

# **Not Like Them**

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*A very cute Piccolo/Bra fic.*

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# 1 - Not Like Them

Not Like Them

“Oooh!” Squealed Bra, picking up a silver necklace, “This is so cute! Oh, and look at that one!” Bra hyperly flittered around the jewelry store, exhausted the saleswoman.

Piccolo sat on a bench in the mall, carrying ten heavy bags. Also on the bench were six other husbands, all carrying loads of shopping. The men were all impatiently waiting, checking their watches.

“I swear, my wife loves shoes more than me,” laughed one husband.

Another nodded, “I hear that. My broad’s over checking out hats. She already has eighteen at home, never wears them either!”

One husband looked over at Piccolo, “Wow, that guy’s wife made him so sick he’s gone green!”

Piccolo sighed, “I’ll grant you the sick part.”

Bra emerged from the store, carrying three small bags. “Are you done,” he almost begged, “You know how I feel about crowded places...”

Bra nodded, adding a giggle, “That’s all for today! Oh, and I got you a gift.”

She took out a small pin from a golden box. The pin was forged with 24 karat gold, at the far end was an emerald stone. Piccolo edged back as Bra fastened it onto his gi. “Bra...”

Bra rubbed his muscular arm tenderly, easing him, “Darling, it’s for men, I would never get female jewelry for a guy - give the super-shopper some credit here.”

Though abrasive about the item, Bra’s charming smile was good enough to seal the deal. Besides, the emerald was rather pretty.

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“Wow, neat brooch,” greeted Vegeta, sarcastically, meeting Piccolo in the forest for training purposes.

Piccolo frowned. “It is a pin, and your daughter bought it. So if I were you I’d choose my words carefully, Vegeta.”

Vegeta scoffed, “So it has begun.”

Piccolo began to stretch, “Excuse me?”

“The whipping process,” he said simply.

Piccolo frowned, stopping to study Vegeta’s mocking grin, “I am not whipped. Unlike you, that would never happen to me. I am a free man; I can do whatever I want, regardless of what anyone says. Even Kami couldn’t hold me down.”

Vegeta’s grin grew wider, aggravating the Namek. “Now, now Namek, you’ll get used to it. First it’s the little things...she’ll want you to help with the dishes, and then she’ll dictate what you wear. As time goes by your mate will have the power to drag you away from the important things – like training and disciplining Trunks...I mean, your child. You won’t be able to think, eat or sleep without her say!” Vegeta clenched a fist. “Why can’t that woman just let me have a moment’s peace and cook a decent meal?!”

Piccolo gave him a lop-sided look, antae dangling down, “While I appreciate you and Bulma seem to enjoy driving each other insane, that’s not our style. We’re equals, and she respects my privacy. Understand?”

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“Piccolo!” Called Bra, “I need to drop something off to my mother, can you clean the dishes? Thanks!” Without waiting for a reply, Bra ran out of the house and flew away.

Piccolo watched her from out the kitchen window, blinking as he looked down at the dishes. “Oh no.”

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“Darling!” Yelled Bra. Piccolo sighed, flying in to meet her at the look-out.

“Is it an emergency?” He asked, concerned, “Is it serious?”

Bra giggled, “No, no. I just need you to pick up my dry cleaning.” Bra turned him around, “Hurry back!”

Piccolo frowned.

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“Oh, my love,” sighed Bra, snuggling into Piccolo.

Piccolo smiled, holding her tenderly.

Bra looked up at him with starry eyes, “Dearest one...I need you to do something very important for me...”

“Oh?”

“I need you to...always...”

“Yes...”

“Make sure my daisies get plenty of sunlight while I’m at work.”

Piccolo let go of her in disbelief. “What?”

Bra nodded, “Yes, you see Mr. Popo doesn’t have the time to...Piccolo? Er...Piccolo?”

Piccolo walked away, his head aching.

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“You were right,” Piccolo said over the phone, “she is whipping me.”

“Piccolo?” Came a female’s voice on the other end.

Piccolo’s eyes widened, as he realized Bulma had answered Vegeta’s mobile.

“Bulma?” He gulped.

He could sense a burst of rage on the other end of the phone, “Piccolo...what has that stupid ape said now?” Her words were cat-like and sour.

Piccolo hesitated, “I...just...I...Vegeta was...you see...he...”

“He told you you’re being whipped, eh?!” She yelled, “I suppose apparently just like him?! Well let me tell you something about him!”

That something was a series of high pitched rants, pin pointing every little fault of Vegeta’s. Not that he didn’t mind the Vegeta-bashing, Bulma’s screaming was just a bit much. Eventually she hung up the phone. Piccolo really wished his ears weren’t so sensitive.

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Piccolo decided once and for he didn’t desire the sort of relationship Bra’s parents enjoyed. He’d have to face her.

“Bra?” Bra was rearranging her walk-in wardrobe.

“Tell me, do you think I should put the mauve shoes in this space, or the blueberry shoes?” She pondered to her husband.

Piccolo shrugged, “It all looks the same to me.”

Bra folded her arms, “Maybe the black forest collection instead. Or maybe...”

“Bra!” He yelled.

Bra blinked, facing him. “Yowser, what’s so important, sweetie? Is there something wrong with the baby?”

Piccolo took her hand and dragged her away from her mountain of shoes. He peered deep into her eyes, seriously, “Tell me, why am I here?”

“Why are you here?” She awkwardly echoed, “As in, like, our room?”

“No, as in your life,” he seriously replied.

Bra rolled her eyes up in thought, “To love me and take care of me...?”

“Is that a question or an answer?”

Bra bit her lip, flashes of high school racing through her head. “Answer...”

“Then why do you insist on treating me like a slave?”

Bra was caught aback by his question, “Slave? But I...I don’t. I’d never do that.”

Piccolo gave her a side-long glance.

“OK, but not on purpose,” Bra pouted, “Have I really been doing that lately?”

Piccolo nodded, “Not quite as many times as you’ve bought useless shoes, but enough to concern me. You understand I don’t end up like your parents. While we all know they love each other, their arguing is bothersome.”

Bra giggled, “Hey, it’s normal for me and Trunks I remind you. But I agree. OK, for now on I’ll be more mindful.” Bra leaned up and kissed him. “Now...um...could you do me a little favor...it’ll only take a sec, unless you have something else to do.”

Piccolo let go of her. “I have time, what do you need done?”

Bra reached over, and held up two shoes. “Which goes better with my eyes? The cheeky satin, or the olive dream?”

Piccolo face faulted.

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Wow, another one, Sam’s on a roll tonight! I thought I’d do a simple one about what marriages are all about – respect, senseless shopping and in-laws! Send all fan and hate mail to:

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