Darkness cannot drive out darkness

Von Lans13

Kapitel 8: Chapter 8

When they finally arrived back at home after the fight with Buu, all 3 of them felt exhausted. So many things happened on one day, that they had hardly time to process it all. Vegeta was anxious and he knew Bulma will want to talk with him. Of course she wanted to, after he killed so many people in the stadium. But what could he possibly tell her to make her understand? Now, when he looked back on his own actions, he had a hard time understanding how foolish he has been. After they went back with Kakarott to Kami's place, he was afraid that Bulma won't even want to see him. He was never so afraid in his life and he had a hard time understanding it. As he looked into himself to encrypt this feeling he realised; he was afraid to lose her. Not like when she died, it was a much worse scenario from some perspective. She would be alive and well, yet he couldn't see her anymore. When Bulma welcomed him like nothing happened, he felt as relief swept over him. Relief, what he never felt before. Though it was also the first time that he was afraid to lose his family. He kept telling himself that it doesn't matter what happens to them, but it was a lie. Sometimes even before Buu, he felt that it was a lie, but every time he thought about it, he became outraged. He, the prince of all saiyans was a perfect fighter, with no attachments to anybody. He never cared! At least he tried to convince himself of it. He had a hard time reading Bulma as she seemed entirely normal, at least until Trunks been put in his bed to sleep. When only the two of them remained and they went back to their bedroom, he felt how her façade fell away and how much she was hurt. Bulma had no idea what to think, apart from the fact that she was glad to have Vegeta back. Yes, even after all the things what he did, she still loved him. Nothing could change that. Also, it's not like she was not aware of his past. She knew what he did, how many planets he destroyed, that he was a ruthless killer. Yet she hoped it was all in the past. Also, it was one thing knowing it and an another thing witnessing it. She has never seen him like this before and she never wanted to see this side of him again. It was just too terrible, too painful. She never assumed he could hurt her so much. Sure, he caused her pain in the past with his indifference, yet that was nothing compared to this. Still, when he came back, she was happy. She had no doubt that she still loved him, yet she wasn't sure how to forgive him. She wanted to forgive, she always managed to do so in the past... now it seemed just an impossible task. Bulma knew Vegeta was aware that they had to talk, but it was no surprise that he wasn't the one who began it. He was never the type who explained things, who tried to justify things, not even after everything what happened.

"We need to talk!" Bulma began, as soon as both of them were in the bedroom.
While she leaned against the closet, Vegeta stood in the door, like he considered the

option to run away from this. He did, but he knew he had to stay.

"What is there to talk about?" He asked, not expecting to see her so calm.

"Seriously?! I mean I know you are not the emotional type, but don't you think that you own me an explanation? What happened in the stadium? Why have you killed all those people?

Vegeta sighed. He had no idea how to explain it to her, more so as he also knew now, that he made a mistake.

"You cannot possibly understand it."

"You think so? Me? I'm not the one who is hiding her feelings and pretending not to feel anything! I already understood so much, accepted so much about you! I always tried to think about how you might feel, which was damn hard considering how you never talk with me. Ever! It took me years to get to know you and I still have no idea about most of the things. Yet, I always hoped you will let me in one day and told myself that you just need time. But crap, this… what you did… I have not the slightest idea why you did it. At least after so many years I deserve some kind of explanation, don't you think?"

"I… I did it to beat Kakarott and because I became weak. I wasn't the perfect fighter any more, the one who arrived on Earth at the first time. I changed and I hated this change! I got attached to you and Trunks… I even almost accepted this mud ball as my new home. How pathetic is that? At least I thought so. I wanted to be stronger, yet I knew I couldn't, not… unless I changed back the way I was. The ruthless killer, with no feelings.

"So all those years, me and Trunks, your own son… we never meant anything to you?" Bulma asked.

Her voice was still calm to both of their surprise. She sounded like she was just asking whether they should have dessert or not. While her question was much more serious than that.

"That's it, that you and Trunks changed me! I have feeling for you, feelings for which I never held myself capable of."

"Then why?"

"I already told you, you cannot possibly understand it!"

"Try me!"

"How could you? What do you know about failure?! I lost my entire planet, my family, I lived under Freeza's command for years with the only goal to kill him. Then when I come here a low level nobody defeated me, spared my life, then he even killed Freeza. He took revenge for our people, while it should have been me! After that he simply killed himself so it was impossible for me to take revenge. He took the only thing what I had; my pride. Then, when he came back, he was even stronger, much stronger than me, even though I trained so hard during all those years. He was just too good to catch up with him! You always had whatever you wanted. You have a family, a home, you have money! You never had to struggle to get anything, life just gave it to you!"

"Do you really think so? Do you seriously believe I don't know what failure means?" Bulma asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

She felt how her tears began to flow, but she couldn't care less. She always kept it together, she never cried in front of him, knowing how despicable he would find it. Ok, she cried once after Cell, but that was not because she was hurt, that was because she was happy. Vegeta was taken aback seeing her like that, crying. He was well aware that it was the second time she cried in front of him and it was the first time she showed him how much she was hurt, because of him. After a short pause, she

continued:

"I know! I struggled for years to get close to you, to get to know you but you continued to push me away, to shut me out! I love you so much, that I never thought it was possible to love somebody that much! I had to fall for you of all people, who could never love me back. And you know damn well that I accepted it, I accepted you as you are and I still loved you. I still do! Yet you never show your feelings, regardless what I do. So don't tell me I don't know what failure is! Sure, you were the one who simply throw your family away, but I was the one who failed. I failed to mean something to you, I failed to be important enough for not being thrown away!"

"It's not true, I..." Vegeta began, but wasn't quite sure how to finish it.

"I always told myself that you must feel something, some attachment since you stayed here. I never dared to ask, but you stayed after Cell and sometimes I almost felt like I have a normal family. Sometimes I felt like I had the chance to get close to you, yet it was all just an illusion, created by me."

"I'm sorry!" The prince said to both of their surprise.

He never apologised before as he couldn't understand what it was to feel sorry. Now it hit him so hard that he felt actual pain in his chest. He was sorry for the first time in his life. Bulma looked at him, trying to decipher the meaning behind those 3 words. Was he really sorry or was he just saying it, because it was what she wanted to hear it? After pondering over it, she came to the conclusion that he wasn't the type who said something because she wanted to hear it. He either said nothing or he meant every word.

"Do you love me, Vegeta?" She asked, before she could stop herself.

It was a question what she wanted to ask for years now, but she never dared as she was too much afraid of his answer. There it was now, it was out and she couldn't take it back. Finally she will know the truth and there was no going back from it.

"Bulma..." He sighed, having no idea what to say.

Then before he could stop himself the words were out, shocking both of them:

"I still don't know what this human concept of love means, at least not really. Feelings are not so easy to explain, especially for me, who... buried his feelings, who tried to convince himself that he felt nothing. When I killed those people, I tried to convince myself that I don't feel anything. It was just a bunch of idiots anyway and I killed so many others that adding a couple of hundred to the list won't make any difference. Yet, it didn't felt right, I just couldn't feel the rush what I felt before. When I made my second attack, I thought that this time it will be like before. I assumed I was just out of practice, but again, it felt different. I even considered blasting you away, I could feel your Ki, but I couldn't quite do that. Not even with Babidi's control. During the fight with Kakarott he saw right through me, he knew that I still cared. And I knew it as well because when Buu was out, I decided to fight against him. I was sure I could take him alone, with my new powers, yet I failed. I wasn't powerful enough to kill him, so I decided to at least take him with me. I decided to die as I saw no other way to save you and Trunks. I decided to die for you and at that moment it became clearer than ever, what you meant for me. I was angry, not realising it sooner and I was outraged that I cannot see you again and tell it to you. Yet, knowing that I might have the chance to save you, offering my life, made it feel less painful. I died for you and even so I failed. I couldn't defeat Buu! When I came back and Kakarott told me to fuse with him, I refused. I hated him and I never wanted to fight alongside him. Then, when he told me that Buu killed you, I knew I had no other choice. I agreed, even though he was the last person to whom I would fuse with. I never expected to come back from

that fight, I just hoped the Dragon Balls will restore Earth and you and Trunks will be alive, that you can be happy…"

"How could I be happy without you? When you died… I never want to feel what I felt then."

"I never dreamed to give my life for somebody and I held Kakarott a fool to do that during the fight with Cell. Then, I ended up doing the same… for you! The most shocking fact is, that I would do it all over again, without hesitation, just to know that you are safe."

Vegeta wasn't quite sure that he succeeded at all and it sounded such a vague explanation. Yet, when he looked at Bulma, she smiled at him, even though her tears were still flowing. He wanted to say something else, yet couldn't think of anything what could make her understand how much she meant to him. She leaned closed and kissed him and he kissed her back like there was no tomorrow.

After this, Vegeta tried hard not to be such a jerk all the time, at least Bulma could see him make some effort. It was the first time that he actually tried to change a bit and not just letting the change happen. Vegeta had no idea that after just a couple of weeks he will have a similarly serious talk with Trunks. They were training in the gravity room, just like they usually did before the fight. Vegeta was going hard on Trunks and kept attacking him, yet the boy seemed happy. Even when he pushed him so hard that he ended up crashing into the wall, he got up smiling. It was strange, as Trunks normally complained when he was too rough with him, yet since Buu, he never complained and today he even seemed happy.

"You seem way too happy, given the fact I'm just beating the crap out of you" Vegeta remarked.

"I'm happy, because I can train with you!"

"That's new…"

"I… I want to be stronger, maybe even stronger than you so the next time you don't have to die! I couldn't believe when Goku told me that you are dead!" Trunks said, while he got up from the floor. "I even cried like a baby…"

"What made you stop?"

"Goku. He said there is no time for mourning as Goten and I had to become strong if we want to kill Buu. But… we never were strong enough."

Trunks looked miserable and on the verge of tears. Just a few weeks ago Vegeta would have called him weak, but now he just couldn't bring himself to it. He never thought that with his actions he not just hurt Bulma, but also made Trunks suffer.

"I'm sorry" Vegeta said for the second time during a short time. "I shouldn't have died again."

"Again? You mean you already died before?"

Crap, this wasn't something what he wanted to discuss, maybe not ever. He considered just changing the subject as he did so many times before, but he owned his son an explanation. At least if he really meant what he said about changing. He could have said some half explanation, but he wasn't the type. "I died once, during the fight with Freeza."

"I sort of heard something about him. It happened on Namek, right? That's where Piccolo is from."

"Yes."

"Why were you on Namek? Was Freeza living there?"

"No. I went there to get the Dragon Balls and so did Freeza."

"I don't see why. I mean was there something wrong with the Dragon Balls here?"
Vegeta sighed, it seemed like he had to tell him the whole story, which included his past. He never told Trunks that he was a good guy, yet Trunks had no idea just how dark his past really was. Vegeta knew this day will come, when he have to tell it to his son, but until now he never really cared what he would think about him. Now he was afraid. Sure, Bulma knew it, she even saw some of it and she still loved him. Trunks on the other hand was just an 8 years old boy. He sighed then sat down on the bare floor, indicating Trunks to do the same. He followed his lead surprised, then Vegeta began:
"I come to Earth first, to get the Dragon Balls and after my whish was fulfilled my plan was to blow up this planet, killing everybody."
"What? Why?"
"I was "evil", one of the bad guys. After Freeza blow up my home planet, I was one of his soldiers and it was my job to concur planets or blow them up. It never bothered me, it felt natural as saiyans were a fighting race. Also, I never questioned my actions or thought that it was wrong. I also planned to kill Freeza and I thought to wish for immortality, would help me reach my goal."
"Why didn't you blow up Earth then?"
Vegeta looked at Trunks. He seemed more curious than shocked. He never told him anything about his past before, not really, so even though what he shared was terrible, Trunks seemed somehow happy that he will finally learn something about his father. Vegeta looked at him for a while before he went on:
"Because Kakarott defeated me. Also, using the Dragons Balls here was out of question as Piccolo died during the fight. So all of us went to Namek where we had to fight with Freeza and he killed me."
"Are you saying that by that time you were already good?"
"Not quite." Vegeta smirked. "I just fought alongside Gohan, Krillin and Kakarott because I couldn't beat Freeza alone. Sure enough he killed me, but I was bought back to life and teleported to Earth along with the Namekians. That's when I died first."
"Why did you stay? Also, when did you meet mum?"
"I met Bulma on Namek, but didn't pay much attention to her then. I ended up staying as you warned us about the androids."
"Me?"
"Your future self. Actually it wasn't Kakarott who killed Freeza as although he defeated him, he left him alive. That fool, he though Freeza could also change. He came after us here, but you, I mean your future self killed him."
"Wow, so I was like a badass? Was I actually stronger then you?"
Vegeta couldn't quite believe how he just told him what he did in the past and this was the question Trunks asked?
"Temporarily yes."
"And you already lived here then?"
"Yes. Your mother offered me to stay here as I had nowhere else to go. And this seemed like a good enough place, also she had the gravity room which proved to be quite useful. Anyhow I stayed and trained as your future self said that the androids killed us all in his timeline."
"That's when you become good?"
"No, at least not during the fight. I'm not sure that you could call me good, even after the fight, but something changed. You, from the future changed me."
"Wait, are you saying that you and mum already knew that I would be born, even before I was born?"

"No" Vegeta smiled, thinking that he wouldn't have believed the boy at that time. "I only learned who he was, when we fought the toasters and you were already born."

"But you have to be good know. I mean you saved our lives."

"Porunga, the dragon on Namek considered me good, that's why I was also resurrected along with the others. Still, it's not so easy to define what is good and what is evil. To tell you the truth, I have no idea when exactly I changed. I think it happened slowly and took years."

Trunks nodded, then there was a long silence before he got up, went to Vegeta and hugged him saying:

"I'm so glad that you are alive and I love you!"

Vegeta never expected this reaction. Even in the best case scenario Trunks would still hate him, demanding more explanation and answers, yet he seemed relatively ok. Before Trunks could pull back, Vegeta also hugged him. He couldn't believe how lucky he was. Why? How could it be that not just Bulma, but also Trunks loved him? Even after everything? What was this love exactly? He was such a fool for pushing them away for so long. He was determined to make it up to them somehow, but despite the fact that he wasn't denying his feelings any longer, he couldn't change from one day to another. He just hoped Bulma and Trunks will be patient with him for a little longer. After a couple of seconds they released each other and to avoid feeling awkward they continued to train, like nothing happened. Yet they became much closer after this talk, even thought if it wasn't that much visible from the outside.