

Darkness cannot drive out darkness

Von Lans13

Kapitel 5: Chapter 5

More than 2 months passed since Vegeta left and she couldn't occupy herself with anything. Just as she was sitting on her bed thinking about what to do, suddenly she felt nausea taking over her and barely made it until the toilet to throw up. Every time she assumed it was over, she had to run back to the bathroom. After 30 minutes she simply remained sitting on the bathroom floor and hugged the toilet, ready to throw up again. Whoa, even when she drank too much, she never felt so bad or when she had the stomach flu. Anyhow what the hell was wrong with her? Then it hit her so suddenly that she felt completely stupid why she never thought about it. She was late, which wasn't that extraordinary as it sometimes happened with her, but if she connected that with the nausea and the fact that when she slept with Vegeta they never used protection, it was obvious what was wrong with her. She was pregnant! Strange, how every time she thought back on the night with Vegeta, she never ever become concerned about it. Yeah, because her freakin' mind was so much occupied how it felt... She cannot be pregnant! It was just one lousy night! Ok, cross that. It was the best night ever as she had mind-blowing sex with Vegeta, still how she could end up pregnant? When she held the pregnancy test a few hours later, her hand was shaking so much that she couldn't even see what damn colour it was. She grabbed her wrist with her other hand; steadying it and looked again on the stick. Yes, she was pregnant, just as she suspected. That's just great! From all the men on the planet she had to be pregnant with Vegeta's child. Now she did it, she managed to mess up her life even more than she ever assumed. She slid down on the floor and looked at the white tiling on the wall. For a while her mind went blank, but slowly she managed to calm herself. Yes, she was pregnant and yes, from Vegeta. Bulma wasn't exactly sure how he will react, though she doubted he will be happy about it. Gee, be real girl! He will be outrageous and he won't want to do anything with the baby. Regardless how many times Bulma run through the scenario in her head, that was the conclusion. So she will be a mother, with no husband or even boyfriend for that matter. Could be worse, she thought and the little voice in her head asked: How? Isn't this worse enough? There was always worse, she knew it. She was a strong woman, she knew she can pull it off. She screwed up badly, she wasn't planning to become a mother but now that she was, she had to face it. She won't be the first mother who will raise a child without a father. If others can do it, so can she. She was Bulma Brief! After the initial shock she took it quite well and when she went out with her mother to buy baby stuff she was actually happy about it. Bunny was overjoyed when Bulma told her the news.

"That's just wonderful news my dear!" She smiled brightly.

"Well, I wasn't planning it, at least not like this." Bulma answered feeling relieved hearing her mother's reaction.

When she told her father, he hasn't said much, because he didn't want to upset her but it was clear that he thought she was mad. Sure, he told her how he loved her and how he will help with his grandchild, yet he couldn't fully hide his worries. Bunny on the other hand was truly happy, it's not like she just acted that way and Bulma was extremely happy for it.

"Vegeta will be crazy once he hears the news!" Bunny continued jumping up with excitement.

"Oh, I have no doubt he will be crazy" She answered and despite the situation she couldn't repress a smile, imaging Vegeta's face once she will break the news to him.

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Bulma become pretty busy with planning the baby's room and go shopping. The days just flew by and suddenly as she went down to the kitchen she heard the spaceship landing. Panic struck her and she quickly looked down on herself. She was 3 months pregnant, but it wasn't showing yet. Maybe a bit, but as she was in a shirt which hung loose on her, nothing was visible. She struggled with the idea to close herself up in her room, but decided against it. This time she decided to go down and see him. Why not? She cannot screw this up more than she already had. When Vegeta emerged from the ship, his clothes were torn and he had injuries all over his body. Most of those seemed quite recent though as even some blood was dripping from his head wound. Bulma totally forgot everything, how awkward it was last time they spoke, she simply rushed over asking:

"What the hell happened with you?"

"I trained, what else?" He grunted back but as he wanted to go past to her he fainted and hit the floor.

"Vegeta!" Bulma cried and leaned over him.

It was the 2nd time he ended up bandaged, lying unconsciously in his bed. When the doctor told Bulma he will be all right and none of the wounds were life threatening she felt relieved. As she stood there, leaning against the wall and looked at him, she had Deja-vu. She remembered how much she worried about him when he blew up the spaceship. And now here he was again, injured unconscious. She sat down at the edge of his bed and looked at him. She enjoyed the fact that she could finally look at him without him snapping at her. Why couldn't be happy over their child? Why wasn't he capable to show at least a little sign of affection towards her? She sighed, then she grabbed a book, pulled over a chair and began to read. Pretend to read. No, try to read. She wanted to, it's just her mind went off on her own, thinking about all the crazy stuff.

"What are you doing here?" Vegeta suddenly asked, scaring Bulma so much that she dropped the book.

He wanted to stay a little longer in space, but he completely wore out his body and had to come back. Just like the first time, taking off couldn't quite take off his mind about her, yet it was the best what he could do. He was so angry and time passed so quickly, it was only 1 year and 3 months until the androids arrived and he still hasn't reached the super saiyan level. He trained more intensively than ever, not paying attention when his body objected and so he ended up badly wounded, even for a saiyan. Apparently he even lost his consciousness as he woke up here, with the woman at his side. What the hell was she doing here anyhow?! It's not like she was a doctor or a nurse.

"Reading" Bulma answered, getting over the initial scare and picking up her book.

"Why are you reading here, in my room?" He asked and he sat up.

"I think you should rest a bit more."

"And I care why?! It's none of your business what I do or what I don't do."

"Maybe, but I won't let you leave this room."

As the woman jumped up and stood before the door her arms stretched out Vegeta had to laugh at her attempt to block his way. He stepped to her, leaned closer and said:

"Get out of my way!"

Bulma closed the distance between them and leaned even closer to him. For a moment he was sure she wanted to kiss him, but instead she turned her head slightly, until her lips were almost touching his left ear. She whispered:

"Make me!"

That was it, how dare is she challenging him?! He balled his fist and swung it in her direction. To his shock the woman kept her eyes fixed on him and he slightly jerked his fist left, so he only hit the wall, making it crack. She still stood there without flinching and their gaze locked. He just became aware of the fact how he was unable to hurt her. Sure, he couldn't kill her for obvious reasons, yet it made no sense that he was unable to even hit her. Why?! Bulma had no idea what made her feel so sure that he won't hit her, she just knew. When the wall cracked and she looked at his face she could read from it that even he was sure just for a second ago that he will hurt her and it came to him as a shock that he was unable to do so. Girl, you are playing with the fire; Bulma heard her reasonable self's voice in her head. Maybe she was, but she just couldn't let him walk off and go to train in his condition. Suddenly both of them become aware of the fact how close they were standing again and before any of them could pull away their lips met. As they kissed passionately Bulma put her arms around his neck, while he picked her up, put her on the bed and climbed in top of her. He slightly felt his injured body object, while on the other hand it was his body again what took over the control and wanted nothing more than to feel her. While Bulma removed her shirt, Vegeta got rid of his short. As she still struggled to get off her skirt, he just couldn't wait any longer and tore it off her, her pants suffering the same fate. She felt as he grabbed her breast and he began sucking on it. She moaned with pleasure and had to grab the bed, not to grab his back which was covered with bandages. She felt him entering her and again, without much of a foreplay she was ready. Oh she was more than ready. She dreamed about it so long after the first time and even though she swore, it will never happen again, there she was, under him, rocking with him, feeling his body... How could she seriously thought that it won't ever happen again? Vegeta couldn't believe how overwhelming this feeling was and how he craved for it. He hoped that after he slept with her once, he will never feel this lust again, but if anything, it become just stronger than the last time. He heard her screaming in pleasure and he felt how his breath became ragged. He stopped for a second, just to resume it with even more force. They came almost at the same time and after it, both of them lied on the bed exhausted. Shortly after both fell asleep and this time it was Bulma who woke up first. Vegeta had his back to her so she couldn't be sure that he was sleeping, but she come to the conclusion as otherwise he would have left. She climbed out of the bed, put her shirt back on and went back to her room. After having a shower she decided to have breakfast, although it was only 5 am. Vegeta woke up as soon as she left the room but stayed in bed a little longer, before he took a shower. When he went down to the kitchen he saw that the woman was

already there, eating.

"Feeling any better?" She asked.

"I heal quickly."

Bulma knew she had to tell him. She should have told him yesterday, but instead she ended up having sex with him. Not that she was sorry for that... On the bright side at least she cannot be pregnant from that, as she is already pregnant. Just as she opened her mouth she closed it. Vegeta was just drinking from a bottle. She might cause him to choke. So she waited until he drunk enough, then she wanted to tell him, but he already began to eat. Gosh, he could also choke from that so she just needs to wait until he is done. It was a good thing that he ate quickly.

"V..." She really began this time, but he was drinking again.

Ok, that was it! She was just trying to find some excuse to delay it. She has to say it, just be over with it.

"I'm pregnant!" she called maybe a little louder than necessary.

Vegeta stopped rummaging in the fridge, looked at her and asked:

"And you are telling me this, because?"

Seriously? She knew he wouldn't care, but this attitude of his... wait, maybe he didn't know he was the father? How could he not know? Does he think she slept with other guys or is he just playing dumb? Bulma took a deep breath and added:

"Maybe I need to clarify this a little further. I'm pregnant and you are the father!"

"What?!" The prince asked confusion on his face.

He went pale and he grabbed the wall for support. No, that just cannot be! He cannot be a father, he cannot have a child with a human. He cannot have a half-breed as his son, that's just outrageous. He began shaking and the wall slightly cracked under his hand.

"How?" He asked.

It was Bulma's turn to feel confused now. From every possible questions how could he ask "how"?!

"You know damn well how!" She snapped. "We had sex, remember?"

"How can you know so soon?"

"Soon? It was 3 months ago, I wouldn't call that soon. You know, yesterday wasn't the first time that we... slept together!"

Bulma gulped as Vegeta walked towards her. What now? She had no idea what he wanted and it took her by surprise when Vegeta put his hand on her stomach.

"What are you doing?" Bulma asked, looking at him.

"Just shut up, will you?" The prince said and he began to concentrate.

It was extremely hard to feel the energy of such a small being, that's why he never felt any other Ki from the woman. But now that he knew... he should be able to detect it. After a minute or so he did. It was still low, but he could clearly feel it now. He removed his hand from her and stepped back.

"Could you feel it?" Bulma asked, realising what he was doing.

"Yes..."

They looked at each other for a while, then Vegeta said:

"I'm not interested in the child, or in you!"

Yes, this was the reaction Bulma expected. Then why the hell hurt it so much? She knew she cannot expect anything from him, and simply having a baby wouldn't change it but she still felt a stabbing pain in her chest.

"If you think it will devastate me, you are wrong. I expected no other response from the oh so great prince of all jackasses! Screw yourself Vegeta!" She said, not letting

him go with her eyes, then she simply left.

It sounded a good enough response though. Like she will ever tell him how she suffered from his indifference. No way! She went back to her room and sat down on the armchair, looking out of the windows. Bulma had no idea how long she just simply stayed there, but when she finally got up her ass was hurting and she felt half dried tears on her face. She never even noticed that she was crying or that she stopped. Damn Vegeta! She felt so many things at once that she had a hard time separating them. She was hurt, enraged but also stupid for falling for him. He just got under her skin like no other and the worst of all was that even after everything she still loved him. She sighed, then went to the bathroom and washed her face. Regardless what she felt, how she felt, she will never show him how much he managed to hurt her. No way! Bulma was pretty proud on herself in the next couple of weeks. She behaved normal around Vegeta. They never really spoke, but that was just their usual pattern. Sometimes as she looked at him she wanted to punch him, to strangle him, to cut him to pieces, while at other times she wanted to be in his arms, feel his body, kiss him, and... No, she wasn't ever going there again. Nope. Bulma wondered how much these mood swings were due to her hormones, now that she was expecting a baby.

"Are you going to eat all of that?" Vegeta asked as he saw Bulma sitting in the kitchen with at least 20 plates around her.

"Maybe" She answered and took another bite.

It was quite strange to see the woman eat so much as she usually only picked in her food, eating just a small amount. It seemed like the pregnancy affected her appetite a great deal, still it was unbelievable how she could devour so much. On some days she almost consumed the same amount of food as he did and he was a full grown saiyan. Another strange thing was her taste in foods. He never understood how she could enjoy something like cereal or yogurt but that was nothing compared to the fact that she was eating donut filled with jam and hamburger at the same time. He packed his hands full of food and sit down at the opposite side of the table. Bulma bitterly smiled as she thought that mostly they had just these short conversations once or twice a day. Yet, she was happy even if she could just see him for a couple of minutes. Yes, they say love makes people crazy, but so much?

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After the morning sickness passed, she felt relatively good, until she was 7 months pregnant. By that time her belly was huge, she looked like she was just about to give birth. It took her an enormous effort to get up and as she could only sleep on her back, she could hardly get any sleep.

"You look terrible." Vegeta throw it to her when they ate dinner together.

"Oh, thank you very much Vegeta, how nice of you!" She said with sarcasm. "I also feel like shit, not that it is any of your concern! Sometimes he is moving around so much that I feel like he is using me as his personal training room or something!"

"A half-breed like him won't be that much of a fighter. Not even my royal blood can help on the fact that it will also carry your pathetic human genes."

Bulma had to concentrate very hard not to get up and slap him in the face for his comment. She felt herself shaking from anger but managed to calm down again relatively easy. Since Vegeta lived here she developed so much self-control what she never held possible, given her temperament. Also, it was hard to get up and even if she managed it, hitting him would most probably just bruise her own hand, while he wouldn't even feel it.

"I'm sorry for being a human, jerk!" Was all what she said and she resumed eating.

Vegeta looked at her with new interest. He expected her to lash out, yet she remained sitting. Sure he noticed how she was shaking but she quickly brought herself under control. Her old self would have tried to choke him for such a remark, yet even her reply sounded neutral. He couldn't help to overhear when the woman talked with her mother about how pregnant woman changed during the pregnancy and something seemed to be in this. Also, he was aware of the fact that every time they somehow got closer than a few steps, she backed off. Like she wasn't sure how she could keep herself under control otherwise and she just might jump at him. He smirked, then it hit him; was he so sure that he could keep himself under control? He so wanted to say yes, but hell, he knew how miserably he lost control on more than one occasions. Vegeta felt how the anger was raising in him. He quickly finished his meal and went back to the gravity room, not just to train but also to blow off some steam.

Another month passed and Bulma wished to give birth so desperately that she might have gathered the Dragon Balls and call Shenlong for it, but it was almost impossible to do anything. If she hadn't seen the baby at the doctor's office on the screen, she would have assumed she will give births to twins or triplets even. So when Vegeta told her that he will go off space one more time, she was barely concerned.

"Before you go, there is something for you" She said, causing Vegeta to turn around. "What?"

"Just come with me!"

When they entered her lab, Bulma was clearly sweating and slightly panting. Gee, she only walked 100 meters and she was totally exhausted. Yeah, she was also in pain, but it became something to which she was already used too. She had to grab her desk for support, but bit her teeth together. She was sure he knew she was suffering, yet she just wasn't willing to reveal in just how much pain she was in. No way will he know how much she suffered. It was pathetic, really how she was hurt emotionally thanks to him and now she even had physical pain and a great deal of it. Vegeta was aware that the woman was in pain and it seemed to be worse every day. He wondered whether it was due to the fact that she had to carry his child, a saiyan baby, while she was just a weak human. Actually by now he began to wonder that maybe she wasn't weak at all. For a while he thought her emotionally strong, but by now it was more than that. For the thousandth time he wanted to punch himself for even thinking about her! Why the hell did he care how she felt?! No, he didn't care, not at all. He looked at her, waiting to find out what she wanted.

"I managed to reproduce the outfit what you were wearing when you came here" Bulma explained. "The "dress" part wasn't so hard, but the armour is still not perfect. Though you still want to bring it with you on your training."

When Bulma opened the box what contained the mentioned item, Vegeta curiously examined it. Yes, the armour wasn't perfect, yet it was really close to the real one. The woman was impressive, he once again realised it. He had no idea that she was working on this, though he had no idea about the gravity room either until it was almost done. Just why the hell was she doing this for him? He shrugged it off, thinking he didn't care. He took the items with him and simply left her there.

"As usual, happy to be in your service!" Bulma cried after him, not that she really expected for him to thank her.

Nah, even if they lived together forever, he would never thank her for anything, it was clear. Just as it was clear how he will never feel anything for her. She sighed when the spaceship left her house for the 3rd time now.

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Bulma expected to give birth sooner than 9 months given the size of her belly, but Trunks was born just when he was predicted. Not sooner, not later. When Bulma held him for the first time in her arms, she knew it was worth all the pain and suffering just to have him. She knew she will love him, she already loved him when he was inside her belly, but the amount of love what she felt for the boy once he was born, was unexpected. It was hard on her to rest in the first couple of weeks as she was the type who always had to do something. Even during her pregnancy she worked and she had no intention to stop. Surprisingly Trunks didn't cry that much in the first couple of months. First she thought he was just constantly sleeping, but as she saw him just looking up at the ceiling she knew it wasn't true. Feeding him was a challenge, as even though she had breast milk it wasn't enough for him. As she feed him baby formula as well, she wondered how the saiyen women solved this issue. Could they have more milk than she as a human? Well, it was no wonder Trunks was always hungry, he was a saiyen. Well, half-saiyan anyhow. Bulma was happy to register that her appetite went back to the normal level as it was quite annoying how much time she had to spend just to eat enough food. It seemed like Vegeta again held his 3 months pattern as he came back when Trunks was 2 months old. They had only 4 more months until the androids arrived. For the first time Bulma wondered what happened with her in the future. Was she among the survivors or did she also die some terrible death? She shook her head, she didn't want to think about these things. Goku and the others will beat the androids this time! Goku never lost. Also, Vegeta was training like crazy, he would be able to help out as well.

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When Vegeta arrived back, once again he realised that the woman wasn't there waiting for him. By now he wasn't surprised that even in another galaxies he was thinking about her, he was just enraged. Maybe she was with his son, by now he must have been born. He ignored the blond one standing there with cookies and tea and went back to his room and took a shower. As it was about dinnertime he went to the kitchen and as expected it was full of food, waiting for him. It took him a bit off guard that the woman was also there, eating some kind of salad. Yeah it seemed like her appetite was back to normal. As he looked at her he couldn't help but wonder whether her breast grew bigger. He was almost positive that they did. She looked just as sexy as before the pregnancy, she already gained back her old figure. Bulma had to bite back a smile as she became aware how Vegeta looked at her. It was more than obvious that he found her attractive, but it wasn't news any more. He must have found her attractive if he slept with her. Ghosh, why was it so hard for her to restrain herself? All she could think of was to go to him, kiss him, feel him... No! Not again. "Welcome back!" She greeted him and she got up to get out of there as soon as possible.

It was just too hard to be near him now, that she hasn't seen him for such a long time. As she walked past him, he felt him grabbing her hand and just as she wanted to object she felt his lips on hers. From that there was no going back. They had sex again, there on the kitchen floor. It was crazy as her parents could have walked in at any moment. Sure, her father was in the lab working and her mother was with Trunks, but still... Though it only hit Bulma when it was all over and they were already in progress of dressing up. Bulma was angry for herself for letting him have such an effect on her, while Vegeta was outraged. It was clear if he didn't grab her, she would just walked past him and they wouldn't end up on the kitchen floor on top of each other. It was a

small consolation that as soon as he kissed her, her resistance faded, not that she had so much to begin with. Damn, he never should have agreed to stay with here! Yet, he never would have dreamed about how things turned out. It was like a nightmare. Just now when he finally reached the super saiyan level and he thought he was fully in control, he still wasn't, if it came to her. It was driving him mad. He even lost his appetite so he simply went back to his room and decided to go to sleep. It was relatively early, but he knew his body needed some rest, as much as he despised the idea of rest. When he went down at the next day at 3 am, he almost bumped into the woman who was just coming up with a book in her hand.

"What the hell are you doing at 3 am?" He asked.

"Trunks woke me up and I just couldn't sleep back."

"Trunks?"

"Yes, that's the name of your son."

"That's a stupid name!"

"Well excuse me, I'm just a stupid human so what are you expecting from me? Also, it's not like you were willing to discuss any of your name preferences and as you are not interested in him anyhow, I don't see how your opinion should matter at all!" She snapped.

There she was, her old self, who got easily pissed off by him. She thought that by now there was nothing what he could say what would make her feel so annoyed, yet she was wrong.

"Do whatever you want, I don't care!" He answered and he wanted to leave, he would have left if not for the sudden change in her voice:

"Do you want to see him?"

He looked at her and even though she was fully outraged just a second ago, she seemed totally calm now.

"No, I don't."

Though she fully ignored his answer, grabbed his hand and led him to their son's room. The worst thing was that even though he wasn't interested, he went with her. She had no physical strengths and he could have pulled away his hand at any instance, yet somehow she still seemed to have the overpower as she simply led him and he followed. When they entered the room, Trunks looked at them.

"Isn't she cute?" Bulma asked smiling.

Vegeta looked at his son for the first time and some strange feeling crept into his chest. It was nothing like what he felt for Bulma. Sure, as he wasn't feeling anything for her! He simply wasn't! This was something new. How many different emotions were there?! Trunks was so tiny, it was hard to believe that he might become a fighter one day. He seemed so fragile. He had the woman's blue eyes and lavender hair. How pathetic was a saiyan, even if it was just a half saiyan, with that hair colour? At least Kakarott's brat had the same hair colour as the saiyans, though it was no wonder as his mother was a plain annoying bitch with the same hair colour. Bulma never expected that Vegeta will actually come with her and even if he would, he should have run off by now. But he was just standing there looking at Trunks for a while now. Could he be interested, even though he denied it so strongly?

"Do you want to hold him?" She asked.

"NO!" He shot back and stormed out of the room.

"Your father is a jerk Trunks." Bulma said, smiling at his son.

It went much better than she expected and she was happy. Sure she knew it's not like seeing Trunks suddenly awoke some fatherly love in Vegeta, but it just might have

stirred something, buried down inside him. She wondered what the others will think once she will tell them who Trunks father is. When she told Yamcha, he was so shocked that he couldn't say or do anything for more than a minute. Then he told her how crazy she was and she told him she was already aware of that. Once again they returned to their daily pattern, hardly speaking and keeping a safe distance. They never talked about the upcoming fights or anything relevant. Vegeta was simply waiting for the fight as he wanted to prove that he was much better than that clown. He decided to spend the last two weeks training in space again, to keep a better focus on his training. He never made any thoughts what will happen after they kill the enemy; if they manage to kill them. Bulma on the other hand has some concerning thought, but tried to avoid it. She hoped Vegeta will stay with them, yet she had no idea how much reality that possibility had in itself. Sure, he had nowhere else to go, but it's not like he considered this planet, this house home. She seriously doubted she or Trunks could have changed that. She was in much pain already and thinking about the future just made it worse. She tried to shut it out and only focused on the androids. One step at the time seemed like a good enough advise.