

My Tomorrows

Updated English version

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 7: Bulma - 2

Bulma was tired, it had been a long night and a meeting was waiting for her at 10 am next day, still she didn't feel like going to bed yet. It was just four, the sun wasn't even up. With a sigh, she slid down the counter, sitting on the floor while she drank her coffee and smoked. She knew her mother hated it when she did that, such a big house, sitting on the floor and spilling ash everywhere!

That's why they had robots to clean, she really couldn't be bothered about that as well. It reminded her of being a teenager again and being hopelessly romantic. Waiting for the one, the one who would understand her wordlessly, they could talk and they could enjoy the silence and later in her life it also included a very nice fuck on the kitchen floor.

She snickered to herself when the door opened, some steps to the fridge, door opened and closed, someone leaned down. Vegeta.

"No need to look, nothing in there."

He raised his eyebrows. "Then make something."

Oh, that's how it was! "Fuck yourself, I'm not your maid. There's the kitchen, all yours."

"You just don't know how to, spoiled brat."

Bulma looked up, he was grinning wide. "Cause you do, spaceboy."

He slid down, next to her, grabbing one of her cigarettes. It was quiet for a few minutes, almost cozy, she felt herself dozing off...

"Shouldn't you be afraid of me?"

She flinched, looking up. He was staring at the far end of the room, his black eyes like giant pupils, it was irritating. But he was right. A few weeks ago she was uncomfortable to just spend more than a few minutes with him.

"Don't know. Should I?"

He didn't answer for immediately, he just stared at the room before he turned around, looking her in the eyes.

"Don't know."

It was awkward, but in a good way. Somehow, that was way more frightening for Bulma than anything else.

"Well, sounds good. Listen, I got a meeting in a few hours and need a bit of beauty sleep, usually there's someone here at six who can make you some food."

She stood up, quickly walking out of the room.

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"Hey Bulma, how's it going, the crazy fuck still peaceful?"

Bulma started grinning widely in an instant, Yamchu got it just right to ask for Vegeta. She continued typing on her presentation, wasn't that important anyway, no groundbreaking new materials to show.

"All fine, we settled our differences. He really didn't know anything."

"I'm surprised no intervention was needed. You can be a horrible pain in the ass, y'know?"

"I do. Anyway, you won't believe it, once you know him he can be really good company. I start to like having him around."

Silence followed. Long silence. She almost wanted to ask if he was still there.

"I'm sorry if I can't share that sentiment, Bulma. *Killing* me kinda ruined it for the both of us. Pity."

"Haha. Whatever, we're friends now."

He huffed in the phone. "Oh, what you don't say. I didn't know you were capable of actual friendship without second thoughts." There was a short pause. "Are you fucking him?"

She had waited for that question. She knew him just too well. "Nah, I didn't. We are friends. Unbelievable, right? Besides, I think he's asexual. Didn't even try anything yet."

"Nice to hear that you tested that! Just another homicidal maniac, nothing to worry about!"

"Yamchu, shut up. He could also be gay. Or... I'm not his type. Very unrealistic though."

"Very. Good thing I see it differently, and since we combine friendship and everything else so nicely, how about movie night?"

She stopped typing shortly, trying to think of her schedule for the rest of the day.

"Should be fine. I'll pick you up at seven."

"Great. And Bulma... be careful."

She hung up, lost in thought for a while. It hadn't even occurred to her. Vegeta was almost normal, now, here, with her. As normal as the rest of her friends. It was so easy to forget under the right circumstances. Somehow, she wanted it to stay that way.

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He barely recognized the knocking, it was more a soft thump against the door, could've been an animal... of course it wasn't. He started to sense her approaching. She almost fell through the entrance when he opened the door. He gave her an inquiring look, no wonder. It was one of those rare occasions where she wore high shoes, barely able to stand in them. Shorts again, some shirt with flowers, not the kind of clothes she wore for important meetings.

"Hey Veggie. Want one?"

She shoved a pack of cigarettes in his face, grinning.

"Are you drunk, Earthling?"

She huffed, sliding down the door to sit on the stairs. "Tipsy. Barely. Just thought I offer you a break before I go to bed. Want a break?"

He did, but she was already going on his nerves. Quiet breaks were much more preferable.

"So Veggie, you don't mind, calling you that? It's cuter, I mean, not that you're cute, you're mean and all, dangerous. Y'know."

"Now I do. Go to bed, you're annoying."

"Nah. Veggie, I came here on a mission! Important one! So..." She stretched her legs, looking up while she slowly put the cigarette to her mouth. "Do you think I'm attractive?"

He stared at her. Long time. That was the last he expected and he had no inclination in answering.

"I mean, I know I'm super good looking, by human standards. Maybe Saiyans aren't into that? Are you into guys? People with penises? I don't mind, by the way. Do Saiyans have sexualities at all? I mean, Goku probably acts on instinct or something... so? Veggie?"

That was even worse. He had no idea what it was about, but he just wanted to shove her from the stairs and go back inside.

"Earthling, just piss off. You are attractive, I didn't know you needed reassurance."

"Ooooooh! I'm Bulma. Bulma. My name. Start practicing it, we should totally... fuck."

She had scooted closer, trying to grab him. He could barely move out of the way.

"That's not gonna happen. You still smell like your last fuck, I'm not desperate."

She was stunned, not answering immediately. He used the situation to softly shove her off the stairs and close the door. Maybe he was desperate. Maybe he had already thought about how she looked under the shower, how she would moan, how she would... but it was the weak fighter, the one who died without any effort, it was his smell lingering on her and it was disgusting. He wouldn't be second to that one! Her long legs didn't change that. Or her big breasts. Not at all.

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When she was standing in the door to his room a few days later, she was wearing a red dress made of a shimmering material, falling down in waves around her body. Although it was closed to the neck and fell down to her knees, Vegeta couldn't avert his eyes.

"Evening Veggie. Was at a boring fundraiser meeting earlier. It was really hard, you know, to keep to myself. No distractions."

She walked towards him, her heels barely making a sound on the soft carpet.

"I was pretty mad the other day, you really have a nerve, getting such an offer from me and deciding to deny it. Out of petty reasons."

She almost touched his knees. He didn't get up from the bed, he didn't move. He couldn't.

"But I decided to try it anyway. I never fucked a Saiyan and if one night of celibacy is all it takes... you are definitely not gay if it is so bad for you to smell some pleasure on me."

He grimaced, as if it was just that.

"What makes you think I'll just do whatever you want, Earthling?"

She looked down on him, raising an eyebrow. He was already hard.

"Now, Saiyans are not that different after all. If you can still stand up, help me with my zipper, be so nice." She turned around, her hair was shorter than before, not falling down on her dress. He didn't like it, but she was still hot. He barely touched her neck when she turned around, slightly.

"And Vegeta? Do something stupid and I'll make you regret. I haven't forgotten what happened a year ago."

"I wouldn't have waited so long if I wanted to kill you, Earthling."

She chuckled. "Good to know. Work on the dress."

The dress was feeling even better than it looked like. The fabric slid down her shoulders with barely a sound and showed him her back, white skin sprinkled all over with tiny brown dots. He lightly touched one of them.

"What's that? Those little dots..."

She looked over her shoulder, squinting. "Freckles. Ugly marks on my very light skin."

He traced them lightly with his fingers. He had never seen something like that before, but he liked it. Like a little star chart on the skin.

The Earthling turned around abruptly, glaring at him, her arms crossed in front of her chest. Barely dots on those.

"For not showing any interest in me for so long you sure take your sweet time staring at me. Start undressing!"

He grinned, this was going well. Very well. He pulled his t-shirt over his head and leaned forward, the tips of their noses almost touched.

"How about being quiet."

She grinned. "Then you better make me busy with something else."

Nothing easier than that. She was a really good kisser.

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They became quickly more frantic, Bulma was way too excited to slow down and Vegeta hadn't been laid since he came to Earth. Maybe longer. She grinned. Hopefully, he would last a while.

She wiggled out of her dress, keeping Vegeta from ripping her bra, he was too hasty to keep his pants intact. The moment he saw her naked breasts he shoved his face

into them. So he was one of those guys... Thinking about how he might have secretly stared at them excited her more than she liked.

They kissed again, her hand sliding over his chest, through the thick hair, she loved it. His muscles were bigger than Yamchu's, it was insane, even more that she enjoyed the sight so much. She had been staring as well.

His hand slid down her panties, she bit her tongue not to cry out loud.

"You like that?"

"You bet, monkey-boy."

He pressed his forehead to hers, both already sweaty, her hands were scratching over his back. His fingers moved inside, she clung onto his back, slowly moving downwards, finding some stub at the end of his spine, she stroked over it.

She barely noticed what happened when his head jerked and rammed her face with a disgusting sound. Instantly, she pushed him away, gasping, he looked equally exasperated, his face contorted.

It took a second for the pain to start, tasting the blood in her mouth, feeling it drip down her chin from her nose. She started to panic, trying to cover it with her hand, it hurt too much. She looked up, he could help her, he did that, but he was already up, a few steps away from the bed, staring at her, not doing anything!

"You stupid fuck!" She hardly recognized her voice, muffled, the blood in her mouth was disgusting. Being angry helped, she had to get up, maybe something was broken... and then he grabbed her by the hand.

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The moment she touched the tender rest of his tail he felt a shock of pain run through his spine, making his head jerk, accidentally hitting the Earthling. He couldn't react for a moment, it hurt too bad, but when he looked up, she was trying to catch the blood running from her nose with her hand. It had just been... a tiny hit. He had barely felt the connection. The Earthlings were fragile, way more fragile than he had thought, maybe she would die, he didn't know, she was just staring at him, her eyes wide, was she in shock?

He stood up, he wanted to get away, get ready, Kakarott would come, he just tried to kill one of his friends, he should be prepared...

"You stupid fuck!"

He hesitated for a second, that didn't sound as if she was about to die. It was worse. She was about to scream. He didn't think, he just grabbed her by the hand and shoved her out the door. Only one way to fix this.

Once they were in the bathroom, he pushed her on the toilet, trying to find out where...

"What are you doing?" Her voice was muffled and unclear, some blood must have run down her throat.

"Taking care of your broken nose."

She took her hand away, the blood continued to drop over her mouth on her naked breasts. Were the situation a little less tense, he wouldn't mind his dick throbbing quite that much in his underwear.

"You could've thought about that a minute ago, you fucking ass... OUCH!"

She violently pushed his hand away that had just felt her nose. Her composure was obviously back.

"It's a clean break. Your nose will stay pretty."

She just stared at him with big eyes. At least she was quiet when he gave her a towel for the blood.

"How do you know, asshole? Studied medicine or what?"

He grinned slightly. He liked her better that way.

"What d'you think how often that happened to me?"

"Say what, slipped your hand while you jerked off?"

"Just wipe the blood away."

Or not. Better not. The red smudges fitted the brown dots so well. He didn't say anything.

Bulma looked at him through the mirror, her nose was already swelling.

"And where are you going?"

He turned around again, heading back to his room. There was still some unfinished business, though he was certainly not in the mood anymore. Barely escaped a fight he wasn't ready to have yet.

"Care to inform me what just happened? Cause I'm still mad." She wiped her mouth, her lip was split.

"I didn't know you Earthlings were even weaker than your fighters. When you..." He took a deep breath, telling her that could prove unwise in the future. But there wouldn't be a future when she called the cavalry. "When you touched my tail, it hurt, I

flinched. Wouldn't have thought this would happen."

She wiped away the remaining blood, throwing the towel on the floor. The bleeding had stopped.

"I see. Well, then you have to be more careful. Could've been worse for a first time, so you get a freebie. You sure the nose is fine?"

"Yes."

Vegeta could just stare at her. She wasn't like the other Earthlings. The little Earthling with the light eyes, the little Earthling who just couldn't stop talking, always curious, not afraid, she was never afraid.

"Then let's get back. You look like you're about to combust and I'm pretty wet as well. Veggie."

And deep down he knew she would be the only Earthling he wouldn't kill when the time comes. Bulma. Maybe start calling her that.

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Bulma was staring at the ceiling, urging for something to smoke. It had been a weird evening. Somehow, she was still trying to realize how it had all happened. It seemed unreal.

Her nose was throbbing horribly, her whole face felt sore and swollen and she didn't even want to know how she looked like at the moment. It had been... good. Without a doubt. Better than expected even, she hadn't expected anything at all.

Still, it was only his word saying that he hadn't knocked her over on purpose. He definitely didn't mind licking off the rest of the blood, insisting that she shouldn't shower, why should she believe he didn't do it for that? Telling stories she couldn't confirm? She looked to the left, at Vegeta's profile, the eyes closed, breathing steadily. He wasn't sleeping. He had been more careful afterwards, sure, but there was no reason to assume it would stay that way. But she also didn't want to tell anyone about this.

She grimaced, which sent a new wave of pain through every bone in her head and made her suck in some air through her teeth.

"Take a painkiller."

Bulma bobbed her head. Vegeta was still lying next to her, his eyes slightly open.

"That should help."

"Just shut up, I don't care about your opinion."



He closed his eyes again. "Will be healed in a couple of days anyway." He opened them. "Sorry, little Earthling."

Bulma felt the throbbing in her nose even more, when she felt a rush of blood warming her face.

"You know my name, asshole. How 'bout using it?"

It was quiet for a while. Bulma tried to ignore the pain, she didn't want to get up, it meant going to see a doctor, that again meant no sleep this night and she had a meeting relatively early the next day and... of course she had that. It would be awesome with her swollen nose, black and blue, maybe she should get up right now, seeing if something could be done about that... the same moment, she thought of something else.

"Hey Veggie, you made quite the shocked face before. When you punched me."

"Lightly bumped against you. Thought you'd drop dead any second."

"Yeah, right. Sure you weren't afraid my friends would drop by ripping you to pieces for laying your hands on me?"

He didn't answer. Obviously hit a spot there.

"Y'know, I'm glad you're happy and all, but I still got a broken nose." She leaned over, looking at his face. "And saying it was just an accidental bump is not going to do much against the angry power of Earth."

In an instant, Vegeta's face contorted to pure shock and Bulma couldn't keep it to herself anymore and burst out laughing.

"What's so damn funny? Think I'm gonna leave you alive when they come?"

"Of course you'll do that, sweetie. Cause you're gonna throw something over in my workshop and I say I had an unfortunate accident. I mean, if you want that. They sure didn't keep you for your brains, eh?"

She might not be able to break his nose, but seeing him turn red starting with his ears was a magnificent sight.

"Get out of my room."

She barely understood him, grinding his teeth together.

"You mean the room I gave you? In my house?"

"That one. Or you might need an explanation for another injury."

"No no no, you get up and we get this working. I also need a lift to the hospital."

Breakfast is on me. Like, hmmm... always."

He didn't say a word for the rest of the night. She was sure it was a much needed lesson in self restraint. And oh did she enjoy every second of it.

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"... and, yeah. Still surprised how we won the game."

Bulma huffed, taking a bite of her cookie. She didn't know much of baseball, but even so she knew it was pathetic.

"At least it wasn't your fault. We cannot always control the incompetence of everyone around us. Listen, my phone is beeping, I'm sitting in the winter garden without a charger so..."

"Oh, yeah. Just a second, one thing, when you cancelled yesterday... what was it?"

Bulma was quiet for a second. Usually, she told Yamchu why she was unavailable at a short notice, just to rub under his nose that she is important and everything she does is as well. She hadn't thought of that when she wrote the message.

"Sorry, I was... on my way. Sprained my wrist, nothing serious."

"Again? Wasn't it last week you did something with your knee?"

"Oh come on, I have a dangerous job! I have to crawl into machines and stuff!"

She heard him exhale on the other end of the line. "Bulma. You stopped talking about the crazy asshole in your house. After listening to his glorious abilities in being a *friend* for weeks... what's going on?"

So that was it. For being that smart, she was really stupid. Should've known he would figure it out.

"Kinda... we're still friends. With benefits. I guess."

There was a long silence, broken up by the noisy beeping of her phone. She started to move, maybe this would take longer, maybe she didn't want this conversation to be interrupted, she really wanted it to stop, but... better not.

"Of all the dumb things you could possibly DO!"

"Oh come on, Yamchu! I have it for bad boys, y'know. Like you. Like basically everyone! Where's the problem, we get along, we fuck, all is FINE!"

"Fine? What's with your injuries, miraculously appearing work injuries you never had before, he... He broke your nose? He did that? I'm going to kill him!"

Bulma walked a bit faster, she needed that damn charger right now!

"Get a grip you asshole, as if you could do shit! That's why I didn't tell you! Cause it would sound like I would defend him, as if! You of all people should know better than that. Humans are so much weaker than Saiyans that he can barely touch me without a bruise. You really think I would let anyone treat me badly? Me? Are you serious?"

There it was... The moment she plugged it in the phone died. Sitting down, she waited, he would probably call back in a minute. It was just what she had expected. Just that. Looking for some cigarettes, the phone started ringing again.

"I still don't like it. He's dangerous."

She smiled, widely. "Yes. He is. But he really wants to kill Goku and that's why he's gonna stay tame. No reason to be all worked up about that anyway, he's never gonna make it. Too obsessed."

"Wow Bulma. Great deduction skills there. I'm completely convinced now."

"Okay listen, you know what, I can take care of myself. But I can keep you informed if that makes you happy."

"It does. Could've told me right away."

"Mhm." She was quiet for a while. "It was not only that, you know. I... you are special. I mean, we tried all that couple stuff, right? Didn't work out, it was just like... playing a role. Doing what we thought couples would do and being friends is much better and I want it to stay that way. I want us to stay together. And I was afraid Vegeta would be the thing between us."

"The thing?"

"The person. I like him, in a weird sort of way and maybe if he wasn't all that twisted, I could imagine having him around."

"Take all what interests you away, hm?"

"I know. But he's not you. Okay? And if something goes terribly wrong..."

"You'll tell me. Or I find your dead body and spend the rest of my life avenging you."

"Dragonballs are the better version. Then I can help you with the avenging."

He laughed, finally. She felt some tension drop she hadn't even noticed building.

"Sounds like a plan. So how is it Bulma? Me or him tonight?"

She laughed, like a maniac. That's how life was supposed to be.

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She had just gotten up, the little Earthling, *Bulma*, he started to call her that. In his head. Trying to avoid it out loud, too much intimacy, sending wrong signals, those Earthlings were too sensitive in that regard, he already noticed it. Her personal assistant was especially annoying.

It had been a few weeks, he guessed. He barely managed keeping track of the time, it was so different without work phases, rest phases, everything just blurring together... He eyed her getting dressed, covering up the pretty dots on her big breasts. It was just too much. He tried it with self restraint, especially after she came into his room smelling like that weak Earthling, *again*, it was like a curse. And lately she had been more carefree, it was nice.

She stopped, noticed him staring, continued slower. He hated her.

"I've got an appointment in twenty minutes. And I'm feeling rather sore downstairs, gotta keep it for later."

He raised his eyebrows, not commenting. Should go to sleep and train later, all that fucking kept him from his schedule.

"You plan on staying?"

He looked up, a little confused. What did she care if he slept a little?

"On Earth, I mean. I just... I was doing some repairs on the spaceships yesterday and I thought... if you want to leave, you can have one. Just tell me. It's not ready to go. Like last time."

Oh, last time. That had been a stupid idea, born out of anger.

"Hadn't planned to." He stared at the ceiling for a while. "Still Kakarott here, those..." He waved his hand. "Androids."

"Mhm. Thought you might wanna leave the planet to get some preparations done for those occasions. Currently you're just lounging around and I don't want to be held responsible for that."

He grinned. "So you wanna get rid of me? Am I boring you already?"

He barely avoided the shoe she threw at his face. She could've accomplished so much, but being an Earthling...

"I want to avoid being at the receiving end when you notice your stalling yourself. I don't care about your petty goals, just thought I'd help you. If you don't want it, fine."

"Bulma. Do you want to die?"

She didn't answer. Her expression showed her confusion, was it a threat or was it something else?

"When the androids arrive. You're gonna die. Like the rest of this pathetic planet. When I leave, I won't come back."

Shrugging, she walked over to the bed, grabbing her shoe.

"I was the one building that time machine, I was the one surviving in the future. I took care of that kid with the stupid hair, he had a jacket from my company. I don't worry about that. I don't need you here and now that I know the future, no one does. I will take care of all of them. Thought I'm gonna sit around wait for the inevitable end? Didn't pay much attention, Veggie."

He got up, looking around for his clothes. Wasn't in the mood to sleep anymore.

"Well then, you got it all figured out. At least something will be left for me to destroy, should I change my mind and return."

"Of course you will. You are just as petty as all my friends and you won't miss the chance to get humiliated by Goku again."

She never hesitated rubbing everything under his nose that made him angry, sometimes he thought her sense of survival was very low, or maybe she just knew. Knew that he couldn't hurt her, on purpose, because of that. She showed no fear, never. They were so similar, everything he liked about himself he found in her. It was so different, being with someone not accustomed to violence, so unlike everything he was familiar with, and he wanted it to stay that way. She was the only one he would ever respect, he was sure of that and it should stay that way.

"Fuck yourself. When's the ship ready?"

"A week. I guess."

"Fine."

And of course she got what she wanted. He grinned when she walked out, manipulative piece of shit. He hadn't even left and knew he would come back. Just to see that she had saved everyone. He would enjoy seeing that.

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It was barely a week after his departure, a grey, rainy day, disgusting. Bulma was lounging in one of her giant chairs in her room, feeling sick. She never felt sick. No matter how little she slept, how much she drank. It didn't even matter if she appeared at work every day, it was her father's company for fuck's sake!

The morning started with greeting the toilet and it didn't get better. No way she could go to work like that.

"Hey? Bulma? What's wrong?"

The phone in her hand felt heavy. There was something wrong, very wrong, and she needed help.

"Hey Yamchu. Could you... are you busy?"

"Day off. Are you alright? Want me to come over?"

"No, I... no." She rubbed her hand over her eyebrows. "Can I tell you something?"

"Of course."

He didn't say more. He didn't ask. He just waited quietly till she was ready. It almost made her cry, that stupid bastard.

"I'm pregnant."

"Are you sure? You use protection!"

Bulma bit her lip, cursing herself.

"I use diaphragms. Maybe... you know, that spermatozoid stuff is probably thought for human sperm. I cannot... I can't think of a different reason."

"Why not condoms?"

Bulma shrugged inadvertently.

"Don't like them, didn't even think about that." She huffed. "And now that mess."

"What now?"

Exactly. What now.

"Abortion. Something else seems... not smart. And I like being smart."

A long silence followed. She knew why. Their relationship hadn't worked out, Yamchu had wanted a family, she didn't. And when they had a little accident... she hadn't even told him until after she got back. He knew that she was serious. No more accidents.

"I know you don't want to hear it, but Bulma..."

"You're right, I don't! Why did I even call you? Sorry for bothering you."

She hung up. What had she even expected? It was just pathetic that she knew no one else she could call and Yamchu couldn't help her. She leaned her head against the

back of her chair, hitting it against it, trying to keep her composure.

The phone rang again.

"Don't hang up!"

"Please don't lecture me. Please, I can't right now."

"Bulma, listen. Just listen. When you... the last time, you didn't tell me. Of course I was mad, it could've been mine. But I was also mad that you didn't tell me before. You went there alone and even if you don't want children, you don't have to... I'll go with you."

She felt the tears, no matter how hard she tried to hold them back. It took her some time to try and speak again.

"You asshole! Why... why are you doing this?"

She heard him huffing in the phone. "Because I care about you."

"Yeah? Where's the second part of your lecture?"

"I... I don't lecture. But maybe you want to think about keeping it. I know that you won't deliberately get pregnant, we are over that, but since it already happened..."

"It's not yours, you know. It's Vegeta's."

"He's not here. Is he coming back?"

She shook her head. "No. Probably not."

"So why talk about him? I mean, Bulma... you wouldn't have to do this alone. This could be your last chance."

"I never wanted one. And it's also Vegeta's la...."

"Who cares about him? This is your decision."

She rubbed the tears from her cheek, trying to stall answering. Yes, it was her decision. And she didn't want it. Yamchu made it all worse. So what kind of person would it make her, aborting his child and carrying the one from Vegeta? How could she ever look at herself again?

"I don't blame you for it, you know? I... I was shocked and hurt, yes, but I did understand. It's so long ago..."

Not that long. Not long enough.

"But what if something happens? What if I can't take it, I'm not that young anymore,

and... and giving birth, I don't... I..."

"I'm coming over."

"NO! No, don't come, not today. I... I'll think about it."

She hung up again, throwing the phone on the other end of the room. She heard it crash against something, hopefully breaking it. So that was it, then. She heard everything she had to. It was just her decision.

Almost an hour passed without her moving, just staring blankly into the room. Trying to find arguments, but she couldn't focus, couldn't...

With a decisive huff, she got up. It was time to put a halt to this. She was Bulma, she didn't hesitate. There was a child growing inside her, it was already there, she had nothing else to do.

Maybe she should give it a try. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

And she wasn't alone.

*Fin.*