timetable, as do Saiyans.”

She sighed. “Well that’ll be something to adjust to. Speaking of, Dr. Briefs has a friend who’s an obstetrician who agreed to take my case, with much signing of waivers.”

Vegeta snorted, almost inhaling toothpaste. “They will wish they had signed a waiver if anything happens to you or our child.”

Zeba cocked her head to the side and made a face. “Do you know what a waiver is?”

“Oh, quiet, woman, I’m merely irritated that we’ve been unable to find someone to provide care just because the father might be the demon king or another type of alien and because we’re a threesome. It rankles.”

“Everything rankles you, Vegeta.”

He gave her a toothpasty kiss and left to get in bed. Their pace of lovemaking had slowed slightly in that they could go about their daily lives somewhat normally, but Vegeta rarely made it through the whole day without a go with one or both of his lovers. He had discovered that he was the most insatiable of the three of them. Vegeta was on all fours, when Piccolo climbed in the bed behind him and kissed up Vegeta’s spine. “Gods, Vegeta, whenever you show that ass I am suddenly wide awake.”

Vegeta kissed Piccolo over his shoulder and said, “Shall I hide it away then? Perhaps get some—what do they call them—pajammers?”

Zeba laughed as she joined them, squiggling under Vegeta, taking his already hard dick in her hands. “Pajamas.”

“Close enough.”

Piccolo kissed him more and whispered, “You want to try tonight?”

Vegeta stood up on his knees, his erection now straining over Zeba’s prone form as she stroked it. He said, “I’m still nervous. I know…I know last night was phenomenal, but…I…”

Zeba said, “Dicks are better than fingers, Vegeta. They’re smooth and no knuckles, no nails, no awkward gaps.”

Vegeta twisted to look into Piccolo’s eyes. “Very well, but not like this, I want to face you.”

Zeba interrupted, “Hey, not to be a buzzkill, but I’m super tired, so what are the chances one of you wants to fuck me quick and get me off so I can go to sleep next door and then you two can take your time. Last night was fun, but I don’t have another marathon in me tonight.”

Piccolo laughed as he guided Vegeta’s cock into her. “It was more like a triathlon, since there were three different events.” She groaned as Piccolo worked her clit, pushing on it and rubbing it in tight, fast circles while Vegeta slid deeply in and out of her. Piccolo sucked her nipple and she gasped, reaching for his dick. He pulled away and she said, “If you come all over my tits, you’ll be able to last longer with our sweet Saiyan's tight asshole.”

Piccolo shifted to let her stroke his dick and said, “You raise an excellent point, plus I love the way you stroke me.”
Vegeta tried to focus on the wet grip of Zeba’s pussy, rather that what would come to pass later that evening, but it was hard, especially with the fine view of Piccolo’s turgid, green dick. He panted as pre-cum slipped out of Piccolo’s slit and he pushed deeper into Zeba. She moaned his name and he rolled his hips, trying to find the sweet spot she liked deep inside her core. He found it and rubbed his mushroom tip along it until she gasped his name and clenched on his cock. He met her eyes, but they flitted away to Piccolo’s dick. Vegeta’s eyes moved up to his demon’s: they were smoldering as he watched Vegeta thrust into Zeba.

Piccolo’s mouth fell open in a silent cry as he came and he spattered Zeba. He kissed her fiercely and then Vegeta surprised himself by licking up Piccolo’s cum trail. Piccolo bit Vegeta’s shoulder playfully as he did so, and he thrust into Zeba again as he licked the rest off of her chest and neck. She was twitching on him again by the time he swirled her cum-coated nipple in his mouth and she whispered, “Holy fuck, Vegeta, are you trying to make me come again?”

“I believe I am…” he groaned and he pressed his lower abdomen to her clit the way she liked. Piccolo got behind Vegeta and began rimming him. Vegeta thrust even deeper into Zeba and this time was no exception. His demon’s tongue was relentless and firm, pushing against the tight ring of Vegeta’s asshole until Vegeta came with a long agonized groan. Zeba spiraled into her second orgasm of the evening, her pussy gripping his cock again and again. She arched her back and pulled at the sheets, moaning his name.

After a moment he pulled out, but Piccolo didn’t stop rimming him. Vegeta kissed Zeba and she rolled her eyes at Piccolo with a giggle. She said, “Goodnight, you two. I love you both, I’ll see you in the morning for our appointment, right? Don’t forget.”

Vegeta nodded, but Piccolo’s insistent oral was distracting. Then she was gone and Vegeta knew that the time had finally come for his demon to fuck his ass, whether he was scared or not.

Piccolo growled, “I don’t want you scared, Vegeta. You want to have a drink first, see if that will help you relax? I’m going to make you feel amazing, but I understand.”

Vegeta was ashamed of his cowardice, but he nodded. Piccolo poured him a couple shots and Vegeta knocked them back and muttered, “Fucking alcohol, it tricks you. Because it seems fine now, like nothing is happening, but then…then…” Piccolo laughed. It had become a running joke that Vegeta always thought alcohol took a long time to hit him when he was drunk in minutes. Now Vegeta was drunk and he fell onto his back on the bed, pulling Piccolo on top of him. He fumbled with the lube, but Piccolo took it away from him.

“How is it you can eat truckloads of food but two shots puts you under? I knew I should have started with one.”

Vegeta slurred, “I’m not under. I’m fine.”

“I don’t want you drunk when I fuck you the first time. I want you relaxed.”

“I am relaxed.”

“No, you’re drunk.”

“But relaxed. And I want it, I do…it’s just…your dick is massive.”

“I’m massive, my dick is proportional.”

“Tch, whatever. Look, I love you, and that’s what’s important. Where did the lube go—we’re
definitely going to need lube.”

“Why don’t we just see where the night takes us now that you’re drunk?”

Vegeta pulled Piccolo down to kiss him and looked into Piccolo’s eyes. “I want you tonight. I want to do this before the eggs hatch and we’re running out of time.”

Piccolo poured lube on his hand. He ran it up and down Vegeta’s cock first, making a bead of pre-cum erupt out of his slit. Then he trailed his fingers over Vegeta’s balls and Vegeta spread his legs wide to admit his demon. One finger probed him gently, massaging his anus before pushing slowly and smoothly inside him. Piccolo poured more lube on his ass, withdrawing his finger and sliding it back inside several times, taking the lube in with him. Then he was stroking his cock with plenty of lube as it dripped on Vegeta’s ass. Piccolo worked a second finger into Vegeta as he stroked his own dick and he rasped, “Sweet Kami, Vegeta, your asshole is so sweet. I can’t wait to finally be inside you. Are you ready for me?” Piccolo pushed a third finger into Vegeta’s asshole, watching his face carefully.

Vegeta gasped, “I think I am. I love you.”

Piccolo positioned his large head against Vegeta’s asshole, adding more lube and he whispered, “Relax for me, my prince, let me.”

Vegeta was trembling, a strange mix of arousal and terror. He pulled on his own thighs but Piccolo smiled, kissed him, and touched his asshole lightly with his fingertips, “Not your legs, Vegeta, your position is perfect, it’s going to feel amazing for both of us. Here. Relax here.” Piccolo circled his fingertips on Vegeta’s ass for a few minutes, until Vegeta was panting and sweating. Piccolo grinned and said, “Yes, gods, yes, Vegeta.”

Then Vegeta felt the intense fullness of Piccolo beginning to ease inside him. His first instinct was to clench, but instead he took a long, shuddering breath and opened for Piccolo. It felt so vulnerable to do so, but Piccolo gasped, “Gods, Vegeta, your asshole wants all of me, it’s ready, it’s hungry.” Vegeta let his eyes slide shut with the bliss of it as Piccolo pushed his entire length into Vegeta. The act of keeping himself open had made it feel more incredible than he could’ve imagined.

Piccolo rocked into him gently at first and Vegeta was able to open his eyes again, meet his demon’s gaze. The tenderness he saw there made Vegeta’s heart ache and he tried to spread his legs wider, take even another centimeter of Piccolo. Piccolo grinned and caressed Vegeta’s face. He kissed Vegeta and gasped, “Good?”

Vegeta nodded, but couldn’t speak. Piccolo pressed their foreheads together and thrust carefully into Vegeta and they began to find a rhythm together. Vegeta’s mouth was open in a gasp of pleasure. The fullness of having Piccolo inside him made him quake. Piccolo pushed his his legs up until his knees were nearly next to his ears and Piccolo arched over top of him, his long, broad body dripping sweat down on Vegeta, their eyes locked. Vegeta growled, “Sweet Kami, my demon, you feel amazing.”

Piccolo smirked as he panted. He stroked Vegeta’s straining erection. “I knew you’d love once I was inside you.” Then Piccolo let out a long, low, guttural noise. “Though I’m not sure how long I can last. You’re so tight, you feel amazing.”

Vegeta’s ability to form coherent sentences was diminishing rapidly as his demon sank into him again and again, seemingly deeper each time, though not faster. Vegeta loved that Piccolo kept the speed luxurious, but the intensity of it increased, like a fire that burned hotter and hotter. His cock felt incredible too as Piccolo gripped it tightly, twisting his way up and down the hard shaft.
Piccolo’s other hand was running along Vegeta’s leg and he was grateful for his strength and flexibility as he was now essentially folded in half, giving Piccolo the deepest possible access to the heart of his pleasure.

Then he felt Piccolo’s balls tighten and tremble against his asshole and Piccolo growled, “Fuck, Vegeta, come with me, please, I want to watch you come,” as he stared down at Vegeta’s throbbing erection. Vegeta felt his demon’s spurt in his ass and he sprayed, coming all over Piccolo’s chest and and his own. Piccolo roared and thrust hard and fast, pulling on Vegeta’s cock to milk the last of his seed out of him, before he licked his fingers and slapped Vegeta’s ass. “Gods, yes! You feel amazing!”

Piccolo collapsed on top of him and Vegeta spread his legs out into a split and then rotated them down to wrap around Piccolo’s waist, but Piccolo stayed deep inside him. They both shuddered with an aftershock of their orgasms. Vegeta smirked and said, “I see why you wanted me to do this sooner.”

“Maybe now you’ll let me fuck you regularly, since you’re always fucking me so good.”

“Well, you have more options to fuck, and I always want all of you. It’s hard to choose.”

“That’s true.”

“Plus I love making you glow.”

Piccolo kissed him fiercely, the last of the lightning flickering out of the room. Vegeta held his face, sucked his lip and kissed over his jaw, onto his neck, then back up to his mouth. Piccolo’s tongue met his eagerly, and they kissed for a long time, their hands gliding over one another’s bodies. The lightning began to build in the room again and Vegeta whispered, “We can’t talk about these things without it having an effect on me.”

“You’re insatiable, my prince. Your stamina in the bedroom is like on the battlefield—you go until you’re basically dead.”

Vegeta laughed, but he felt that Piccolo was aroused again as well. Piccolo began thrusting in him again. “Do you need another round so soon? Or are you going to make me stop working this tight ass of yours?”

“Gods, Piccolo, I’d intended to fuck you in your theadur, but now I don’t want you to stop.”

Piccolo growled, “What if I fuck you until I come, then we can switch, and you can fuck my sheath until you come?”

Piccolo sat back on his haunches and Vegeta curled up until he was sitting on his demon’s lap. Piccolo pistoned into him and Vegeta threw his head back and cried out. Piccolo grazed his fangs down Vegeta’s exposed neck.

Piccolo hoisted Vegeta up and put him back on his back. As Piccolo spread his legs wide and pushed them up again, Vegeta used his abs to curl his hips up to meet his demon’s aggressive thrusts, holding Piccolo’s muscular ass in his hands. He slid one hand into Piccolo’s ass, his finger probing Piccolo’s backdoor. “Fuck me, Vegeta, I’m barely holding on as is…”

“I’ll fuck you in a minute, my demon love. For now, you keep fucking me hard,” Vegeta gasped.

Piccolo was breathing heavily as he laced his fingers with Vegeta’s free hand, pinning it to the bed as he pushed into Vegeta deeply. Vegeta pushed his finger deeper into Piccolo, but Piccolo grabbed
his arm, interlocked their fingers and held that hand to the bed as well, leaving Vegeta pinned. He kissed Vegeta and murmured, “I’ll lose control if you keep doing that, and I don’t want to rush. I rushed the first round because I was too excited to control myself.” He slowed his hips, pulling until his head was the only thing left inside Vegeta’s ass. Then he started short, rapid thrusts, never giving Vegeta his full length, just teasing him.

Vegeta cried out, “Gods, my demon, are you going to make me beg?”

Piccolo grinned and bent to swirl Vegeta’s nipples in his mouth, letting his teeth nip them just enough to make Vegeta gasp. Then he began rolling his hips a little, giving Vegeta more penetration, but in an agonizing, slow manner. Vegeta tried to rise to meet Piccolo’s hips, but Piccolo expertly pulled away whenever Vegeta arched up. He chuckled. “Turnabout, my Saiyan prince, not that I haven’t loved every time you teased me to ecstasy, but it’s my turn now.”

Vegeta saw pre-cum slide out of his tip at Piccolo’s words. The very thought of Piccolo drawing out his pleasure was making Vegeta ache to come. He whispered, “I’m so fucking turned on, I don’t know that you’ll be able to take your time with me…”

Piccolo withdrew completely, causing Vegeta to groan and curl up to at least take Piccolo’s mouth, his shoulders popping as he lunged forward. Piccolo met his kiss and pushed his upper body back down onto the bed, using his powerful thighs to shove Vegeta’s legs back up beside his torso, leaving his asshole exposed and still wet with lube and cum. Vegeta’s erection rubbed against his own belly in a torturously light way. Then he let out a stuttering cry as Piccolo used his tip to swirl around Vegeta’s electrically sensitive asshole. Piccolo groaned as he swiveled his hips, then his eyes lit up.

Vegeta felt leather snake around his wrists and pull tight until his arms were bound, stretched wide out to the side. He pulled and realized the heavy rope ran under the bed, connecting his two hands. He smirked. “You think leather can hold me?”

Piccolo whispered against his lips, “Nothing can hold you, but perhaps you’ll humor me.”

Piccolo continued using his swollen, pre-cum dripping head to massage Vegeta’s anus, but now he was using his hands to pinch Vegeta’s nipples, tugging on them, twisting them. He sucked on Vegeta’s neck, up his jaw, and onto his lips, thrusting his tongue inside Vegeta’s mouth, plundering him, making him groan. Then Piccolo murmured against Vegeta’s lips, “I want you to open for me again, let me have you.” Vegeta moaned helplessly at his demon’s words. Then he felt one of Piccolo’s hands join his cock, his fingertips pulsing against Vegeta’s asshole. “I need to feel how much you want me if I’m going to give you the pleasure you deserve.”

Vegeta’s balls tightened as his demon continued using his hand on Vegeta’s ass and taint. He wanted to open for his demon, he wanted the release, but what Piccolo was doing felt so good that he also wanted to do his own teasing. His ass clenched and Piccolo tut-tutted, but slipped a finger inside Vegeta. Vegeta gasped and involuntarily arched toward it, eagerly opening once his demon had begun penetrating him. Piccolo growled, “Gods, yes, Vegeta,” and he pushed his massive head into Vegeta.

Vegeta cried out, and opened himself further, panting and nearly screaming with the ecstasy that first thrust brought him. It took him so suddenly that his hips reared up on their own and he gave a guttural cry, “Piccolo, my demon, oh fuck,” and he felt himself spurt all over his belly and chest, spattering his chin.

“Sweet Kami, Vegeta,” Piccolo answered, plunging the rest of his length into Vegeta as his asshole clenched and unclenched on his demon’s green shaft. Piccolo licked his way up the cum trail until
he was kissing Vegeta’s mouth roughly and repeatedly murmuring, “Oh Gods, I’m going to come so hard,” until he finally dropped hard onto Vegeta, groaning, and Vegeta felt the deep spasms of Piccolo’s orgasms in his core. Vegeta’s cock jumped to life and another shot of cum squeezed up between them.

They laid for a long time, catching their breath and not moving. Piccolo eventually growled, “I love you,” into Vegeta’s ear, thrusting a bit more and kissing him.

Vegeta sighed as Piccolo pulled out of him. They were sticky with sweat and cum and lube. Vegeta got up and pulled Piccolo to his feet, leading him into the shower. They washed each other and kissed. Piccolo looked down and grinned, baring his sexy canines as he murmured, “How are you hard again this soon?”

“Didn’t I tell you I was going to fuck you once you finished fucking me? I always keep my promises…” Vegeta said the last part against Piccolo’s lips, then he roughly hooked his hands behind Piccolo’s thighs, plunging himself into Piccolo’s theadur as he hoisted him onto his narrow hips.

Piccolo rocked back and forth, moving with Vegeta even as Vegeta carried him out of the shower and onto the counter. Piccolo rolled his head to let Vegeta suck his neck and he gasped, “Kami, Vegeta, it’s so hot watching you fuck me.”

Vegeta pulled back, confused, then he too noticed the possibilities of their wrap-around mirror and a smirk lit his face. He growled, “I like watching you ride me. How have I never thought of this before?”

Vegeta could see his taut ass flexing as he pushed into Piccolo and he loved being able to see all of Piccolo in the mirrors, including his tight, green ass clenching on the counter as he took Vegeta’s thrusts. Piccolo’s slit dripped pre-cum and Vegeta pulled on his demon’s hard cock, milking it roughly until Piccolo groaned into his mouth and semen sprayed up onto their chests. Vegeta held himself back, waiting for Piccolo’s glow to be brighter, having discovered they both enjoyed the best climax if he let it build until Piccolo’s skin’s light was pulsing.

Just as he let himself go, the bathroom door flew open. Zeba took them in and flooded the room with the smell of her arousal. Vegeta heaved for breath as he pushed into Piccolo a final few times, letting the last of his seed fill his demon’s sheath. Then Zeba said, “Sorry to interrupt, but it’s started, one of the eggs has cracked!”

Vegeta pulled out quickly, making both men cry out. He wiped them with a towel and Piccolo used his magic to dress them as Piccolo hooked an arm around each of them and flew to the nursery. Egg-hatching aside, Vegeta was very concerned about the difficulty he’d just had pulling out of Piccolo, despite the urgency of the situation. He hadn’t had that level of discomfort pulling out after coming since Piccolo's pregnancy and now he searched Piccolo’s chi for any sense of whether that last sexual act had been procreative. Vegeta was especially worried because he had sussed out from reliving the events leading to Piccolo’s first pregnancy that once there was semen in the theadur, orgasm was what actually caused the egg to drop, so if Piccolo had multiple orgasms, even if Vegeta only came in him once, he could have multiple eggs again. The thought made Vegeta’s stomach turn.

Piccolo said in his mind, *I’m fine, Vegeta, and worst case scenario, I have another egg. Please try to enjoy the hatching of our children instead of worrying about something very unlikely.*

Vegeta waited for Zeba to chime in, but she didn’t seem to have heard Piccolo. He realized she hadn’t been commenting on any of their telepathic chatter since the birth. That worried Vegeta too.
Does anything not worry you, my prince?
Surprises

The nursery was unpleasantly warm, but Vegeta knew it was perfect for the eggs and their soon to be ex-tenants. He saw immediately that the one in the middle incubator had a large crack running down the egg from top to bottom. It rocked back and forth. Vegeta said, “Do we help? Or just let them get out on their own?”

Piccolo’s eyes were wide and Vegeta could vaguely hear him communicating telepathically with Dende. “Dende is on his way. I don’t actually know.”

Another egg began to wobble and a small crack formed near the top. Vegeta couldn’t help himself as he approached and caressed the eggs. The terror of their coming into the world had made him glassy-eyed every time he spent time with them. Touching them felt almost holy and he feared that the little whelps would run all over him because of that feeling. Piccolo stood behind him, wrapping his arms around Vegeta and kissing his temple. Zeba nestled in next to them and Piccolo adjusted to hold her too as Vegeta slung his arm around her waist. He kissed her and said, “Thanks for being on call tonight.”

“You should thank. I was exhausted, so he sat with them and then called me. He must’ve snuck away when we came in. How’d it go? Did you do it? Isn’t his dick amazing?”

Vegeta chuckled. “Yes, we did. Twice. His dick is amazing. Everything about him is amazing.”

“True, but the dick especially. And that fanged mouth, mmm…I can’t even talk about it around the children or I’ll get into trouble. You think you’d be up to be the cream filling the next time we fuck? I can’t wait for you to fuck me while Picc is fucking you.”

Vegeta felt his cock spring to life and he growled, “Kami, woman, you can’t say things like that around the children,” he gestured toward his hard-on.

She giggled and kissed him. Then she said, “When is Dende coming? Do we have a few minutes?”

Piccolo chuckled. “Not enough minutes for that, Zeba. Unfortunately,” and Piccolo adjusted his own erection to be less conspicuous.

Zeba grumbled, “Well that sucks, we’re going to be swamped and tired once these little guys are out. I can’t even imagine how much energy they’ll have, coming from you two.”

Vegeta smirked. “I assure you we’ll find time to fuck.”

Dende knocked on the nursery door and Piccolo called him in. The young Kami raced over to the eggs and placed his hands on each. Vegeta’s heart started to race as the small Namekian’s brow furrowed as he felt the one with the crown crack. He said, “Piccolo, you and Vegeta should help this one get out. Its chi is declining, but I don’t want it to imprint on me. You too, Zeba.”

Vegeta bolted forward and Piccolo brought Zeba forward with him as they gently pulled the sticky bits of shell away. Inside, curled into a tight, fetal position, was a tiny green baby with a Saiyan tail, a shock of black hair, and antennae. Tears flooded Vegeta’s eyes and he scooped the small creature into his arms. Piccolo’s eyes watered and he wrapped Vegeta and the baby in his long arms, pulling Zeba into the embrace. They all kissed the baby, which remained quiet as it began to stretch out its limbs. Then it let out a long, angry wail and began nosing around for food. Vegeta
said, “What the hell do they eat? Saiyan’s are placental mammals, but are…do Namekians nurse?”

Then to his deep shock, his chest started to ache and his nipples felt strange. He looked down and saw milk leaking out of them. He screeched. Piccolo’s nipples were also leaking. Piccolo started laughing, but Vegeta had already thrust the green infant’s eager mouth onto his own nipple. The relief he felt was instantaneous.

“You Namekian’s release some powerful ju-ju when you mate. Sweet Kami, this whole experience is mind boggling.” Vegeta let the baby nurse on the right until it began to fuss. He switched it to the other side. When it began to grumble again, he passed it to Piccolo. He asked, “Is it…well, I was going to say a boy or a girl, but maybe it’s neither?”

Dende peeked between its legs and said, “No, it seems to be a traditional male, like you.”

Vegeta didn’t know how to feel about the fact that he’d deprived his son of a theadur. “Is he recovering, Dende?”

Dende placed his hands on the baby’s tiny body and he smiled. “Yes, he may just have been short of yolk, possibly due to Piccolo’s difficulty eating enough with so many offspring taking up so much space while the eggs were developing.”

They all turned as something fell to the floor, and saw that the middle infant had broken out a chunk of shell. It poked an arm and part of its head out of the hole and began to cry. Vegeta helped it out and cradled it in his arms. It looked more traditionally Saiyan, with caucasian flesh, a full head of black hair, and a tail. It had antennae though. Vegeta looked between its legs and saw it was a female. She bawled and Vegeta said, “Shit, I’m dried up, what do we do with three?”

Dende said, “Uh…I don’t think you are…”

Vegeta looked down and saw milk beading on the tips of his nipples, the strange tingle coming back into them. He shouted, “Well, I’m not used to lactating! It’s confusing!” The small, pink creature eagerly latched onto him. He felt her chi rise as she nursed and he was leaking tears again.

Dende was touching the third egg. He said, “This one needs help too.”

Piccolo had finished nursing their little boy, and he cracked open the last egg. He carefully pulled out a bald, green baby, with pointy ears, and a tail. It’s tail lashed and it cried angrily as Piccolo squeezed at his nipples, looking distressed. Vegeta said, “Well, give it to me, I suppose I have two for a reason.” He cradled the two babies awkwardly and Piccolo checked the third’s sex.

“It’s a hermaphrodite, like me,” his demon said, beaming.

Vegeta no longer bothered trying to keep his tears at bay. Dende’s eyes widened and a shocked half-smile crept onto his face, but he went about checking the health of the first Saiyan-Namekian babies in the universe. He said, “They all appear healthy, especially considering the strain they must’ve been under during their very crowded development. I had no idea whether the hormones would effect Vegeta, but with three infants, it’s fortunate that both of you can nurse, or Piccolo would probably have to spend the next year just eating and nursing, because it seems that their appetites are more on the Saiyan end of the spectrum.”

Vegeta said, “Does this mean I’ll have to eat even more food?”

“Yes, probably quite a lot more. They’ll grow a lot this first year, getting to be about the size I was when you met me, then their growth will slow dramatically. Well, maybe, who knows what Saiyan DNA will do to their development.”
Zeba interrupted, “We better get some diapers on their little asses and get on our way to the doctor. I can’t miss this appointment, I’ve already gone too long, and we human females are great at dying from complications during pregnancy and childbirth, so I’m not willing to wing it like you two. How are we going to diaper them with tails?”

Piccolo took three diapers and used a focused beam of energy to burn a small hole in each. They each diapered a squalling baby and carried them to Zeba’s flying car. They had no car seats, but Piccolo said, “Vegeta and I can keep them safer than any piece of plastic with straps.”

By the time they arrived at the doctor’s office, all three babies were crying to be fed again, and each had blown out a diaper. They each changed a diaper, then Vegeta fed two while Piccolo fed the third and Zeba went in to fill out paperwork. Vegeta tugged his shirt down, burped the babies, and then swaddled them each in an elaborate wrap on his chest. Piccolo watched and then tapped the head of the third, creating a similar wrap on his own chest. Vegeta chuckled. “Show-off. I suppose we’ll have to name them, but it can wait until after Zeba’s appointment.”

The quiet murmuring of families in the waiting room came to an abrupt halt as Vegeta and Piccolo walked in holding hands. They joined Zeba. Piccolo began destroying the many phones that popped out, attempting to take their picture. Piccolo growled, “Sweet Kami, when will these fools get bored of me.”

Zeba laughed, guiding them to an unoccupied corner of the waiting room. “I don’t think they’ll ever get bored of seeing a god out and about, but even if you were just an average dude, you might attract attention since you’re with another dude. And Earthlings, especially around here, aren’t used to seeing fathers doing much more than throwing a ball with their kids. The triplets are also going to get a lot of attention wherever we go. Not least because they obviously belong to you and another male. I know how it all came to pass, and it still seems crazy, so you better get used to be stared at.”

Vegeta grumbled, “This is exactly why killing everyone is a good solution.”

Piccolo kissed his cheek. “It’s not a good solution, but we know it’s your favorite.”

“They better not fuck with my offspring, because that will be my solution if they do.”

Then the nurse called Zeba. Vegeta liked the woman immediately when she showed no reaction to the three of them rising and going back with her. She weighed Zeba and had her pee in a cup, showing Piccolo and Vegeta into the examination room and saying she would grab another chair. Vegeta said, “No need. I’ll stand.”

She stayed and took Vegeta’s information. “So you’re a potential father, but we don’t know because you’re all engaging in unprotected sex? The same day, even?”

“Yes,” Vegeta growled, ready to defend their relationship.

“Okay. I know Kami-Sama doesn’t have any STI’s, but how about you, Mr. Vegeta?”

Piccolo explained the term and then calmed Vegeta down. The nurse chuckled. “I have to ask, so it’s nothing personal. Are the three of you...well...I guess three people can’t get married in this country. So I suppose not. Are any of you married?”

Piccolo said, “No, but we’re committed, so you’ll be seeing all of us, every time.”
“Any multiples in your families besides the obvious triplets? Dare I ask how that came to pass? It’s not my business, but I’m very curious.”

“Another time, maybe. Not that I know of,” Piccolo said.

Vegeta grumbled that he had no idea of his family’s medical history.

Piccolo nudged him and said, “Stop being sullen. We want Zeba to have good care.”

“If you must know, I’m very uncomfortable. It’s obviously time for the insatiable little creatures to eat again. When will we be done?”

Now the nurse couldn’t hide her shocked expression, but Vegeta appreciated that she tried. She said, “You…you…feed them?”

Vegeta felt the pressure in his nipples building and he knew he would start to leak at any moment. He unwrapped the babies, handing one to Piccolo while he ripped his shirt off. The nurse gasped and said, “Oh my,” in a soft voice.

Vegeta said, “Yes, I feed them. So does he, but I seem to be the more productive of the two of us. If you have a problem with that then you can go. Apparently they need to eat constantly.” He was getting the hang of nursing two at once. He peeked into Piccolo’s wrap, “He’s not hungry?”

“He’s sleeping and I’m okay. I’ll feed him when he’s up.”

Zeba joined them and laughed as she saw the nurse watching Vegeta with wide eyes. “Told you we were a unique case.”

The nurse gave Zeba a smile and said, “I see the appeal.”

Vegeta finished feeding the babies before tugging his shirt back on and rewrapping them on his chest. Zeba said, “Where did you learn to do that?”

“I didn’t, it just seemed a practical solution. I’ve seen Earth mothers with their babies wrapped to them and saw no reason I couldn’t adapt it to two. I think I can do three as well.”

The doctor arrived, and Vegeta liked her right away as she looked at the three of them and said, “Oh, well, yeah, I can see how you’d be hard-pressed to say no to these two.” Then she introduced herself, shaking Vegeta and Piccolo’s hands firmly, talking through her very limited experience with alien-human hybrids. Then she turned to Zeba. “Normally at this stage we wouldn’t do an ultrasound, but your hormone levels are not in line with what we’d expect, and since we aren’t even sure which is the father, we can’t even necessarily glean anything from the other Saiyan-human hybrid pregnancy. So let’s go take a peek inside, see where we’re at development-wise.”

Vegeta couldn’t contain his horror as he gasped, “You’re going to look inside her? Isn’t that a bit risky?”

“With ultrasound imaging, it’s perfectly safe and non-invasive. Come along, you’ll get your first glimpse of your baby. Well, your baby with Zeba.”

The three women led the way, Vegeta and Piccolo looming along behind them. Piccolo’s shoulders were so broad, he seemed to fill the narrow hallway. Vegeta held his breath as they prepped Zeba for the ultrasound in the darkened room, knowing that the fetus would have a little tail if it were his. Then the tech began and the room was filled with the whooshing of not one fetal heartbeat, but two. Piccolo murmured, “I knew it.”
“You knew it? You knew she was pregnant with twins and you said nothing?” Vegeta hissed.

“I wanted confirmation.”

Zebra looked ashen. The tech moved the wand over her already rounded belly and Vegeta saw one indeed had a tiny tail, like a hair on the screen. The tech pointed it out to the doctor who looked at Vegeta and said, “I assume tails are a normal thing for your species?”

“Indeed. Mine was removed in an unfortunate battle.”

Then they examined the other fetus and saw that it was tailless, so they assumed it was Piccolo’s. Zeba said, “I didn’t know such a thing was even possible.”

Vegeta saw Piccolo looked as smugly happy as Vegeta felt. He had quietly unwrapped the third baby and was nursing it discreetly under his shirt. The baby began to fuss and Piccolo bounced him until he let out a huge burp. Then he began to root at Piccolo’s chest again and Piccolo let him eat on the other side. Vegeta felt tears threatening as he watched Piccolo care for their child. He was unprepared for the level of emotion seeing his mates care for their young would produce.

Piccolo saw him staring and snaked his free arm around Vegeta’s waist, bending to kiss him. Vegeta squeezed Zeba’s hand as she watched the ultrasound screen, rapt, as they pointed out tiny organs on the two fetuses.

The doctor continued, “My only concern at this time is that Kami-Sama’s fetus is larger than the… Saiyan, am I saying that right, ha, no pun intended. If they have different gestations, that might become dangerous for you and the smaller baby if the larger baby induces labor early or doesn’t and begins to take up too much space in utero. We’ll probably need to do an ultrasound every month to keep an eye on them. I’m also going to be keeping a very sharp eye on your blood pressure and proteins. Pre-eclampsia might also manifest much earlier if the larger fetus is more rapidly developing.”

Vegeta’s pulse skyrocketed hearing this assessment. But it made a certain amount of sense. ChiChi had said that Saiyan gestation was longer. But Namekian development was obviously very quick. Piccolo saw his panic and whispered, “It’ll be fine. Don’t start worrying yet.”

“Easy for you to say, you didn’t have to be the one watching your mate suffer the agonies of labor a few short months ago.”

They finished their appointment, scheduled their next, then headed home. Piccolo drove because Zeba was in a daze. Vegeta took the opportunity to try his triple baby wrap. He supposed he’d have to adapt it for two more, but by then the first batch would be big enough to ride on his back. He wrapped an arm around Zeba and kissed her. “You’ll be fine. She seems very competent.”

Zeba nodded and said, “But what if yours doesn’t make it? I shouldn’t have been so stupid about fucking both of you in such a short period of time. Gods, what was I thinking?”

Piccolo chimed in, “Zeba, it’ll be fine. If Vegeta and I could successfully mate, I’m sure our human-hybrid offspring can successfully share a womb. Besides, it makes a certain amount of sense that my offspring would be larger. I’m larger than Vegeta.”

“You don’t have to constantly rub it in,” Vegeta said with a smirk.

“Sometimes you like it when I rub my size in you.”

Zeba cuddled more tightly against Vegeta. She said, “I think we’ve got a long few years ahead of
us. Do you think we made a mistake, getting pregnant so soon?"

“Gods, no. I’ve never been so happy. You’ll see. We’ll get the hang of it. How bad can it be?”
Vegeta said, though he knew they were indeed in for a challenge.

They decided when they got home that they had to name the babies or they would just start calling
them by their egg numbers more permanently. They named the girl Oona, the hermaphrodite they
named Vende, to honor Dende, and the male they named Kohan, to honor Gohan. The Briefs
surprised them upon their return with a sort of mobile nursery unit, complete with three sound-
proof cribs, a changing station, and an enclosed play area with an assortment of toys. They
reasoned that then one parent could be on duty, while the other two slept in a different room.

Vegeta told Piccolo and Zeba to go rest, since he and Piccolo had been up all night and Zeba was in
shock about the twins. Vegeta was tired too, but he felt invigorated by the hatching of his three,
perfect little warriors. They only ate, slept, shat, and cried, but the overwhelming love he felt for
them made him sit staring at their tiny peaceful faces, milk dribbling out of their mouths. Dende
said they would likely space out their feedings once they’d recovered from the hunger they
experienced in their eggs. But at that moment, Vegeta didn’t care. He loved nursing them, cuddling
them, feeling so indispensable and necessary.

He smiled as he felt Piccolo and Zeba’s chi rise and then fall. He knew Zeba had felt left out of
their lovemaking the night before, so he was pleased that she was getting her release. He thought
the next few months would be the hardest on her, simply because she didn’t have the physical
stamina and strength that he and Piccolo had. Even with his and Piccolo’s super-strength, Vegeta
knew they were going to be exhausted. Vegeta had attempted to hire a service to bring meals to
him, but Bunny had been so horrified at the prospect that he backed down. She had been cooking
constantly, and ordered a fridge and a mobile pantry put in his quarters and the nursery so he could
eat whenever.

And he did. He was voracious as his little parasites sucked him dry, time and again. He didn’t even
begin to understand it biologically, since his pectorals didn’t appear any different to him, but they
felt different. If the babies slept more than an hour or two, he began to ache unpleasantly, then he
would begin to leak. Once they were all awake, whoever was third wailed angrily until it was his
or her turn. Vegeta tried to rotate who was left out, but that was no consolation to the hungry one.

The day and night passed in a blur of eating and feeding and changing of shitty diapers. Vegeta felt
like a machine, dropping instantly to sleep the moment he placed them fed and clean into their
cribs, waking either to their cries or to his own discomfort. As dawn glowed on the horizon though,
he felt a different ache in his pelvis as he felt Piccolo and Zeba’s chi rise and fall again. And again.
And again. He wasn’t jealous, he was delighted they were enjoying themselves. He was just horny.
He had hoped that his insatiability in the bedroom would be tempered by his exhaustion or his
lactation.

Oona was nursing now as Vegeta focused his mind on his mates. He could sense the faint, tiny chi
of Zeba’s inhabitants, but he was certain he felt another tiny chi and that worried him a great deal.
He tried tentatively to reach out to Dende mentally. Dende, can you hear me?

Vegeta? Yes, I can. Strange. Only Piccolo has ever been able to do this.

Well, he has caused all manner of other changes in my body, why not this. I’m worried, I think he’s
pregnant again.
That should be impossible. His body shouldn’t be fertile yet.

And yet, I feel a tiny new chi. Is it possible that his injuries messed up his system so that it didn’t shut down properly? The same way it maybe caused multiple eggs? Can you come check him today at some point?

Have you talked to him?

He thinks I’m being paranoid.

Very well. Summon me when he’s ready. It would be disrespectful for me to show up without his consent.

Vegeta changed Oona and placed her in her warm crib. He closed it up so nothing would wake her, showered, and wheeled them down the hall toward Zeba’s chambers where she and Piccolo had crashed the night before. He crept into their room, finding them entwined, but fast asleep. He curled against Piccolo’s other side. His demon cracked an eye and kissed Vegeta hard before they both dropped off to sleep.

Vegeta woke with the double ache in his pectorals, milk streaming down his skin, and he saw that Piccolo was feeding Oona and Vende. Kohan was fussing, but not so loudly that Zeba had woken, so Vegeta quickly put their boy to his nipple. He found a bottle in all the accoutrements stocked in the cabinets beneath the crib and he held it around his other spraying nipple as Piccolo chortled quietly. He passed Vende to Vegeta and the baby hungrily latched onto Vegeta. Piccolo finished nursing Oona, then kissed Zeba and murmured that he was getting up. She nodded and his demon gestured for Vegeta to move himself and the babies back to Vegeta’s chambers.

Once they were in Vegeta’s room, he said, “Dende is going to come today.”

“They seem fine.”

“I know, I’m worried about you. It was agony when I pulled out of you the other night. You know what that means. Please just humor me. Let him check.”

Piccolo held Vegeta’s face, kissing him over Vende and Kohan. “If it will help you worry less, then yes, I will let him check. When?”

“He said to summon him, which feels profoundly rude.”

Piccolo chuckled and was silent for a moment, obviously communing with Dende. “He’ll be here shortly, so I don’t think I have time to take the edge off, my prince.”

Vegeta blushed and looked away. He put the babies back in their cribs. Then he let Piccolo hold him as he felt sleep tugging at him. He muttered, “I think Zeba is right, these next few months are going to be rough. How are you not getting woken by your milk?”

“I don’t think I’m as prolific as you. At least not yet, but as I nurse them more, I may get more. Believe me, this is as confusing and new for me as it is for you. I had no idea this would even happen. I guess Dende thought we would know.”

“I did, I keep forgetting that you have never been around Namekian families. Since you knew about your theadur, I just assumed you’d know about lactating,” Dende said as he came in through the balcony doors. “Lay back on the bed, Piccolo.”

Piccolo did as he was told, though he grumbled, “Twelve weeks isn’t even close to a year, so I
sincerely hope that I’m not pregnant again.”

Dende pressed his hands to Piccolo’s taut abdomen, now back to its muscle-ridged self. Vegeta knew the answer just watching the young Kami’s face. He muttered, “Well, fuck. What are we going to do?”

Dende removed his hands and held his head in his hands. “This should not be possible. Kai above, Vegeta, what kind of sperm are you packing?”


Piccolo’s face had dropped. He said, “No, you can’t be serious. I thought…I thought I was safe.”

“You should have been! How could I have known that Saiyan sperm would induce early fertility after giving birth. It’s been three months, you should have had four times this long! Oh Kais, how many times, Vegeta? I can’t sense more than one egg, but I missed it last time. How many times did he come?”

Vegeta had a hand over his mouth. “Just after I came inside him, right?”

“Not necessarily, but how many back orgasms did he have?”

Vegeta stammered, “Just the one, I think, just the one when I came too.”

“Stay out of his theadur for today, just to be sure, Vegeta. I don’t want to do another labor like that. That was terrifying.”

“Yeah, no shit. Fuck me. Thank you for coming, Dende.”

Dende looked dazed as he nodded. “I’ll be back in a few days to check on you, Piccolo.”

Piccolo sat up. He and Vegeta watched the Kami go. Piccolo turned to Vegeta and he smirked. He kissed Vegeta, holding his face. “Gods, Vegeta, is there any part of you that isn’t excessively strong?”

Vegeta chortled into his demon’s mouth. “Fuck, I’m sorry, Piccolo. I knew I shouldn’t’ve listened to you and your nonsense. We better get some of those dickbags immediately after this next pregnancy.”

“Agreed. Shit. Poor Zeba. This is going to overwhelm her even more.”

“What’s going to overwhelm me?” she said, walking into the room, rubbing her eyes sleepily, wearing only a thin robe.

They told her their news and she said, “Sweet Kami, Vegeta, I’m not even sure condoms will help with your ridiculous sperm. No more after this. I’m going to have my tubes tied and I don’t know if that’s possible for Piccolo, or I guess maybe Vegeta should have a vasectomy, but I’m pretty sure six children is more than enough.”

“It’s about four more than I bargained for,” Vegeta said drily. He was exhausted. He flopped onto his back and Piccolo and Zeba laid down on either side of him. She caressed his nipple and he gasped at the level of sensation. He didn’t know if it was because of the constant sucking they were experiencing, or hormonal changes, but it felt phenomenal and his dick went rigid.

Piccolo kissed his mouth, murmuring, “Want to be our cream filling?”
“But the babies…” Vegeta said, between gasps, as Piccolo pulled his prick out of his shorts.

His demon stroked him roughly and rasped, “They’re sound asleep, Vegeta. We just nursed them, we have a little time.”

“I’m so tired…” Vegeta said, but he knew that didn’t matter.

Zeba laid on her back, opening her robe, placing his hand on her pussy. “We were just talking about your ass while we fucked.”

Vegeta pinched her clit, then massaged it in tight circles until she was writhing. Vegeta crawled between her legs. Piccolo was behind him, reaching around to twist his nipples, making Vegeta cry out. “Kami, Piccolo, don’t make me come immediately, you aren't even inside me yet.”

Then he felt lube drip into his ass, Piccolo’s fingers slipping inside him as he opened eagerly for his demon. He pushed into Zeba unceremoniously, hungry for them both, but so exhausted that he didn’t have any real foreplay in him. She groaned as he sank himself to the hilt in her pussy, still slick with Piccolo’s giz. Then he felt the fullness of Piccolo’s tip penetrating him. He withdrew from Zeba some to give Piccolo entrance, then both men thrust forward, Piccolo pushing deep inside Vegeta as Vegeta thrust powerfully into Zeba, making her cry out. They rippled together slowly at first, then faster and faster until Piccolo shouted, “Fuck, fuck, I’m coming.” Feeling his demon spurt in his core set Vegeta off and he came deep inside Zeba.

She begged, “Fuck, don’t stop yet, Vegeta, I’m so close!” He didn’t stop, nor did Piccolo, and then he felt her seize on him, clenching tightly. He groaned and slowly withdrew his thrusts. Then his nipples began to ache and as they brushed against Zeba he felt the new and unmistakeable feeling of his milk letting down.

He pulled out quickly, shoving Piccolo off him as he shouted, “Shit, shit, shit…” But it was too late, he had dripped milk on her. She and Piccolo both looked bewildered. He said, “Well, I can’t help it.”

“What are you talking about?” she asked, absently wiping at the milk as Piccolo bent and licked it off her.

“I didn’t mean to leak on you.”

Piccolo raised an eyebrow and said, “I guess I can’t speak for Zeba, but I don’t give a fuck about that. I figure milk is going to be a part of our lovemaking for at least a couple years.” He kissed Vegeta deeply. “Remember we love you, my prince. That hasn’t changed.”

Vegeta turned away. “Tch. It’s strange to have no control at all over something my body does.”

Zeba said, “I don’t care. I hardly noticed. I like how sensitive it makes your nipples. I’ve never gotten that reaction out of a little nipple-play before. And I love the sandwich, for the record.”

Piccolo curled behind Vegeta again, kissing the side of his neck and his ear, “Gods, yes, me too. Did you enjoy that, my prince?”

“I think so. I was distracted. I’m tired. And I didn’t want to get milk on you.”

Piccolo sucked on his neck and then roughly pinned him on the bed, sucking each nipple until Vegeta was writhing, begging him to stop and to never stop. Piccolo growled, “Stop worrying about every fucking thing, Vegeta. We’re all going to be fine.” Then he roughly jerked Vegeta off.
Vegeta cried out as he came all over his own belly. He liked the rough way Piccolo handled him. Liked the sucking too, though now he began to worry about his milk supply for the babies. Piccolo squeezed his nipple and milk squirted into the air. “You’re good, Vegeta, I’m not an efficient suckler like our little demons.”

He cleaned off Vegeta’s belly. Zeba was already dozing. Vegeta’s chest ached and he saw milk dripping from Piccolo now too. They rinsed off quickly, threw on shorts, and then pulled the three infants out for another feeding. Piccolo levitated, cross-legged with Vende, while Vegeta sighed with relief as he did the same with Oona and Kohan. “Is it strange that I love this? I feel so close to the little parasites.”

Piccolo gave him a half-smile. “No, it’s not weird. I do too. I’m delighted that my pheromones worked on you so that you could experience this. I think if Zeba weren’t pregnant, she’d be able to nurse too.”

“I wonder if we’ll be able to nurse her babies or if it’s the wrong kind of milk.”

Piccolo chuckled. “You can find a way to worry about almost anything. We’ll be able to nurse them as well. But by then we’ll be feeding six, so we might not be able to eat enough to keep up with it.”

Kohan opened his eyes for the first time and looked up at Vegeta with big, dark, eyes. Vegeta felt his breath catch as he whispered, “Piccolo, look, he’s awake.” Piccolo leaned over and Kohan’s dark eyes traveled to Piccolo’s face. He held a clawed hand over his mouth.

“Gods, I can’t believe we made such perfect babies,” he choked out. Then Oona’s eyes popped open. She looked back and forth between them. Her little hand moved jerkily around. Piccolo held his free hand out and she grasped his finger, giving it a big squeeze before pulling it toward her mouth. Vende stayed asleep in Piccolo’s arms, and Vegeta thought it was just as well, given how the love he felt at that moment for just two was breaking him. He leaned against Piccolo’s shoulders and Kohan nuzzled back in and nursed more. Oona gummed Piccolo’s finger contentedly and his demon laughed, retracting his claws to avoid cutting her.
Within days, Piccolo was showing. Zeba had begun to show too. Her morning sickness had abated so she felt good. Vegeta hungered constantly for Piccolo’s tهددر، trying to sneak multiple lovemaking sessions into every day. Zeba got in on the action anyway she could, and Vegeta and Piccolo made extra effort to make sure she didn’t feel left out as it became increasingly painful for Vegeta to pull out of Piccolo. By the fourth day, he was back to sleeping with his dick inside Piccolo, which was complicated by nursing the babies. As a result, Vegeta sometimes fucked Piccolo multiple times per night, quickly and quietly, though once or twice he had simply pushed his half-hard dick back inside Piccolo after an exhausted nursing session.

Piccolo only got up for one night nursing session. His milk was less uncomfortable and Vegeta wanted him to sleep longer. Vegeta’s days were a blur of tired training, now only with Gohan, interspersed with feeding. ChiChi had been unable to follow through on her threat to resurrect Zeba’s family and fiancé because she had used them to resurrect Frieza. It annoyed Vegeta how long it took him to put that fact together, but it didn’t ease Zeba’s longterm fears.

One day, she and Vegeta were alone, having taken the babies out for some sunshine while Piccolo napped. The triplets were rolling around, gnawing on their own feet in the grass on the lawn. Vegeta said, “Is there going to be any more nonsense during Piccolo’s labor this time? He’ll go soon and I can’t deal with you being angry at us again. I’m too exhausted. His labor alone is going to take me to the brink. So if you have shit you want to air, could you please do so now?”

She looked injured, but he was too tired to be more delicate. She said, “No. I don’t know why ChiChi got to me that day. I guess I do get jealous of you two, but I also love you both more than anything. It’s a weird combination of things. I know I shouldn’t be jealous, because you’re definitely right, I can’t keep up with either of you. Sometimes though, I wake up in the night and I watch you nurse the babies, then you come and you fuck him so passionately, so sweetly, and then you both just collapse together, and I feel this ache for that, for that closeness. Like you guys are a real family and I’m just a side piece.”

Vegeta crawled above her, kissing her softly, ripping her clothes off faster than her eyes could see. He whispered against her lips, “I don’t know how to make you know that we love you too. But we do. I do.” He glanced at the babies, who remained happily in the grass. He bent to take her with his mouth, sucking her clit until she clawed at his hair, begging him to make her come. He curled two fingers inside her, reaching for her pleasure and she clenched on him suddenly. She gasped his name as he slid inside her. He held her hips and pulled her onto his lap. He thrust into while she laid back until she was gasping and twitching, then he brought her body up to his, kissing her breasts and up to her mouth. “Let me love you, Zeba. Love me. Gods, I just want you to love me,” he gasped as he came in sync with her.

She caught her breath. He glanced at the babies. They were all asleep in the grass. He grimaced, knowing he had missed the window to feed them before they slept and his chest had begun to ache already. He sighed and gave Zeba his t-shirt, which covered her. She said softly, “You think I don’t love you?”

He scrubbed his hand over his face. “Sometimes I think you do, but mostly, no, I don’t.”

“Kami, Vegeta, how long have you felt this way?”

“Always, I guess, if I’m being honest.”
"Why? How? I’m carrying your child."

He shrugged. "I know, and I’m delighted, but I can’t help but feel you resent me more than you care for me."

"Why would I resent you?"

"Piccolo."

"Because of how you are with him?"

"Because of how you wish to be with him."

"I love Piccolo, and I love watching you with Piccolo."

"I can’t help but notice you’re not saying it."

"I do love you, Vegeta, but I feel like you never forgave me after the business with ChiChi."

"Tch. Of course you would think that. Because you’ve never forgiven yourself."

She sat for a long time and said, “Yeah, I guess you’re right. But part of that is because I don’t know that I deserve forgiveness. What the hell sort of person almost poisons her partner because she’s so afraid of her family and her boyfriend coming back? I’m a monster, Vegeta. That’s all I can think: what a weak, cowardly monster I am. And that I never should’ve been with either of you so soon, but then I can’t imagine my life any other way. I think if I’d met you, even if I were married to Gen, I think...I think I would have left him for you. And that makes me feel like a piece of shit.”

Vegeta tilted her chin up to look at him. He was so uncomfortable now that part of him just wanted this to end so he could feed his babies. He whispered, “Let it go, Zeba. Let Gen go. None of us can know what would have happened without Gen or Bulma dying, but I do know what we have now, and it’s not worth sacrificing for some dead people, even if they eventually come back. If Gen really loved you, he wouldn’t have expected you to live your life alone.” He kissed her and got up.

He levitated as he put a sleepy Oona and Kohan on his dripping nipples, trying not to groan with the relief of the pressure. She kissed him and picked up the shreds of her clothes. “Someday you’ve got to learn to undress me properly.”

He smirked and said, “Never, woman.” They talked more, quietly discussing her lingering confusion about her own feelings. They reassured each other of their love, and Vegeta successfully fed all three infants without waking them. He said, “Come on, I better get them inside.”

She picked up Oona and kissed her forehead. Vegeta felt the same happy heartache he felt seeing Piccolo handle his young, and told her so. She blushed. He scooped up her and the three babies and flew to their balcony. He set her down with a kiss and put the babies in their cribs. Piccolo was stretched on his side on the bed, fast asleep. His belly was distended, but nowhere near as large as it had been the last time.

Zeba whispered, “I’m going to go put in some time at the GR before I get any bigger. I love you, my sweet Saiyan.”

Once she was gone, Vegeta settled gently behind Piccolo. He ran his hand lightly over Piccolo’s belly. He kissed Piccolo’s shoulder, closing his eyes, and then he heard his demon’s rumbling voice, “How are the babies? Sorry I’ve been so tired. It’s obvious to me why normal Namekian
bodies do not allow this nonsense for a year.”

Vegeta rubbed Piccolo’s stomach more vigorously, knowing that his demon had been uncomfortable since the day before. “I’m sorry I did this to you again. Kami, I should have listened to my gut when it was telling me to pull out.”

“You and I both know that pulling out is not a viable option. Zeba already got us condoms, so we’ll be okay. And she said she’s getting some kind of semi-permanent birth control. I think you might have to have a vasectomy though.” When Vegeta asked what it was and Piccolo explained, his demon laughed at his facial expression. “You can at least have anesthetic. If I do it, I’ll just have to tough it out.”

“There’s no need for you to do it if Zeba can stop her own fertility somehow. I’m the biggest problem, so I should do it.”

Piccolo looked downcast. “I suppose. It’s hard to imagine not being able to have more if we want them.”

Vegeta sat up to kiss his distended belly. “I’ll see if you’re still singing that tune after your next labor.”

“One egg will be like a cake walk after three.”

“Mmm…well, we’ll see. I’m still worried about you.”

Piccolo kissed him and said, “Of course you are. Do I have time to have my way with you before the kids need to eat again? I should probably feed them. I finally see what you mean about getting uncomfortable, letting you take three feedings in a row was a mistake.”

“I just fed them, but they’re voracious, so you can feed them now if you’d like to relieve some pressure before having your way with me. But either way, I was hoping you were in the mood.”

“Smells like you just had a go with Zeba.”

“That’s never stopped me before.”

As if on cue, Oona began fussing. Piccolo heaved his ungainly form up out of the bed. His demon scooped Oona up and Vegeta felt the now familiar pleasant ache in his heart. Piccolo brought her back to the bed, and the other two must’ve smelled the milk, because they immediately began to complain. Vegeta swept Vende and Kohan up in his arms and they struggled to reach the milk that had begun leaking out of him the moment Oona began crying.

He nestled next to Piccolo, telling him what had passed with Zeba. Piccolo grumbled, “I wish you two would get over your dumb shit.”

“Tch, I’m doing my best. I’m exhausted though, so I’m not as…well, fuck, I barely have any emotional skills when I’m well-rested—“

“When have you ever been well-rested, Vegeta?”

“Probably when I came to Earth the first time.”

Piccolo chuckled. “I know you’re doing your best. I think she is too. Strange that when I began this I thought she would be the nexus of our threesome, but it’s you.”
Vegeta snorted. “It’s you, Piccolo. You’re the one neither of us can give up.”

“I’m not going to fight with you, my prince. Gods, I hate being fat. Oona, are you still hungry?” He switched her to his other nipple and he said, “How are you eating enough to keep up with these three? I’m obviously only built to nurse one.”

Vegeta smirked and said, “Apparently I’m a regular wet-nurse. Gods but I love these little creatures, though. I never imagined such love was possible. Here, did she get enough from you?” Vegeta took Oona and put her in rotation with the other two.

“Yes, I think so. How do you have more? Didn’t you just feed them?”

“Gods if I know. It’s great when they’re hungry, but yesterday they slept for two hours and I had to milk myself like a damned cow into bottles to relieve some of the pressure it was so awful.”

Piccolo leaned and kissed him over the three infants. As they continued kissing, Vegeta whispered, “Let me put them down.” He took them one at a time and laid them in their cribs, all three staying sound asleep. When he turned, Piccolo’s eyes were intense in the late afternoon light. Vegeta said, “What?”

His demon pulled him roughly down on the bed. “You know what. I love watching you with them. It still shocks me a little every time. Just like the thrill I feel when you’re such a careful lover. It seems at odds with the image of yourself you project to the world, like you save it, just for us, for your pod.”

“Tch, naturally. I can’t have every idiot knowing that I’m good in bed and an incredible wet-nurse, where would the demand stop?” he said against Piccolo’s lips as he let his fingers tease his theadur. “Or perhaps it’s just that you bring it out in me.”

Piccolo slid his hands down Vegeta’s back, clasping his ass in his big green hands, but Vegeta felt his demon’s fingers trailing up to do something they had never dared before. Vegeta pulled back from kissing his demon to watch his face. Then Piccolo’s gentle fingers were tracing the scar where his tail had been removed.

The sensation was bizarre, not quite that of having a phantom tail, but like the nerves remembered the eroticism of previous lovers that had stroked his tail, knowing that it was extremely sensitive, for better or worse, depending on who was doing the touching, and why. Piccolo ran his forefinger around the edge, kissing Vegeta with his eyes open. “This okay? Or terrible? I’ve been thinking about it, wondering how it would feel ever since the babies hatched with their adorable little tails.”

Vegeta murmured, still with his mouth on Piccolo’s, “I don’t know yet. It’s strange. Not terrible, maybe with potential to be pleasant, but it’s…it’s very sensitive.”

Piccolo pulled his fingers away from it. “I’ll stop.”

“No, don’t stop. I’ll tell you if it’s bad.”

He ran his fingers down Vegeta’s spine and along the upper edge of the scar, as if he were stroking a cat. Vegeta, like a cat, involuntarily lifted his ass toward the petting, gasping as Piccolo’s fingers circled the scar again, this time lightly running over the heart of the scar, which was about the circumference of a mandarin orange. Piccolo said, “When you had it, was it erogenous?”

Vegeta gasped more as Piccolo massaged it. “Gods, yes, but it was a huge weakness too. It made no sense to have anything feel so much: erotic and painful all at once.”
“Kind of a like our dicks, really—a weakness and the best thing ever. We just don’t swing them around in battle.”

“There was a reason we usually kept them tightly wrapped around our waists. If we’d had any fucking sense, they would’ve been inside our uniforms. We just weren’t used to anyone being strong enough to get them. Or to understand how much of our power was rooted in it. Kami, Piccolo, can I fuck you while you do that?”

“Please do,” his demon growled in his ear. Piccolo’s hands were large enough he could grip Vegeta’s narrow hips and push his fingertips against the scar.

Vegeta thrust slowly and deeply into Piccolo’s themadur and he felt the distinct slippery feeling of Piccolo’s moisturizer coming in as he pumped his hips faster and faster. The intensity of his building orgasm was almost paralyzing as his demon kept working the scar like it was his asshole. Piccolo pushed Vegeta back until he was sitting on his haunches, then he straddled Vegeta, slamming up and down hard on him as he took Vegeta over the threshold of his orgasm with the scar. He tried to keep his voice down as he hissed, “Gods, my demon, I can’t…I can’t handle it…”

He rammed himself hard into Piccolo, as they rose up into the lightning cloud they’d created. Piccolo moaned and the glow erupted across his skin as he began seizing on Vegeta’s achingly hard dick. Then Vegeta came so hard he felt the muscles deep in his ass cramp. He pushed his mouth against Piccolo’s pec, biting him and feeling the spray of milk, moving his mouth down to take Piccolo’s nipple in his mouth.

Piccolo rasped, “Fuck yes, Vegeta, fuck me, my love!” Vegeta kept thrusting, taking Piccolo’s dick in his hand and setting him off almost immediately. They crushed their mouths together, Piccolo’s fangs slashing Vegeta’s lips as they stifled each other’s cries of ecstasy to avoid waking the triplets. Piccolo gave Vegeta’s scar a few final strokes, making Vegeta moan.

But it was too much noise, and Vegeta heard Kohan begin to fuss. He closed his eyes tightly, willing the boy back to sleep. He didn’t want Kohan to wake the other two so he whispered. “Sorry, my demon,” and he pulled out. Piccolo winced and bit his own hand to avoid making more noise. Vegeta doubled over, feeling as if someone had lightly kicked his nuts. He pulled Kohan out of his crib and the boy immediately quieted.

His demon grumbled, “Fuck, Vegeta, what are we going to do, we have two to three more days and it’s already terrible when you pull out. Should we just stop?”

Those words felt like another kick in the nuts and Piccolo saw. “I don’t want to stop, that isn’t what I meant.”

“Fuck your pheromones, my demon, even those words feel physically painful. What in the hell kind of magic do your people possess? It’s no wonder the fertility is stopped during the infancy of your young, this is very logistically challenging.”

“Maybe if you were a little less virile, hmmm?”

Vegeta kissed his smirking mouth. “You don’t really want that.”

“No, I don’t.”

Kohan started rooting around and Vegeta said, “Kami, child, how are you this hungry? I fed you not thirty minutes ago. Is Dende coming today to check on you? Or tomorrow? I want him to check them for parasites. I’m constantly starving. I can’t keep up with them.”
“Yes, he’ll be here around dinner this evening.”

The other two joined Kohan and Vegeta fed all three before stuffing his face and dropping into bed, sleep taking him immediately.

The eighth day of Piccolo’s pregnancy. Vegeta woke, deep in Piccolo’s theadur, dreading the imminent fussing of the triplets. He was in a puddle of milk and his pecs ached like he had taken a kamemeha directly without blocking. Piccolo groaned in his sleep. Zeba was wrapped around Piccolo’s front and Vegeta heard her yawn and stretch. Oona was the first to complain and Zeba sprang out of bed; her slightly rounded belly hadn’t yet affected her mobility despite being nearly four months into her own pregnancy.

Vegeta watched with slitted eyes as she swung Oona up to kiss her tiny nose. She whispered, “You little scamp! I know you ate an hour ago! Can’t you let your daddy sleep? What about a bottle with your mommy? How does that sound?” Zeba cradled the tiny baby and went to the fridge where Vegeta had been storing bottles of overflow.

The ache in his chest made him want to say something, but it was pleasant to stay in his demon, to let Zeba bond with their offspring. Oona guzzled one bottle, then another. And another. Zeba chortled as she got out the fourth. “Just like your daddy! Where are you putting all of this milk?”

After six bottles, Oona burped heartily, filled her diaper, and began to gnaw Zeba’s finger while Zeba changed her. Zeba put her on her belly on the playmat near the healing pod and hurried over to Vende, who had now started to fuss. Vegeta whispered, “Zeba, can you bring him to me? I’m exploding.”

She did and stooped to kiss him. “Of course, my love. Oh dear, you want a towel?”

Vegeta nodded, sighing as Vende latched on. Dende had told Vegeta that his life would be this for at least the first six months, that things might get easier once Piccolo wasn’t pregnant so they could alternate. Vegeta had snapped about his excessive milk production and Dende had hidden his smile behind a diminutive green hand as he said, “Apparently you are just good at producing all fluids related to reproduction.”

A moment later, Zeba brought Kohan to him and he groaned, awkwardly contorting himself to nurse them both while staying inside Piccolo. He felt Piccolo’s lubricant come in the night before and hoped desperately that his mate would sleep straight through until he went into labor. The previous day Piccolo had been so uncomfortable that he’d been crabby and snappy, taking only one feeding with the triplets, which was fine for Vegeta’s chest, but hard to keep himself in Piccolo while caring for triplets, especially since Zeba had been working long hours in the GR to prepare for the not too distant future where she wouldn’t be able to do the more physical labor. Vegeta had been helping her until the previous day when Piccolo needed him full time.

It felt amazing to have the babies delivered so he didn’t have to negotiate pulling out, settling Piccolo down, then warming him back up to get back inside his demon to appease him. He felt his heavy eyelids pulling him toward sleep. Zeba whispered, “You want me to bring Oona for a turn or did the boys drain you enough that you’re comfortable?”

Vegeta’s left pec still felt like it was on fire. “You better bring her, if she has any room left.”

“That girl always has room.”
Vegeta had just finished nursing Oona when Piccolo awoke with an agonized groan. Vegeta had felt smaller, internal contractions as the end of Piccolo’s theadur’s end softened, but this was obviously the first hard contraction. He reached around and clutched Piccolo’s taut belly. Piccolo held his hand and choked out, “Gods, Vegeta, I can’t do it again.”

“Yes you can. It’s just the one this time. It’ll be nothing. Zeba’s here, the triplets just ate. I’m with you. In you. I’ll call Dende and we’ll be through this before you know it.” Vegeta’s confidence wasn’t all bluster, though he felt the weight of his exhaustion. He mentally called out to Dende who said that he was already on his way. The intense sense of competence that had filled Vegeta before came back like a tsunami and he kissed Piccolo’s shoulder. “I think I should pull out and start helping you through your contractions. Are you ready?”

Piccolo shook his head. “I can get through a few more without you.”

Vegeta didn’t like that at all, so he held Piccolo against himself and sat upright, seating his much larger lover in his lap. Then he could reach around and grip his stomach while remaining snugly inside his demon. Piccolo gave an exhausted chuckle. “Well played, Vegeta. Maybe with you I can get through this.” Vegeta glanced at Zeba and was relieved to see that her eyes glittered with mirth and she was snapping pictures of them in their position. Piccolo used his hands to cover his dick as he growled playfully, “You better not sell those to the tabloids, Zeba.”

She came over and kissed him, running her hands over his stomach. The triplets were squirming around in their play area. They were making more noises, but were still mostly sleeping, eating, shitting machines and Vegeta was grateful that they weren’t more mobile. He growled, holding firm against a massive contraction, “Zeba, can you be in charge of bringing them to me when they need nursing?”

She nodded. “Of course, at least then I’m useful. I’ll bring you food too or they’ll suck you dry, like little lampreys.”

“Gods, yes. I could really use a huge thing of water right now.”

Dende arrived just as Vegeta began guzzling water and stuffing a mountain of fruit and oatmeal into his mouth between Piccolo’s contractions. The young Kami tried to hide his laughter at Vegeta’s solution to Piccolo’s request. “Piccolo, I need to examine you, so I think the time has come.”

“Fuck. Okay. Let me get through this next contraction.” He took several fast breaths and then Vegeta felt his body try to rip itself in half. Vegeta was grateful for his superior strength, wondering what weaker mates did for their Namekian partners.

Then Piccolo said, “Okay, do it, Vegeta. I’m ready.”

Vegeta lifted Piccolo off of his lap and onto the bed, recoiling from his own agony and Piccolo’s shriek of pain. Zeba was behind Vegeta, wrapping her arms around him and kissing his temple. “You’re okay. You’re doing great.” The gesture surprised and pleased Vegeta and he held her arms tightly as Piccolo shifted in the bed so Dende could feel his stomach. Then the part Vegeta dreaded.

Dende didn’t bother to consult Piccolo, he said, “Vegeta, you okay? I still need to check his theadur.”

Vegeta nodded, trying to be stalwart, but he met Piccolo’s eyes as Dende opened his theadur and his gorge rose. Vegeta raced to the bathroom, breaking free from Zeba. He vomited and regretted
the enormous meal he’d just eaten. He was glad for his lightning fast digestion, as only the tail end of the meal remained. He drank straight from the tap, splashed his face and called, “Is it done?”

“It’s done,” Dende shouted.

Vegeta emerged and settled in next to Piccolo, helping him through another monstrous contraction. Dende’s eyes were wide with disbelief. Vegeta growled, “What? Why do you have that look on your face? Gods, please, please, please not another multiple. He’s not big enough, right?”

The Kami sighed. “I think there’s two.”

“Fuck,” Vegeta and Piccolo groaned in unison.

Vegeta practically wept as he said, “But I didn’t. I didn’t make him come more than once.”

“Did you make him come before you ejaculated in his theadur?”

Vegeta felt a sob erupt out of him. “Not a back orgasm, at least I don’t think so…I don’t know. I don’t know! We didn’t know he could get pregnant.”

Piccolo hissed, “Well, it’s too late to worry about it now. Let’s get these fucking eggs out. Sweet Kami, Vegeta, who knew your nuts were as powerful as the rest of you?”

“I'm sorry, my demon, I'm so sorry.”

Piccolo labored, and requested a baby to feed, saying he was aching from too much milk. He groaned, “Zeba, can you hold one of them on me? Vegeta, prop me up.”

They managed to feed Vende that way, even through contractions, though the baby’s big, dark eyes looked up in wonder as Piccolo made a low noise of misery with every contraction. Zeba put him in his crib, then retrieved Oona and Kohan. She and Dende each held one on Vegeta while he tried to focus on Piccolo. He was deeply relieved when they were finished and he felt like he could focus on something other than the pressure in his chest.

The labor was shorter this time, and eighteen hours in, Dende said, “It's time to push the first one out, Piccolo. Vegeta, you remember how to keep the two separate while he pushes, right?”

Vegeta nodded briskly, kissed Piccolo, and said, “You’re doing great, my demon.” Vegeta rued his milk then, his chest aching, but all three babies and Zeba were sound asleep. He rapidly wrapped a length of sheet around his chest so he wouldn't be spraying Piccolo with milk the whole time he tried to push an egg out.

Vegeta had never been so grateful for the soundproof cribs as he was as Piccolo’s agonized cries ripped through the room. Zeba, exhausted by baby management and her own pregnancy, slept through it. Vegeta felt tears threaten at the thought that it would take four hours like it had before. He held it together, reminding Piccolo to ease.

The egg made its slow, painful way down Piccolo’s sheath, and after a horrendously long three hours, Dende called Vegeta to handle the final pull. He encouraged Piccolo and his exhausted lover begged him to just rip the thing out of him. Vegeta gripped the fragile egg close to Piccolo’s abused theadur and managed to do just that. Piccolo gasped and began to cry happy tears of relief
as he said, “Oh fuck, thank you. Thank you, my prince. I don’t know how I’m going to do another, but sweet Kami, let’s hope there’s just one more.”

The babies had slept the longest they’d ever slept, nearing four hours, and Vegeta’s chest had become unbearable. He choked out, “Sorry, my demon, I have to feed them or I’m going to explode.”

“Kami, Vegeta, of course. I’m sorry, I lost track of everything but surviving. Go, Dende can spell you a couple contractions.”

Dende took Vegeta’s place. Vegeta put the egg in the prepared incubator. Then he scooped two sleeping babies up to his unwrapped chest, throwing the sopping wrap into the shower. He groaned at the blissful relief of having them voraciously drain his chest. Vende fell asleep and Vegeta swapped Kohan in, begging the child to be starving. Oona ate and ate and ate and Vegeta thanked her quietly. Kohan also ate vigorously and after twenty minutes, Vegeta felt like he could survive the second birth.

Piccolo was propped up on his elbows, Dende applying pressure, but obviously barely able to hold his own against Piccolo’s muscles. Vegeta gently moved the Kami, who was soaked with sweat and trembling, and returned to his position by Piccolo’s side. Piccolo sighed contentedly once Vegeta’s hands were back on him. Then he fell asleep in between contractions and Vegeta whispered, “Please tell me there’s just the two. I can’t bear to pull anything out of him. That was terrible.”

“I’m pretty certain, but it’s surprisingly hard to read. He doesn’t look large enough to have three again, but I don’t want to give you false hope. How do you two keep up such a ridiculous pace?”

Vegeta smirked. “Why, Dende, are you jealous?”

Dende’s cheeks reddened and he said, “I just…I never had lovers before I came to be Kami.”

“Don’t give up hope yet, little Namekian, you never know when some crazy, psychopathic Saiyan will fall in love with you.”

Dende laughed, then another contraction brought Piccolo back awake. The second egg only took two and a half hours. Piccolo was in tears for the final hour, but he laughed with relief when Dende called Vegeta to finish the labor. Piccolo begged Vegeta and he managed to assist his demon again. He cleaned the egg and put it in the incubator. Piccolo fell back, exhausted and Vegeta turned away as Dende examined him, cheering, “You’re done! Nothing else and no tearing at all thanks to your expert easing.”

Piccolo laughed weakly, “Thank Kami, I couldn’t do another. Vegeta, they okay?”

“They’re perfect, my demon, but I need to nurse or I’m going to die.”

That was the longest night of Vegeta’s life, because the triplets didn’t know or care that he had been awake for over twenty-four hours helping to bring their siblings into the world. They only knew they were starving and that one long nap had meant they wanted to eat even more frequently the following day. Vegeta propped them on Piccolo twice in the night to make sure he didn’t become so uncomfortable that he awoke. Vegeta kept cycling his ice, also in an effort to keep his demon’s pain from waking him. Zeba woke once and said, “Kami, Vegeta, let me take a shift, there’s enough bottles, right?”

“Yes, but I can’t, I get too full. But thank you. Just rest. You’ll need it. We have about twelve
Vegeta felt the twelve weeks slip away from him. He managed, barely clinging to consciousness half the time, even skipping training a few days. Things eased a little once Piccolo recovered, but his demon couldn’t keep up with three infant Saiyan appetites, and the few feedings where he did, Vegeta was so uncomfortable that he woke up anyway. The bulk of the childcare fell on Vegeta’s shoulders. Zeba was growing rapidly and by the time the twelve weeks had passed, she was very visibly pregnant and getting uncomfortable with her size. Luckily the doctor thought that both babies were developing at the same rate, so they wouldn’t have to improvise a plan for one baby trying to be born before the other was finished. Vegeta was silently counting down the days until thirty-six weeks, when the doctor said it would be safe, if not ideal, for her to go into labor.

Adding to all of it was Vegeta’s terror of Piccolo’s theadur. They had run a test drive of the condoms in Piccolo’s ass, and they held firm, but Vegeta feared that the theadur would work some mysterious Namekian magic. He knew he needed to do a vasectomy, but both Zeba and Piccolo were strangely opposed to it.

Vegeta was dozing on the floor next to the triplets’ cribs when Piccolo came in and squatted next to him. It had been twelve weeks, so Vegeta knew the hatching could be any day, but he was just so tired. Piccolo picked him up and put him in bed, kissing him softly. “Oh, my prince, how are you going to survive?”

“Same way I always have, by enduring suffering. The nursing is my atonement for not having to labor.”

Piccolo kissed him more and Vegeta ached to fuck him hard, deep in his velvety sheath, with nothing between them, but Vegeta knew this was one of the theadur’s wiles. He couldn’t stop thinking about it though. He burrowed into his demon’s neck and breathed deep, staying his urge to cry. Piccolo ran his hands over Vegeta, and Vegeta felt better, like Piccolo had healed him somehow. Eventually he pulled back and looked into Piccolo’s dark eyes. “Are the eggs hatching?”

“No, not yet. Gohan is with them now. Zeba is working on the GR to avoid how miserable she is.”

“Sorry, my demon, nothing but whiny, pouty lovers for you, I guess.”

Piccolo smirked. “Well earned whining on both counts.”

Piccolo surprised him then, tearing his clothes off. They hadn’t been able to manage their usual pace of lovemaking due to Vegeta’s exhaustion and superstitious beliefs about Piccolo's body. Piccolo growled, “I brought condoms and I won't take no for an answer. You haven't been in my sheath since they were born and I can’t take it anymore. I’ve been dreaming about you constantly.”

Vegeta felt Piccolo slip the condom onto his rock-hard dick, and he protested, “No, my demon, I can’t bear it if…if…”

“Vegeta, please, I love you, I need you.” Then Piccolo was on him, riding him. Vegeta hoped that the condom wouldn’t effect how good it felt, but he would be lying to himself and his demon if he said that were true. The electric connection between them just wasn't there and he saw immediately that Piccolo felt it too. His demon swore and pulled off, ripped the condom off, and dropped his
body back onto Vegeta.

Vegeta grappled with him, “No, Piccolo! No!” He tried to shove the bigger man off, but he didn’t want to hurt him and it felt so fucking good. So he devolved into slamming Piccolo up and down on his shaft, groaning, “No, no, no…I’m pulling out, you hear me, my demon?”

“Do what you have to do,” Piccolo growled, grazing his fangs down Vegeta’s neck.

The long hiatus since his last time fucking Piccolo’s sheath meant that Vegeta was coming too quickly. He held himself back as long as he could, but then he cried out and ripped out of Piccolo, spraying all over the glow of his mate’s skin as it blinked out. He immediately thrust his hand into Piccolo and brought his demon to climax, but he knew it wasn’t the same and he was ashamed of himself. He pulled Piccolo’s head to his, apologizing mentally as the anguish of pulling out washed over him. He gasped, “Fuck, my demon, what are we going to do? Does Dende have any ideas? Surely Namekians must have a way of dealing with this problem.”

Piccolo was still grimacing, adjusting his body as if he’d been beaten instead of fucked. “I asked him earlier and he said Namekians aren’t as virile as you, so he doesn’t know if any of their methods would work. He said there’s an herb they sometimes use, but that it dampens desire and only reduces fertility, doesn’t eliminate it entirely.”

Vegeta covered his face with his hands. “I need to do this vasectomy thing the Earthlings use. I can’t keep pulling out, and I can’t keep away from that part of you. Godsdamnit.”

“Neither Zeba or I want that yet, especially not until she’s brought your child into the world safely. What if she wants more little Saiyans?”

“Piccolo, we’re already going to have seven children!”

“Yes, but Earth was badly depopulated by the virus, we’re lucky. You’re lucky—lots of people were sterilized by the virus.”

Vegeta sat on the edge of the bed, his face in his hands. He still felt physically ill from pulling out and he felt sick mentally for what it had done to Piccolo. He thought his demon looked dull now, his normally vibrant green seemed a bit muddy. “I’m fine, Vegeta. Just annoyed that my body isn’t doing what it’s supposed to do.”

“Kami, you’d think if nothing else with all the nursing we’re doing your body would accept that it didn’t need to produce anymore offspring.”

The constant, inexorable tug of sleep started to drag him down. “I’m sorry, my demon, I’m so tired. I’m sorry for my fucking sperm.”

Piccolo smirked and kissed him. “I’m not sorry for your sperm. I love our babies. Soon we’ll meet our others.”

“Shit, we need names for them too. Gods, I’m hungry too.”

He heard Piccolo rustling in the fridge and then he brought over a giant bowl of noodles. “It’s not hot, but you need speed. Eat this and I’ll cut up some fruit and cheese for you. Hurry up, before you pass out.”

“Tch, you’re very bossy tonight.”

“Somebody has to try to take care of you, since you’re running yourself down thanks to my
inadequate milk supply. I think you’ll have to lay off training for the next few months when we have five infants to feed, plus Zeba’s two.”

“Gods, Piccolo, don’t even say that, I’m already going crazy with how little I do every day. And I'm getting weak. I need to be ready to defend our family, especially because you know that clown Kakarot isn’t doing any child care. He's just training.”

Piccolo kept him company while he ate, then the babies all woke up. They weren’t yet staying awake for more than a few minutes after feeding, but Vegeta knew that wouldn’t last much longer and then there would be care as well as feeding required. He had no idea what he would do then, particularly if they didn’t begin to space out their feedings, and even if they did, he would have the new babies to nurse. Then the fear that he had just accidentally impregnated Piccolo with a wayward sperm in his pre-cum seized him and he tried to imagine another labor, more eggs.

He managed to keep eating, but Piccolo said, “You look like you’re gonna be sick, Vegeta. Do you need something? Go to sleep. I’ll take the next feeding. I’ve been producing more lately, I can make it through one without you.”

“It won’t matter, I’ll be going off like a geyser by the time they wake up again.”

“Why do you look like someone just brought Frieza back to life?”

“Gods, just, I’m tired. And it’s a lot. And the others will be out any minute. And what if I just knocked you up?”

“You didn’t, trust me.”

“You didn’t feel it before.”

“It’s a different kind of misery when my theadur gets what it wants. And trust me, that betrayer wants all your sperm.”

“No shit. Gohan will send for us when the hatching starts?”

“Yes, but I can handle that.”

“Don’t even say that. I want to be there. I’ll be royally pissed—”

“You’re only ever royally pissed, my prince,” Piccolo said with a smirk.

A smile finally cracked Vegeta’s gloomy face and he laughed. He kissed Piccolo and said, “I’m going to sleep, no hatching without me.” Then he fell into a dream of fucking Piccolo, again and again, until eggs ripped him apart while Vegeta tried to hold him together.

It wasn’t the hatching that woke Vegeta, it was milk. It was always milk. The babies remained asleep, so Vegeta decided to drain off the pressure in bottles, knowing that Piccolo could use it when there were five mouths to contend with. He had half a freezer’s worth already. He smirked, thinking he could start a dairy, making cheeses and yogurts, if this level of production kept up. He had just finished when Zeba came in breathlessly. “Oh good, come on, eggs are cracking. Do you want to bring the babies or have Bunny watch them?” Bunny poked her head around the corner and waved.

Vegeta blushed, as he was still dripping and naked. “That’d be great if you could watch them
Bunny, but give me a minute to get dressed.”

Bunny tittered, “Don’t cover yourself on my account, Vegeta! Very few thrills left in life for an old woman.” She looked him up and down.

He smirked at her, wiped himself off and pulled on a pair of shorts. He bent to kiss her cheek as he walked past her, taking Zeba by the hand. They hurried down the hall, though he had to restrain the urge to pick her up and sprint. He heard Piccolo in his mind, *You up? You okay?*

*Fine. With Zeba on our way.*

Vegeta saw that each egg had a crack running down the side, and they wobbled in their warm nests. He said, “Is Dende on the way?”

“I’m here,” came the Kami’s breathless reply as he landed in the room.

“Should we assist, as we did before?” Vegeta asked.

“Give me a moment,” Dende said, not meeting Vegeta’s eye. Vegeta thought that the young Kami had been shy with him since Piccolo’s second pregnancy, Vegeta’s virility having had some kind of effect on the young, unintentionally celibate god. Dende felt the first egg, then the second, then back to the first. “Yes, get them both out, now. I think it’s just not possible for a body to produce enough yoke for two eggs in an eight day gestation period. There’s perhaps a reason two eggs are just an old wives’ tale on Namek.”

“Nothing is anything on Namek anymore,” Vegeta grumbled irritably. Then he moved Dende out of his way, sensing the young Namekian’s pleasure at his touch. Piccolo shouldered in next to him and they loomed over the incubator for a moment, their broad shoulders blocking out the light, leaving the eggs in shadow.

Piccolo gently pulled one side of the egg away and Vegeta picked the other egg up, tugging at the crack, rapping his knuckles gently on the side to make another fissure. He threw down a piece of shell and saw another caucasian-skinned baby, this one with antennae and a wild shock of black hair so uncannily like Vegeta’s that Piccolo chuckled as he leaned over to kiss its widow’s-peaked forehead. Vegeta felt the sting of tears and finished extracting the baby. It was a hermaphrodite.

Piccolo finished opening the other egg and found a tiny green female, smaller than all the others had been, with weak chi. She had a tail but no hair. She opened her eyes right away and they were a startling blue.

Dende assured them her vision was fine, and that it was considered a rare and auspicious thing on Namek to have a blue-eyed baby. Dende said, “But you’ll have to mind your thoughts, they are also generally very strong telepaths and often have oracular skills.”

Piccolo began feeding the female and Vegeta began feeding his doppelgänger. “What should we name these two, my demon?”

“How about Cola and Geto?”

Vegeta nodded, liking the way of honoring each of their fathers without having to recycle names. Zeba said, “Bunny just texted that the others are up. Dr. Briefs is working on installing two more cribs to the contraption.”

They let Dende finish his examination, then Vegeta handed Geto to Piccolo and told him he’d be along to feed the others momentarily. Dende had taken off, but Vegeta caught up with him.
“Dende, hold up,” he shouted. The Kami turned reluctantly, his cheeks flaming red. “Dende, where is this coming from? You need to find your own mate. Trust me that I am not the man for you.”

“I know. I just…It’s hard to watch what you and Piccolo have and not feel…drawn to it. Prior to this, I had no idea how pods could be. Pods on Namek are more subdued, and they certainly don’t have the drive and desire that you two seem to have. So I assume it’s your Saiyan-ness that’s creating that dynamic. I obviously can’t have that, so I…I can’t help that I started to think about you that way. I know it’s impossible. I’m realistic.”

“Why don’t you court Gohan if you’ve a mind to have a Saiyan lover? I think you might find he’s had inappropriate crushes on men of a green persuasion. You two might find what you both seek in each other.”

Dende blushed furiously again. “Do…how…I don’t know how to ‘court’ someone, Vegeta.”

Vegeta laughed. “Neither do I. I got lucky. Talk to Piccolo when he’s rested. I need to go before I spray the entire compound down with milk. Those two new brats seem to have ramped up my production even more, which was the last thing I needed.”

“You are already leaking,” Dende said, and his eyes followed the trails of milk over Vegeta’s muscular torso.

“Go ask Gohan out for a meal. You’re both young, but Saiyans mature young. See what happens, maybe you won’t need advice after all.”

“Thanks, Vegeta. I’ll check up on them in a few days.”

“Get your feelings under control, I don’t want Piccolo catching wind of them and becoming stupid about his health when we need you.”

“I will. I…I’m sorry I let myself get carried away.”

“No matter. Good luck with Gohan.”

Vegeta raced to his chambers to find five squalling babies, Piccolo looking very distressed, Zeba trying to wield two bottles at once, and Bunny failing with one. Piccolo growled, “None of them want the bottle. Where were you?”

“Offering some friendly advice.”

“Well that sounds fucking ominous coming from you, Vegeta,” Piccolo said, handing him Vende and Kohan. They latched onto him like lampreys and he almost groaned to be rid of the excess milk. They nursed so fast and hard now that he could feel the new milk, which he believed was actually produced somewhere underneath his ribs, perhaps attached to his stomach, flowing straight from the source to their mouths. They watched him with wide eyes while they ate and he smiled down at them.

Piccolo had Oona and Cola on him, but both were obviously still hungry and Piccolo was sucked dry for the moment. Vegeta switched out babies with Piccolo. Bunny managed to get Geto to take a bottle and he sucked them down rapidly. He was on his third. Vegeta said, “Zeba, gods, I’m dying of thirst, can you get me some water and something to eat?”

She nodded and cradled her giant belly as she dug in the fridge. She threw together an enormous
sandwich, and carried it and two gallon jug of water over. Vegeta guzzled the whole jug and ate before he took Geto, who had had four bottles already. His miniature got the dregs out of Vegeta, who hoped that perhaps after feeding five babies, he might get more than two hours of continuous sleep. He waved at the three adults and collapsed into bed without another word.

Vegeta managed to keep some training up for the final thirteen weeks of Zeba’s pregnancy, but it was a joke compared to what he had been doing. She had surprised him one afternoon by showing him the entirely new, entirely finished GR. He had managed to make love to her on the floor (with no extra gravity, she had installed a safety system that required the doors be sealed and that the operator had to manually notify it of more than one user or it wouldn’t come on). But he passed out immediately afterward, not even getting a chance to use it before the next feeding. She brought the babies to him in the GR and he nursed them, apologizing as he sat on the floor while she rubbed his back and told him not to worry about it.

Kohan, Vende, and Oona had begun crawling and it made life even more challenging. They didn’t just crawl; they climbed; they scaled; they were practically geckos. Zeba finally made trackers that each wore in a little earring that they could remove once they were older. She coded doors to close when any of them came near, safety shields to close over balconies, bars to save windows from their unnatural strength.

Vegeta had been pleased (in his own exhausted way) when Dende and Gohan started coming around together, then one day, they arrived holding hands, both teenagers flushing wildly when Piccolo said, “Well, now, Dende, am I going to have to coach you through labor?”

Zeba seemed to make peace with her demons in light of the five, actual, physical demons she had to deal with every day. One day while she was prying Oona out from where she had jammed herself into a vent and gotten stuck, she said to Vegeta, “Holy shit, are the ones I birth going to be this much like rabid, feral pigs?” Vegeta laughed about that until he fell asleep facedown on the floor.

One night after fucking Piccolo’s ass and then immediately dropping off to sleep, only to wake up to Piccolo asking to fuck his ass in a different room, he finally said, “Gods, I’m like an infant, I fall asleep one place and wake up another.”

“You’re not getting enough sleep, Vegeta, the training has to stop.”

“No. I’m already about a hair’s breadth from insanity as is. And yes, fuck my ass before I fall asleep again.”

“I only move you when you’ve fallen asleep somewhere weird.”

“I always fall asleep weird places these days.”

Piccolo’s laughter rolled in his ear, but then he began to whisper other things and Vegeta’s tiredness faded. Piccolo stroked his hypersensitive nipples and Vegeta cried out, “Gods, my demon, don’t get me too riled or I won’t last. I already came like a teenager in your ass.”

“Vegeta, you got me off even in my theadur with that fucking, so I’m not really concerned.”

“Be that as it may, I’d like to at least get fucked instead of coming all over myself and passing out before you get a chance to be inside me.”

Piccolo kissed along his spine. Zeba came in as they were kissing and she said, “Anyway to fit a fat
lady in that mix?”

Piccolo pulled Vegeta upright on his knees, still fingering his ass and said, “I bet he’s not too tired to fuck you, Zeba, and I even washed his dick off after he fucked me earlier, not that he stayed awake long enough to notice.”

“Well, you get up every blasted hour with five little monsters and see how long you stay awake with a good hit of dopamine. And yes, I want to fuck Zeba too. If nothing else, then I’m maximizing my pleasure per moment awake. Though I can’t make any promises about quality,” he murmured the last part as he kissed her over her now enormous stomach. He held her stomach in his hands, ripping her flowing dress off in one fluid motion. She laughed and he buried his face in her swollen, ripe breasts. Then he put each nipple in his mouth while Piccolo continued to play with his.

He gasped as he tilted his ass up and back, “I need you inside me, my demon.” He spun Zeba in front of him and put her on all fours so he could enter her from behind.

As he slid inside Zeba, she cried out and said, “Fine, this time, but I get to be the middle next time.”

Vegeta curled over her, one arm cradling her belly, one on her breast, as Piccolo thrust inside him deeply. Vegeta groaned, “Gods, woman, you should have said something before he got my ass all warmed up. Who knows when I’ll have the energy to fuck you again.”

“Vegeta, you fucked me yesterday, it’s not like we’re having long dry spells,” she answered breathily as he rocked into her.

Piccolo growled, “Vegeta’s having some insecurities since I told him he needs to stop training and rest more.”

“Maybe I’ll have gallons of milk too and you’ll finally be able to get some sleep.”

Vegeta took her face and turned it so he could kiss her over her shoulder. Milk was already streaming down his abdomen as Piccolo continued to pinch and play with his nipples. “Tch. Not to brag, but I think it’s a rare two-nippled mammal of any sort that can nurse five, but seven? Impossible. I doubt if even I’ll be able to feed all of them. You two might start to understand what tired actually means.”

Piccolo’s laughter rumbled against Vegeta’s back as he kissed over the muscular expanse. “I didn't know when I asked to fuck you how crabby you’d be. You want me to stop?”

“Sweet Kami, no, you better not stop. Now I’m awake and horny and crabby. Maybe you can fix all three of those problems if you do me properly.”

Piccolo’s hands slid down off Vegeta’s nipples and onto his hips and he pulled Vegeta back hard, pushing into him deeply. “Yes, I can fix all three of those problems, with pleasure.”

Vegeta felt overwhelmed by the goodness of having Zeba on his dick and Piccolo in his ass. He reared back upright on his knees and kissed Piccolo over his shoulder. He murmured, “I didn’t mean to be surly with you,” and kissed him more.

Zeba pushed back onto him hard, gasping, “No apology for me?”

He arched his cock up until he could feel her near her peak, then he bent and rubbed her clit until she came hard on him and he growled, “I’m sorry, my love, but I’m not sorry for this.” She rocked
on him for another minute and then slid off him, getting out of his and Piccolo’s way as the lightning began to ripple around them, licking off to the walls.

Piccolo held Vegeta’s nipple in one hand and his cock in the other as he pounded him until he cried out, “Gods, my prince, I’m coming so hard, come with me,” and Vegeta obeyed. He always obeyed with Piccolo. The relief of coming was shocking given how recently he’d come, but he gasped for air, feeling like a weight had been lifted off of him with that orgasm. He supposed without being able to fuck Piccolo’s theadur his balls were working overtime, trying to make him so desperate that he would slip up and slide into that velvety heaven.

One day before Zeba’s official due date, Vegeta was nursing the more mobile members of his brood, holding Kohan in place with a foot on his tail, ignoring his protests and bites, when Zeba came in to ask him something. “Hey, my sweet Saiyan—gods, are you just going to let him bite you?”

“You do see that I have my hands full, yes? And Geto and Cola haven’t even eaten yet.”

“Sorry, sorry, I just don’t want him to bite you. Kohan, stop that!” She picked the little demon up. Kohan loved Zeba, so he happily snuggled up to her. He was the tamest of the elder three. He affectionately mouthed her chin and jaw and she giggled. “No, I can’t feed you! Daddy will feed you soon.”

Vegeta still choked up half the time when he watched Zeba or Piccolo with the children. He wondered if that would ever go away. He moved to kiss her and Kohan tried to shove Vende out of the way to get to Vegeta’s nipple. He grumbled, “No, you insatiable little vampire, you got to go first last time.” Then he turned to Zeba, “Did you need something, woman?”

“Yes, but that has just become irrelevant.”

He cocked his head as he waited for her to elaborate, but then he felt moisture on his foot and looked down, swapping Vende for Kohan. Only after Kohan was happily latched did he put together what he was standing in. “Holy shit, did your water just break?”

She looked ashen. “Yes, I think so. Oh gods, oh gods, oh gods. I’m not ready, Vegeta. I’m not ready.”

He calmly put Oona and Kohan back in their cribs, Kohan grumbling, but not crying. He hugged her tightly and kissed her and whispered, “You are. Piccolo and I will see you through.” But Vegeta’s heart raced with his own fears. Zeba’s body was a fragile human body, not a robust, strong, regenerative Namekian body. He still remembered Piccolo’s suffering all too well. He mentally called out to his demon, Piccolo, it’s time.

In seconds Piccolo was with them, holding Zeba’s bag. They had decided to have Zeba give birth in a hospital since she was human, but Vegeta wished it was less public. Vegeta said, “Gods, do we have to drive?”

Piccolo chuckled as he strapped all five infants into the contraption Zeba had created to take them in Zeba’s flying car. She had insisted that it was necessary in case Piccolo or Vegeta were knocked unconscious in a crash. Vegeta wished that he could just fly his family where they needed to be, instead of trusting some Earth contraption.

Piccolo told Vegeta to get dressed. He hadn’t worn a shirt since Zeba’s last doctor’s appointment.
He snorted. “Tch, so irritating. Why does Earth have so many rules about clothing.”

“There’s just the one, Vegeta, that you have to wear it,” Piccolo said, raising an eyebrow at him.

Vegeta reminded himself that Zeba needed him to be his best self now. She bent over and groaned, “Oh, shit, Piccolo, how did you survive this.”

“With a lot of help from my mates,” he said, pressing her hips as the doctor had told them would be helpful.

Vegeta gathered all they would need for the babies. He called the hospital. He at least had arranged for a private suite and informed the staff that their other infants would be accompanying them. He almost flew into a rage at their confusion, but Piccolo finally took the phone and calmly explained that he was the demon king and they would do as they were told. Vegeta smirked and kissed Piccolo as he drove.

The doctor was there when they arrived. She strapped a fetal heart rate monitor to Zeba’s belly, then took Vegeta and Piccolo aside and said, “We are going to try to let her deliver vaginally, but with twins in humans, there’s always a risk we’ll have to do an emergency cesarean. Both babies are in good position right now and I’m pleased that the bigger baby is on its way out first from the looks of the last ultrasound a few days ago, but you both need to be prepared.”

Vegeta didn’t like to imagine Zeba getting cut open, but he was so tired, he mostly lived moment to moment. While the nurses fussed over Zeba between contractions, he held Piccolo in his arms and said, “I think I’m going to have to devote most of my energy to the babies, but I’ll help however I can.”

Piccolo tilted his chin up and bent to kiss him. The delivery room went silent and they both turned to see that everyone except Zeba stared with wide eyes. Piccolo growled, “Did you think we both just fucked her and not each other?” Then their eyes got even wider and they all blushed, trying to go back to work. Zeba laughed from the bed, then groaned for Piccolo. He left Vegeta with a slap on the ass, and helped Zeba back to her feet, muttering, “Come on, Zeba, you have to move around or you’ll be miserable. Walk, walk, walk is what all the books said.”

He started her shuffling around the room while Vegeta attended to the remaining, and now very angry, hungry babies. He stripped off his shirt. He slung Oona and Vende on his back in their wrap, since they’d eaten. They liked riding around on him and it kept them out of trouble. Then he put Kohan and Geto on to nurse, causing another round of silence in the busy delivery room. He barked, “Surely you’ve seen a father care for his children before?”

A brave nurse said, “Yes, but I’ve never seen a father…breastfeed…his children before.”

“Well it’s not my fault that humans are so poorly evolved,” he said with a smirk and looked down at his happily feeding infants. Vegeta thought it was amusing that despite their confusion about his nursing, several of the female nurses smelled like lust once his shirt was off.

Zeba’s contractions still had time between them, something Piccolo’s had never had, so he and Vegeta felt that it was a more leisurely labor. Piccolo kissed Zeba once she’d made it through another contraction and he said, “You okay if I go feed a couple babies so our burly brute can help with labor too?”

She nodded and let go of his large green hand. Vegeta worried about how tired she already looked.
Piccolo whispered, “Don’t start the worrying yet, Vegeta.”

“I simply haven’t stopped it since the first time I fucked you two.”

Piccolo laughed and whispered, “You started before that…” and he lifted Cola out of her seat and took Geto away from Vegeta. Geto was not pleased about the change of taste and scenery and made his displeasure known. This drew attention from the remaining nurses to Piccolo’s bare chest and the fact that he too was nursing his offspring. They gawked for a moment, but he growled and they went back about their business.

Vegeta thought he had known true exhaustion before, but he kept finding new depths to the darkness. Zeba, like Piccolo, labored for over twenty hours before the doctor said she was finally dilated enough to push, and that her body would tell her when it was time to push. Piccolo and Vegeta stood on either side of her where she squatted on the special birthing bed: it had a cut out for the doctor to be able to grab the baby while the mother remained in a squatting position. They held her up and she complained, “I don’t know what the doctor…Oh, Kami! Fuck Kami! Fuck both of you!” she suddenly shouted as Vegeta watched her bear down and quiver with the force of her body trying to evict its tenants.

“There you go, my love,” Piccolo murmured in her ear, “remember to ease, just as I did. Don’t rocket that big Namekian baby out or your pussy will regret it.”

“My pussy is regretting ever letting a big Namekian dick in it.”

“It didn’t regret it at the time.”

“That is like the only way to regret—not to think it was bad at the time.”

“Are you two quibbling about semantics while she’s pushing a baby out?” Vegeta said.

She laughed before another contraction gripped her and he let her try to crush his hand as sweat poured off her, making her hand slick in his, wetting his other where he steadied her back. He knew this was the critical part, the part he needed to be present for, and he had just fed the babies forty-five minutes before, but despair filled him as his chest began to ache with the pressure of their next feeding. He considered calling out to Dende to come feed the babies with bottled milk so Vegeta could just leak his way through the rest of her pushing, at least of the first baby.

The doctor said, “Zeba, I need bigger pushes, this baby is trying to get stuck in your birth canal and it’ll get squeezed which will stress its heart if that happens. So put all your grit into these next few, okay?”

Vegeta immediately felt a wobble in the baby’s chi and looked behind Zeba to Piccolo. Piccolo’s face was stony, obviously trying to hold himself together for Zeba. Vegeta made the snap decision to call Dende. The young Kami heard and answered that he and Gohan would come take the babies back to the Briefs for the duration of Zeba’s labor. Then he sensed Vegeta’s distress and suggested that he or Gohan could try holding the babies on Vegeta if he wished. He nodded, knowing that the Kami would understand, even if Vegeta’s pride wouldn’t quite let him form the words.

Zeba was fading. Vegeta could see how tired she was and he said to Piccolo, “What if you get behind her like Gohan did with you and I’ll try some counter pressure with her belly?”

“Can’t hurt. She could relax a little then.”
They rearranged her, though she screamed when Piccolo spread her pelvis wide by grabbing the balls of both her feet. Then Vegeta glimpsed green crown coming down Zeba’s embattled vagina and he cried out, “Yes, you’re doing it Zeba, push, push, push.” The crown crept forward, but he could see the largest part of the head still had to make it through. He knew she was holding back from pain. He took her face in his hands and pressed his forehead to hers. “I know you’re afraid, but you can do this. Get through that pain, and I will help it the rest of the way. Be strong. Don’t give up now, you’re almost there.”

She nodded weakly and Piccolo kissed her neck, whispering in her ear. Vegeta could see when the next contraction began and he barked, “Now, Zeba, everything you’ve got!” She lurched up and looked at him, terrified, but he saw her strain, her green eyes squeezing shut as she pushed. He shoved the doctor out of his way and took hold of the child’s head and pulled just enough that she could push the largest part through. She gasped with relief. Her body seized again and Vegeta saw the rise of the next contraction and he yelled, “Finish it, Zeba! The head is out, finish it!”

She grunted and strained and the green body slid out of her, already as big as some of its older siblings. Vegeta held it while the doctor cut the cord and he gave it a brisk rub down until it bawled unhappily and blinked in the light. He cradled it gently to his chest for a moment before handing it to Zeba to cuddle and she pushed her nipple into its mouth. She gave a weak laugh and said, “Ha, now we can all be dairy cows together.”

Piccolo stroked the new Namekian baby from behind her, his eyes aglow with instant, powerful love, and Vegeta felt his throat tighten. Then he heard Gohan and Dende in the hall, arguing with a nurse. Vegeta went to the door, but before he opened it, he said, “Zeba, can Dende and Gohan come assist with the babies?”

She nodded weakly, resting her head on Piccolo’s broad chest for a moment before another contraction seized her. She nursed the new baby for another moment, but then her pain became too intense and she said, “Vegeta, you do it, you do it, I need to focus!”

He took the newest member of their pod and put it to one of his leaky nipples at the same time as Dende held Kohan to his other side. He met the young Namekian’s eyes and whispered, “Thank you. I hope this isn’t too awkward for you.”

“Not at all. You were right…about everything. And I’m grateful to you for saying something. It would have been easier for you to ignore it. Then I might’ve missed something truly wonderful.”

“Just be careful. We’re very fertile, apparently.”

Dende blushed and said, “Yes, we’ve been…finding other ways to enjoy one another.”

Vegeta looked up to find Piccolo eyeballing him strangely. *What was that about?* his demon whispered in his mind. They had perfected a frequency that only they could hear.

*Dende used to have a bit of a crush on me. I suggested that he might try courting Gohan, as I was very happily engaged in my pod. He was thanking me and I was warning him that we Saiyans are fertile.*

Piccolo’s laughter rumbled in Vegeta’s mind and he said, *He better stay the fuck away from you or I will murder him, Kami or no.*

*So I told him. He’s moved on. He never really loved me. He loved what you and I have. I simply showed him where to find it for himself.*

“One more, woman, you have one more in you.”

“No, no. I couldn’t even do that one. You had to do it, Vegeta.”

“Nonsense. I didn’t do anything. Ask the doctor.”

The doctor nodded. “He didn’t. He just caught it. You just needed the encouragement to believe you could do it. And you can. At least the second one is smaller.”

It was Vegeta’s turn to smirk as he said to Piccolo, “At least there’s one advantage to my diminutive size.” Gohan, Dende, the nurses, and the doctor all turned and started laughing as they looked Vegeta over.

Gohan said, “Diminutive? Really, Vegeta? I guess compared to Piccolo, but even my dad is diminutive compared to Piccolo.”

Vegeta snorted and then saw Zeba’s contraction start and he commanded her, “Push, woman! The more you push, the sooner this will all be over and I swear I will never knock you up again.”

She strained and Piccolo pulled back on her feet. The head wasn’t visible yet, but Vegeta could feel the waning chi of the second child. He didn’t want to make her nervous, but he wanted his child out and safely in his arms. He looked down at the new Namekian, still nursing contentedly. He tried to decipher if he felt any differently about this baby, this one child that had none of his genes, but he felt nothing but love and a deep desire to protect it. Dende pulled Kohan off of him and Piccolo said, “Hey, Vegeta, stop hogging the baby.”

“You’re in no position to hold it.”

“Then come take over back here.”

“I can’t, I’m spraying milk like a fountain. Here, fine,” Vegeta put it in the arm that Piccolo extended. Zeba began another contraction at that moment and Vegeta cheered her on, pushing her unmoored foot back. He wished he could reach inside her and pull the other child out as he had done for Piccolo, but not only was Zeba considerably more petite in body and birth canal, but she had never experienced that type of prolonged pain, it would likely kill her. Dende and Gohan each held Oona and Vende to him while he pushed on Zeba’s feet so Piccolo could cuddle and nurse the new baby. He said, “Zeba, you can’t lay through these, you have to work.”

“Fuck you, Vegeta, you’ve never had a baby.”

Vegeta felt his temper rise before Piccolo caught his eye and shook his head. “I know, I know, but you can do anything, I know you can. You put up with me, so how hard can this be?”

“You raise a good point, you asshole.” She growled and strained her way through another contraction and Vegeta was pleased to see that she was actually putting some sweat into it this time. He knew better than to say so, however, so he just cheered her on, his mind bent on the beeping of the fetal heart monitor. Dende and Gohan used the babies to make short work of his built up milk and then asked to take their leave, saying they would be just out in the waiting area if the labor persisted through another feeding cycle. Vegeta nodded, thanked them, and continued trying to cheer Zeba through to the appearance of a crown.

At last a bit of blond hair peeked out and Vegeta’s face split into a wide grin. “You’re almost there,
my love, and it’s blond! It’s got your hair, thank Kami, not mine.”

She said, “Maybe it’s just clinging to my womb in Super-Saiyan form?”

He chuckled and when another contraction seized her, he placed his hand on the hard rise of her belly where the baby was still visibly inside her and she said, “Gods, yes, Vegeta, why haven’t you been doing that all along?” And he saw she made good progress.

“Well, ease, my love, ease,” Vegeta said, noting that Piccolo had fallen asleep with the baby curled at his nipple. The baby was asleep too. He still didn’t even know the sex of it.

Zeba pushed and pushed and pushed and finally the baby crowned. Vegeta did as he did before and shouted as he had before until she finally got its head out. She cried with relief, but Vegeta yanked the rest free, seeing it’s umbilical cord wrapped around its neck. He ripped it free and cauterized the nub where he cut it free from Zeba, then rubbed it until it began to breathe. It cried and turned a bright pink. He saw that it was another little girl. A little tiny Zeba with a tail. The nurse told him she needed to put the baby on oxygen, but he growled at her and put the baby to his chest. She nursed a little, but began to fuss, so he took her to Zeba, where she took Zeba’s nipple with gusto. Zeba cried out, “Sweet Kami, child, you don’t have to demolish the nipple in the process.”

Vegeta bent and kissed her forehead and whispered, “You did it, woman, I knew you could.” with a smirk.

Then another contraction hit her and Vegeta looked to the doctor in terror, afraid that there was surprise third baby. The doctor said, “She has to push out her afterbirth. You’re almost done, Zeba, but not yet.”

Zeba burst into tears and gave the baby girl back to Vegeta, who happily put his girl back to his chest. This time she accepted it, opening vivid green eyes to watch him while she fed, her tail lashing vigorously. She was large too. The nurse suggested weighing her and he bared his teeth at her. This was why he didn’t want to be in a hospital.

Vegeta tried to help Zeba through the final stage of her birth, but she was angry and exhausted and hateful. He finally just took the baby from Piccolo, who she seemed to tolerate better. She had slapped Vegeta any time he tried to get close to help her. Not that her pathetic hits hurt him, but he didn’t understand why she was lashing out at him. Because of her exhaustion and vitriol, it took her longer to birth the placenta than Vegeta’s child.

The worst came afterwards though, when she wouldn’t hold his child. She held and nursed Piccolo’s child, another hermaphrodite they named Vega, but when Vegeta offered to help her situate both, she hissed, “You can nurse Zeela,” and pushed the baby away, not even looking at the girl’s face.

Vegeta gave Piccolo a bewildered look and said, *I’m taking them all home. If she wants me back, I’ll come, but I’m obviously making things worse.*

*I hope so. But there’s no point in me being miserable here with the whole brood. I’ll go home where I can at least sleep between feedings.*

*You should leave Zeela here.*

*To starve?*
I’ll feed her, Vegeta, you know I will.

I know. But I don’t want her to ever feel that malice from her own mother again.

The doctor stopped Vegeta on his way out of the hospital. She was concerned about Zeba’s state of mind as well. “She might have very dramatic postpartum depression, Vegeta. Who knows what differences in hormone shifts having not one, but two hybrid babies causes. I think we should keep her under observation for a few days. Piccolo and Vega can go home whenever they’re ready. Please try not to take her behavior personally. Even though the birth went well, it was obviously a traumatic experience for her.”

“Birth is a traumatic experience. As someone who has seen battle, I prefer battle.”

“I believe that. But you did well. I’m sorry she’s responding this way.”

“It’s understandable. I believe I deserve it, though it’s hard to explain to an outsider.”

“No, I’ve watched the three of you through her entire pregnancy, I think I understand.”

Vegeta crossed his arms over his chest and asked Dende and Gohan to take the babies to the car. Once they were gone he said, “What do you mean?”

“She’s obviously very jealous of you and Piccolo, and I think a little jealous of your stamina and parenting skills. But mostly I think you two haven’t found a way to be tender with one another in the same way you and Piccolo are.”

Vegeta startled. His first instinct was to argue, but the more he thought about it, the more he reflected that he and Zeba were more rough with one another both in word and deed. He had never allowed himself the vulnerability with her that he did with Piccolo, which he saw now was a major error on his part. He sighed. “I don’t know how to remedy the situation. We are different together than my demon and I…” Even his way of referring to them now felt unfair. “Fuck. I can’t have her reject our child because of this. She’s very loving with all my offspring with Piccolo.”

“If that persists after this experience remains to be seen, however. But I’m not surprised because all six babies aside from Zeela have Piccolo’s genes and she obviously has a different relationship with him.”

Vegeta squeezed his head between his hands. “Gods, how am I supposed to manage all this bullshit when two hours is a good night’s sleep for me? Has she no mercy?”

The doctor chuckled. “She might eventually, but from what I saw just now, no, not a lot.”
Vegeta got home from the hospital and let the babies out to rampage around in his quarters. He suddenly remembered Dende and Gohan and mentally called out to Dende, thanking him and letting him know they didn't need to stay at the hospital any longer. Almost while he spoke to Dende, Piccolo’s voice came in his mind, You doing okay? She’s calmed down now and talked to me some. She says she felt like you thought she was doing a bad job during Zeela’s delivery.

What the actual fuck, Piccolo? Of course I don’t think that.

I know, I know. I’m telling you what she said.

Is she going to treat Zeela differently as the only baby that’s not yours? I won’t expose my daughter to her meanness. If she wants to hate me and treat me like shit, that’s one thing, but not my child. Not her child.

Easy, my prince, easy. Give her a day or two to recover before you start losing your temper with her. She’s not like us, this almost killed her.

Your labor almost killed you.

No, Vegeta, it didn’t. Not like this. And I’m used to pain, it doesn’t traumatize me. I’ve almost been killed, fuck, I’ve been killed, before. The only real pain she’s ever experienced has been with you.

Gods, I’m so tired and I want to fuck your theadur and go to sleep for days. That’s all I want.

Sadly all out of reach right now.

No shit. I’m getting a vasectomy as soon as possible.

I talked to the doctor, she said you can’t have the drugs while you’re nursing, so you would either have to do it awake, which I imagine would be impossible unless Gohan and I restrain you, or you’ll have to wait.

Fuck! That could be a year or two. I can’t wait that long. I’ll talk to Gohan.

You can’t be serious about cauterizing a part of your testicles while awake?

I’m never knocking Zeba up again and I’ve got five godsdamned demon babies with you, why wouldn’t I eliminate any possibility of future pregnancy?

No rash decisions, Vegeta. We’ll survive another couple months without it.

A couple months! Vegeta was glad Piccolo wasn’t in the room with him because he burst into tears like a baby. He sobbed for a while.

I wish I was there, but I need to be here. I’m sorry, Vegeta. I love you. I miss our babies.

Vega doing okay?

Yes, though he’d be happier with his sister. He’s been very fussy.

The doctor thinks Zeba has postpartum depression.
In all likelihood, yes. She’s been a mood-swinging wreck since you left. She just spent five minutes yelling at me for making you leave, then told me that you better not show your face here again any time soon.

Should I come get Vega?

That’s not a bad idea. She’s just about asleep. Dende’s still here, I’ll ask him to bring Vega to you.

Vegeta crawled into bed and propped himself up to sleep with Zeela on his chest. She nursed herself to sleep, but seemed restless without her twin brother. He hoped Zeba would let Dende take Vega soon. He heard a soft knock and Bunny came in. “Oh, Vegeta-kun, where are Piccolo and Zeba? Wait, is that another one?”

“Zeba went into labor yesterday. She and Piccolo and the other baby are still at the hospital. She kicked me out with this one.” He turned so Bunny could see Zeela’s face.

“Oh dear! It’s hard for some women to come down from being pregnant. I’m sure she’ll turn around. Was the other baby alright?”

“Yes, he’s fine. Vega. They miss each other though, I wish she hadn’t sent Zeela away with me.”

Bunny kissed his brow and bent to kiss the baby too. She said, “Can I take the other little monsters so you can rest? You look spent.”

“Gods, that would be amazing, do you have some help?”

She tittered, “Well, if they were human I would take exception, but no. I’ll call Gohan, he always likes to come play with them.”

Vegeta nodded and watched her load them all into their wagon to take them to the main playroom they had set up near the kitchen. Normally Vegeta would oversee everything, but he let himself drop to sleep the moment she closed his door. He had his nose pressed into Zeela’s sleeping scalp, breathing deep of the newest scent in his pod.

Vegeta woke to the soft feel of another baby being placed on his chest. Dende was there, tucking Vega into his arms. Vegeta felt both babies slip into a deeper sleep, their little hands finding the other’s and holding on, as if to prevent ever being separated again.

Two days later, Piccolo came home, but Zeba remained in the hospital. She had a breakdown, screaming at Piccolo and tearing out her own IV, ripping the back of her hand to shreds in the process. Now they were treating her aggressively for postpartum depression, but trying to convince her to nurse to help level out her hormones. Vegeta and Piccolo dutifully took Vega and Zeela every two hours to her and she turned her face away from them, refusing to interact more than to let Piccolo and Vegeta hold them at her breast. The fourth day, she looked at Piccolo, glanced at Vega, but told Vegeta that she never wanted to see him again, him or his child.

Vegeta’s heart ached, but Zeba at least didn’t shove Zeela away, so he tried to see it as progress. The fifth day he asked Piccolo if he could go in alone. He approached her bed warily, seeing the angry light in her eyes. He held up his hands. “Zeba,” he dropped to his knees by her bed, “Please, please, tell me what I’ve done so I can beg your forgiveness. I can’t live without you. Zeela can’t live without you.”
Zeba stared down at him. “Why do you keep lying to me? To yourself? You know you only love him.”

Vegeta’s intentions to be calm and patient evaporated. “Fuck you—you don’t get to tell me how I feel! I’ve loved you since the beginning and you’ve done nothing but make it godsdamned difficult. Why won’t you just fucking let me love you?”

She burst into tears and Piccolo said, Don’t yell at her, Vegeta, Kami’s own, get ahold of yourself. But Vegeta ignored him. He bent and risked her wrath to sweep her up in his arms, kissing her furiously. He pressed his forehead to hers, feeling her soften some, “Please come home, Zeba, please. I miss you. I need you. The babies need you.”

She flicked the front of his milk stained shirt. “Do they?”

“Yes, regardless of who feeds them, they need their mother. You can’t honestly think it’s a good idea to leave me and the demon in charge of raising them?”

She leaned into him, hiding her face in his neck and he finally felt her smile. “No, I suppose not. Does Picc want me home too? After everything?”

“Of course he does. He misses you too. Come home, Zeba. Come make us whole again.”

The doctor released her the next day, with the caveat that Zeba had a therapist appointment every day and at least two hours outside to get her vitamin D up and combat the wildly fluctuating hormones of her unusual postpartum period. Vegeta and Piccolo were as solicitous as they could be for the first few weeks, but Vegeta was surprised when Piccolo was the first to grow weary of her treating him badly. They were out in the desert, training, with all seven babies in a special pod that Dr. Briefs had created for them. It was filled with toys, and it could keep them contained, since it was essentially made to withstand a war.

As he and Vegeta sparred, Piccolo growled, “When will it end? She’s onto hating me this week and I didn’t do anything. I’ve been trying to be sensitive and I know the doctor said it’s her hormones, but don’t they have better treatment? Could we put her in the healing pod? Maybe it would heal up her reproductive tract so her hormones leveled out.”

Vegeta, distracted by this thought and exhausted, took a devastating blow, smashing into a rock near the baby dome. He heard Kohan, Oona, and Vende laugh. Some days their laughter was all that kept him going. He hurtled back into Piccolo and said, “Fuck if I know. I’m willing to try anything because I can’t stand it even one more time if she turns Zeela away. I know they’re developing at the human rate, so she likely won’t remember, but it can’t be healthy for her brain development to have her mother reject her. Especially since she sees all six of her siblings getting attention.”

Piccolo got Vegeta again, hitting him numerous times in the trunk, finally stopping when milk sprayed in his eye. Then it was Vegeta’s turn to laugh, though it was more of a wheeze since Piccolo had knocked the wind out of him. Piccolo wiped his face with a chuckle and then turned more serious, saying, “She told me to get out with Vega last week, and yesterday she was happily playing with Kohan and Vende then just started yelling at me to get them out of her sight. I’m thinking we need more serious medical intervention.”
Vegeta finally landed a hit, but Piccolo blocked and swung Vegeta around into a hold, gripping him from behind and he rasped, “I find my mind is suddenly not on sparring. Can you activate the curtains on the baby dome?”

Vegeta kissed Piccolo over his shoulder. “We hardly trained at all.”

“Vegeta, we’re going to have to feed them in fifteen minutes and then you need to sleep. You know the afternoon is the only time they sleep more than two hours straight. You need to sleep when they sleep right now. Think how you felt last week when you tried to stay awake in the afternoons.”

Vegeta scoffed. He put up the blinders on the dome and Piccolo spun Vegeta in his arms, kissing him passionately. He tore Vegeta’s clothes off and kissed down his neck, over his chest, stopping to make Vegeta cry out when he grazed his fangs over his nipples. Vegeta said, “Kami, my demon, how I miss fucking you multiple times per day. I miss fucking your theadur.”

Piccolo brought his mouth up to Vegeta’s and kissed him roughly, growling, “Then fuck my theadur, Vegeta. I don’t care if you pull out. I don’t care if you knock me up. I just need you.”

“I’m not knocking you up again, my demon. And you and I both know that pulling out sucks.”

“It’s not ideal, but it’s still fucking amazing. Please, Vegeta, please…” Piccolo put Vegeta’s hand on his theadur and Vegeta’s breath caught in his throat.

“Gods, it feels amazing just to touch you there.”

“Fuck me there, my prince.”

Vegeta took Piccolo down to the ground, spreading Piccolo’s cape out and throwing Piccolo’s legs wide as he bent to take Piccolo’s theadur with his mouth. He groaned against the magenta velvet and gripped Piccolo’s ass tightly, pulling his demon onto his thrusting tongue. Piccolo gasped and arched toward him, curling up to play with Vegeta’s nipples. Vegeta groaned and whispered against his demon’s sheath, “Kami, Piccolo, that’s not playing fair. I’m having a hard enough time not coming like a twelve-year-old.”

“Your mouth is amazing, but I want your dick in me, it’s been too long.”

“Mmm…no, I want this first. When was the last time we took our time?”

“We don’t have time.”

“They won’t starve.”

“You’ll be sore in minutes, I want you to fuck me without suffering.”

Vegeta slid two fingers inside Piccolo’s sheath while running his tongue around the opening. He murmured, “I’ll suffer until we find a way for me not to knock you up.” He pushed a third in and Piccolo’s skin began to glow. Vegeta smirked and let his tongue work more, finally pushing his whole hand inside his demon. Piccolo’s breathy cries were carried away on the wind and Vegeta loved being out in the air with his love. Piccolo curled up suddenly, his sheath crushing Vegeta’s hand as he climaxed hard.

Then Piccolo shoved him onto his back, pinning his hands beneath his green knees. He slid Vegeta’s rock-hard dick inside his still seizing theadur. Vegeta’s mouth flew open, but he held in his cry of pleasure, not wanting the babies to hear. He struggled to free his hands, but Piccolo was
using an energy hold and Vegeta was so tired. He growled, “Let my hands go, Piccolo.”

“No, I’m gonna fuck you till you come, Vegeta. I don’t care.”

Vegeta began to fight more viciously. There was no way he was knocking Piccolo up with everything else they were dealing with. It felt so fucking good to fuck his demon's sheath, but he couldn’t risk it. He wrestled and fought until he got his hands free. Piccolo snatched his arm and twisted it up in such a way that Vegeta knew he would dislocate his own shoulder if he were to break the hold without blasting Piccolo. His hips continued thrusting against his will. “I don’t want to hurt you, Piccolo, but I’m not risking it. Don’t make me fight you for real. Please. I can’t handle it on top of all Zeba’s bullshit.”

Piccolo collapsed then, crying, released Vegeta's arm, and bent to kiss him. “Please, Vegeta, please… I can’t… I can’t handle not having this. I thought I could, but I can’t. I miss you so much.” He rocked on Vegeta and Vegeta knew what he meant. It felt so divine to be so deep in his velvet tunnel.

They writhed together, Vegeta holding himself back as best he could, even as Piccolo sucked his milk-dripping nipples. Piccolo’s sheath seized in a blissful grip on Vegeta’s cock and he cried, “Fuck, Piccolo, I have to—“ he let out a stuttering cry and lifted Piccolo off of him just in time to come all over his own belly.

Piccolo lurched to his feet and bent over, heaving, and Vegeta was sure his demon would throw up. Vegeta gasped at his own misery and he said, “Fuck. I’m talking to Gohan, the vasectomy has to happen.”

Piccolo started to dress, but Vegeta wasn’t done with him. He tackled him and spit on his hand, stroked Piccolo’s cock before sitting down hard, thrusting all of Piccolo’s length roughly into his asshole. Piccolo groaned, “Sweet Kami, Vegeta, that’s one way to make me feel better.” He took Vegeta’s muscular ass in his hands and started working him up and down. Vegeta tried to catch his breath. Piccolo curled up and used his fangs on Vegeta’s nipples, making Vegeta groan. His asshole was already trembling on Piccolo’s turgid erection.

Piccolo pulled their heads together, kissed Vegeta hard, and whispered his love against Vegeta’s mouth. Vegeta looked into his demon’s eyes and kept his eyes open as they came together. Vegeta spraying them both as he felt Piccolo spurt hard and plunge even deeper into his ass. Piccolo gradually slowed his thrusts, but Vegeta didn’t move to pull off Piccolo: it was no theadur, but the connection helped him feel more grounded in the emotional storm they’d been riding out since Zeba gave birth.

Piccolo wrapped his arms around Vegeta’s waist and buried his face in Vegeta’s milk-slicked pecs. “Fuck, Vegeta, what are we going to do if she doesn’t get better?”

“She will. I think the healing pod is a good idea. We’ll do that when we get home.”

Reluctantly, they got up. They took the pod and flew to a river, plunging in and finding each other in the water, even as all seven babies began to complain. Vegeta didn’t care as he pressed his forehead to Piccolo’s while roughly pulling him off under the water. Piccolo was working him hard too and he loved the feeling of his demon’s hands on him. It took Vegeta longer to come and he collapsed into Piccolo’s arms, letting his demon hold him for a long moment. Afterwards, they sat on the shore, feeding the babies and letting them splash in the water, marveling at how quickly the oldest three learned to swim.

Vegeta reclined in Piccolo’s lap, savoring the feeling of being awake and not doing anything. He
said, “Fuck, I suppose we have to go back soon. It’s not helping her paranoia that she makes it so
difficult to be around her.”

“No, it’s not. Gods though, I just want our old Zeba back.”

“Me too. I miss pussy.”

“Likewise. We never got to do a sandwich with her in the middle.”

Vegeta nodded and felt the inexorable pull of sleep.

They put Zeba in the healing pod that evening. They were both surprised by the ease with which
she consented, saying she wanted to feel like she had before. Vegeta kissed her fiercely and she let
him, which was rare. Then she instigated a kiss with Piccolo. It gave Vegeta hope, but he pushed
the hope down, knowing it was unfounded. Once she was sealed up, he returned his attention to
feeding seven infants. Piccolo’s milk supply had increased, but he could only feed four per feeding
before he was tapped out. Vegeta could feed all seven, but it meant that his life was devoted almost
entirely to nursing.

The only thing keeping him sane was the fact that they had spaced out their nighttime feedings to
every three or four hours. They still nursed every hour or two during the day, except their longer
afternoon nap, but Piccolo and Zeba had been taking at least one day feeding so Vegeta usually had
several hours in the afternoon so he could train and nap. But now that Zeba was in the healing pod,
he was back to doing every feeding.

The first day she was in the pod, Piccolo kept Vegeta from training at all. Instead, he kept Vegeta
home and fucked him senseless in every possible configuration, this time voluntarily letting Vegeta
pull out of his theeadur instead of fighting him. They tried again with a condom and managed to
both achieve orgasm, but they both felt unsatisfied. Vegeta grumbled, “I think that’s worse than
pulling out. At least when I pull out I have a few minutes of sheer bliss, where I get to really have
you.”

“I grudgingly agree, though it feels so good when you come in me. It’s just different, the way you
thrust at the end.”

Vegeta’s dick sprang to life at his demon’s words. Piccolo smirked. “Gods, Vegeta, how much do I
have to fuck you to wear you out?”

“Impossible. I start from a baseline of such exhaustion that my hard-on is essentially immortal at
this point.”

Piccolo chuckled and kissed him. “I think you need to go to sleep. We should take Zeba out
tomorrow, see how she’s feeling. We can always put her back in.”

Vegeta’s chest started to tingle and he sprang out of bed, putting Vega and Zeela to his nipples.
They ate hungrily, but never woke. He said, “Very well, if you think that’s enough to fix whatever
went on the fritz. Maybe she had a small stroke.”

Vegeta rotated through all the babies, then said with a smirk, “It occurs to me that you have been
training significantly more than me and that maybe you’ve been bullshitting me about your milk
the whole time so you could surpass me.”
Piccolo chuckled and waited for Vegeta to finish nursing before tackling him. “Believe me, if I wanted to keep you from ever training, I wouldn’t use milk to do so.”

He kissed him fiercely, then pulled Vegeta inside his ass. Vegeta gasped, “I’ll never have enough of you, Piccolo.”

The next day, Zeba came out of the healing pod looking dazed and she needed them to walk her through what had happened after the birth of Zeela and Vega. It scared Vegeta that she had no memory of anything after pushing Zeela out. She didn’t remember passing her afterbirth, and he assumed that this was the point at which something went wrong. She seemed loving with both him and Piccolo, and delighted to have both her very own babies at her breast. He was relieved that her milk hadn’t dried up in the pod.

It was an adjustment to have her wake up in the night and take some feedings, though she hadn’t yet tried to feed any of the babies besides Zeela and Vega. He tried not to resent her when she hoarded them. Finally, after the third night of her taking all their feedings he said, “Why don’t you feed Geto and Cola and I’ll feed Zeela and Vega?”

“That’s okay, I’m fine.”

“I know, but I’m not. I miss them. You never let me feed them anymore.”

She looked startled. “Oh. Sorry, my sweet Saiyan.” His heart ached at her old pet name. She had slipped back into using it as if she hadn’t spent over a month berating him and telling him he was a piece of shit. He knew she had no memory of her anger, but he did. “I forgot that you…you fed them when I wouldn’t.”

“It’s fine, but I miss them, and it will help you bond with the others, since you haven’t played with them in weeks.”

“Oh, right. Good idea.”

He nursed his youngest two and happily played with their tiny feet, their tiny hands. Zeela, in particular, loved him. She didn’t fuss when Zeba took her, but she got excited about Vegeta in a way that she never had for Zeba. Vegeta was sure this contributed to Zeba’s insecurities.

Zeba leaned against him as they nursed side by side. Kohan, Oona, and Vende tottered around in their cribs, experimenting with their first steps. Vegeta felt physical relief to have his youngest offspring nurse, they seemed to draw something different out of him than the older babies. The whole mystery of his nursing filled him with awe and love.

Zeba finished and carefully put Geto and Cola in their cribs. She whispered, “I’m tapped out, my love, do you have enough for the others?”

Vegeta bit back his desire to say that of course he could feed all seven. Instead he said, “Yes, I’ll be okay, you should get some rest.”

She ran her hands over his shoulders and said, “That’s not what I want…”

His eyebrows shot up. She hadn’t expressed any sexual interest since coming home from the hospital. “Let me finish up here and I’ll come see if I can figure out what you want. You want
She nodded eagerly and he kissed her a bit hesitantly, half expecting her mood to turn. He continued nursing, finishing out the other three, feeling Piccolo’s chi rise with Zeba’s. He felt an odd sense of relief, but also a throb of jealousy. He had had Piccolo to himself for such a long time, and Piccolo had been his rock through all of Zeba’s swings, from the very beginning, before they’d even become a pod, that it didn’t exactly shock Vegeta to feel the jealousy. But it worried him. He smirked to himself, knowing what Piccolo would have to say about that worry.

He put Oona down after she finished draining him. She stood at the edge of her crib and said, “Da.”

He stared in wonder and said, “Are you trying to say ‘daddy?’”

She giggled, gnawed on her knuckles before reaching for him, and said, “Da! Da!”

He picked her up and she burrowed against his neck. He snuggled her, wanting to share this moment with Piccolo, but not wanting to intrude on whatever he and Zeba were doing. So Vegeta enjoyed the first word of any of their children alone. He held her for a long moment and then put her in her crib, saying sternly, “You did an excellent job at manipulating me into letting you stay up, but now, take your full tummy and go to sleep for more than a few hours. Go on, my little vampire. I love you.” He kissed her forehead.

She curled up next to Vende and Kohan, as they had consolidated sets of babies into larger cribs and they all seemed to sleep better. Vegeta clicked on the monitor and walked down the hall to Zeba and Piccolo, trying to ramp himself up to be with Zeba again. He walked in the room and Piccolo was on his back, Zeba was riding him, pumping up and down furiously, her full, milk-swollen breasts bounced, and Piccolo’s big hands were splayed on her ass. Piccolo noticed him immediately and looked at him with such ardor that Vegeta’s breath caught in his throat.

He threw his shorts off as he walked toward the bed. Piccolo flipped Zeba onto the bed and she saw Vegeta. She gave him a dazed smile and said, “You gonna fuck, Picc, Vegeta?”

Vegeta smirked and said, “Yes, I think I will.”

Training with Piccolo the next day, Piccolo said, “Kami, Vegeta, don’t try to kill me,” as Vegeta unleashed a massive attack. “Something wrong?”

“No. Fuck. Yes. I don’t know.” Vegeta thought back to the night before, the strange mixture of anger and lust he’d felt when he finally fucked Zeba, who assured them both she had had an IUD inserted and thus couldn’t get pregnant again. He wanted to just love and lust for Zeba, to not feel this strange new itch of jealousy about Piccolo. Piccolo approached him and grabbed his jaw, kissing him.

“What’s wrong? It seems like things are finally right for the first time in forever.”

“Yes. You’re right. I’m an idiot. Let’s get to it before we get distracted. I told Zeba you’d be back to help her feed the next round.”

Piccolo scrutinized him. “You’re such a shitty liar, Vegeta, which is weird given your murderous tendencies.”

“It’s not as if I’ve ever tried to murder anyone secretly.”
“You raise a good point. So why don’t you just fucking tell me what’s going on so we can get back to training, or better yet, to fucking.” He ran his hand over Vegeta’s bare, bloodied chest.

“I’m just having trouble adjusting to Zeba again…and…and…fuck. I think…No, I am jealous.”

“You want some time alone with her? I’m fine with that if you think that would alleviate the jealousy.”

“Godsdamnit, you foolish Namekian, not of you, about you. I don’t want her with you. Before all this, when you two fucked, it just turned me on and I was glad that you were both enjoying yourselves. But last night when I felt the two of you…it…it…I was angry. I kept thinking that you were mine, but I know that’s not fair.” Vegeta felt ridiculously close to tears. “Fuck, my demon, I just…you’re mine.”

Piccolo drifted down to the earth with Vegeta in his arms. “Yes, I am. But I’m hers too.” He kissed Vegeta. “Are you going to be able to work past this?”

“Yes, of course,” Vegeta swiped at his eyes, keeping them away from Piccolo’s insightful gaze.

“Really? I don’t want to have to choose…but…if you make me…it’s you, Vegeta. It’s always been you.”

Vegeta kissed his demon deeply, pulling his clothes off, and dropping to his knees. He took Piccolo in his mouth and Piccolo gasped. He swirled Piccolo’s tip in his mouth. Vegeta immediately tasted pre-cum and he hungered for his demon’s pleasure. He sucked him hard, letting his tongue run along the underside of Piccolo’s dick. Piccolo’s fingers tangled in Vegeta’s hair. Vegeta’s left hand fondled Piccolo’s balls, pulling them away from his body, using his fingers to press into his headur just a teasing amount, his right held Piccolo’s ass.

As Vegeta fingered Piccolo’s sheath more while he sucked him off, Piccolo began to tremble and he croaked, “Vegeta, gods…I can’t handle it…” Piccolo’s skin was glowing more than it usually did when Vegeta just fingered him. Then Piccolo groaned and spurted in Vegeta’s mouth. He sucked the last of the semen out of his demon before he stood, tearing his own shorts off and he thrust himself into Piccolo’s headur, feeling his entire length gripped by the velvet heat.

“But I’m not leaking milk yet, I better do
“You see how I eat, right?”

“You spent two hours in the GR already this morning.”

“Are we adding a new insecurity to your already very ridiculous list?”

“Shut up and fight!” Vegeta said with a smirk and launched into Piccolo.

They sparred for another hour. Piccolo took a huge hit from Vegeta and said, “Fuck, Vegeta, I keep expecting to be able to best you after you’ve cut back so much, but you keep kicking my ass. You’ll have to put me in the healing pod if you keep this up.”

“Time to summon Gohan. I’ll send him to train with you. I’m going to go help Zeba and Bunny.”

Vegeta felt the distasteful flare of jealousy, but he tamped it down. Several minutes later, Gohan showed up and Vegeta let loose all his rage and confusion and the struggle of wanting more than he could have. Gohan held his own but then, as Vegeta’s chest got sorer and sorer, Gohan began to have the upper hand.

Vegeta said, “How are things with Dende?”

Gohan blushed furiously. “Did you know that I had a crush on Piccolo? I mean, not now,” he said hurriedly, probably out of fear that Vegeta would beat him to death. “I used to dream about getting so strong that he’d look at me…well, the way he looks at you.”

Vegeta snorted. “He doesn’t look at me…” Vegeta trailed off, because he supposed that Piccolo did look at him a certain way. An enviable way. “Never mind me. I’ve seen Dende, and that is how he looks at you.”

Gohan turned a shade of purple and dealt Vegeta several devastating blows. “Do you really think so?”

Vegeta launched into Gohan and they traded blows as Vegeta hissed, “Yes, he’s obviously very taken with you and has made similar…mistakes…in the past, I believe.”

“Yeah, he said he had a thing for you. Did you and Piccolo always have…feelings…for each other?”

Vegeta knocked him to the earth. When he came back up and blasted Vegeta into a mountainside, he grimaced. His chest ached and he could feel that he had about ten more minutes before milk would be cascading out of him like a dairy waterfall. “No, it never occurred to me until…well, until he helped it occur to me.”

Gohan smiled dazedly. “Yeah, I never thought about Dende until—“ he stopped himself and his eyes widened. He had obviously almost told Vegeta something more intimate than he intended. “Until he helped me. But now I can see that Piccolo and I never could’ve worked. You’re perfect for him. And Zeba too, I think.”

Vegeta’s nostrils flared at the mention of Zeba and then he tried to think back to all the good times they had had as a pod. Even the night before had felt good, though it had crossed his mind more than once that he had wanted Piccolo inside him, not inside Zeba.
Then Piccolo’s voice came in his mind, sounding irritated, *They’re all starving and we’re tapped out. I’m sorry. I thought you’d have longer.*

_No matter. I’ll be there shortly._

*If it’s any consolation, I wanted to be in you too._

_Stop eavesdropping._

_Stop being loudly neurotic, I can’t even help it when you’re basically mentally shouting my name and running around screaming._

Vegeta smirked, fought a moment longer with Gohan, then said that unfortunately his paternal duties called. Gohan said, in parting, “You know he really, really loves you, right? I see you sometimes, looking terrified while you watch him. But I know Piccolo really well, and I can see it in his eyes—you’re his world.”

Vegeta nodded, unable to answer without the potential for losing his composure, so he fled back to his pod. His offspring. His demon.

When he arrived, Piccolo looked more annoyed than he thought was warranted for the speed of his return. But when Piccolo’s eyes lit on Vegeta, his face shifted. He mentally said, *Not you, Zeba. She did something fucked up, but we can talk about it once the babies are fed._

Vegeta cocked his head but Piccolo shook his. Vegeta started with Zeela and Vega, knowing they coped less well when they were hungry. Geto and Cola would go next. Then the big three. Vegeta sighed happily at the release of the pressure in his chest, feeling fulfilled as Piccolo reclined on the couch and pulled Vegeta between his legs, letting him relax back against his broad green chest. Piccolo grumbled, “She dumped all your freezer milk, saying we wouldn’t need it now that we were all nursing.”

Vegeta startled. “What the actual fuck? Why would she do that? It doesn’t make any sense. The two of you can barely cover a feeding, and that’s only if they aren’t extra hungry. Gods, Oona alone would drain the two of you if you’d let her.”

“Don’t I know it. I worry that girl will just get hungry enough that she tries to eat me. I dread the day she cuts her first teeth. Zeba said she just thought it was a waste of space.”

“Tch. Bullshit. She’s pissed because I asked her to let me feed Vega and Zeela last night. I just…she hadn’t let me feed either of them since she came out of the healing tank, and I…I’m used to feeding all of them. It…well…I…I missed them. She hadn’t even let me hold them for three straight days.”

Piccolo buried his face in Vegeta’s wild hair, breathing deeply. Then he leaned and kissed Vegeta’s neck. “Well, luckily you’ll replenish that stockpile in two or three days.”

“I know. I’m more worried about what this signifies. I need to talk to her.”

“Calm down first. You’re shaking.”

“Tch. Fine.” Vegeta pressed back into Piccolo after switching to Geto and Cola. He kissed their little heads. After a few minutes he switched to Kohan and Vende, leaving Oona to fuss until the end, since he knew she would suck him dry. Then he remembered that he hadn’t told Piccolo about Oona’s word. He smirked over his shoulder. “I forgot to tell you that Oona said her first word yesterday. She said, ‘Da.’ It was amazing, even if it was just so I’d pick her up again so she didn’t
have to go to bed.”

Piccolo squeezed Vegeta around the waist. “That’s young—you Saiyans. I haven’t heard it yet, but I’ll listen. And I’m not surprised that it was an attempt to get away with something. That one is going to be trouble.”

Vegeta dozed off in Piccolo’s arms as Kohan and Vende nursed happily. When they finished, Piccolo kissed his cheek to wake him and said, “Sorry, my prince, but you’re not done yet.”

“No, I’m never done,” Vegeta muttered and got up to feed Oona.

To his great pleasure, Oona shouted, “Da!”

Piccolo sprang to his feet and swung her up in his arms. “What did you say, Oona? Do you have a word for your other daddy?”

She nuzzled into Piccolo and said, “Picc! Vededa!” Vegeta wrapped Piccolo and Oona in his arms and laughed, realizing that Da was not short for Daddy, but her way of saying Vegeta. Vegeta felt Zeba’s chi, but pretended not to notice she had come in; he didn’t want to lose the moment in being frustrated with her. He saw her stop to consider what to do. Then she came and hugged the trio. Piccolo laughed and they all switched, so Zeba was on the inside, Piccolo’s long arms wrapped around all of them.

She rose up on her tiptoes and pulled Vegeta’s mouth down to hers. Then she whispered, “I’m sorry. I was a shit. I’m sorry. It’s been hard for me that you’re better at doing something only mothers do on Earth.”

Vegeta appreciated her candor and held her head to his chest. “It’s alright. We’ll be okay,” he kissed her temple and murmured, “I love you. I’m sorry it’s been hard for me to move past what happened.”

She let loose and cried into his chest and Piccolo squeezed them both. Then Oona said, “Eeba!”

Zeba started to laugh, kissing Oona’s face all over until Oona burrowed into her shirt, searching for a nipple. Zeba offered it, and the most voracious of their brood latched on happily, adjusting her body to recline and feed. The three adults finally separated and Zeba swatted Vegeta’s ass and said, “Go on, go be with him.”

Piccolo hooked his arm around Vegeta’s waist and took him down the hall to their bedroom. He pushed Vegeta down onto the bed, kissing him, and taking his clothes off. Vegeta was gasping, arching his whole body toward Piccolo’s mouth and touch. He felt as if he’d been months without Piccolo rather than a few hours. Piccolo pinned his arms above his head and swirled each of his nipples against his fangs, something he knew Vegeta loved. Vegeta groaned and whispered, “You should ride me while you do that.”

Piccolo tore his own clothes off, maintaining his grip on Vegeta’s hands. He hesitated and said, “Theadur?”

“Gods, Piccolo, you know I want to fuck you and fuck you and fuck you again in your sheath, but it’s so painful, and I’m so tired. Let’s do your ass.”

“Vegeta, what’s a couple more babies?”

He held Vegeta’s cock and slid it deep into his velvet tunnel. Vegeta cried out and bucked against him. “No, my demon, don’t do this again. It’s not just the babies…it’s the pregnancy, the labor.
I’m so exhausted, I can’t do any more nursing than I already am. Please, fuck, Piccolo, gods, you feel so good. Please, don’t, please—“ Vegeta felt panic rise in his chest. Piccolo rode him harder. He willed his erection to die, he willed the building orgasm to relent. “Piccolo—get the fuck off me!” Tears sprang into his eyes because it felt so good and it felt like his body was conspiring with Piccolo’s. He wrenched his hands free, and with an agonized scream pushed Piccolo off him, coming all over Piccolo’s thighs. He erupted into super Saiyan and knocked Piccolo roughly onto his back and cleaned his thighs. Vegeta washed his dick, which was still hard and plunged back into his theadur. “Why do you do this to me? Fuck, my demon, I don’t want to hurt you.”

Piccolo clung to him, wrapping his powerful thighs around Vegeta, and kissed him fiercely. Vegeta tasted blood as he cut his tongue on Piccolo’s fangs. “You’re not hurting me. You’ve never hurt me.”

Vegeta thrust harder and Piccolo’s skin got brighter and brighter. Vegeta’s dick ached pleasantly and he could feel that he was going to come again, his hard-on never having subsided. “I have hurt you—I basically tortured you to get the first set out. The second set almost killed you—“ he plunged deeper than he thought possible, making Piccolo gasp with pleasure and his sheath began to squeeze and pulse on Vegeta, “I’m not—“ now it was Vegeta’s turn to gasp, “doing it—“ he groaned and used the last of his strength to force himself out of Piccolo, who grabbed his dick and stroked him to completion simultaneously with his own green cock, and they came together on Piccolo’s chest. “Ever again.” Vegeta arched over his lover’s body, breathing heavily as the crazy lightning around them subsided, and kissed Piccolo’s mouth aggressively, angrily. “Gods, but I can’t keep doing this. Fuck.”

Piccolo cleaned them off and sat up, pulling Vegeta onto his lap. He kissed and kissed him and finally murmured, “I’m sorry. Don’t be mad.”

“I’m not mad,” Vegeta growled, avoiding Piccolo’s eyes.

“Yes, you are.”

“Only a little.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to get so carried away. Once you're inside me, I can’t think straight and my body does everything in its power to have you. To make you give it what it wants.”

“I know. And I’m done fighting it. I’m going to go talk to Gohan, the two of you should be able to hold me down to do the operation. We’ll just have to find a surgeon who’s willing. I’ll probably pass out, in any case, but better to have both of you. Maybe 18 as well, if she’s willing.”

Vegeta almost never saw Piccolo cry, but now tears filled his eyes. “I’m not okay with it. Not like this. Not yet.”

“What do you mean ‘not yet?’ How much longer do you intend to torture us? We can’t handle anymore children. I’m barely surviving the pack we have. There’s seven of them! And if you truly want more, you can always have more with Zeba. She has many fertile years left.”

Piccolo growled and bared his teeth. “Fucking-a, Vegeta, you know that’s not the same. I know I can have more with her, but what if I want more with you?”

Vegeta pressed his face to his demon’s chest. “Gods, Piccolo, why? Why would you ever want more?”

“I just want to find another way, until they’re a little older, before we make a more permanent
Despair settled on Vegeta, knowing there was no other way. Piccolo turned his face back up and kissed him. “There might be. Dende has recently become very motivated to find a method of Namekian birth control that’s effective.”

Vegeta smirked. “I’ll bet he has.”

Piccolo kissed him deeply, running his hands down Vegeta’s spine and onto his tail scar. He gasped, “Kami, my demon…no more. Please, don’t make me pull out of you again.”

Piccolo sucked along his neck and shoulder, trailing his fingers around the scar, massaging the center. “No, not that. You can fuck my ass though, right?”

Vegeta didn’t answer, he just pushed Piccolo onto his back, spreading his legs wide. He let his tongue slide up into Piccolo’s theadur for a long time, then moved onto rimming him until Piccolo was begging for his dick. Vegeta spit in his hand, stroked himself, and plunged into Piccolo’s back door, sliding his fingers into Piccolo’s sheath. Piccolo quaked and groaned, “Kami’s own, Vegeta, how have you never done this to me before?”

“I didn’t want to shatter you,” Vegeta whispered and took Piccolo’s erection in his other hand.

Piccolo’s whole body trembled and Vegeta drove into him relentlessly. The glow grew blinding under his skin. Vegeta pulled his fingers out and teased his demon’s sheath. Piccolo curled up bite Vegeta’s nipples. He probed Vegeta’s scar harder, gripping his hips in his splayed green hands, and pulled him deeper inside. Piccolo rasped, “Are you trying to shatter me now?”

“I think I’m going to shatter both of us,” Vegeta breathed the words against Piccolo’s lips as he bent to kiss him. He pushed his whole hand into Piccolo’s theadur, feeling its powerful muscles grab at his hand, pull it, try to make it come, and it was such a deep back orgasm that Vegeta could feel it in Piccolo’s asshole. Piccolo came on his own belly, groaning Vegeta’s name. Only once he felt Piccolo was completely satisfied did Vegeta let himself go, plunging a last few times into his demon’s tight asshole.

As he let go of the last of his seed deep in Piccolo, Zeba came in quietly. Vegeta took a long shuddering breath and pulled out of Piccolo. His demon yanked him up to kiss him and hold him in his arms. Zeba crawled on the bed next to Vegeta. She took his face from Piccolo and he wanted not to resent her, but he longed for Piccolo as he kissed her. He kept kissing her though; he wanted to do what was best for their pod.

After a long moment, he whispered, “Let me get cleaned up,” and gave her another quick kiss. He went to the bathroom and Piccolo followed, his hand finding Vegeta’s lower back, his fingers grazing Vegeta’s scar. He washed his face and his dick and then crawled back into bed with Zeba. She said, “You don’t need to fuck me, I’m pretty tired, but could we…could we cuddle? Maybe just…just you and me, Vegeta?”

Piccolo eyes glinted dangerously in the dim, and he growled, “Not tonight. I just pissed him off, so there’s no way I’m going to let that fester. We’ll have to share him tonight, Zeba.”

“What’d you do?”

“Doesn’t matter, he’s pretending he’s not mad, but he’s still pissed. I can feel it in his chi.”

Vegeta flopped on the bed and said, “I’m not mad at either of you. I’m too fucking tired to be mad. If either of you tries to keep me awake any longer, then I will be pissed.”
Piccolo curled around him and Vegeta pulled Zeba into his arms. She nestled in and kissed his neck hesitantly. She paused and he tried not to hold his breath, waiting to see what she would do. She trailed her hand over his chest, her fingers finding his ridges of muscle as they always did, and he softened toward her. He kissed her temple, breathed deep in her short hair. He whispered, “We ought to get back to your flying lessons one of these days.”

“I’d like that,” she said and rose up on her elbow, bending over to kiss him.

He suppressed a groan of suffering as she continued to kiss him more hungrily. He didn’t want to reject her. He knew she was fragile at the moment, but he wasn’t even sure he could get it up he was so tired. Piccolo, probably having heard his frantic thoughts, hissed, “Zeba, leave him be, he’s exhausted. Come on, if you’re rowdy I’d love to fuck you, but let’s go next door.”

She shook her head. “That’s okay. Rest, my sweet Saiyan.”

And Vegeta was gone.

Vegeta woke to milk-induced agony. The babies had slept longer than they ever had and he felt like he could barely move. He slipped out to feed the babies, leaving Piccolo and Zeba sound asleep. He envied them some, but once he was ensconced in a comfortable chair and nursing, he no longer did. He liked being so capable and indispensable. He began feeding with the youngest, knowing he would finish with Oona both because she was seemingly bottomless, but also because she would sleep on him and nurse, allowing him to sleep too, and it gave him an excuse not to go back to his fraught threesome.

He heard the door to the nursery open and irritation rose in his throat. He had Vega and Zeela on his chest already, so Zeba would have to feed the older children. But it wasn’t Zeba and it wasn’t Piccolo. It was Kakarot.
Kakarot's Realization

Vegeta put the babies in their crib and dropped to fighting stance between his offspring and his nemesis. He weighed whether to wake Piccolo to assist. “How did you get in here?”

“I realized you guys had hidden your chi from me, so I used Bunny’s chi to teleport, since you guys also put in that alarm system.”

“I’m in no mood for your shit tonight, Kakarot, so I suggest you get the fuck out of here or I will end you.”

“I’m not here to fight, Vegeta.”

Vegeta seized him by the throat and carried him out of the nursery, far away from the compound, and though Kakarot fought, it was half-hearted. Once they were isolated, Vegeta threw him like a rag doll. The idiot recovered immediately, as he always did. “Stay the fuck away from my family, Kakarot, tonight I’m tired, so I’m willing to give you a pass, but if you show up again, I will kill you before you speak.”

Kakarot crept closer to him and Vegeta flinched away. There was an odd gleam in the fool’s eyes, a half-smile on his face. “I didn’t come for your family, Vegeta. I’m done with that, I don’t know why I let ChiChi push me around. I didn’t even realize you guys had had babies. I’m excited to spar with them when they’re older.”

“Then why are you here? As I told you, I’m tired. So say your piece and go.”

Instead of saying anything, Kakarot lunged for him and Vegeta, slowed by exhaustion, couldn’t dodge. But Kakarot didn’t attack Vegeta: he kissed him. Vegeta shouted and shoved the clown away. Kakarot pursued, managing to pin Vegeta’s arms to his sides, pressing their bodies together, groping Vegeta’s ass so aggressively that he clenched his cheeks for fear Kakarot was actually trying to finger him. “What the actual fuck are you doing, Kakarot?” Vegeta yelled, cringing away from more attempts to kiss him.

“I always thought that sex was a chore for everyone, and ChiChi doesn’t really like it anyway, she just likes having babies. Once I found out I was a Saiyan, I figured that was why, since the only couples I knew who liked sex were human. I saw Yamcha chasing Bulma or Kururin and 18. Then you and Zeba, and I figured it was like me and ChiChi. But then Piccolo…well, I saw you kiss him, and I suddenly got it. I got why people want to have sex. And I realized that I do too, just not with ChiChi. Not with anyone…but you.”

Horror filled Vegeta. Why had he flown out here alone with this maniac when he was spent? Vegeta was beyond exhausted and his chest pulsed with pain. He’d never been afraid to fight Kakarot, but he was now. Because he would lose, and he didn’t want to contemplate what Kakarot’s victory would mean. His gorge rose at the thought of Kakarot touching him like that and Frieza’s voice and face filled his mind. Not again, Vegeta thought. He would self-destruct before he would ever be used like that again. But the thought of abandoning his children also horrified him.

He stilled, hoping Kakarot was as much like a dumb predator as he seemed, that he was triggered by movement. Vegeta hissed, “I don’t want to fuck you, Kakarot. I never have, never will.”

“But you like it with Piccolo,” the moron whined, “I put it together. I didn’t understand before how
two men could have sex, but then I figured it out and I can’t stop thinking about it. Thinking about doing it with you.” The larger Saiyan tried to trail his hand down Vegeta’s bare, now milk-slicked chest. Vegeta managed to snake one arm free and smacked the idiot’s hand away, deeply annoyed at how much that small action made his pecs ache. He desperately hoped that Kakarot wouldn’t notice this new weakness.

Kakarot slammed Vegeta against a rock wall, pinning him. Vegeta yelped in pain, but started gathering his energy for a blast to escape, because he knew any attempt to fight Kakarot in his exhaustion-weakened state was doomed to failure. Kakarot lunged to kiss him again and Vegeta turned away, calling the big idiot every name he could imagine. Kakarot had a dumb, dazed smile on his face. Then the moron bent and sucked on Vegeta’s nipple. Vegeta bellowed with violated rage. He brought his legs up and managed to kick away from Kakarot, launching high into the air.

But of course, instantaneous transmission meant Vegeta could never escape Kakarot either. His only hope was to talk the fool out of this mad idea. He held up both hands and Kakarot stayed a foot or so away. Vegeta wished he were wearing more clothing than a skin tight pair of shorts—Piccolo’s favorites. “Kakarot, you’re an honorable man. You can’t do this. ChiChi is your wife, you don’t want to shame her like this. You don’t want to shame yourself. Saiyans do many morally questionable things, but we’re not…” Vegeta couldn’t even say the word. He didn’t want to give the big clown the idea, on the off chance Kakarot didn’t know what rape was, Vegeta certainly didn’t want him to know that sex could be taken by force.

“We’re not what? We are the last two Saiyans. I’ve wanted you to like me so badly for so long, and now I finally understand why. We should be together. Our bodies. Everything. I haven’t been able to sleep since I saw you and Piccolo kissing. I can’t stop imagining your mouth on me everywhere. My mouth on your body.”

Vegeta saw Kakarot blink out and then the oaf was behind him, pinning him again. This time, he held Vegeta’s arms locked behind his body so he could use the knuckles of his hands to caress Vegeta’s back. He began rubbing one of his knuckles into Vegeta’s tail scar and Vegeta shrieked, “Stop that, you fucking idiot!”

Kakarot bent and sucked on Vegeta’s neck while Vegeta squirmed, trying to break free, feeling hopeless as the razor agony of his pecs hindered his movement and milk poured out of him. Kakarot wrapped his arm around Vegeta’s torso and touched his nipple again. Vegeta brought his head back hard, smashing Kakarot’s nose, and Vegeta slipped his grasp again. “Don’t touch me again, Kakarot. You need to go home. Go fuck your wife and think of me if you must, but this is never happening.”

Kakarot tore off his gi, leaving his large, chiseled body bare except for a tight pair of boxer briefs. Vegeta’s mind raced, trying to think of any way out of this. He thought of the babies. By now they would be screaming, and then Piccolo would wake, and he would wonder where Vegeta was, why he hadn’t fed them. Vegeta supposed he could self-destruct, then the shame of this event would never be known to his mates, but how would the two of them fare with seven young Saiyans?

Vegeta mustered the last of his strength and ascended to super-Saiyan. “Go home, Kakarot.”

“I can’t, Vegeta, I’ll do whatever it takes to make you see that this is what you want too—“

A green blur blasted into Kakarot’s side, knocking him into the rock wall where he had so recently pinned Vegeta.

“Fuck,” Vegeta muttered and pursued.
Piccolo wailed on Kakarot and Vegeta heard him roar, “Stay the fuck away from my mate you stupid, mother-fucking, baby-murdering, rapist, piece of shit,” punching Kakarot as he said each word.

“Stay out of this, Piccolo!” Kakarot cried, blocking more effectively than Vegeta would wish.

Vegeta came in over Piccolo’s shoulder and kicked Kakarot’s face. "Stay the fuck away from me and my family!" he barked.

Piccolo clasped his fists together and smashed them onto the back of Kakarot’s head and sent him spiraling into the ground. Piccolo spun and clutched Vegeta to his body. “Sweet godsdamned Kami, Vegeta, why the fuck didn't you call for help?”

Kakarot returned too soon. Piccolo shoved Vegeta behind him. But to Vegeta’s horror, the clown teleported behind Vegeta, snatched him by the hips, and they blinked out of existence as Vegeta reached for Piccolo.

Vegeta didn't recognize the place that Kakarot rematerialized. It was still dark, so Vegeta assumed they were still within reasonable flying distance if Piccolo could sense his chi. A roaring waterfall cascaded over a cliff to Vegeta’s right. Nothing but dense forest to the left and behind him. Kakarot was behind him too, hard-on pressed firmly into Vegeta’s ass. By now Vegeta’s whole torso throbbed and for the first time he could actually see the change in his pectorals they were so swollen with milk and moving anything in his upper body felt impossible due to the pain. But he needed to move, and fast.

Kakarot was dry-humping him, moaning Vegeta’s name in his ear. He bolted one stupid hand down into Vegeta’s shorts and the other up to his left nipple. Vegeta seized them both in a bone crushing grip.

“Ow! Vegeta! Stop it! I’m not trying to hurt you. Why are you hurting me?”

Vegeta spun free of the idiot’s arms and flung Kakarot away. Vegeta grimaced in pain, and milk streamed in rivulets down his chest.

Piccolo’s panicked voice reverberated in his mind, Where are you? Where the fuck did he take you?

I don’t know. I’m by a waterfall.

Piccolo said nothing more and a strange mixture of despair and rage brought Vegeta back from the brink of death by exhaustion, not to mention drowning in his own milk production. The thought of his starving children gave him a surge of rage-fueled energy. He hurled himself at Kakarot, beating him senseless. The clown fell to the ground. Vegeta called out to Piccolo, Tell Dr. Briefs he has to include himself, Bunny, the children—everyone—in the chi scrambler. The fucker used Bunny to get inside the alarm.

Piccolo didn’t answer, but Vegeta hoped his demon had heard. Kakarot was stumbling to his feet by the water’s edge. Vegeta dropped down onto him with both fists, knocking him unconscious. He fled as high as he could breathe to get the lay of the land. He called out again to Piccolo again, Can you go outside the chi scrambler’s radius so I can find you? I knocked the idiot out, but that fucker never stays down long.
Like a beacon of hope, he felt Piccolo’s chi to the south and took off as fast as he could. Vegeta saw Piccolo just as he felt Kakarot teleport next to him. As Kakarot rematerialized, Vegeta blasted him in the face with everything he had left. Kakarot shouted, enraged, but much to Vegeta’s chagrin, did not go down. Piccolo moved toward them at warp speed, and Gohan’s chi came from the west. But Vegeta didn’t think either would be fast enough.

Vegeta had always been too arrogant to ask for, or even hope for, help. He had always felt that the loss of pride was never worth whatever consequence might be entailed—even death. But having Kakarot use him seemed worse than death, or loss of face, at that moment. Maybe before Piccolo, before Zeba, before his children, he might not have thought so. He might’ve been able to endure it as he had with Frieza’s molestations. But now, what he wanted was to escape Kakarot, to return to his family, his pod, and to feed his children, to fall back into bed with his demon. To touch and be touched without the memory of his nemesis violating him. The groping and kissing Kakarot had already managed was bad enough.

Vegeta called out to Piccolo for help, to Gohan, even. But before either reached him, Kakarot had driven Vegeta to the ground again and ripped off the small bit of clothing between them. Vegeta kneed Kakarot in the balls. Vegeta was naked and horrified, his pain so acute that twisting to avoid Kakarot’s hands on him made him scream. He squeezed his knees up to his aching chest and kicked Kakarot off. Vegeta was on his feet, ready to fight despite his nudity and agony.

Kakarot eyeballed him and crooned, “I’ve always loved watching you fight, Vegeta. I never understood why I loved it so much. I thought it was just how powerful you are, how intense…but that wasn’t it. I got ChiChi pregnant after seeing you with Piccolo. The thought alone. That fire you have. In that way. Vegeta, think of how we could let loose.”

Piccolo tapped down next to Vegeta and clothed him. Vegeta could feel rage and fury emanating from Piccolo in thick, deadly waves.

Gohan landed too and erupted into Super-Saiyan as he shouted, “Dad, what are you doing? You’re supposed to be training with King Kai. Stop trying to kill Vegeta’s family!”

Vegeta turned to Piccolo, who shrugged and said, He drew his own conclusions. I just said I needed help subduing his father.

Piccolo growled out loud, “Goku, none of us want to kill you, but I will if need be.”

Vegeta muttered, “I want to kill him.” He was shaking with anger and his whole upper body now felt poisoned by milk. “Fuck, Piccolo, I need to feed the babies.”

“Zeba and Bunny are going to—oh shit—there’s no milk.”

“Yeah, great timing on that fucking bit of petty bullshit.”

Kakarot lunged and pinned Vegeta to the ground and Vegeta screamed with the agony of his chest. Gohan leapt on top of his father, so the three of them disappeared when Kakarot teleported again to the waterfall. The clown hurled Gohan off his back. Kakarot tore at Vegeta’s new clothes and held his hair so the idiot could kiss him. He reached behind Vegeta and pressed hard on Vegeta’s tail scar, immobilizing him. Vegeta cried out in pain, “Stop it! Stop it, you fucking idiot!”

Gohan stood dumbfounded, watching what was happening before him. Then he bellowed with rage and knocked his father into the water, screaming, “What in Kami’s name are you doing, Dad? You can’t do that to another person! Why? Why are you doing this to Vegeta? To anyone?” Gohan was in tears. Gohan pummeled Kakarot as he tried to fend his son off without seriously hurting
“I love him, Gohan! I didn’t realize before what I felt, but I love him!”

“You don’t rape people you love, Dad!” Gohan shouted back, holding Kakarot under the water long enough that Vegeta thought the problem of Kakarot might be solved.

But in true, persistent idiot form, Kakarot erupted out of the water in super Saiyan two and cast Gohan aside like he was nothing. Vegeta rushed to Gohan, who had landed in the water and pulled him out. The boy revived immediately.

Kakarot growled, “Of course I’m not raping Vegeta. You can’t rape someone you love. Because then it wouldn’t be rape.”

Gohan a look of horrified bafflement on his face. The boy said, “Dad, Vegeta doesn’t want you. It doesn’t matter how you feel, it’s still…rape.”

Kakarot’s face fell and he dropped back to his base form. He pressed himself against Vegeta, held him, and tried to kiss him again as he whispered, “No, no, no, Vegeta. No. I love you. Please.” He grabbed Vegeta’s hair, yanking his head back, and put his mouth over Vegeta’s. Vegeta held his mouth firmly shut, trying to break free of Kakarot, but every time he moved it felt like an explosion went off in his chest thanks to his overzealous lactation. The idiot dug his fingers into Vegeta’s scar again, the pain paralyzing him. Then something blinding ripped Kakarot off his face at nearly the same time as he felt Piccolo’s comforting grip around his body.

Piccolo rocketed back toward the compound with Vegeta in his arms. Gohan stayed behind and Vegeta felt Piccolo communicating with the boy as he finally let Vegeta fly on his own. When Vegeta began to flag, Piccolo wrapped him in his arms and surged forward. Vegeta waited in terror for Kakarot to teleport to them, to take him away again, but he kept a firm grip on Piccolo: at least then his demon would go with him. They made it back to the compound and Dr. Briefs was busily tinkering with some kind of meter that he held over each baby.

All seven babies were inconsolable. Zeba had Zeela and Vega, but they had obviously fed beyond her capacity. Bunny held Cola and rocked Geto in a bassinet, but they were fussing too. The big three were sending out angry waves of chi, but at least weren’t rampaging around the room. Piccolo set Vegeta down, attempting to talk to him, but Vegeta slung off his demon’s arm and frantically pressed Cola and Geto to his nipples, breathing through his teeth at the suffering his fullness now caused him. They could guzzle, thanks to the built up pressure he’d accumulated and he could see both of their eyes become startled by the bonanza they had cried their way into. He kissed their heads, holding his sobs at bay only because Bunny and Dr. Briefs were still milling around.

Piccolo shepherded them both out of the room. Vegeta gasped, trying to breathe through the pain. He couldn’t wait to get to Oona and her insatiable appetite. Zeba said nothing to Vegeta, but watched him warily. He had been annoyed about the milk before Kakarot’s mental break, but now he was livid. His children had suffered needlessly thanks to her jealousy. But he knew he couldn’t speak to her then. He didn’t think he could speak to anyone just then.

What Vegeta wanted, more than anything, was to go back to the moment in his chair, before Kakarot showed up: snuggling, nursing, enjoying some peace. Between Zeba’s nonsense, Piccolo’s insistence on fucking with his theadur, and now that idiot Kakarot’s attempt to…to…

Vegeta covered his mouth with his hand, stifling the urge both to cry and vomit. Would Kakarot, bumbling, moronic Kakarot, truly have done that? To Vegeta? They certainly weren’t anything like
friends, but Vegeta thought Kakarot respected him enough never to stoop to such a thing. Between all that, and the suffering caused to his children and his own body, by not nursing on schedule, Vegeta just wanted some relief.

Zeba touched him and he flinched. Her brows furrowed and she whispered, “What happened?”

Vegeta shook himself like a dog, stood up, and put Geto and Cola to bed, taking Zeela and Vega from Zeba. He said, “Nothing. Go back to bed.”

“I’m sorry, Vegeta. It was thoughtless.”

“I have nothing left for this conversation, Zeba. It has been a very long night, and I doubt very much if it’s over. Please, go back to bed. We can talk tomorrow.”

It’s over. I’ve got him up here and King Yemma has blocked his teleportation for the time-being. I’m sorry, Vegeta. We thought he was just going home to see his new son, King Kai’s voice said in his head.

Zeba said, “I can stay and bring the others to you, so you can rest.”

Vegeta pressed his head back into the chair and took another deep breath. A new surge of pain ripped through his chest as some previously untapped vein of milk erupted out into Vega’s mouth. The child gurgled happily and put his tiny hand on Vegeta’s face. After the worst of the agony had passed, Vegeta said, “No, I’m fine. I’m not sleepy right now. I’d like to be alone.”

She approached him. He glanced at her, knowing his eyes were cold and angry and she stepped back. “Okay, if that’s really what you want.”

Vegeta nodded and she left.

He pushed his face into Vega and Zeela’s heads, smelling deeply of their scalps. He kissed each and felt so grateful for how hungry they were. By the time he fed Kohan and Dende and his body felt almost functional again and every child except Oona was in a milk coma. Oona hopped up and down, holding on to the edge of their crib. “Da! Otay, Da?”

He finally relaxed enough to smirk at his first baby girl, and he said, “Yes, little vampire, Da is otay.”

But Vegeta was not okay. He tried to settle down once Oona was with him. It rankled him that Piccolo had never come back after taking the Briefs out. He could feel his demon was not with Zeba: he was in the GR. Vegeta supposed it hadn’t been easy to see what Kakarot did to Vegeta. And since he and Piccolo hadn’t spoken, maybe his demon didn’t know that Kakarot hadn’t succeeded in his ultimate goal. Bile rose in Vegeta's throat at the thought.

Vegeta tried to imagine witnessing someone else kissing Piccolo by force and he crackled with angry energy. Oona pulled off from nursing and asked him again if he was okay. He told her he was, stroked her soft cheek, and helped her curl back in for sleep. He began to doze just as the sun came up. Oona had finally taken care of most of the backlog of milk and Vegeta sighed with the relief of not feeling like a giant, suppurating wound.

Piccolo touched down quietly in the nursery and sat in the other nursing chair, nearly facing Vegeta. Vegeta sensed him and got up warily to put Oona in her crib. But Piccolo said softly, “Stay down, Vegeta. Rest. Let her snuggle.”
Piccolo moved to the floor in front of Vegeta and bent to lay his head in Vegeta's lap. Piccolo clung to him, but said nothing, and Vegeta finally gave in to the exhaustion that had gripped him all night.

When he awoke, Piccolo was still there, and Oona was back to feeding. He prodded Oona's taut little tummy. He whispered, "You have to leave some for the others," and he bent to kiss her brow. She pulled off his nipple, milk dribbling out of her mouth and she climbed up to nuzzle her face into the crook of his neck. She put her hand in her mouth and chewed on it furiously. He said, "Are you getting a tooth? Hmm? Does that mean you're going to stop nursing?"

Oona’s eyes got wide and tears filled them. He quickly said, "You don’t have to stop nursing!" She thumped her head back into his chest and he winced, expecting the pain from the night before, but the pain was mild. He let her cuddle. With his free hand he caressed Piccolo’s sleeping head, hoping not to wake his demon, but wanting to touch him. Piccolo’s eyes snapped open and he blearily sat up.

He said nothing at first, just rose up on his knees and took Vegeta’s face in his hands. He paused, his mouth nearly on Vegeta’s and he breathed, "Okay?"

"Gods, yes," Vegeta rasped and put his free hand behind Piccolo’s head, pulling their mouths together. He groaned in his demon’s mouth, feeling the rightness after all the wrongs of the night before. He held his tears in check: tears of suffering, agony, disgust, relief, joy. He knew they would break free at some point, but it felt good to be in control of himself, not to let them loose.

Piccolo murmured against his lips, “I’m here, Vegeta, let it go.” He crushed his mouth back onto Vegeta’s.

Vegeta breathed fast and hard through his nose as they kissed, maintaining his composure. Piccolo took Oona and put her back in her crib. Vegeta knew he didn’t have long until the others would be up, but he wanted every second of that with Piccolo. He led Piccolo out onto the balcony, closed the doors and the curtains, and pushed Piccolo to the ground.

He kissed his demon for a long time, until the urge to cry about everything had abated. Then he moved down his demon’s neck, tearing his shirt off. He kissed over his sharply defined collarbones and pectorals, then swirled his tongue around his demon’s nipples, tasting the milk that came out of them. Piccolo gasped as Vegeta worked his way lower, kissing and licking his way over Piccolo’s abs. He yanked Piccolo’s pants off and groaned to find his large, green cock hard and waiting for Vegeta’s touch. He slid Piccolo’s length slowly into his mouth and back out, lapping at the pre-cum in his slit before he plunged Piccolo deep in his mouth again.

Piccolo arched toward him, calling his name into the still morning air, and nothing had ever sounded so sweet to Vegeta. Piccolo clutched at his hair and said, “Please, no, Vegeta, don’t make me come like this, I want to come with you—“

“Shhh, my demon, you’ll come with me too, I promise,” Vegeta growled and took Piccolo back in his mouth, sucking harder and moving up and down.

Vegeta worked him until Piccolo let out a guttural cry and his hips bucked against Vegeta’s mouth. Vegeta swallowed his salty seed and felt tears threaten again at the joy of bringing such pleasure to his mate.

He crawled above Piccolo and his demon wrapped his long arms around Vegeta’s chest, pulling
their bodies tightly together. He kissed Vegeta deeply, breathing fast. Then he pressed their foreheads together. “Kami, Vegeta…I…”

“Don’t. Just don’t.”

Vegeta rose back up, spreading Piccolo’s legs wide. He licked his own fingers and slid his middle finger into Piccolo’s ass, making his demon groan. He leaned forward and kissed Piccolo deeply as he continued to finger him gently. Piccolo cried out his name, thrusting toward his hand. He held Vegeta tightly, one hand tangled in his hair. Vegeta loved taking his time with Piccolo, finger-fucking him until he was begging for more, but Vegeta wanted his demon to get off with only Vegeta's hand.

“Vegeta—please. Gods, I want you inside me.”

“Mmmm…I am inside you.”

“You’re torturing me. I need your dick in me, please, please. If you keep doing what you’re doing…”

“Tell me, what will happen?” Vegeta purred, sucking on Piccolo’s ear, letting his words brush across the saliva-slicked flesh.

“Gods, Vegeta, you’re going to make me come again. I want you to come with me.” Piccolo put his fingers in his mouth and retracted his claws. Vegeta saw the spit dripping from them as he reached for Vegeta. He pulled Vegeta’s thigh up across his chest, making it somewhat awkward for Vegeta to continue fingering Piccolo, but Vegeta had the strength and flexibility to shift so they could reach each other and he felt the bliss of Piccolo’s long, strong fingers slipping inside his asshole while he continued to vigorously finger his demon. “You’re so tight, Vegeta, sweet Kami, are you going to come for me?”

Vegeta chuckled and kissed Piccolo more before he murmured against his lips, “You might have to work me longer than that, no matter how good you feel on my fingers.”

“You better stop fingering me then, because I’m not going to last, my prince, and gods I want to come with you. I want you to feel you come all over me.”

Vegeta leaned back a little and gave Piccolo a smirk. He whispered, “Then you better work harder, because I’m enjoying finger-fucking your ass way too much to pull out now.”

Piccolo grinned and smashed their mouths together and Vegeta felt him add another finger and go deeper. Vegeta bent his other leg, spreading himself wide, which allowed Piccolo to plunge deeper inside him. Now Vegeta was gasping Piccolo’s name over and over, clinging to his demon’s powerful shoulder with his free hand. He felt their dicks rubbing together delightfully and Piccolo’s asshole began to tighten and squeeze on his finger as Piccolo growled, “Gods, come for me, Vegeta, come with me!”

Vegeta groaned and obeyed. They both went rigid in their climax and plunged deeper into one another. Vegeta rasped, “I love you, my demon, thank you!”

They both heaved to catch their breath for a moment as the lightning storm around them died down. Piccolo nuzzled him and said, “I love you too, my prince, but what are you thanking me for?”

“Everything,” Vegeta said into his demon’s neck, and kept his face hidden, not wanting to lose face after how long he had held it together.
But Piccolo was relentless and pulled Vegeta’s face back to look into his eyes. “Are you okay? Did he…”

Vegeta’s whole body stiffened. “Well, he didn’t manage to stick his filthy cock in me, if that’s what you’re asking, but what he did manage was enough.”

Piccolo crushed him in a tight embrace and Vegeta was surprised to feel Piccolo’s body shake with tears. “Why the fuck didn’t you call me for help?”

“I had no idea what he intended until I’d gotten him out there. By that point I didn’t see what help you could give. Godsdamn him and his instantaneous transmission.”

Now Piccolo hid his face in Vegeta’s hair as he said, “I thought I’d lost you. When he took you away. The thought of what he might do to you with how tired you’ve been. You need to start sleeping more.”

“I need to get back to training more. It was disgusting to be so weak in the face of that fool. To endure his…his…”

“Rape?”

“He didn’t rape me!” Vegeta roared.

“No, but he tried, and he…I saw that he touched you, kissed you…” Piccolo looked physically ill.

“If he had truly wanted to, he would have. I was too weak to do a fucking thing, not to mention the way my milk made it impossible for me to move effectively. That kind of prolonged pain makes it very hard to fight, or even defend oneself.”

“Did you send Zeba away last night?”

“Yes. I was tired. I was angry.”

“Are you still mad at me?”

Vegeta shook his head. “I don’t know, Piccolo. You have to stop doing what you’ve been doing with the theadur, it’s killing me.”

“I know. It’s killing me too, it’s like a physical ache. I wake up sometimes next to you and it’s throbbing, actually throbbing, and I can’t think of anything but fucking you, having you come in me. I know it’s madness. I know it. But I can’t stop thinking about it. Even now, while I was in the throes of bliss, I can feel its hunger. It’s maddening.”

“Then why the fuck won’t you just let me do the operation?”

“I might still want more children. And…I’m terrified that it will know. That it will know there’s no actual sperm in your cum after that…and then…then what if we can never be satisfied that way again?”

Vegeta shouted, “We’re not satisfied that way now! At least then I wouldn’t have to be fighting you off of me every fucking time, fighting myself, since it’s not like I want to pull out either!”

“Don’t yell at me! It’s not my fault.”

“You fucking me against my will is your fault!” Vegeta growled.
“It wasn’t against your will,” Piccolo said, looking horrified as he stared into Vegeta’s eyes.

“What would you call it when I’m begging you not to do it?”

“You loved it, you said it felt good!”

“Of course it did! But I told you not to, I begged you not to, and this most recent attempt, I was too tired, you overpowered me…godsdamnit, Piccolo…you know it makes me suffer, right?”

“It makes me suffer too.”


“What if we just do it, and then you could punch me, kill the eggs?”

Vegeta recoiled. “No! I won’t hurt you that way. Plus it could kill you.”

“Maybe Zeba would have done us a favor if she had sterilized me.”

“Fuck, Piccolo, don’t say that. Who knows what those pills actually were? For all we know they were just straight cyanide. Plus there’s no guarantee that if we sterilize your theadur that it will continue to feel…like it did.”

Piccolo kissed him tenderly. “It still feels that way, Vegeta, right until the end.”

“You’re not the one trying to control yourself.”

“No, I guess not.”

Piccolo wrapped his arms back around Vegeta, pulling their bodies tightly together, sticky with cold, congealed semen. Vegeta said, “Should we get cleaned up? I’ll have to feed soon, and from the looks of things, you will too.”

Piccolo nodded and they crept into the shower in the nursery and cleaned up. Piccolo grumbled, “I’m glad to get his scent off you.”

It felt like a punch in the gut, the fact that Piccolo had been smelling Kakarot on him and said nothing. Made love with Vegeta stinking of his would-be rapist. Piccolo must have seen his face and he took Vegeta’s jaw in his hand and turned his mouth up to kiss him. “Sorry, that was a dumb thing to say.”

“Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“I didn’t want to bring it up.”

Then Piccolo pulled their bodies together, bending to kiss Vegeta passionately. Vegeta let his hand trail down, searching for the thing he wanted more than anything else at the moment. He slid two fingers into Piccolo’s sheath and almost crumpled at the pleasure of finally feeling his lover there. He pressed his face into Piccolo’s chest as he thrust deeper, harder, “Gods, Piccolo, what are we going to do?”

“I know you don’t want to, and I won’t make you, but sweet Kami, Vegeta, I want you to fuck me in my theadur so badly. I…seeing fucking Goku, of all people, seeing him touch you…gods, I just need you. It almost broke me when I saw what he was trying to do, what he did do,” Piccolo whispered frantically.
His demon’s words broke the dam at last and Vegeta felt tears erupt out of him. He pushed Piccolo against the wall of the shower and thrust into him as he pulled out his hand. He arched deeply into Piccolo and growled, “How do you feel this good, my demon? Kami I want to come in you. I want to come in you again and again and again until my balls ache.”

Piccolo gasped as Vegeta lifted his legs over his shoulders and cradled his back so he could go even deeper. Piccolo reached around and stroked Vegeta’s scar with one hand, his other finding Vegeta’s asshole and probing gently inside him. “Please, Vegeta, please come in me. Please…”

Vegeta was breathing hard, and his balls were tight with ecstasy. He gasped, “You can’t mean that. You know what that will mean, right?”

“It will mean at least eight days of having you fuck me to completion until we can’t walk.”

“It will mean more babies. More labor. The chance that I’ll have to rip you apart again.” Vegeta was rapidly losing his ability to speak coherently as he thrust deeper into Piccolo, as his demon worked his tail scar and his ass.

Piccolo curled to meet his mouth and hissed against his lips, “I don’t fucking care, I need it. I can’t live without it, Vegeta, especially after…after what happened. Please, my prince.”

Vegeta kissed Piccolo hard and gasped, “You’re sure? It’s not just your sheath talking?”

“I’m sure. Please.”

He kissed down Piccolo’s neck as the light rippled under his skin, and whispered, “I can never deny you anything.” He pulsed even deeper inside the velvet grip of his demon.

Piccolo’s tongue swirled in Vegeta’s ear, across his jaw, and his demon pulled his mouth up. “Kiss me, my prince, I’m coming, oh gods…” He kissed Vegeta’s mouth and looked into his eyes. The first deep, powerful grips of Piccolo’s theadur squeezed Vegeta and he thought about pulling out, knowing he had seconds left to do so, but Piccolo clung to him and his eyes were pleading and desperate.

Vegeta let himself go with a roar of pleasure and he bucked into Piccolo, deeper still as his demon clawed his ass. Piccolo gripped him, gasping his name again and again and again as they thrummed together. Piccolo’s seed sprayed up between them as Vegeta felt his being milked out by the deep massage of his demon’s velvet sheath.

Vegeta dropped to his knees, still cradling Piccolo in his arms. Piccolo brought his legs down so he was on his knees, straddling Vegeta, and he pumped up and down. Vegeta’s hard-on refused to die.

Piccolo grinned in the steam. “Now that you’ve had me, you want more, don’t you?”

Vegeta wrapped himself around Piccolo’s broad shoulders. “I always want more of you.” He spread his knees wider so he could thrust more effectively. Piccolo rose up and down, still bending to kiss Vegeta. Vegeta played with Piccolo’s nipples, even as milk streamed out of both of them. Vegeta’s pecs had begun to ache, but that only heightened his pleasure when Piccolo began aggressively twisting and pulling his nipples, making milk spray out of them, relieving some of the pressure. Vegeta threw his head back in a cry of ecstasy and Piccolo ran his fangs along Vegeta’s neck and down until Vegeta was begging for what he knew Piccolo was going to do anyway. Then his demon’s fangs were on his nipples and the light, but sharp pain of their razor edges combined with deep, throbbing pain of having so much milk to make Vegeta bellow with pleasure, pushing harder...
and deeper into Piccolo.

His demon continued until Vegeta palmed Piccolo’s ass and said, “Fuck, my demon, do you want it again? Do you want my seed in you again?”

Piccolo said, against his hypersensitive nipples, “Again, Vegeta, come deep inside me again!” Piccolo’s theadur squeezed Vegeta's dick as Piccolo came with a deep, guttural growl, and Vegeta was lost for him.
Vegeta and Piccolo were still clinging to each other, kissing and entwined, when Zeba came into the shower. Vegeta could see she was irritable, but Piccolo grabbed her hand and pulled her down to kiss him. She hesitated and said, “Wait, what are you two doing? Are you… Vegeta, did you come in him? What are you two thinking?!?”

Both men shrugged as Vegeta kissed along Piccolo’s neck. Piccolo said, “I’m thinking we may need to hire some help in about twelve weeks.”

“What, are you going to hire a Saiyan nanny? Or wet nurse? Vegeta, this is madness, you are already at your limit!”

Piccolo eased off of him and Vegeta winced, but it was so much better to pull out of his demon after he’d come, even if it still wasn’t exactly pleasant. His chest had moved on past dull ache, to deep pain, and he was ready to be out of the shower and nursing. He wondered if he would fight less with Zeba if she didn’t always confront him when he was in agony from milk buildup.

Vegeta got to his feet and said, “We were thinking that we couldn’t stand it anymore, so we fucked properly.”

Zeba stood up and pressed her fingertips to her forehead. “You two are un-fucking-believable. So irresponsible. We’re barely managing the ones we have.”

Vegeta stepped close to her and growled, “No, you’re barely managing. I’ve been doing just fine. I do what is necessary for my offspring. They’re all thriving. The older ones will wean shortly after these hatch anyway.”

“We still have to raise them! And you’re not doing fine, you were so tired that—” she stopped herself abruptly and took a step back from Vegeta.

Piccolo must have seen the dangerous glint in Vegeta’s eye because he stepped in between them and said, “Enough, it’s too late now anyway. What’s done is done.”

“Oh my gods, how were you okay with this Piccolo? Your last labor was terrible!”

“Better than the first.”

“What if he puts more than one in you again?” she said, touching Piccolo’s belly.

Vegeta’s jealousy flared. He hissed, “He’s a part of it too, Zeba, don’t act like I’m some one-man pregnancy virus.”

Piccolo shouted, “Stop it! Both of you, stop it! We need to sort out your bullshit. Vegeta, you need to let go of the ChiChi fiasco, and the milk. Just fucking let it go. Zeba, you need to stop trying to tell him what to do. Have you met him? Could there be a more pointless endeavor? I know you’re both jealous of each other, and fuck if I know how I got to be the nexus of all this, but it needs to stop. I am here for both of you. I love both of you.”

“It’s not about you—I want him to love me again! Like he did before the stupid explosion,” Zeba bit out.
“I do love you, you foolish woman, but you keep insisting on pissing me off! If I didn’t love you, these things wouldn’t infuriate me so!”

Zeba softened and Piccolo looked hopefully between them. Vegeta took her in his arms and said, “I do love you. Stop being such a shit, and it’d be easier to show you.”

She laughed a little. “Like you’re one to talk.”

He gave her a smirk. “But I am an asshole, it shouldn’t surprise you.”

She kissed him lightly. “Don’t fuck his theadur anymore, maybe we got lucky this time—“

“I will fuck him however I damn well please as long as it pleases him—“

“Fuck, Zeba,” Piccolo interjected, “Did you hear a word I said? Stop bossing him around. It’s never going to work.”

She held up her hands. “Okay, okay. But I’m not wild about having more to nurse.”

Vegeta opened his mouth and Piccolo mentally silenced him, For fuck’s sake, Vegeta, she already knows she’s an inferior milk producer, don’t rub it in, just let her get her anger out so we can move on. Please? For me?

Vegeta held his tongue. Then he crushed Zeba’s mouth with his own before stepping out of the shower. He blasted himself dry and pulled on a pair of shorts to go nurse his brood. He kept his face turned away from what he could feel was happening in the shower. He consciously unclenched his jaw, muttering to himself, “Stop being an idiot.”

Vegeta fed the babies, then asked Bunny to watch them while he went to the gravity room to train. Zeba had installed an intercom system so Bunny could contact Vegeta if any of them got unruly, but Vegeta had been pleased that aside from perilous levels of curiosity, his offspring were mostly easy-going. Bunny liked to take them out on the grounds and let the oldest three rampage, the middle two were now crawling, so they could explore at a slower pace, and Bunny pushed Zeela and Vega in a stroller to a central area and then let them roll around in the grass.

Vegeta pushed himself until he was bloodied and battered, his mind constantly flashing to the powerless, disgusting feeling of knowing that Kakarot could have done whatever he wished to Vegeta. He could practically feel the oaf’s meaty paws on him; his awkward mouth. Vegeta didn’t want to contemplate what would have happened if Gohan and Piccolo hadn’t saved him. It was Frieza all over again, with Vegeta helpless and weak, needing someone to save him from the sexual depredations of a more powerful being. Had Kakarot had his realization nine months earlier, he wouldn’t have been able to overpower Vegeta, but his accursed sleep-deprivation and the lack of time for prolonged training (since in addition to time devoted to parenting, he preferred fucking to training lately), meant that Vegeta had gotten weak.

He wrapped a length of absorbent cloth around his chest, determined to keep training until they needed feeding again. But the alarm sounded: someone wanted to come in. He bellowed, “Just a moment,” and turned the coil off. He swung open the door to find Zeba. She had Zeela and Vega, one squirming in each arm, and she looked despondent. “They don’t want me. They want you.”

“They’re probably not hungry if they won’t accept it from you,” he said, catching his breath, and felt his milk surge at the sight of their crying faces.

But both babies scrabbled to get to him. He tore off the wrap he’d just put on and sure enough, each
latched onto him like they were starving. He met Zeba’s eyes and saw she was teary. He held both babies with one arm and used the other to pull her to his side. He kissed her forehead. “I’m sorry, Zeba, I don’t know why.”

She hefted her breasts. “I think I haven’t replenished enough since I last fed them. They’re used to having such a fountain with you.” Vegeta didn’t know what to say, so he kept her wrapped against his body and she put her arm around the two infants, the four of them cuddling together until Vega pulled off, milk dripping out of his mouth, and reached for Zeba. Vegeta saw her smile with relief as she took him back in her arms. Then she leaned against the wall near the wreckage of a drone and slumped to the floor.

Vegeta slid down next to her. She said, “If you dodged a bullet with Piccolo—can you not tempt fate again? What if he dies in labor, Vegeta? His body has only had eight months to recover from the last lot, which was too soon for his body anyway. I know you don’t like it when I tell you what to do, but I’m asking you—begging you—to stop.”

Vegeta let his head thud against the wall behind him. “Gods, Zeba, I’ve been trying not to do it. He’s been going crazy, basically forcing me—“

She snorted. “Like Piccolo could physically overpower you.”

Vegeta growled, “Fuck you. He can if I don’t hurt him, and I don’t want to hurt him. He’s been using that against me and it’s harder and harder every time. Plus neither of you seems to get how tired I am. Like right now, if we stop talking, I will pass out. I don’t even know if it’s sleep anymore. I’m exhausted, Zeba. Anyone could overpower me now.”

She took both babies and laid them out on the discarded milk cloth across the room. They were in a milk coma. She climbed onto Vegeta’s lap. “What about me? Can I overpower you?”

He smirked. “In all likelihood, yes.”

She tried to push him over, onto his back. After a moment of exerting herself, he humored her and flopped onto his back. She put his hands under her knees as she straddled him. She started to rub on him as she bent to lick his nipples, letting her tongue move in rough circles around one and then the other. Vegeta considered lifting her up by her knees, but he thought maybe she found it titillating to feel in control of someone as strong as Vegeta. And he didn't mind, it felt good to know that any moment, he could be in control.

She trailed her tongue down the center groove of his ab muscles, reaching the line of his shorts and awkwardly yanking them off. She took his tip in her mouth and Vegeta groaned. He almost always blew Piccolo, or fucked him or Zeba, so he hardly ever received oral sex and he had forgotten how amazing it felt. It surprised him how hungry for him Zeba seemed. He whispered, “You want to sit on my face while you do that, woman? I want to lick your pussy.”

She looked up, confused. He wiggled his fingers under her grip. “I can’t move you. You’ll have to do it yourself.”

She gave him a lopsided smile and rearranged herself, standing on his hands to undress. Then she settled back on him, careful to keep his arms pinned, and he feigned resistance. She spread her lips for him and he lifted his head to taste her as she took him deep in her mouth again. Vegeta had also forgotten how much he enjoyed pleasuring her this way. It hadn’t been that long, but the last time had been rife with jealousy and a sense of duty, rather than actual wanting. Now he ached to bring her to climax, to feel her come on his face. He almost took his hands back so he could pull her onto his face harder, but he could smell and feel that she liked the charade they were engaged in, and he
supposed he did too.

He curled up to plunge his face deeper into her pussy, tonguing her clit hard until she was grinding down on his face, moaning on his dick. She pulled off and gasped, “I want you to fuck me.”

He murmured, “You sure you don’t want me to make you come like this?”

She climbed off him, keeping his arms pinned the whole time and she plunged his cock inside her. She held onto his arms, rocking on him. His hips bucked up against her and he longed to touch her clit, to be able to help her to come, to make her squeeze so hard on him that he came with her. He faked a struggle and she tut-tutted him, “Stay down, my sweet Saiyan. You’re mine now.”

“How am I going to make that sweet pussy come on me if I can’t touch you?”

She gave him a seductive smile and said, “Well, what if I make use of my free hands?” She spread her hand and let it run over her milk-swollen breast, roughly handling her own nipple, then she slid it down her newly flat belly, the purple lightning of stretch marks permanently marking her passage into motherhood. She let her forefinger and middle finger press on her engorged, wet clit and she groaned. “Kami, Vegeta, I’m not sure if this is a good idea, because I’m so close to coming. You aren’t close, are you?” she asked with a roll of her hips.

Vegeta’s torso rose up off the ground and took her nipple in his mouth, as she cradled his head in the hand that wasn’t on her pussy. He gasped against her saliva-slicked nipple, “I’m so close, woman, if I feel you clenching on me, I’m lost.”

“Do you want it? Do you want me to come on you?”

“Fuck yes, I need it, Zeba. Come for me.” He felt her move her fingers faster as she rode him harder and he moved to her other breast. He forced himself to keep his hands under her knees, but then he heard her breath catch in her throat and she screamed with her release. He cried out against her skin as he climaxed with her and his hips slammed up against her, but he managed to keep his hands “pinned.”

She moved up and down a few more times and then collapsed onto his chest, pointedly taking her knees off his hands, and he wrapped her in his arms. He kissed her tenderly and whispered, “I love you, woman,” and pressed their foreheads together.

She stared into his eyes. “I love you too, Vegeta. I’m sorry about everything. Having a threesome is harder for me than I thought it would be. And…I really do struggle with parenthood. I think that’s part of the reason my mind broke when I had them. I was so scared, and after watching you and Piccolo slide into it so naturally—you’re more of a mom than I am, and it’s confusing. I didn’t expect it. Just like I didn’t expect you to love Piccolo so intensely. I thought it would be me. I thought I’d be the glue. That you two would fuck, but it would be me that you both loved. It never occurred to me how deeply you’d care for one another. But I’m doing better. I’m working through my jealousy.”

Vegeta sympathized with her position, so he kissed her softly, affectionately. “Me too. We’ll get there.”

“And you’ll stop? With Piccolo’s theadur?” All Vegeta’s irritation came rushing back and he resisted the urge to shove her off his chest. She obviously felt him stiffen as she rose up to look at him. “Fuck. I shouldn’t have brought it up again.”

Bunny radioed in that the other five were ready to eat, and he was grateful for the excuse to get out
from underneath Zeba. He pulled on his shorts, carefully picked up Vega and Zeela, and whispered, “What he and I do with our bodies is ours to decide, not yours. I’m not discussing this anymore.”

“It’s not just you two though. We’re all in this together!”

“Yes, we are, but you are not taking on additional responsibilities, even if he is pregnant again, so it’s not really your choice.”

“But I’m losing you!” She burst into tears. “I’d already lost most of you to Piccolo—then the rest to them. There’s just not enough of you to go around, Vegeta!”

He closed his eyes for a long moment, breathing through his nose. He considered saying more, but he simply shook his head and left to take Zeela and Vega back to the compound and to feed the other children.

That night Vegeta crawled into bed alone for the first time since he’d emerged from the healing pod nearly a year earlier. He hadn’t seen Piccolo all day, but they’d spoken mentally and Piccolo was in the mountains meditating; he hadn’t wanted to risk sparring with Gohan until he knew if he was pregnant. Vegeta laid with his arms behind his head, feeling Zeba down in her lab, obviously working just to avoid him. He had fed all seven babies in the afternoon, napped, then fed them again before bathing them, and put them down for the night. Neither Piccolo nor Zeba had done anything with them all day. He didn’t want to care, and gritted his teeth when he did.

Then Kakarot was above him, pinning his arms again, and Vegeta couldn’t move. The fool put his mouth on Vegeta and then his hand was on Vegeta’s dick, touching him, tugging at him. Kakarot whispered, but it was Frieza’s voice, “Get hard, you dumb monkey, get hard and fuck me!”

Vegeta lurched upright, not even cognizant that he had been asleep. It had just been a dream. Vegeta ran his hands through his hair. Just what he needed: nightmares. He held his skull and called out to King Kai, How long will you keep Kakarot?

Sadly we can’t keep him long if he’s not dead. I can manage two weeks. I know that’s not much, but maybe long enough for your scientist to figure out a solution. I’ve tried to talk to him, but he’s determined to be with you. I’ve also tried to clarify what rape is.

Thank you. Really. For everything.

Vegeta felt for Piccolo and Zeba. They were both far away. So he let himself go at last. The tears came out of him like vomit they were so uncontrollable and equally unpleasant. He shoved his face into his knees, miserable in his weakness and exhaustion. His love for his offspring and his mates overwhelmed him, added a new dimension to his fear. It had been easier when he hadn’t cared for a single thing, including himself. There was a freedom in having nothing. Kakarot’s determined expression as he’d paralyzed Vegeta via his tail scar flashed in his mind. Vegeta sprang into the bathroom to vomit. He stayed, heaving over the toilet, sobbing until there was nothing left in him.

A strong hand ran up his spine and he spun around, smacking the hand away, his eyes wide and frantic. Then he saw it was Piccolo, he fell back against the wall, and slid down until he was sitting next to the toilet. “I’m sorry, my demon,” he choked out, trying to stifle his tears now that there was a witness.

Piccolo fell to his knees in front of Vegeta and pulled the smaller man onto his lap. Piccolo kissed his eyes. Then he crushed him in a tight embrace, burying Vegeta’s face in his shoulder as he
whispered, “No, don’t be sorry. Kami, my prince, let it out. Let it all out.”

Vegeta cried against Piccolo until his throat ached and his eyes burned. Eventually Piccolo picked him up and carried him to bed. Piccolo stripped, pulled Vegeta onto his chest, and wrapped his arms around Vegeta. By the time the last tears oozed out of Vegeta, he felt sleep pulling him down. He wished his children and his pectorals would let him sleep through the night. The very thought of eight unbroken hours of sleep made him want to weep with joy. Fear of Kakarot-nightmares almost kept him awake, but he remembered that lack of sleep was the only reason that idiot had bested him in the first place, and Vegeta let go, safe in his demon’s arms.
Vegeta got his wish. He woke to bright sunlight the next morning, sopping and sticky, there was so much milk pooled around himself and Piccolo. Piccolo was still sound asleep, despite being practically afloat. Vegeta tried to move and sucked a sharp breath through his teeth at the rabid pain gnawing at his whole upper body. He felt full of broken glass and rusty razor blades. His pectorals bulged unnaturally and instead of his normal heavy drizzle, his nipples were spraying like tiny hoses. He sat up, biting his hand to keep from crying out. Zeba was sprawled on Piccolo’s other side, on the edge of Vegeta’s puddle of milk.

Vegeta lurched out of bed, quickly rinsed himself in the shower, and ran cupping his hands over his nipples to the nursery. He took Oona out first, and although she was still asleep, she guzzled, never opening her eyes. He let her drain off some of the pressure from each side before pulling out Kohan and Vende. They woke up with wide eyes and smiles at the feast. When Kohan happily slapped Vegeta’s pec, he barely stifled his scream. They both finished, but Vegeta still felt explosive. He took out Cola and Geto, letting Vende and Kohan have run of the nursery.

By the time Vega and Zeela ate, he could move without wanting to cry, but he was by no means relieved. Oona woke, so he changed her diaper, and put her back to his nipple. “Vededa milk,” she paused to say. She ate on his right side until it was a dull throb. Then he switched her again. “More Vededa milk?” she asked, as he positioned her to eat from his left.

“Are you still hungry, my little vampire? Because Daddy would love to give you more milk.”

“More da-dee milk,” she said, and snuggled in to nurse more. But even Oona filled up before his chest was done.

He rounded them all up and put them in their play pod so he could clean up his milk catastrophe. He said, “I’ll be back in a few minutes, my little monsters. Don’t hurt each other.”

Vegeta ran back down the hall to their bedroom and found Piccolo with his head between Zeba’s legs, his hands up smearing milk around on her swollen breasts, as she writhed in the milk pond Vegeta had created. Vegeta’s first response was ragged, painful jealousy as he imagined his thighs pressed on either side of Piccolo’s head. But after a moment watching, he wanted his demon like that, with his mouth on Zeba’s pussy, and for the first time in months, Vegeta felt good about their pod, that it was perfect.

He crawled behind Piccolo and said mentally, Can I fuck your theadur? She’ll probably be mad, but I want you.

Gods, yes, I woke up aching for you.

Vegeta pulled Piccolo’s hips up and rimmed him, tasting his own milk. Piccolo begged him in his mind, and Vegeta plunged his dick into Piccolo’s tight, hot sheath. He bent to dip his fingers in the milk and dripped it on Piccolo’s asshole, using it to ease in his thumb. Piccolo gasped against Zeba’s pussy. She opened her eyes and saw Vegeta, who in turn saw that she was not pleased that he had joined them. Vegeta ignored her scowl and turned his eyes and his mind back to finger ing his demon while he fucked him into glowing.

As the light bloomed under Piccolo's skin, Zeba's expression shifted from irritated to irate. But Piccolo’s tongue was relentless and he made her come despite her anger. As she cried out in ecstasy, Piccolo growled, “You want my dick, Zeba?”
She glared at Vegeta, and he thought she would say no. But a cold smile lit her face as she narrowed her eyes and said, “Yeah, I do. Fuck me, my demon.”

Vegeta knew she was trying to rankle him, but he felt perfect, being balls and palm deep in his demon. Piccolo’s ass gripped his finger tighter as he plunged into Zeba. Vegeta curled over Piccolo’s body as they dropped lower so his demon could fuck Zeba. One of Vegeta’s hands was braced in the milk, invisible, but he felt Zeba's fingers. He twined his with hers. He could see she had no idea how to interpret or respond to the gesture and he didn’t care, he loved her, despite everything. He bent and kissed Piccolo’s spine, letting his mouth roam over his milk-slicked green skin.

Vegeta thrust his thumb deeper and his demon cried, “Oh fuck, Vegeta, I’m coming, you’re making me come so hard!” and his asshole tightened and squeezed his thumb as Piccolo’s balls seized.

Then the blissful, gripping release of Piccolo’s theadur clutched at Vegeta’s cock until he couldn’t hold himself back any longer and he gasped, “Do you want me to come in you or pull out?”

“In me. Gods, come in me, Vegeta!” Piccolo bellowed. And as always, Vegeta obeyed. His whole body flexed and he drove deep into Piccolo as his seed burst into his demon's hungry theadur.

Zeba, despite her efforts to stay angry, couldn’t win against Piccolo’s expert fucking either and her cries rose in intensity, until she wailed and Piccolo’s renewed pulsing told Vegeta that she had had her fun too. He plunged his thumb into Piccolo a few more times, making his demon cry out, and he pumped his hips hard into Piccolo, knowing it would carry through into Zeba. She gave another long moan of pleasure.

Vegeta eased himself out of his demon, and while it was unpleasant, Vegeta thought maybe Piccolo wasn’t pregnant, because it wasn’t terrible. He suddenly remembered the children and said, “Oh fuck, I’ve got to get this and myself cleaned up and get back to the kids. Shit. Up you two, up, up.”

Piccolo stayed buried in Zeba, kissing her softly, running his wet fingers through her sopping hair, and said, “I’ll clean it up, Vegeta. Bring the kids in here if you’re worried about it.”

Vegeta did as Piccolo suggested, acidic jealousy rising up in his throat again as he left them holding each other. Upon his return, he was glad he had closed the shields on the pod, because Piccolo hadn’t even pulled out of Zeba. Vegeta’s anger flared. Now he saw Zeba’s point—any additional childcare would likely fall on his shoulders, depleting him further, leaving him open to the sexual whims of Kakarot.

Piccolo shielded Zeba from Vegeta’s rising chi and said, “What the fuck, Vegeta, I said I’d clean it up, calm down!”

“Fuck you!” Vegeta barked and stomped into the shower. He cleaned himself up, his chest still throbbing. Before he could finish, both of them had joined him.

Piccolo tried to grab him by the hips as he said, “Why are you so pissed?”

Vegeta avoided his demon’s hands and hissed, “I’m finding Gohan and a surgeon today. I’m getting my vasectomy.”

Zeba cut in, “Vegeta, don’t you think—“

“You can just keep quiet—you’re the one who wants me not to fuck his theadur. I’m solving the
problem, so stop complaining!"

Vegeta finished rinsing off his soap and stepped out, blasting himself dry. Piccolo grabbed his arm. Lightning crackled over Vegeta's skin as he met Piccolo's eyes. Piccolo said, "Vegeta, calm down, can we talk about this? Please? Let me get the mess cleaned up. I was just glad you got a real night's sleep."

Vegeta ripped his arm away and strode into the closet. He wrapped his chest, dressed, and flew off to find Gohan, ruing his swollen, painful pecs. But he sensed the young Saiyan’s chi surging with Dende’s and didn't want to interrupt them. He growled, irritated that he couldn’t speak to either of them about solving his problem. He returned, disgruntled, to his bedroom to retrieve his accursed cell phone so he could look up urologists with medieval tendencies.

One of Zeba’s crazy cleaning robots had taken care of most of the milk situation by the time he returned. The mop-bot was cruising through the room, making the babies laugh. They saw Vegeta and cried out happily, reaching for him. Piccolo and Zeba had clearly been discussing him, and they turned anxiously when they heard Oona shout, "Vededa Da-dee!" He yanked his phone off the charger, took the babies’ pod, and left.

Vegeta landed near the Namekian garden and let the children out of the pod to play. He had started giving the oldest three little bits of Namekian fruits and vegetables. He picked several types and bit into each, feeding Vende, Kohan, and Oona with half-chewed morsels whenever they returned to him from their scampering play.

The first surgeon’s office he called was horrified at his request for anesthesia-free surgery and confused by the fact that he was lactating. Vegeta heard an ominous crack: he had nearly crushed the delicate phone, despite the special case Zeba had constructed that was supposed to make it more Saiyan-proof.

Piccolo touched down near him as he sat on the ground, his elbows on his knees, his head hanging between them. "What do you want?" Vegeta said gruffly, but didn't look up.

Piccolo sat down in front of him. “To find out what the fuck is going on with you.”

“Have you gone to see Dende to find out if you’re pregnant?”

“No, not yet. I know that’s not why you’re so pissed off. I’m not above digging around in the dumpster fire of your emotional mind.”

Vegeta finally smirked and glanced at his demon. “I know you’re not. I fucked Zeba yesterday, and I thought it was special. I thought we’d reconnected—then it turned out she was just trying to manipulate me into not fucking your theadur anymore. It felt like such a betrayal. Then…last night...in the bathroom...was so fucking humiliating. And gods the sleep felt incredible, but I’m still in so much pain from going that long. And I'm still so fucking tired.”

“Why are you mad at me?”

“Tch. Zeba got to me with something she said.”

“When she called me ‘my demon?’”

“No, she was just trying to piss me off, to ruin my fun while I fucked your theadur—“

Piccolo laughed. “I think she failed on that count, at least.”
“She said that the new babies would all fall on me and I realized after last night and this morning that she was right. I do almost everything with them, though thank gods for Bunny and Gohan.”

Piccolo pulled Vegeta into his lap, making Vegeta wince with pain. “Vegeta…Fuck. I’m sorry. Since I can barely nurse any of them, I…I don’t mean to abandon you to them. I love them. I love you. I’ll do better.”

“She’s right, Piccolo. And I hate that she’s right. I fucked up by letting you convince me it was okay. It’s not okay. I don’t think you’re pregnant this time, so maybe we lucked out. But she’s right, we need to stop.”

Piccolo looked despondent. Only then did he notice the Namekian fruits, all with bites out of them, scattered on the ground around Vegeta. He gestured to them and asked, “What are you doing?”

Vegeta told him and Piccolo crushed him in a powerful hug. Vegeta yelped in agony. Two nights of not enough feedings meant he’d be milking himself like a cow before lunch. Piccolo released him and said, “I’m sorry—are you hurt? Thank you for initiating them to solids using Namekian foods. It means a lot to me.”

Vegeta clenched his jaw. He wanted to be left alone. He growled, “Look, I need to express some milk or I’m going to be dying all day. We’ll have to talk later.”

Piccolo looked around. “But you don’t have a pump.”

“A pump?”

Piccolo gaped. “Vegeta—have you been hand-expressing your excess milk?”

“Yes, of course, it’s excruciating otherwise.”

Piccolo started to chuckle. “Vegeta, Zeba has an electric pump that can suck it out of you easily, both sides at once. I just assumed you’d been using that. I’ve seen you use your hands, but I thought that was just when you were doing a little.”

Vegeta jumped to his feet and roared, “Godsdamnit! You mean I could have been relieving my suffering for fucking months using a machine and instead I’ve been just getting by using my hands?” He screamed with rage and frustration.

Piccolo stood and stopped him with a kiss, as all the children flinched away from Vegeta’s angry chi. “Hey, hey,” he said and held Vegeta’s hips, kissing him more deeply. “Damn, my prince, you’re on edge these past couple days.” Piccolo’s eyes went wide and he held his hands up in surrender. “Justifiably, justifiably, but we’ve got to wind you down.”

Vegeta took several heaving, angry breaths and then said, with a smirk, “Did you have something in mind?”

Piccolo reached inside his jeans and murmured against his lips, “I do—but first I think I’ll go get the pump for you. Babies almost ready for a nap?”

“No even close, but Zeba can take a turn for once in her life,” Vegeta grumbled as he caught the babies to put them back in their pod.

“Don’t be an asshole,” Piccolo said.

“I am an asshole.”
“Then pretend you aren’t when you ask her to take the kids.”

Vegeta flew the pod to Zeba’s lab. He set it down and said, “Can you watch them for a bit?”

“Um, I’m pretty busy, how long?”

“I’m not sure, but not too long.”

“Why can’t you do it?”

“Never fucking mind. I’ll go ask Gohan.” Vegeta stormed out, swallowing the nasty insults he felt bubble up like rancid burps. He supposed this way he could ask Gohan about holding him down for the surgery as well. Kill two birds with one stone.

No you fucking won’t. You’re not doing it.

Get out of my fucking head, Piccolo. I am doing it, with or with you.

Piccolo was suddenly in the air in front of him. He took the pod from Vegeta. The children looked back and forth between their two fathers. Vegeta hissed, “Get out of my way. Actually, no, never mind. Where’s the fucking pump?”

Piccolo pointed down by the Namekian garden, where they had been before. Vegeta dropped down, Piccolo trailing behind him, and hooked the contraption up, thankful Piccolo had brought so many bottles. He turned it on and Oona yelled from the pod, “Da-dee! More Vededa milk? More?”

He turned it off and said, “Are you hungry, Oona?”


He unfastened the contraption and put his eldest girl to his chest. She suckled like she was dying of thirst and he sighed contentedly. Piccolo moved warily behind him and wrapped his arms around Vegeta’s waist. He kissed Vegeta’s neck.

“Picc-a-do! Picc-a-do milk?”

Vegeta passed Oona to Piccolo, who nursed her briefly, but she sucked each side dry in less than a minute. She lunged for Vegeta and chirped, “Da-dee milk! More Da-dee milk!”

Piccolo handed her back to Vegeta, looking hurt, but he wrapped Vegeta in his arms again anyway. Vegeta nursed Oona until she started to doze, then put her in some shade to nap. The others were wrestling happily in their play pod. He leaned back against Piccolo, wanting to resist him, to stay mad, but he couldn’t. Piccolo whispered, “She calls you Daddy?”

“Only sometimes. She mostly calls me Vededa. Thank you for bringing the pump. I still need it, so I’m going to hook up.”

Piccolo sat with him while he pumped himself dry for the first time in nearly three days and it felt ridiculously close to orgasm to have such relief after so long. Piccolo took the bottles to freeze them. Vegeta groaned, unhooked himself and flopped on his back in the grass and the sunshine. Sleep tugged at him, but a shadow fell over him. He cracked one eye and Piccolo threw off his clothes and got on all fours above Vegeta. Vegeta grunted, “What do you want now?”

Piccolo bent and kissed him. He ran his hands over Vegeta fiercely, as if he had missed touching him, and maybe he had, Vegeta’s chest almost always ached some. Piccolo kissed down the split in
his pecs, down to his belly button, swirling his tongue in Vegeta’s navel. Piccolo ripped Vegeta's jeans off and whispered against his lower abdomen, “I heard you, this morning, wishing your thighs were pressed to my ears.” He slid down and gripped Vegeta's thighs as he took one of his balls in his fanged mouth.

Vegeta growled, “You need to stop eavesdropping on my…my…oh gods, my demon…”

Piccolo plunged Vegeta’s shaft into his throat, tugging on his balls. Then he pulled off, rasping against Vegeta’s tip, “I haven’t meant to neglect you this way. Whenever you’re hard, I just want you in my theadur so badly, I forget that I love sucking you off. And it’s been too long.” He slid Vegeta deep into his mouth again, using his fangs to find the line between pain and pleasure that Vegeta enjoyed so well with his nipples.

Vegeta wanted to say something, anything, but it was too much sensation combined with the blessed relief of his pecs being empty for once. He just took what his demon gave him, clutching at his head, fondling his antennae, and Piccolo pushed his thighs up so he could finger Vegeta’s ass while he sucked him. Vegeta writhed with ecstasy, feeling like he would explode in a good way for once. He arched up toward his demon, feeling their chi make the ground rumble, and then he let go, erupting into super-Saiyan form as he ejaculated again and again in Piccolo’s hungry mouth.

After sucking every last drop out of Vegeta, Piccolo pulled off and withdrew his fingers. He stroked Vegeta’s legs, keeping his head on his belly. Vegeta glanced at the pod, but Piccolo had used his telekinesis to close the curtains. Vegeta suddenly remembered that Oona was free, and he rocketed upright, hoping he hadn’t just forced his daughter to watch him get head. But she was still asleep, curled up like a cat in the shade.

He flopped back and groaned. He had had thoughts and feelings and things he wanted to say before Piccolo blew him, but now he couldn’t remember any of them, and he supposed maybe that had been the point. “Thank you,” he murmured, still caressing Piccolo’s head and antennae.

“Mmm…no, thank you, for doing all you’ve done, Vegeta.”

“You’ll go see Dende?”

“In a bit. I want to stay with you right now.”

Piccolo moved so he could hold Vegeta in his arms. Vegeta murmured, “Gods, it feels so weak to love you this much.” He felt sleep tug at him.

“Rest, my prince…my love. Just rest.”

When Vegeta came to again, it was dark. His first thought was that the little demons were all spacing their feedings out together, which surprised him given the disparity in their ages. The older ones would sometimes go longer, but once he was feeding the younger ones, it was simpler to feed all seven. It saved him the pain of milk buildup, if nothing else. He sat up, flinching at the return of the burning shrapnel in his chest. But he wasn’t with Piccolo. He wasn’t in the grass. He didn’t know where he was.

The place seemed familiar, but in a distant, déjà vu way. There was a smell too—a smell he knew and made his skin crawl. He was aboard the main ship of the Frieza Force. Frieza’s ship. Worse still, Frieza’s chambers. Who would bring him here? And how? The answer filled him with dread.
The doors slid open and in walked Frieza himself and alongside him, Kakarot. Kakarot’s penis was out, hard, and seemed to track Vegeta like a malignant snake. Frieza said, “Let’s see a monkey fuck another monkey. Get to it if you’re so strong.”

Vegeta recoiled, but found he couldn’t move. Some kind of forcefield held his hands and ankles, and as he strained, milk sprayed out of him. He erupted into super-Saiyan and roared, yanking at the invisible restraints. Kakarot put his mouth on Vegeta, his hands groping Vegeta everywhere. Pawing every inch of him. As Vegeta struggled, biting, swinging his head, the idiot shouted, “Vegeta! Vegeta! It’s okay!”

“Fuck you! It’s not okay! Stay the fuck away from me, Kakarot! How can you listen to him? Release me! Stop fucking touching me!”

“Vegeta! My prince, it’s me,” the moron said, but in a voice not his own.

Vegeta snapped awake to find Piccolo pinning him down. Vegeta’s breath came in ragged gasps, and his eyes darted around looking for his two abusers. Then he realized it had been another nightmare. Piccolo caressed his face, looking worried. Vegeta clutched his demon’s wrist, kissed the inside of it. Piccolo eye was swollen and blood seeped from the corner of his mouth. Vegeta lurched up and howled with the pain in his chest. It seemed that part had been real.

“Did I…” he whispered and touched Piccolo’s brow above his eye, “I’m so sorry, my demon. I…I…” Vegeta knew that saying the truth would break him. It would make him weep like a fool, as he had the night before, when he thought he was alone. He needed to be alone. He started to get up.

Piccolo took Vegeta gently in his arms. His demon must’ve heard Vegeta's frantic thoughts because he said, “No, you fucking don’t, Vegeta. You know this is the whole point of love? The whole point of caring for one another is to…care? To take care? Why won’t you let me help you through what happened?”

“Nothing happened!” Vegeta barked.

“Vegeta, you’ve been having night sweats, nightmares, you’re screaming in your sleep. You punched me twice before I could get you to wake up.”

“But I was immobilized!”

“In the dream maybe, but you weren’t in real life,” Piccolo dabbed at the blood on his lip, and continued with a laugh, “trust me. It doesn’t matter if Goku didn’t have sex with you, Vegeta, just what I saw was clearly a violation—he was sucking on you, and it looked like he did weird stuff with your scar—“

“Enough! I don’t want to talk about it!”

“I know you don’t, but that doesn’t mean you shouldn’t. Fuck, if it makes it easier, show me. Show me like you did with Frieza. I can’t help you if I don’t know what happened.”

Vegeta clutched his head in his hands and sobbed, “I don’t want you to know. I don’t want you to be disgusted with me and my weakness. Fuck. Fuck. How did I let it happen again? Again, Piccolo! What is wrong with me?”

Piccolo tilted his chin up and leaned to kiss him, but asked first, “Okay?” Vegeta nodded. Piccolo kissed his mouth tenderly then said, “Nothing’s wrong with you, Vegeta. You just appeal to the strongest beings in the universe, which is unfortunate, but not surprising, given that you’re one of
them. It wasn’t your fault with Frieza, and it isn’t your fault with Goku. Show me, so I can help you. Remember how much better you felt after you aired the festering wound of what Frieza did?”

“No,” Vegeta growled miserably.

“Well you did, you stubborn bastard.”

Vegeta reluctantly pressed his forehead to Piccolo’s and relived the events of that night, both loathing himself and feeling the relief Piccolo had predicted. He hated to relive it though because he felt as though he was making too big a deal out of it, but he knew some of the terror had been the certainty of the final outcome if Vegeta had been unable to escape. When it was done, Piccolo crushed Vegeta against his powerful body, breathing through his hair. Vegeta cringed from the pain in his chest. Piccolo said, “Gods, I’m sorry, Vegeta. I’m so sorry.”

Vegeta sobbed, unable to speak, still reeling from the horror of sharing his both petty and momentous violations. “How can you stand to be with me?”

Piccolo kissed him fiercely. “Don’t fucking say that. I can’t stand to be without you, Vegeta. Not even for a day.”

Vegeta rested his face on Piccolo’s shoulder, breathing deeply to calm himself, to forget the nightmare, which he had transmitted along with everything else. He could hear discord among the children and he felt small hands touching him. He turned to find Oona clambering up his arm, searching for the thing that made her world go round. She looked at his face and said, “Da-dee Veeda otay?”

He nodded and tucked her in to eat. Piccolo got up and nursed Vega and Zeela since he no longer had the volume to cope with the larger babies. They fed all seven in the quiet of the early evening. Vegeta asked, “How long did I sleep? Did I pin you down this whole time? I’m sorry. I’m still exhausted. I feel like if I did that ten or twelve more times, like last night and today, I might finally feel functional again.”

“You slept all day. I didn’t wake you. I fed the kids with bottles around lunchtime, and hooked the pump up to you. The babies played in the biosphere, then I put them down for their nap, and curled up with you again. Maybe eight hours. You were out cold. Sorry the nightmare woke you. I thought I might be able to just hook the pump up again and let you sleep through until tomorrow morning.”

Vegeta groaned, “Sweet Kami, Piccolo, don’t even make jokes like that. That sounds amazing.”

“Let me do it tonight. Sleep through and I’ll take care of everything. I’m long overdue for a little sleep deprivation. If Goku is only in afterlife prison for two weeks, we might as well get you rested up so you’re not taken at a disadvantage if that fucker comes for you again.”

Vegeta’s skin crawled at the thought, but he knew Piccolo was right—Kakarot would likely come for him again.
Piccolo was true to his word and he did everything through the night and on into the morning so Vegeta could sleep. Vegeta woke to piss, but it wasn't enough, so he crawled back into bed and slept again. It was not only the longest he’d gone without nursing since becoming a father, but the longest he’d gone without sex since his pod had formed, and that brought home how tired he really was, because he didn't even care. He just wanted to sleep.

The days blurred together as Vegeta woke only to eliminate waste and drink water. His demon hooked him up to the pump, occasionally kissing him, but never trying to pull Vegeta up from his coma-like. It felt incredible.

One bright morning, Vegeta got up to piss and his head felt clear, like he could process information, handle adversity, and remember things; he almost wept with joy. He took a leak and sought out Piccolo’s chi. He ground his teeth: his demon and Zeba were fucking next door. Then he took a deep breath. Of course they were: he had been out of commission for who knew how long. He wanted both of them to be happy, so he stifled his jealousy.

He strode down the hall to the nursery, his pecs full, but not agonizingly so. He opened the door quietly in case they were asleep. Kohan, Vende, and Oona were playing in their enclosed play area, building with blocks. Oona chirped, “Vededa da-dee! Milk! Da-dee otay?”

He scooped her up, kissing her all over, but she had no time for his affection. She dove for his nipple and settled herself contentedly to eating. Kohan and Vende scrabbled at his leg and both of them said, “Da-dee! Da-dee, up!”

He chuckled and held all three of them, but Kohan and Vende bit at each other to get to be the first to nurse. He smirked and said, “Knock that off, there’s plenty for all of you.” Vende latched on and Vegeta held Kohan up on his upper arm and shoulder. He kissed on both of them as he went to peer into his other children’s cribs.

They were all stirring. Oona and Vende were fast and got down and play. He worked his way quickly through all seven of them. He loved feeding them even more when it left him completely drained and pain-free. He activated all the safety features of the nursery, took a deep breath, and headed to see Piccolo and Zeba, who were finished. He knocked, which felt strange, but before he could call out, the door swung open and Piccolo was there, naked and grinning.

“He lives!”

Vegeta smirked. “How long was I out?”

“Do you really want to know? It’s going to piss you off.” Piccolo kissed him deeply, pulling their hips together.

“Very little doesn’t piss me off.”

“Four days.”

“Honestly, given how tired I was, I’m impressed it was only four days.”

Zeba strolled over and draped herself against Piccolo. It was so proprietary, Vegeta had to tamp down his possessive jealousy. She must’ve seen the hard look in Vegeta’s eyes because she kissed along Piccolo’s arm, but kept her eyes on Vegeta. Rather than glare as he wished, Vegeta grabbed
her hip and pulled her to him. He kissed her with false enthusiasm.

Once he was kissing her though, he no longer felt like he had to fake it. He was already hard and he rolled his hips against hers. She froze, then melted in his arms. Piccolo was behind him, reaching into his shorts, gripping his cock in one hand, his balls in the other, stroking him. Zeba was naked and Vegeta ripped his shorts off. He moved Piccolo's hands and plunged into Zeba. She was tight and swollen from Piccolo fucking her and Vegeta could smell his demon’s seed, which only added to his ardor.

Then Vegeta felt something interesting and new: Piccolo was jealous, furious even, and not of Vegeta taking Zeba, but of Zeba fucking Vegeta. His demon kissed roughly along his neck and his back, dropping to his knees and spreading Vegeta’s ass cheeks. He rimmed Vegeta aggressively until Vegeta was panting with his desire, but nervous. It had been a long time since Piccolo had fucked his ass, and he hadn’t done so since the incident with Kakarot. Vegeta clenched his ass cheeks and Piccolo kissed up to his scar and then licked it, massaging it with his tongue.

Vegeta held his breath until Piccolo whispered in his mind, Why don't you want me to fuck your ass?

I'm fucking Zeba.

That's the best time for me to fuck your ass.

Fuck her ass.

That honestly sounds pretty amazing, but she's not ready. I haven't broken her ass in yet.

My ass is as good as virgin given how long it's been.

Zeba suddenly came hard on Vegeta's dick. He gasped, but held his own orgasm back. Then Piccolo forced his cheeks apart again and rimmed him hard, pressing his tongue deeply into Vegeta's ass. Vegeta gave a stuttering cry and spurted deep inside Zeba.

He set Zeba down and Piccolo took Vegeta’s face in his hands. He kissed Vegeta desperately, until she complained, “Hey, he just fucked me, let me kiss him!”

Vegeta raised his eyebrows as Piccolo bared his fangs at her. She stepped back, saying, “Whoa, what the hell, Picc?”

Piccolo growled, “You just got to fuck him, it’s my turn.” He tugged Vegeta against him.

Vegeta said mentally to Piccolo, Easy, my demon. Easy.

Piccolo put his hand on Vegeta’s hip but let Zeba kiss Vegeta again. She pulled away and said, “I better get to work. I’ll see you both tonight,” giving Piccolo a long look as she left.

Vegeta watched her, but then Piccolo was on him, kissing him frantically, lifting him off the ground. He growled, “Fuck, Vegeta, I missed you.”

“What the fuck was that?”

“Don’t pretend you don’t fucking know,” Piccolo grumbled, “It wasn’t fair that she got you first.”

“I was trying to make nice.”

“I don’t want you to make nice. I want you, Vegeta. She was frustrating while you were out. She
thought we should wake you up.”

“Why? Gods, that was exactly what I needed. I feel like a functional Saiyan again. I feel like I could fuck up Kakarot again.”

“She’s still mad you came in my theadur, so she thought you should have to keep taking care of the kids nonstop.”

“What the fuck? I do take care of them nonstop, that’s how I wound up so exhausted that I almost got fucking raped.”

Piccolo held Vegeta’s cheek and said, “You almost got raped because Goku’s trying his hand at being a rapist, not because of anything you did.”

“Tch, whatever. That woman, I swear, she’ll drive me to fucking madness.”

“I don’t know why she bugged me about it, she clearly enjoyed having me all to herself. What she didn’t enjoy was being woken up at night to help me feed. You’re not the only one who outproduces her on the milk front, so that pissed her off. And shitty diapers suck even more in the middle of the night, which she didn’t know until the past four nights.”

Vegeta ran his hands over Piccolo’s tightly ridged abdomen and said, with more sadness than he anticipated, “I take it you’re not pregnant?”

Piccolo hesitated. “No. I’m not pregnant now. That’s good, right?”

“Yes, of course, you’re right.”

“That means you can fuck my theadur without worrying about it. And Zeba can’t bitch about it.”

“She will, though. She’s jealous.”

“She’s jealous of everything we do.”

“Well, she’s not alone. We’re all really fucking up our pod lately.”

“I guess maybe we didn’t really do a trial run, but then again, maybe anything seems fine until you add a miscarriage, seven infants, a postpartum mental break, and an attempted rape to a polyamorous relationship, then shit gets hard.”

Vegeta flung Piccolo down on the bed and crawled above him. He murmured against his demon’s lips, “Thank you for giving me that sleep. I feel so much better. We’ll figure everything out. We can’t expect everything to always go as well as it did in the beginning.”

Piccolo’s hands raced over his body, touching him everywhere. Piccolo breathed heavily as he curled up to kiss Vegeta more and pulled him down so they could grind their hips together. Piccolo gasped, “Gods, I missed you, even if Zeba did try to fuck me into forgetting you.”

Vegeta tried to keep his face neutral, but Piccolo sat up and said, “Sorry, sorry.”

“I’m glad you two enjoyed each other. A small price to pay for real sleep. I think if once a week or so you let me sleep through the night, I’ll be a much saner Saiyan, maybe even less of an asshole…” He smirked. “But I don’t want to make promises I can’t keep.”

Piccolo kissed him more, his hands exploring Vegeta’s body like they had never been together. Vegeta let his mouth roam over Piccolo’s body, sucking hard on his nipples, making Piccolo groan.
Piccolo grabbed his dick and began stroking him roughly. He whispered, “Kami, Vegeta, I need you.”

Vegeta got between his legs and stood on his knees, pulling Piccolo’s hips up and thrusting into his theadur, Piccolo’s back arched deeply and Vegeta groaned.

“Gods, my prince, you feel amazing,” Piccolo whispered.

“Do you want me to come inside you? Because I don’t think I’m going to last long.”

“Yes, gods, yes, come in me.”

Vegeta let his hands run up Piccolo’s flanks in his deep bend, arching over to kiss his demon’s belly. Piccolo kept his shoulders pressed into the ground, but he held the outside of Vegeta’s thighs and ran his large hands up and down, still feeling and caressing Vegeta like he had never touched him before. Vegeta pulled out some to try to stay his orgasm. Piccolo’s skin had begun to glow dimly. Behind them the door swung open and Vegeta turned, startled, to look over his shoulder.

Zeba screeched, “No more! I’m not taking care of any more goddamn babies!” She yanked at Vegeta’s shoulder.

He growled, “Woman, stop this madness!”

“Pull out of him now, Vegeta!”

Vegeta had never been that close to hitting a woman that he wasn’t battling against. Piccolo shouted, “Zeba, what the fuck are you doing?”

She tugged at Vegeta more, and while she couldn’t effect him physically, she was pissing him off enough that he was no longer enjoying himself. He pulled out of Piccolo and his demon hissed unhappily. Piccolo hopped up and took Zeba by the wrist. He bit out, “You can’t do this. You can’t try to ruin it for us just because you’re jealous! Gods, Zeba, we’re all fucking jealous! All of us! So in some ways that’s good—right? It means we all love and want one another and we’re just having a little trouble sharing right now.”

She shoved Vegeta, and he breathed long and slow out his nose to avoid losing his temper. She said, “I’m not fucking jealous! I don’t want anymore kids. We have too many kids now!”

Vegeta felt his heart twist and shrivel at her words and he stepped away from her. “What? What did you say?”

She covered her mouth, as if she hadn’t meant to say it. “Not like that, Vegeta—Kami—I love them. It’s just…it’s just too much.”

Vegeta pointed at her and hissed, “You…you think it’s too much? You don’t do shit with them. You don’t do fucking anything. Piccolo is godsdamned mine too. I love you, Zeba, but I won’t put up with this from you. If you did anything more than the bare minimum for them, which is a low threshold, especially since you resent all the work that I do—“

“They’re not all mine! My—“

Vegeta was appalled, he choked out, “What?! Not all yours? How…how…” He scrubbed his face with his hand and touched Piccolo to ground himself. “Then stay the fuck away from them. Stay the fuck away from all of them.”
She started to sob. “That’s not what I meant, Vegeta—I just meant that I didn’t get a say in five of them. Well, six really…”

Vegeta said hoarsely, “Five of them were a surprise for me as well and it doesn’t change how I feel about them—”

“But why risk more when you know the risk?! The risk isn’t even just for one more—haven’t you learned anything from the fo—three pregnancies you created? You’ve had all multiples. All of them—so there’s basically a one hundred percent chance he’ll have multiples if you knock him up again, so we’d have nine children, best case scenario.”

Vegeta felt Piccolo’s silence like a knife in his back. He swept his shorts up as he walked out of the room. He stopped by the door to step into them. Piccolo grabbed him, hooking an arm around his waist. He pressed his lips to Vegeta’s mouth and murmured, “Don’t go. Please.”

He sneered at Zeba before he turned back to Piccolo and said, “I love you but I need to not be near her right now. She obviously feels the same about me. Maybe she regrets my surviving the Kakarot ordeal? Hmm? Maybe she regrets fucking everything about ever meeting me.”

Piccolo held his head in his hands and roared at both of them. “Can you two, just for a fucking minute, stop being such pricks? Gods it is a pain in the ass to love you two! Vegeta—Zeba is allowed to feel overwhelmed by having seven children to take care of—you do too—that’s why you just had a four day coma. Zeba—Vegeta is allowed to feel hurt that you don’t love your non-biological children that he thought you loved as a mother—“

“That is not what I said!”

Piccolo narrowed his eyes at her. “It was certainly implied. That they were a burden foisted upon you.”

She cried harder. “That isn’t what I meant. I’m just trying to get you to see sense! To make a healthy choice. Piccolo, you’ve been pregnant thre—twice—with multiples—in a year. Kami, if you really want more kids, wait a year or two.”

He hissed, “Fuck you, Zeba, you don’t know what it’s like. You don’t know how it feels for either of us. And you can just turn your fertility off.”

“Let him get the goddamn vasectomy!”

“I’m not done! I don’t care if it’s madness! I love it. I love having them. And aside from Earth being depopulated, you remember that both of us lost our entire species to Frieza, right? There are something like a hundred Namekians left. There are two Saiyans. Two, Zeba. And how would you feel if we punched you in the clit every time after we fucked you and that was the cost to not have children that you want anyway?”

Zeba walked over and sat down heavily on the bed. She put her elbows on her knees and held her mouth. “It can’t be as bad as all that.”

Piccolo sat next to her. “Yeah, it is, Zeba. When he pulls out of me, it feels like he’s hitting me right in the nuts. With condoms it feels like he’s not even inside me.”

She held his hand. “What about sticking to ass sex for a year or so?”

Vegeta ground his teeth together. Piccolo grimaced and growled, “Look, I don’t know what your sexual urges feel like, but my theadur is different. My desire to have Vegeta come in my theadur
isn’t like wanting to have a piece of chocolate or sleep past your alarm…it’s like…like…when you’re underwater and you’ve held your breath for a long time and you want to breathe. If you tell us to pull out, or not do it at all, you might as well tell us not to breathe. We’re trying to hold our breath, Zeba, we have been, but the thing is, I don’t want to hold my breath anymore. I don’t want that burning, that feeling of being on the edge of death, I want to swim to the surface and breathe. And I don’t just want to breathe once a month or once a godsdamned year, I want to breathe all the time. I can dive sometimes, but there’s only so long you can hold your breath, day after day.”

Vegeta dropped down on his knees between Piccolo’s legs and threw his arms around his demon, burying his face in Piccolo’s lap.

Zeba rubbed Vegeta’s back and he controlled his urge to flinch away from her touch. “Really?” she whispered.

Vegeta nodded in Piccolo’s lap, his demon’s hands were on him, soothing him. Piccolo said, “So leave it, Zeba. Just fucking leave it alone. We may just play our odds. Dende is working on Namekian birth control, but until then, if you keep trying to take this away from us…I don’t know what will happen, but nothing good. We’re all jealous of our own things, so we’ve already got that working against our pod’s harmony, but if you keep trying to fuck up our love life, that’s going to put undue strain on everything.”

She sighed. “Okay. Okay. Fine. I’ll leave it alone, but I mean it, I’m not helping with the next labor. It’s terrible to see you in labor, Picc.”

Piccolo looked so mad that Vegeta feared Piccolo would hit her. Vegeta squeezed his knees and Piccolo turned his face down to Vegeta. He took a deep breath. “We don’t need you anyway,” Piccolo growled, venom in his voice.

She got up, walked toward the door, and said, “See, when I came out of labor, you guys gave me shit for thinking that I would end up alone, but here I am, alone against the two of you.”

Piccolo moved Vegeta aside and got in her face. “You don’t have to be alone—but being together isn’t a one way street, Zeba. We want to be with you—we really do—but if you won’t be there for us, what can we do? How can we be a pod if you pick and choose what you want from it? We took you, no matter what, when you were crazy for over a godsdamned month. We kept you when you were vicious and cruel, maligning us and our children, your very own, straight-out-of-your-womb children. We stayed with you. We loved you, and we helped you back from the edge of that abyss. We kept you when you did dumb shit because Vegeta’s a better mother than you—which has been shocking for everyone, not least of all for himself—but we kept you. He has stayed awake night after night after night so we could sleep because neither of us could handle it. And if you think that’s just because of Vegeta’s and my brood, you go ahead and try to do it with your two for more than a couple days and see how you fare. And honestly, fuck you. Vegeta’s been trying with you. He’s been jealous, but he kept at it, kept loving you, because he wants our family to survive. I’m about ready for you to bring some effort to the table too. I mean, have you even asked how he’s doing after what happened with Goku? Did you check in to see how I’m doing after having to defend my much stronger partner from a rapist? No. So you don’t have to be at my labor if I get knocked up again, but then don’t expect me to hold your hand when you need it.”

Zeba’s face was ashen and Vegeta’s eyes were wide. Piccolo had never been so rough with her. Vegeta took her hand and said, “But that isn’t what either of us want. We want you. But you have to be all in, woman.” He gave her a half-smile.

She nodded. Then she looked at Vegeta, turned her eyes away. Vegeta felt ashamed, like she couldn’t bear to really see him, like she couldn’t admit what Kakarot had tried to do to him. Vegeta
kissed Piccolo and said, “I’m headed to the GR. Are you going out with Gohan today?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you later tonight?”

“Yes, I’ll take the kids over to Bunny until their next feeding.”

Zeba said, “I…I can take—“

Vegeta hissed, “No, not today. You take today to figure out what you really want. Figure out your feelings about the babies. They’re innocent. I won’t let them suffer or feel unloved.”

She touched his forearms. “I do love them, Vegeta.”

He snorted. “You never watch them anyway, Zeba, so it will be just like every other day.” He left, grazing his hand over Piccolo's back as he left. He expected them to fuck once he was gone, so he was surprised when Piccolo’s chi rocketed off toward the desolate wilderness where Gohan liked to train. Dende's chi was there too and Vegeta smirked, hoping Piccolo wouldn't interrupt them. Piccolo’s voice came in his mind, You okay?

Yeah, I’ll be better once I get to finish fucking you.

Obviously. That isn’t what I meant.

I don’t know. It was good to finally have some honesty about how hard it’s been with her. But I'm a bit…gods, don’t you ever tell anyone I said this…broken-hearted about what she said about our children.

Yeah, but I’m not surprised, having dealt with her having to care for them for a few days.

Are you alright? You must be tired.

Vegeta, seriously, you’ve been doing this for over nine months, I can hardly complain.

Yes you can. Exhaustion is taxing.

Go train, we’ll talk, and fuck, more tonight.

Vegeta felt stiff in the GR, but also like a new man. It was as if his brain hadn’t been properly seated in his skull for the past year and now it finally was. It was invigorating and he worked until his muscles couldn’t fire anymore. Then he kept going. He knew he only had days until Kakarot would be at him again. His only hope was to be able to beat the shit out of that clown so thoroughly that he would accept the futility of his sexual desires.

Memories of his encounter with Kakarot brought Vegeta’s stomach up into his throat. He dropped to the floor and he hurled himself empty. He bent over, gasping for breath, before he returned to the main coil to shut it down. He cleaned up his mess. He searched for Piccolo's chi, only to find that Piccolo was there, inside the GR, now that Vegeta had turned it off.

Vegeta’s heart thudded, and he thought he would never get tired of looking at his demon. He strode over to his green lover, who leaned casually against the door jamb. He was dressed in civilian clothes, a pair of well-fitted dark jeans and a white button down shirt.

Piccolo said, “What say we go get dinner? I know you need to feed the kids and shower, but Gohan and Dende offered to take them for the evening.”

“What did you offer them?” Vegeta said with a smirk.
“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Vegeta cupped Piccolo's crotch in his hand and said, “As long as it wasn’t this, I don’t care.”

Piccolo bent and kissed Vegeta. His eyes traveled over Vegeta, who wore only the shredded remainder of shorts. Piccolo closed the doors, clicked on the coil and started unbuttoning his shirt as the gravity ramped up. His shirt crumpled heavily to the floor before his jeans dropped too and Vegeta groaned to see that his demon was free-balling. He returned to Vegeta, who stood in pleased shock as his demon stripped. Piccolo pulled Vegeta up to kiss him and Vegeta launched into him, knocking him down in the heavy atmosphere.

“Shall I turn the air pressure up and the oxygen down, just to make things interesting, my demon?”

“It never hurts to be prepared to fuck you on other planets,” Piccolo growled with a smirk.

Vegeta changed the settings and crawled above Piccolo, kissing him almost viciously. He had had a half-hard-on all day thanks to their interrupted lovemaking that morning. Now he was ready for his demon, starving for him. They kissed all over each other’s bodies. Vegeta sucked along Piccolo’s pecs and nipples, moving onto his arms, and he gasped in the thin air. “Gods, Piccolo, how do you want me?”

Piccolo curled up with great effort and breathed heavily, “Don’t toy with me, Vegeta, it’s been four fucking days, let’s finish what we started.”

Vegeta, despite what his demon said, bent his mouth to suck Piccolo’s dick, but only in passing. He held his demon’s heavy, straining erection in his hand as he licked over his balls and down onto his sheath. Piccolo’s mouth flew open but he made no sound. Vegeta let his tongue slide along his demon’s secret opening. He paused to suck his own fingers. He slid his middle finger into Piccolo’s asshole. Piccolo gasped and arched toward him.

Piccolo gasped, “Vegeta, I need you to fuck my theadur, not that you don’t feel amazing in my ass, but—“

Vegeta pushed inside Piccolo, keeping his hand beside him, fingering Piccolo’s backdoor as he plunged deeply into his demon, making him cry out with pleasure. Vegeta’s erection ached with the cum that had been stymied earlier by Zeba and feeling Piccolo’s tight, twitching asshole on his finger made him want to come even more. He slid deeply in and out of Piccolo’s sheath until Piccolo’s skin glowed so brightly Vegeta could have read a book by the light.

Vegeta got up on his knees, as he had been in their bedroom, hoisting Piccolo up by his hips, which meant he had to pull out of Piccolo’s ass, but the change in their angle made him groan as he and his demon came together. Vegeta bent to kiss his demon’s taut abdomen as he spurted inside him. He pulled Piccolo onto himself roughly a few more times, gasping his name, and stayed buried deep for a long moment.

When he finally pulled out, it wasn’t as agonizing as he expected, so he thought perhaps they had dodged the fertility bullet again, but rather than celebrate, he saw Piccolo’s face fall. “What’s wrong, my demon?”

“What if we can’t have more?”

Vegeta said, “We’ll…make do. I feel ambivalent, my demon. They are exhausting, but as the oldest three have started to talk and teethe, I realized that they’re almost done with me. Then the other two sets will grow out of me just as quickly and…even though I’m so worn out, I love it too.”
Piccolo kissed Vegeta tenderly and pulled him back down. They breathed heavily in the thin air, the high gravity crushing them together. After a while, Piccolo got up and dressed and Vegeta turned off the coil. He flew nude to his room, and showered. Zeba came in the bedroom and he dreaded dealing with her, but then Piccolo arrived too.

Vegeta came out to see that they were arguing quietly, their faces angry. He made no effort to hear them as he went in the closet to dress. Zeba was out of her work coveralls, so he assumed she would be joining them for dinner. He stood in the closet, taking deep breaths, willing his anger at her away, but he decided to go feed the children before talking to her as a stop-gap measure.

Bunny was glowing after Oona had called her “Bun-bun” that day. Vegeta smirked down at his eldest daughter as she drained him completely after her siblings were all finished. Gohan flew in as he pulled on his shirt. He and Vegeta hadn’t seen each other since the incident with Kakarot. Vegeta appreciated that he didn’t let his eyes skitter away as Zeba had.

Gohan said quietly, “You doing okay, Vegeta? After my dad…”

“I’m fine. I need to ramp up my training. Perhaps you’d like to spar sometime? You and Piccolo together are always a nice challenge.”

Gohan lit up. “Yeah! You bet!”

“That is, if you have time these days,” Vegeta said, smirking and cutting his eyes to Dende, who had just arrived.

Gohan’s cheeks turned purple. He stammered, “Dende and I are going to put the kids down, then watch a movie…if that’s okay.”

“Of course it’s okay. I’ll bring my stupid phone in the event that you need something or they give you any trouble you can’t handle.”

Gohan was tossing Geto and Vende in the air, practically juggling them, and they were giggling wildly. He said, “No, they won’t give us any trouble! They love their uncles!”

Vegeta’s heart seized to hear Gohan refer to himself and Dende as family to his offspring. Vegeta felt a hand in his back and turned to see Zeba. She said hello to everyone and then she and Vegeta went back down the hall. Once he was out of earshot of the playroom, he said, “Are you joining us tonight?”

“Do you want me to join you tonight?”

Vegeta stifled the urge to tear out his hair and scream at her. He crossed his arms tightly. He waited, saying nothing. She sighed and said, “Piccolo doesn’t want me to go.”

“Then why are you asking me?”

“I was hoping for mercy.”

He chortled. “I would think you’d know me better than that by now.”

“Come on, Vegeta. Can’t we all go out and try to have a good time?”

“We have been trying to have a good time for the past couple months, nice of you to finally align
your goals with ours.”

“Don’t be a shit.”

Vegeta shook his head and continued back to his quarters where he could feel Piccolo waiting. 

_Gods, should we try again?_ Piccolo asked in his mind.

Vegeta turned back to Zeba and said, “Fine, but if you say a fucking thing about his theadur or about our offspring, I will leave you with the check and lock you out of my fucking room tonight.”

She nodded. “Got it.”

“And not a fucking word about Kakarot.”

She grimaced and tried to touch him. He flinched away. She whispered, “Vegeta…I wanted to say something, anything, but I don’t…I don’t know what to say.”

“Like I said, don’t. That will go better for everyone.”

“Are we just going to pretend like it didn’t happen?”


“That’s not true! You flinch away from me now! Why don’t you flinch away from Piccolo? I certainly couldn’t rape you!”

The word hit Vegeta like a slap. “That clown didn’t fucking _rape_ me,” he growled, his chi flaring.

“How would I know? You won’t talk about it,” she said, trying to shield herself.

Vegeta glared and hissed, “Forgive me if it’s not great to relive it, Zeba, especially when I see the disgust in your eyes.”

She crept closer to him and reached out her hand, lightly touching his hand, taking it. “It’s not disgust, Vegeta, it’s just sadness and fear. If that can happen to you, with as insanely strong as you are, people like me are just hopeless. Helpless.”

Vegeta softened and stepped toward her. He said, “He is the only being in the universe who can best me, and only when I’m tired. You’re safe. I’ll keep you safe.”

“Who will keep you safe, Vegeta?”

“I will,” Piccolo growled from the doorway behind them. “Leave him alone, Zeba. I told you what happened, why do you keep picking at that scab?”

“Because he’s been weird with me since it happened.”

Vegeta said, “You made the children suffer that night. If I hadn’t been able to come back, you had thrown away all the milk. And you’ve been deliberately trying to piss me off with Piccolo. You don’t call him ‘my demon,’ you just said that to goad me. The fact that I almost got raped, certainly suffered humiliation, and your only response since then has been to try to piss me off, is hard to stomach. I don't want to be touched by someone who is so fucking petty, Zeba, who cares so little that I might not be at my best after…after…he did what he did. After you did what you did.”

She looked ill and said, “Yeah, maybe you guys should just go.”
“We’re going out to have a good time—can you do that?”

She nodded, her eyes brightening. Vegeta remembered how enchanting he had found her eyes when they first met. He could feel Piccolo’s jealousy as his hand pressed more possessively into Vegeta’s back, his fingers raking over Vegeta’s scar, sending a thrill of pain and pleasure together into Vegeta’s gut.

Piccolo said, “I will pick him up and abscond if you start picking at him again.”

Vegeta was surprised by how pleasantly dinner passed. Piccolo had made them a reservation downtown at an exclusive rooftop restaurant. The wealthy patrons gaped at the three of them, but Piccolo had arranged for their table to be somewhat secluded, at the very edge of the roof—and Zeba gasped at the view, but didn’t want to sit on that side. Vegeta had gruffly reminded her that neither of them would let her fall. She had teased him that she could understand if they did.

By the end of the night, Vegeta was pleasantly buzzed, his hand rested on Piccolo’s knee. Zeba’s eyes were glittering and roaming over Vegeta hungrily. Piccolo, who was drunk, kept leaning and kissing Vegeta’s neck. Zeba was sober enough to drive them home. She pulled at Vegeta, trying to get him on his feet. “Come on, let’s get you two home.”

He stood close to her and quipped her chin, “And you? Don’t you want to get home?”

She pressed her body against his, her hands running over his chest. Piccolo’s jealousy was palpable it was so thick. Vegeta kissed her lightly, then turned and pulled Piccolo to his feet, kissing him more aggressively, pressing his hips against his demon. He gave Piccolo a smirk and glanced over the half-height glass wall that separated them from a fifty-five story drop. Vegeta knew that they had been advised not to fly in the city, but he also knew there wasn’t much the police, or anyone else, could do about it if he and Piccolo chose to disobey. Piccolo understood him perfectly and threw enough money on the table to cover their meal and a generous tip. Then they each took one of her arms and dove over the edge.

She screamed, “You motherfuckers!” as they spiraled down to the ground. Vegeta scooped her up in his arms to land so they didn’t rip her shoulders out of their sockets. Piccolo chuckled as he tapped down next to them and tossed her the keys as she colorfully berated both of them.

Back at the compound, Vegeta couldn’t even conceal his surprise as Zeba kissed them both goodnight and said she was going to go sleep in her own room. Then she paused and said, “Do you want me to do one of the feedings tonight, Vegeta? I think you’ve stockpiled enough bottles again.”

“No, I’ll handle it,” he said, “I feel like a new man after catching up on sleep.” Vegeta couldn’t read the complex energy zinging between Piccolo and Zeba then. He suspected that Piccolo was delighted by her gesture both to let the two men be alone that night, but also by at least making a perfunctory offer to help with childcare. But there was a gleam of something else in Piccolo’s eyes, like this was the first move in an elaborate game of strategy that Vegeta didn’t know the rules to play. He continued, “I’m going to go now and relieve Gohan and Dende, feed the brood, then be in to bed, Piccolo.”

Piccolo kissed Zeba again and said, “I’ll go with you. Zeba?”
She said, tentatively, “I’d like to at least come say goodnight to the kids. I make enough milk to nurse one or two.”

Gohan straddled Dende on the couch in the den off to the side of the nursery. They kissed passionately as the movie they were “watching” played in the background. Vegeta cleared his throat and Gohan sprang to his feet. Both boys cheeks flamed red when they saw Vegeta, Piccolo, and Zeba. Gohan spluttered excuses. Vegeta smirked and let him sweat, but Piccolo said, “I assure you, we don’t give a shit, Gohan. As long as the children are safe and cared for, you can do what you wish. Not in front of them, of course.”

Gohan eyes darted to Vegeta. Vegeta looked over to Dende, who had stayed seated, obviously due to a hard-on, his cheeks burning even brighter when he caught Vegeta’s eye. Vegeta chuckled and patted Gohan roughly on the shoulder before he proceeded into the darkened nursery to feed his offspring. Zeba and Piccolo followed. Vegeta heard Dende whisper, “Kais! I thought we’d sense their chi. I’m so embarrassed.”

Gohan’s answer made Vegeta smile. “I was too distracted to sense anyone’s chi but yours.”

Dende’s chi flared, but then they both followed into the nursery and said their farewells. Piccolo gave them some cash and the teenagers launched into the night. Vegeta laughed and said, “Do you suppose Mr. Popo acts as some sort of chaperone figure?”

Piccolo shrugged. “Or they just can’t keep their hands off each other anywhere.” His eyes roamed over Vegeta, and Vegeta blushed as though he and Piccolo hadn’t been fucking for nearly a year. Piccolo laughed and held Vegeta’s face in his hands as he kissed him and whispered, “Not that we’d know anything about that.”

Zeba was already nursing Zeela. Piccolo scooped up Vega. Vegeta picked up Geto and Cola, glad that his mates hadn't tried to nurse the any of the larger five. Geto and Cola had grown rapidly and were now almost indistinguishable in size and ability from the older three. Geto in particular, was huge. Vegeta marveled that the child that looked most like him was likely going to end up Piccolo’s size. Oona, Kohan, and Vende were all about the same size despite the fact that Oona was the biggest eater, far and away. She was also the biggest talker and Vegeta suspected she was already learning to read from the careful way she turned the pages of her books. Gohan read to them constantly. Vegeta did his best, but he often fell asleep while reading.

The first two were done eating. Until he snapped awake, Vegeta hadn't realized that he had dozed off with them cuddling happily on him. He changed their diapers and put them back in their crib. He picked up Vende and Kohan, who remained asleep, but Oona stirred and said, “Why last, Daddy?”

Vegeta raised his eyebrows, her speech improved almost hourly. He bent to kiss her forehead. “Because otherwise there will be nothing left for your brothers.”

She grinned and he could see that a tooth was about to erupt from her gums. She said, “Oona likes eat.”

“Yes, you do,” he answered. Zeba and Piccolo had finished feeding the youngest and were changing them.

Vegeta heard them whispering and he wondered what the hell was going on. Piccolo said, “If you want to come, come, Zeba, it’s not like that. But if you’re tired and it’s just to ‘keep up,’ go to bed. I know you’re tired from when he was out…” Piccolo bent and kissed her tenderly. “I had a good time tonight. Thank you for that.”
She kissed him more and said against his lips, “Okay, but we’re still in agreement? And he won’t feel rejected?”

“Given that I’m barely able to tolerate you touching him without wanting to tear your hands off, no, he’ll know I’m working through my own shit.”

“You two know I can hear you? It’s my pecs that are filled with milk, not my ears. Does Zeba not want to fuck me anymore?”

Zeba said, “No. But you’ve been cringing every time I touch you lately.” Piccolo gave her a sharp look, but she flared her nostrils at him and continued, “You heard us. You heard what we said, so what’s the big deal?”

Vegeta strode over to where they stood. He turned off the nursery lights and led them down the hallway. “It feels like you’re both not telling me something. Like you’re talking around something, even with each other.”

Piccolo looked at Zeba triumphantly, like he’d won some argument. Vegeta looked hard at Piccolo, who in turn gave Zeba another dirty look, but said, “It’s nothing.”

All the delight of the evening crumbled and Vegeta felt tired again: tired like he needed to sleep immediately. He snorted and waved his hand at both of them, returning to the nursery. “I’ll see you both tomorrow. I’m sleeping on the couch so it’s easier to feed them tonight.”

Piccolo and Zeba began to bicker as soon as his back was turned, but he rocketed back down the hall, stripped, and collapsed on the couch, letting sleep take him.

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