Trick-or-Treat

by GokuGirl

Summary

Vegeta takes Bra out on Halloween.

Notes

Bra's Age: 6

It was October Thirty-first, one of the three days in the year that kids couldn't wait for. The others were December Twenty-fifth and, of course, their own birthdays. It would be Bra's first time acquiring candy from strangers, because the year before she had been sick, and she couldn't wait.

Then her happy mood was ruined. Her mother, who was going to take her to the school's party first and then trick-or-treating afterward, came down with the flu. Bra knew that there was little hope that someone else could take her. Trunks was going to a dance and her papa... well, there was just no point in asking him. She would go without having fun again this year and that made her quite sad.

"Mama, maybe you aren't as sick as you thought?" she asked hopefully from her place in her parent's bedroom doorway. Bulma looked at her from the bed, her eyes watery and her face covered with sweat, and just groaned. That was a good enough answer for Bra. The little girl closed the bedroom door behind her and slowly went to her room. There would be no trick-or-treating tonight.
Trunks found her there thirty minutes later. Bra was laying on her bed, staring up at the ceiling in morose silence. When she noticed her brother standing over her, she burst into tears. "It's not fair, Niichan! I wanna go get candy!"

Not really sure what to do to calm her down, Trunks just held her. "I have a plan, Bra, but you have to do your absolute best or it won't work."

Slowly her tears stopped and she looked up at her brother with hope shining in her eyes. "What do I have to do?"

***

Vegeta laid on the couch aimlessly watching television. He was bored, there was no shame in admitting it, and really didn't feel like flying off to wherever Goku was training Ubuu and challenging him to a sparring match. So he stared at a show he couldn't even name, drawing ever closer to the edge of slumber.

"Oh, Papa..." he heard a small voice say. Vegeta sat up, instantly wary of Bra's tone of voice. She always seemed to want something whenever a sentence began with 'Oh, Papa'.

Twisting around, he spotted his daughter standing a few feet away from the couch. "Did you want something?" he asked.

"Mama's sick," she said while making a face. "Trunks is busy."

"Yeah? So?" He had a feeling about what was coming and didn't really like it. All those little ningen children.... It was the stuff of nightmares. Well, *his* nightmares anyway.

"I want to go to the party and then go trick-or-treating. Will you take me?"

Vegeta went back to his television show. "Short answer: no. Long answer: hell no."

Plan A didn't work (she didn't think it would), so now it was on to Plan B.

Bra went around the couch and climbed into her father's lap. She felt him tense up and knew that B had a good chance of working. Hugging him, she asked again. "Papa, will you take me?" She blinked cutely at him. "I love you."

Vegeta felt his resolve crumbling, but had enough left to tell her no. Sighing at the failure of Plan B, Bra was resorted to Plan C. It always worked, but using it too much would make her father immune to it. Vegeta inwardly sighed when he felt warm tears against his neck and knew that there was no hope of him ever saying no this time.

"I make a promise to myself every time I let you win by using this very underhanded tactic," he told her. "I say, "Vegeta, you aren't going to give in next time. Bra's tears aren't going to make you as soft and mushy as Kakarotto." But you know what? Every time you do this, I always give in with little or no resistance. Why do you think that is?"

She sniffled and smiled up at him. "Because you love me?"

"Nope, I don't think it's that," he answered. Her face fell comically and he snorted. "I'm joking, Bra-chan."

"Oh. Well, you don't do it a lot so I never know." She climbed down to the floor and bowed thankfully. "I'm gonna go put on my costume. You wait right here and I'll be back soon, okay?"
He nodded. "Okay. I'll just be here watching whatever this is."

Bra peered at the TV screen. "I didn't know you liked Crazy Clown's Fun Time Show."

"That's what this is?!” He quickly changed the channel. "Where's a violent movie when you need it?"

***

On the walk over to the school, Bra couldn't contain her excitement. She bounced around Vegeta as if she’d eaten sixteen candy bars, nearly tripping over her pale blue Cinderella dress in the process. Vegeta eventually laid a restraining hand on her shoulder to keep her feet firmly planted on the ground.

"Is this what I'm going to be seeing from you all night?" he asked.

"Nope, Papa." She smiled cheerfully. "I'll be still, but it's not me you're going to be annoyed by. There's probably gonna be some kids there who are a lot worse than me."

At her words, he was on the verge of turning around and going back home. Then he looked at his happy daughter and steeled himself for the worst.

Streams of small, hyperactive children were going into the gym with their parents. Most of the adults were already looking weary and that did nothing to improve Vegeta's outlook of the night.

"Tsuki! Tsuki!" Bra shouted as she spotted her friend across the gym who was dressed as Pocahontas. The two girls met each other halfway and began to talk rapidly. Vegeta saw Bra point towards him and Tsuki's surprised look. Then they both were coming back towards him. "Can Tsuki come with us? Her kaasan just dropped her off and I don't want her to be lonely by herself."

"Can I, Vegeta-san? Please?" the other girl asked hopefully.

"Fine, whatever. Come on, let's get this over with."

He followed the two girls from the gym and down the hall. Various teachers in the school were handing out candy from their classrooms, giving the illusion of trick-or-treating but in a safer environment.

The very first classroom belonged to the kindergarten teacher. Bra and Tsuki shouted, "Trick-or-Treat!", and she gave them each two pieces of candy.

"It's nice to see you again, Vegeta-san," she said to him with a smile as the two girls went off down the hallway. "Have you recovered from last year's incident?"

At first he had no idea what she was speaking of, but then it hit him. Bra's very first day of school. "Well, my injury's healed up and she actually likes coming here now."

"That's very good. She's such a bright little girl. It was a pleasure to have her in my class."

The two girls went about the school collecting candy until they'd been to every open classroom. That done, they set their sights upon other things.

"Haunted house!" Tsuki shouted, her high-pitched voice hurting Vegeta's sensitive ears. She grabbed Bra by the hand and pulled her down the hallway.

"Papa, come on! You need to have fun, too!"

"The things I do for her...." Vegeta sighed. He made his way around hyperactive children to the
room where they had a rather tame haunted house set up. When the fake ghosts, goblins, and vampires leapt out at them, both Bra and her father rolled their eyes while Tsuki screamed her head off. Maybe it was just a ningen thing.

At the end of the walk, two people covered in black jumped out at the three of them. Vegeta just barely kept himself from reacting to the false attack while his daughter merely yawned. Tsuki, of course, was scared nearly to death.

"Wasn't that great?" Tsuki asked as they exited the room. Vegeta and Bra exchanged looks, then said in unison. "Sure it was." The sarcasm was lost on the little girl and she wandered off to go bob for apples.

Bra looked around the room and then back at Vegeta. "Papa, this wasn't as fun as I thought it would be."

"Maybe you're just trying the wrong things." He spotted a small group of kids nearby and suddenly growled at them. They all shrieked and scattered like ants. Bra started to laugh. "See? You just need something else to do."

She tried it on another little boy. Running up behind him, she suddenly shouted, "Boo!" The boy jumped and spun around, eyes wide with panic. Bra burst into another round of laughter that made the little boy glare at her and walk away. "This probably makes me a mean person, Papa," she said. "But you know what? I don't care."

Vegeta grinned, truly pleased at her admission. "That's my girl."

The two of them spent nearly thirty minutes scaring the various things out of people. Vegeta actually made one boy, who was dressed as Super Man, wet his pants when he gave him his best "evil villain look". Tsuki followed behind and consoled their, often crying, victims.

Royama-sensei, Sakura Elementary's headmaster, was eventually elected to say something. All knew of his dark past (and equally dark present) and the last thing they wanted to do was make him angry. At first, Royama-sensei had no idea how to approach the father-daughter duo, but knew that he must to stop the complaints he'd been getting from parents. He watched them behave badly for a moment before decided to speak with Bra.

"Bra-chan," he said gently to her just as she finished giving a kindergartner a wedgie. She turned and smiled at the man.

"Hi, Royama-sensei! How's it goin'?"

"Can I talk to you a moment?" he motioned for her to follow him. "Parents have been complaining to me, Bra. It seems you and your father are terrorizing their children."

She nodded. "I was bored so Papa scared a bunch of kids and it made me laugh." Bra smiled. "He's pretty proud of me for making my own fun."

"I see..." Royama-sensei did, in fact, see. He asked Bra to please leave the Halloween party with her father and decided to make a phone call. Someone needed to be informed of their misdeeds.

***

"Moshi - Ah Choo! - Moshi."

"May I please speak with Briefs-san?"
Bulma blew her nose and threw the tissue in a nearby wastebasket. "This is she."

"This is Royama-sensei, the headmaster of Bra's school. I need to speak with you about a serious matter."

Her eyes shot open. "This is about Bra, isn't it? What did she do wrong?"

A pause. "All I have to say is that Vegeta and Bra cannot be here, together, unattended. I hope you feel better soon. Sayonara."

"That damn Vegeta," Bulma muttered as she hung up the phone. "I knew I shouldn't have let him take my Bra-chan anywhere. As soon as they get home, both are going to get a lecture they wouldn't believe!" She yawned. "But, right now, I need more sleep."

***

Vegeta opened the front door gently and tiptoed quietly inside, carrying a peacefully sleeping Bra in his arms. Locking the door behind him, he listened for any sound. There wasn't any. Smirking to himself, he went over to the staircase, but, just as he placed one foot on the bottom stair, the light snapped on in the kitchen.

"Hold it right there," Bulma said sternly, hands on hips.

He placed the index finger of his free hand to his lips and motioned to Bra. Pointing to the staircase, he went on his way.

"You haven't gotten out of this, you know." His mate whispered. "Just wait until morning comes."

Vegeta rolled his eyes at her words and got Bra ready for bed. As he was tucking her in, she woke up and smiled at him.

"I had fun, Papa. Arigatou for taking me."

He nodded. "No problem. Your mama's going to scream at us tomorrow. I guess your headmaster called."

"That's okay. She'll get over it." Bra turned over. "G'night, Papa."

"Goodnight, Bra."

~OWARI~

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