

Aqua and Green Moonlight

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Romance Fic of Bra and Piccolo.

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Chapter 1 - Aqua and Green Moonlight

2

1 - Aqua and Green Moonlight

Aqua and Green Moonlight

Men are rude, arrogant, pig-headed, never listen to you and are STUPID! My mother taught me this from an early age and frankly I am inclined to agree! Ever since I married that...that...dumb green, dumb moron...dumb...Grrrr! He's been nothing but trouble. He never helps around the house, he rarely says two words to our baby every day, and he's not exactly the most romantic husband on this planet. Heck, even Daddy treats Mama better. Piccolo is officially the worst husband ever!

Piccolo blinked, closing Bra's diary. He'd found it on her dresser, opened. The window had let in a draft, opening it to the freshest page. Piccolo had been training all day, returning in the evening. Bra was missing. He remembered her mentioning seeing a movie with a few friends from school. Straata, their three month baby, was in the care of Dende and Mr. Popo, just on the other side of the lookout.

He felt a need to prove Bra wrong, and ventured into Dende's living room where he and Mr. Popo were making goo-goo noises at the child, who giggled insanely. Piccolo couldn't believe how foolish they looked.

"What the hell are you doing?" He demanded, walking beside Dende.

Dende stretched up, holding the giggling green infant, her brown furry tail swaying behind her. Dende kindly smiled, "We were entertaining little Straata, she has such a lovely smile. In fact she looks just like her mother when she smiles."

Mr. Popo agreed, "Oh yes! But green of course!" Mr. Popo and Dende turned to each other and laughed.

Piccolo grunted, snatching Straata from Dende's hold. "That's enough. She was fathered by me; therefore I will take care of her." Piccolo scooped up Straata's basket, set her in and flew away.

"Oh my!" Gaspd Mr. Popo, "But Piccolo doesn't know how to care for a child."

Dende forced a smile, "Now's a good time as any to learn. And hey, it should make Bra happy, right?"

"Kindly stop looking at me like that, kid," huffed Piccolo, sitting atop a cliff, cradling the child.

Straata stared up at him with her big blue eyes, eyes she inherited from three generations of beautiful females before her. She just stared, little googles escaping her mouth every once in a while.

Piccolo breathed a sigh. "Look, it's nothing personal. I'm just not used it this...You have to understand, Nameks weren't meant to have...children. We were meant to create clones, you were an accident."

Straata's bottom lip quivered, as if she understood what "accident" meant. Piccolo saw her reaction and held her closer. "Don't be like that, it's nothing personal. It was different with Gohan, he was already grown to a young boy, and there wasn't pressure since I wasn't his father. But you...damn it. And Bra, for all the people in the world to create an accident with, it had to be the daughter of Vegeta. Do you know what that means? Do you know what an arrogant bastard that Saiyan is? Now I am connected to him thanks to her! Your damn mother had no right to make me..." Piccolo hung his head, and raised it just enough to peer at the waiting face of his daughter, "She had no right to make me fall in love with her."

Bra loudly munched on her popcorn, watching the movie. Her friends, Pan and Sanya sat on either end of her, eying her.

"Bra, you're a little loud," whispered Sanya.

Bra went on eating, ignoring her. Pan smirked, leaning into her ear, "You're eating real butter."

Bra threw up her popcorn, hitting a family a few isles behind her. "Oh dear God!" Bra held her face in a panic, racing around in a panic. The people in the theatre yelled at her to pipe down. "I ate REAL butter! I need a stomach punch immediately!"

Pan grabbed her skirt and threw her back in her seat, "Quiet down Missy, or I'm telling your mother."

"I don't need to answer to her anymore!" Bra insisted, arms folded defensively, looking t the screen.

Sanya shrugged, sipping her coke, "Fine then, we'll tell your hubby."

Bra barked out a laugh, "He barely registers I exist, you think he'll care I disrupted a freakin' sucky movie!" With that, Bra stormed out of the theatre, not before she let a ki blast fry the theatre screen.

Pan sighed, "Trouble in paradise already I see. Too bad, I had hope for her and Mr. Piccolo, I really did."

"Her aqua hair and his green skin look so cute together," said Sanya, admiring the pretty flames, "It'd be a total shame to split such a cute set, don't you think?"

Bra huffed down the street, passing cafes and boutiques. Normally she would have ducked in to buy a few thousand worth of cheer-up goods, but in that circumstance, all she needed was to take herself to Capsule Corp. First she'd need Straata, and to leave Piccolo a note.

"What am I thinking?" She growled under her coat, "Like he'd care where I was anyway."

Bra let a tear drop, sucking up the rest of her hurt. She just didn't understand how he could act so

unfeeling toward her. Did he just marry me to be a gentleman? She thought to herself.

Clacking her heels on the pavement, Bra tumbled forward as one snapped. "Damn it!" Bra heavily picked herself up. Her new skirt was torn, and right shoe ruined. On top of that, her ankle twisted in the fall. "At a time like this, I really wish I was more like Daddy and less like Mama."

Bra hobbled on. She stopped for a break, leaning back on a lamppost, admiring the silken glow of the full moon. The surreal beauty calmed her soul. Bra took in a deep breath, deciding to take a seat in the park's bench.

The night was cold, and it felt lonely, watching parents chase fireflies with their children, and couples stroll by, wrapped in each other's warm glow.

Bra warily smiled, looking down at her shadow. Fringe covering her face, she didn't notice the looming shadow entwining with her own. A powerful ki stood behind her, as well, as a tiny, yet also strong ki. She twirled back, and looked up. Piccolo, holding a sleeping Straata looked down at her dully. Bra's brow twitched with confusion as he walked around the bench and sat beside her. He reminded her of the antique robots in the Capsule Corp. museum.

"Piccolo...shouldn't you be out training?" She managed to get out.

Piccolo eyed her nonchalantly, "Weren't you meant to be seeing a movie?"

Bra stiffed her back, perched up defensively, "It sucked, so I left. Besides, I ate real butter and had to get some exercise to burn it off."

"I see," he said, taking note of her torn skirt and wrecked heel, "You should have gotten your training gi instead, foolish girl."

Bra folded over her leg, "I am NOT foolish, and I am NOT a girl, Piccolo." Bra hissed her words in tainted anger.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "You are right, you not a foolish girl, you are a foolish woman."

Bra's ears almost steamed with rage. Piccolo noticed her face turning hot red, and moved to wrap an arm around her waist, pulling her close to him. Bra's red face went flush. Piccolo held the sleeping baby with his other arm.

"It's nice to see the full moon," Piccolo finally said after a long silence, "To think, we almost let it be destroyed forever. But here it is, spinning its glow, lighting up the dark canvas of the sky along with the stars."

She peered up, "Yeah, it's irreplaceable, isn't it...Piccolo?"

Piccolo stared into her deep sapphire eyes, eyes more powerful than the almighty moon, "Yes Bra, just like you."

In the glow of the moonlight, the husband and wife held each other, and kissed, no different to any wandering lover in the park.

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There, I did a Piccolo and Bra lil romance fic. I know a lot of you have been waiting for one from me desperately, so to appease you for now, scoop up the good stuff! =^= If you enjoyed it, don't forget to review it, and or e-mail me at: chibiusa61@hotmail.com Tell me you love, or tell me I'm loony – it's all good!