

State of the Art

OneShot Sammlung

Von Nevaeh

Kapitel 7: The greatest show on Earth (Bra/Goten) - Part 3

I'm not falling down on my knees, begging you to adore me
Can't you see it's misery and torture for me
When I misunderstood,
I tried as hard as I can, I tried as hard as I could
To make you see, how important this is to me

Shake the disease – Depeche Mode

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Bra had her genius idea right away, right after she left the hotel. The execution took a bit longer. Three weeks, way too long, she was so excited! The location was perfect, the hotel was just the right amount of expensive, it had a beautiful panorama view over the city, a gigantic bed... They hadn't seen much of each other in those weeks, but there was still a definite change in their relationship. Somehow, the pressure was gone. Somehow, it was more relaxed.

She waited until after they had sex, before she spilled her plan. She doubted it, but should it backfire it was better to have something enjoyable beforehand. And currently it was just so damn enjoyable. Bra took a deep breath to calm her nervousness, sat up and looked at Goten. His brows furrowed, curious.

"Goten. I have an announcement to make. We are going to marry."

It took some seconds for him to react. "What? Why?"

She rolled her eyes. Maybe he didn't understand. "We are going to marry. You and me."

"But why? Seriously Bra, you cannot just burst out..."

"OKAY, you know what, you had your fucking *fist* inside me, when I say we marry you ask when and not why! You got that?"

Goten started laughing, also not the expected reaction. "Okay okay, whatever you say. It's just a bit... unexpected."

Bra closed her eyes. That was a yes. More or less. Nothing could go wrong from here. "Alright, I thought about it, our current situation and lifestyles and it was the only conclusion I could reach, don't interrupt me. I want you to be available for me, and to make sure of that I want to marry you so that you don't die of starvation once your parents are gone. I read your blog, not even the stories you write for fun are good! How can you mess up porn stories, we did all the stuff you wrote about!"

Goten lost his smile. He better did. "So you want to give me money?"

"No, of course not. See, once we're married, I will give you some money every month, you're not used to being rich, we'll start slow. I also have a contract ready, in case you find someone you actually love you get enough money from me in case of a divorce so that you don't have to rely on your writing as source of income." He didn't say anything, so she continued. He was probably stunned by her generosity. "About our careers, I haven't looked too much into it but I'm sure if we can get you another publisher and a better editor you can polish up your writing and get the optimum out of it. I was a bit busy the last few weeks, but I'll figure it out how to do it, don't worry."

He didn't look all that worried. Good. "For me, I already made some arrangements, but it will take a little more time, so we can't marry right away. Maybe another month."

"What arrangements?" Now he looked serious. Involved. That was good, she actually could use some more help instead of taking care of everything herself. "I will quit the idiotic job at CC that my mum gave me out of pity, I guess, and start my own company. Already have a substitute for my spot, so no one can complain!"

"Your own company?"

"Yes. You know, I signed a contract when I got a legal adult that I can have my share of my mum's heritage while she still lives if I wish to, and I wish to. That's enough to start my own business. It's investments."

"Investments." Goten hadn't moved an inch since she started talking. It was a little unnerving.

"Now, what do you say? I already bought an apartment, if you want to move in with me. I guess that would be the best... but it's in Southeast City. I really don't like the weather here, it's always so cold and rainy..."

He exhaled loudly, looking away. "You know, that is all very thoughtful. Might I ask why you haven't asked me a bit sooner if I have anything to add? Since, you know, this is about your and my future and all that." He raised his eyebrows. Bra just stared at him, waiting for him to say something else. *Thank her.* Maybe she could've asked him, but there was still so much to do and it's not as if it had been a surprise then!

"Well yeah, but we would've come to the same conclusion, right? There's still enough to take care of and I mean, we don't have to marry. I can help you with finding a decent publisher and all that anyway, I mean... we are..."

"That's not the point!" He had gotten up, looking pretty angry. She didn't understand, what else could she suggest! It had been three weeks of work to plan everything! "What is the point then? What don't you like about it? I'm sorry I didn't ask you before, I just wanted to make it a surprise."

"What I don't like? Seriously, how can you even... you just told me how you want to plan my life without even asking me first! My... my career, as if I'm another one of your fucking projects! As if I couldn't think for myself and... and... care for myself!"

Bra felt her eyes burning, close to tears. She didn't want to, feeling weak and worthless and especially not when Goten couldn't even understand why she had done it! If he would just think, but he didn't and now he was blaming her and she couldn't even defend herself, because it was hard enough to keep the crying down without opening her mouth to talk.

"I ... I didn't..."

"Of course you didn't. You never do."

It was unfair. It was unfair and he already got up to leave and wouldn't let her explain it again, just running away, like always!

"Goten, wait." She grabbed his arm but he just pushed her away. It actually hurt a bit. "Let me explain, please!"

He finished dressing, not even turning around to look at her. "I'm not interested."

She shuffled over the bed and stood up, so that she could at least look at his face. She didn't touch him again.

"Don't be like that, I just meant the best, but if you don't want to, we can still..."

Goten looked up, staring at her for a few seconds before he left the room. Bra got back on the bed and tried to calm down, but her mind was racing, trying to figure out what had went wrong.

So phenomenally wrong.

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Goten wandered around Mount Paozu, not really paying attention where he was going. It was a cold night, not long and it would start snowing again. He huffed out his breath and sat down on a rock, the stone chilling him to his bones. It was helping him to calm down. It had taken so much out of him to show restraint. He hadn't wanted to

listen to Bra's explanations and declarations of well meaning. He had almost felt sorry for having made her cry, but he had retaliated quickly. Bra wasn't easily swayed by anything and Goten couldn't deny that it had been a small shock when she had reacted that strongly. Her great plan must've seemed really good in her head, foolproof probably.

And that's exactly why he hadn't caved in. He had never realized how naïve she was, her façade was really good. It wouldn't hurt her to get a harsh lecture in real life.

She called the next day. Goten almost didn't pick up his phone when he saw her ID.

"What?"

"Hi Goten, good morning! I..." There was a short pause. "I'm sorry I offended you yesterday."

"Thanks." There was another pause. Goten could imagine Bra's face when she tried to get her thoughts in order since he had interrupted her speech. It was almost amusing.

"Anyway, I thought you want to discuss what parts we could do and not do. I mean, I will go through with the points for me, but since you obviously have strong feelings about wanting to have a say in matters that concern you, I..."

He hung up. He blocked her. He threw his phone on the other end of the room.

He had never expected it to end like that.

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With every week that passed, it all seemed more surreal. He had left her blacklisted, but he was surprised that she hadn't sent her brother to go talk to him. Or Gohan. She knew that he knew. But... nothing changed. She was just out of his life and everything else was just as it always had been. After a month he decided to go back to Trunk's beach house. It was winter, he wouldn't use it anyway. It wasn't that much fun on the beach when it was constantly raining. Maybe it would set his mood to write something, something fresh. Something new. He should... draw inspiration from his awful mood!

Three months later the only thing he had managed was to get into a state of utter laziness. He barely showered, hadn't shaved, hadn't cleaned up and hadn't written. But he had read a lot. And he hadn't called home. Long enough to raise suspicions, obviously, at least that would explain Gohan's presence in his living room, staring at him darkly.

"Goten. I thought you might have died and I wanted to retrieve your dead body to bury it after you haven't called for two weeks. Unfortunately, you're still alive."

"Barely." His voice sounded strange to him, after not talking for quite some time. He cleared his throat. "What do you want?"

Gohan snorted. It was so unlike him. "I was afraid you were either in an unhealthy writing frenzy of seriously moping about something. Guess it was the latter."

"I don't care if you placed bets on it, just go away. I want to be alone, *obviously*." Goten raised his book again, trying not to get mad. He could've just called, but no, he had to come here acting all big bro because *obviously* Goten couldn't take care of himself! As if he wasn't an...

"FUCK! Are you insane?" Goten sat up in a second, dusting away the remains of his novel that Gohan just blew away with a ki blast. A very neatly shot ki blast. He was sure some hair was missing.

"You look a mess and you behave like a mess! At least look at me when I'm talking to you!"

Goten eyed him warily while he pushed the remains of the book on the carpet. His brother rarely got angry, so he better tried to be cautious. Sometimes, his damn family thought violence would solve a matter and he wasn't in the mood for that.

"Gohan, I'm just spending some time here, no need to get all angry about it. What do you even care?"

Gohan huffed and looked away. Now that was interesting. "I was afraid you sunk into depression after your breakup with Bra."

Goten snorted. Of course Gohan would realize what was going on. "We haven't been in a relationship, so we didn't break up. Yes, I'm a bit unhappy about how she acted, but since you know nothing about it I'd rather you don't jump to conclusions." He leaned forward, whispering: "I can take care of myself." Gohan still looked the other way decidedly. "So was that really it or do you want to talk about something? It's not your style to stomp into other people's houses and scream around."

"It's not your house."

Goten waved his hand dismissively. "Yeah yeah, you get the drift."

Hesitating a few more seconds, Gohan finally took a deep breath and started talking. "Bra called me and wanted me to talk to you about some misunderstanding or something. Since that meant you obviously didn't want to talk to her I brushed her off and then she got angry and started insulting me."

"That sounds familiar..." Goten grinned, nothing new on that front.

"And then she started saying stuff about Pan and how she's insane and how we all decide to ignore it and that we are horrible people... it was a bit exhausting."

"Aha." Goten gestured Gohan to sit down. That went into a completely different direction and he started to get slightly worried. He knew that Bra and Pan had been

friends once, but even with Bra's temper she wouldn't just say nasty stuff about Pan if she actually just wanted to insult him. "What exactly was the matter?"

"I tried to find out and Bra told me that Pan thought it would be nice if she had a child with you so that the Saiyan blood wouldn't dilute too much."

"What?" How did she even know? Had... had Bra talked to her? About them? And why...? "Did you talk to Pan?"

Gohan nodded, looking very old all of a sudden. "She didn't deny it and she got pretty angry as well and accused me of being naïve and whatnot. Since we have to protect the Earth, you know."

Goten had never expected his niece to be some kind of extremist. Someone had to talk to her and tell her to stop being stupid. Preferably not him though. "Alright, did you manage to convince her that that's bullshit and I will definitely not make babies with Bra?"

"That's not the point! Yes, I tried, I told dad, I hope he does better. She only got angry at me."

So that was it. Not so concerned about his moping after all. He awkwardly patted his brother on the shoulder, thanking some unknown deity that he had no children whatsoever. "And Bra?"

Gohan looked up, confused. "What about her? Told her I'm not your messenger and if you don't want to talk to her then I can't help."

Good. Very good. That sounded great. "Can I help you with Pan somehow?"

"No. No, I don't think so. I just wanted to... I'm worried. A lot."

"Don't be. Dad will make sure that she stops being stupid." Or someone. It would solve itself. Pan was a good girl.

"And you? How long will you mope around here?"

"I'm not moping, Gohan. Not much anyway. I just... needed a timeout. Guess I'll go back to civilization soon though, my editor got all nervous for a new book, you know."

Gohan smiled and hugged him awkwardly from the side. "I don't, but good luck anyway."

Gohan left shortly after, even apologized for exploding earlier. A few days later Goten decided to finally end his recluse and get back to society. His hair needed a cut desperately and some grocery shopping was needed as well... He made a mental list while he waited for his appointment, so much stuff to do before he could leave the beach house.

"Hi."

Goten was ripped out of his thoughts by a warm, female voice. Someone else waiting for her turn. Very pretty. He gleamed over her, years of practice judged her quickly. She was younger than him, maybe 30, not very tall, pretty dark skin, curly black hair, full lips, would probably moan excessively. And she noticed he didn't answer.

"Are you waiting for your girlfriend?"

He forcefully had to get his thoughts away from the size of her breasts to answer her question. "Ehm, no. I'm... I'm waiting for my appointment. Obviously." He gestured awkwardly at his hair.

"But you won't get rid of the beard, I hope? It looks good. Very manly." She smiled, that mouth was even prettier that way. He was used to getting hit on, the location was unusual though. But then again he hadn't had a fuck in months, so why not.

"Thanks. I thought some change for the winter... you get another colour? I'm Goten."

He smiled, wide. The little blush that formed on her cheeks showed him his success. This was way too easy.

"I'm Mia. Hi."

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Bra was glad she hadn't let herself get distracted from her original plan when Goten decided to be uncooperative. Having her own company was exactly what she had wanted to do, she just hadn't realized it. It had been weird, going to her mum and Trunks to quit her old job, but they had both been delighted to hear she had found something else, wished her good luck, offered her help... it had been unexpected. Somehow, she had always assumed that everyone just underestimated her, that's why Bra got the job in marketing. Her mum had told her it had been the only open leading position when she had gotten her the spot. Bra had assumed she had just tried to butter her up, but maybe... maybe she had been bitter about it for all the wrong reasons.

Goten would've laughed at her. Telling her that if she had just talked to them in the first place she wouldn't have gotten this idea in her head that everyone thinks she's not good enough. If she had just talked to Goten, he wouldn't have...

After he had blocked her, she had tried to call Gohan, since he knew anyway. He had been very uncooperative as well and it had just ended with her saying some nasty things. After that, her contact with the Son family basically ended. She just heard some news from Trunks here and there, not asking for it but getting told them anyway. Trunks didn't know what had happened. For him, it were just some stories about his best friend. At least it was good to know that Goten was doing fine. Especially when she heard that he had published a new book during their weekly phone calls.

"Yeah, it's not a crime novel this time! I was surprised at first, but it's really good."

Bra scratched her cheek, deep in thought. No crime novel? Finally. She made a mental note to buy the book, she read all the others and she didn't like unfinished business.

"Ah? Did he figure out he wasn't that talented in writing those?"

"Nah, I think his girlfriend was the reason. Did I even tell you about her? Doesn't matter, they just broke up recently, but finally getting in a relationship was probably the best he did in a while."

That was new. But then again it was already a year after their fallout. It wasn't surprising that he wanted to move on. Though she couldn't help but feel smug that they had broken up already.

"You think? I don't see much purpose in relationships. I mean, all you do is talking about your children and your work, as if nothing else is important in life."

"Cause that's how it is for me. Anyway, he sure will find someone nice, just not Mia. But it's the right direction!"

Bra huffed. "Whatever you say. Was the book any good?"

"His best so far."

*His best so far.* So this was it. She looked at the cover, some flower on black background, looked like a romance novel. Considering the content description it probably even was one. Now she got why Trunks told her he was inspired by his girlfriend. Mia. She opened the book, looking for the dedication, a bit excited. She didn't want that name standing on the first page, somehow she loathed that woman without even knowing her. How good could she be, they just broke up after he finished his book! Probably only ever fucked her to get enough material to write that romance crap in the first place!

*For a friend.* Oh. Bra looked frantically over the site, but nothing more. A friend. Who did he mean with that? Trunks? Mia? Did he have other friends? She frowned, starting to read. She would figure it out eventually.

It didn't take that long. Just two chapters.

*Marim didn't change his schedule, he came to the club as often as his time allowed, almost every day, picking up someone, woman, man, he didn't care. He looked for someone, someone special, someone who could fulfill his needs. Till he found that person, he would be satisfied with the occasional sex he got anyway.*

*Never once it occurred to him to look up to the podium, half covered by a curtain, the VIP area. Why bother with those snobs. If he would've just looked, one time, he would've seen those gleaming violet eyes, watching him for quite some time. Watching him return*



*to the club over and over, looking for a companion, always a different one.*

*That Tuesday evening, Marim already had picked up some redheaded woman, heavy breasts, nice smile, when he was approached by a huge blonde guy, ordering him to follow. Someone wanted a talk.*

*It was a hard decision, ditching the redhead, not sure if he would get a good substitute, but then he was just too curious. Oh and how did he cheer when he saw Tesna. He remembered her instantly, the little cousin of a school friend he hadn't seen in ages, she had been outstanding when he met her, still a little girl, back at a party in school. Very smart, very smug and very... beautiful. She had grown in all the right places.*

*"Hello Marim. I haven't seen you in a long time, barely recognized you down there. You've been busy here, how's life going in the real world?"*

*Marim wasn't sure if he wanted to get involved. No matter what had happened to Tesna, she was still a little girl. So much younger than he was.*

*"Come on now, Marim, I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm sure I could make you cum harder than any of those desperate people down there and only use my foot for it."*

*It wasn't her naughty speech that convinced him, although it was pretty convincing. It was her smile. How could he resist? How could anyone resist? Maybe she was the one person he was waiting for. Only one way to find out.*

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One month or so later, there was some barbecue at her parent's home. Everyone invited. She hated those events, she didn't even need a reason to not go to them, but this time... she had been afraid somehow, meeting Goten again. Not anymore. Not after reading his book. Multiple times. It was a good thing she had her own company now, keeping her busy, taking her mind off things. This time, it wasn't enough. And even more than a year later, she still felt bad for not apologizing, properly apologizing. She would just do it, here, and then they could pass over to be people who know each other. And after reading his novel, she was sure that was just what Goten wanted as well.

Bra came late on purpose, to miss the agonizing first hour, everyone getting up to date and all the polite babbling. She only came for one purpose and didn't want to waste her time. It was an indoor garden party, fitting for the rain season and Bra had dressed in white, white shorts, white shirt, light blue scarf. It was a bit too noticeable, but it was too late to change now. It would have to suffice. When she got nearer she noticed someone new, a pretty women with dark skin she had never seen before. Probably the plus one of someone, but she couldn't tell since the woman was talking with Chichi and Bra couldn't imagine that she was a friend of Chichi's. Raising her eyebrow she tried to locate Goten and found him on a table a bit away from everyone else, nibbling on a drink with a bored face. Usually her dad had that position, but he was with the others.

"Mind if I sit down?"

Goten looked up and almost jumped out of his chair. "Bra. I... I wasn't expecting you."

"Well. It's my family over there, guess I am obliged to show up to the meetings." Ugh. She had to calm down, she just wanted to apologize and not sound like a bitch.

"Yeah, probably. Hey, I heard you got your own business, congrats!"

Bra smiled weakly, grabbing for a coke. "Thanks. It's a lot of work but I like it. It keeps me occupied with something useful." Goten frowned but didn't say anything. They were silent for a while, not knowing what to say, or wanting to say so much not knowing where to start.

"So, you wrote a new book! I was glad to see you decided to stop writing crime novels. This one was a lot better than the rest you produced." Goten's eyes widened a bit. "You read it? I wasn't sure you would."

She knew it. She fucking knew it! "I've read all of your books. I'm probably the only one here who did besides Trunks and your mum, and I'm not sure about your mum." He huffed, almost smiled. "Anyway, I... I wouldn't have come if I hadn't read it. Certain scenes were... rather inspired by us. Thought that means I'm allowed to talk to you again."

He took a sip, looking away from her. Bra shot a glance in the direction, noticing Pan standing next to the unknown woman. When he turned his gaze back to her, he smiled. "That dedication was for you." Bra had some trouble hiding the wide smile that immediately formed on her face. She had guessed it, but wasn't completely sure. "I know. Although I must say, that first meeting between Tesna and Marim, you got that wrong. When I saw you in the club back then I wasn't all that over you as you described it in your novel."

Goten raised his eyebrows, laughing shortly. "Artistic freedom, Bra. Otherwise I might have mentioned that your exclamations of how naughty you are weren't all that convincing while you were drinking coke through a straw." Bra instantly moved the bottle away from her mouth. "Excuse me, I don't like alcohol very much. What's to say against coke?" They both had to laugh about that. It had worked out in the end, and somehow they felt less tense.

"Listen Goten, I... I wanted to apologize. For the proposal. For... having done it at all. That was... very rude. Sorry." Goten went completely still. Either he didn't expect it and wanted to know what was happening or he had expected it for so long he hardly believed this moment would come. She didn't care which one it was. "I admit I hadn't realized I treated you like a child and made decisions without your consent." She stopped, licking her lips. "I was mad when you just blocked me and didn't even give me a chance to clarify anything, but... I guess you wanted me to figure it out myself, eh? That I acted very childishly."

Goten stared at her for a while. He put down his glass on the table, placed his hands

on his knee.

"Okay. I accept."

Bra waited for something else, but he was just looking at her expectantly. Probably waiting for her to be mad that he didn't apologize for being an ass, but she was better than that. "I'm actually glad we ended it before it all got awkward. I mean, there are those weird expectations to become a couple and maybe we would've ended as one thanks to societal peer-pressure and since I never loved you and you didn't love me, I guess that was a good end. A clean cut. Right?"

"Where you worried about Pan's opinion?"

Bra's smile was stuck on her face. She huffed, trying to figure out what was going on. She took a sip from her coke, swallowing slowly. "Excuse me?"

"I mean, after you called my brother and made him crazy about his daughter being an extremist. Thank you for that."

"What..." She had already forgotten it. Everything comes back to bite you in the ass apparently. "Okay, you know what? I was angry during that phone call and may have phrased matters a bit harsher than necessary, but it was definitely needed to tell him that!"

"You could've told me that! You had plenty time, since your *friendship* with Pan is obviously not all that done as we all thought since you decided to run to her and tell her about us!"

So that was it. Bra leaned back, her eyes slits. How could she have imagined that anything had changed in a year. "I didn't say it. I just accidentally said something and she realized it. Why are you even mad, did she lecture you about spending your seed accordingly when you are fucking me anyway?"

Goten's jaw worked. She looked over to the other's seeing Pan having her arm around the pretty girl. "Does she have a new girlfriend?"

Goten turned around, shortly. "Next time, try to be a bit more sensible when giving out information."

"Don't blame it on me now! Is no one talking with each other in your damn family?"

"No one thought she got her stupid idea stuck in her head like that!" They both looked away, trying to calm down. Bra talked first. "And now?"

"I told her that she is awful and childish and exactly like you. That sobered her down quickly."

Bra snorted. "Guess she didn't like the comparison."

"She also listened to reason and figured out that even if something sounds good in theory, it doesn't mean it will be great in reality."

"Aha." So that was settled. And no one told her. It... stung. She hadn't wanted to push Pan away, she would've liked... maybe it was better that way. She had bad luck with the family.

"That's Mia, by the way. My ex. She obviously likes Pan better than me. But they are cute together, so..."

"Did she cheat on you?" So that slut was working her way through. Bra eyed her a bit closer.

"No." He sighed, taking his glass again. Putting it down again. "Listen, before we argue some more, there was something I wanted to tell you as well."

Bra eyed him suspiciously, but she would let him talk. It was probably the last time they would do it anyway.

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He hadn't intended to date Mia, not at all. Everything went as expected after he got his hair cut, they got some coffee, talked a lot, went home, met again to eat something, spent the night in her apartment and fucked. It was nice. He didn't like *nice* all that much, but it was okay with Mia. And then she gave him her phone number, 'call me again'. Most of his hook ups did. He never called.

Except this time, he did.

He still couldn't figure out what had created this impulse, maybe she was one of a kind (she wasn't) maybe he wanted to get back at Bra (more like it) maybe he thought his life needed a dramatic change (probably). The third time he tried it. Neither of the two attempts before had lasted long, one short-lived relationship during his teens, one out of spite when Trunks started dating Anu... Mia made it easy. After all he had done with Bra, she was the exact opposite. Exactly what he wanted, or at least thought he wanted. She did everything to please him, tried to be interested in what he did, even read his books, all of them, he sometimes felt bad for not being nearly as interested in her. Only a month for the first 'I love you', shortly after he got to know her family, she wasn't even repulsed when he told her who he was. What he was. Half of a human.

He couldn't deny that Mia influenced him when he wrote his novel. He had decided to try something different already, just what exactly was her doing. How hard could it be to write romance when it was unfolding in front of him! Just that it wasn't Mia that unfolded on the pages, it was Bra. The longer he wrote, the more he intertwined his story with real events. He wanted to change it at first, it ruined his story, but the longer he wrote, the more it felt like the right thing to do. Get it out of his system. Bra was gone. They had broken up, if it could even be called that, he would probably see her one time or the other on family events, all they did, all they had would fade away.

It was so easy and still took him so long to realize that he simply wanted a proof. A proof of what they had been. No one knew and that way, everyone would know without even realizing it.

Someone realized. Mia did. He had said one time too often how much of an inspiration she had been, how precious she had been, how the book couldn't have existed without her, but it wasn't their stories he used in it, it wasn't her name standing on the first page.

It was weird, he had expected it would hurt. Like the numb feeling he had felt when he had broken off contact with Bra. But it was just relief, relief that he hadn't married her as he had planned, that he didn't have to be the one to break up eventually. That she did it herself. He was glad she found someone else, though he had been suspicious of Pan's motives. It turned out that Pan's nice ideology wasn't all that directed towards herself and after a very good smack down from everyone she saw reason. Mia did her best in distracting her as well.

"Mia is a nice person. You shouldn't look at her like that."

"Is that what you wanted to tell me?" Bra huffed, flipping her hair back over her shoulder. He hated the gesture.

"She broke up with me. Didn't like the book. Understood the dedication."

"Yeah? So she was mad you used someone else for a story? You didn't even date very long, guess there wasn't enough to write about, she should get over it."

Exactly his thought, but that was not the point. "Besides that. Writing that book was also very insightful. It finally clicked when Mia broke up with me after I had already made plans to marry her."

Bra's eyes turned to slits. So she wasn't all that over it as she had claimed...

"You wanted to marry that slut?"

"Don't call her that. You're being rude again." And reacting exactly in the way he had hoped she would.

"I don't care. What have you realized? Spit it out or I'll leave, I'll see my nieces there and I like them better than you."

She may have grown up a bit, but her personality was still hard to take. Goten took a deep breath. "I missed you. Even if you are an insensitive jerk and rude and made everyone in my family mad. I missed you and not just the sex we had. Being with Mia was like having a nice meal but knowing that you just miss out something amazing you would've gotten somewhere else."

"Don't compare me to food." Her voice sounded raw.

"I think we should be together again. Officially. Like adults."

"You hadn't wanted that as well! You can't blame everything on me!" She rose slightly from her chair but sat down, probably to keep everyone else from noticing them. "I told you I don't love you and I don't need you and although I'm flattered you missed me although I'm so rude and awful the answer is no."

She got up but came back immediately. "You really got some nerve after everything you said to me today, do you know that?"

"But isn't that the reason you like me so much?" He grinned and moved his head just enough to avoid the slap she had aimed at him. She got even more furious after that. "Bra, no matter how awful that proposal was, you can't deny that you wanted to care for me. And you were crying because it meant so much to you that you have me and I'm the only person who actually sees you, maybe you don't remember it and..."

The next hit connected. It actually hurt pretty much. "You jerk. You think you are better than me but you are not. You are not." She shook her head. "I don't know what it is you think that you are missing, but it is definitely not based on any deep feelings. Maybe you should think about how you treat me."

She left and walked over to her family. Goten didn't stay long after that.

~~~~~

He had removed her from his blacklist, constantly sending her mails. Short stories, porn, most of it was so blatantly them, down to the colour of her hair! It was driving Bra nuts and she was inclined to sue his ass for using her name to sell his miserable erotica.

*Isn't that what you wanted? What you had planned for our marriage?*

She stared at the text as if it would go up in flames. She didn't know what he tried to do, but she was sick and tired of it.

*You misunderstood me back then. I like how rude you are. Ruthless. My bro was just very distressed and you probably understand that it made me distressed.*

She was about to tell Trunks. Tell him everything, make him realize what a complete asshole his best friend is and maybe they would break up. That would serve him right!

*Could you even identify love if you had it? Because this is it. We should give it another try, with less angst.*

He had no idea. Love was something completely different. This was just ... pathetic.

*At least admit that you are missing the sex. It was good. Admit it.*

Yes, she did! But she would never run back to him because of it! She wasn't so

desperate.

*Bra, please.*

He could beg as much as he wanted. She wouldn't give in.

And then, one day, her doorbell rang. She felt the ki. She knew who it was. She considered not opening, but ... actually, her heart was hammering and she had waited for it, not wanting to admit it.

"Hi Pan."

Pan stood there, shorts and tank top and side cut. Not that different. "You've got a new tattoo." Her shoulder was covered with a samurai. Hid the ugly scar she had from training with Bra's dad, it was so long ago..."

"Yeah, hides the scar. I always hated how it looked on my shoulder. Can I come in?"

Bra nodded, let her into her living room. Gave her a glass of water. It was so surreal.

"Bra, I... I wanted to apologize."

The next one. What was it with that family and apologizing to her? She wondered how that would end...

"A lot of things have gone wrong between us and... I was mad that you told my dad, honestly. Guess it was for the better in the end, though."

"Guess you realized that when there is something you don't want to share with the people that care about you that it maybe isn't all that right?"

Pan pressed her lips together and nodded. "I'm sorry. I'd like to... do you want to... try again? I really missed you."

It felt like tears. She wouldn't let them show, absolutely not. "That would be nice." She smiled a bit. It helped with the tears.

"Goten was actually... he talked with me. Wasn't so happy about... anyway, Mia always says that Goten has it bad for you, like he was moping around for months and wrote that novel and shit. Guess that answers the question you had back then. You know."

She did.

She knew.

She didn't want to give in. She didn't like the pressure, the expectations. It was exactly what she hated.

And she didn't.

~~~~~

A few months later Goten had stopped with the annoying texts, the stories, all the shit he had tried to convince her. At the same time, things with Pan went back to before. She even got to know Mia, and she was actually a nice person. Not that Bra liked to admit it all that much.

She eyed them when they were dancing, leaving Bra alone on the table at the bar they had settled down for the evening. Bra's thoughts were wandering mindlessly, just listening to the music...

"Hello stranger."

She looked up, startled.

"Mind if I sit down?"

It took her a few seconds before she gestured to the chair. "What are you doing here?"

"Having a good time. Found some cute student, she's sitting over there."

Bra looked in the direction. She was indeed cute. "What are you doing here then?"

"Found something better."

Bra huffed. He actually thought it would work.

But it did.

And they talked.

And it felt good.

And maybe... maybe she could get used to it. Sometimes. Someday.

Fin.