

## A New Advisor

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# **A New Advisor**

by [Milky\\_way\\_247](#)

## Summary

With the previous advisor to the Cold Force now dead a new one needs to be recruited. Featuring Zarbon at his top level of bitchiness with a very split personality. Poor Ddoria takes the brunt of the pretty mans poisonous attitude.

## Enter Zarbon



Dodoria sighed as he ran his hand over his spiky head, trying to remember the 101 things he was supposed to be doing as his wide frame waddled down the corridor when an alarm sounded on his scouter – reminding him that he was to have a meeting with the king and the potential new candidate to replace the previous advisor. Dodoria dared to hope this would mean the end of him having to do twice as much work –since the last advisor had gotten himself killed he’d had to do all of his work as well, which was just an impossibility. Still, King Kold had seemed very keen on this new candidate -although Dodoria had initially thought it would be better to promote someone over hiring someone completely new, he was now too run ragged to care –as long as there was a capable replacement he didn’t care where they got him from!

Diverting to King Colds main meeting room he knocked at the door and was called in - walking in he saw the king talking to a race of alien he hadn’t seen before. The new alien looked like he held a high position due to the gold jewellery which adorned his head and the fine gold silk clothes he wore. He had pale green skin which was covered in gold markings,

gold eyes, long dark green hair, and a slim yet muscular build. Dodoria assumed he was some kind of aid to the new recruit.

As he walked towards them the King gestured to Dodoria and informed the new alien of his name and his position, then smiled at Dodoria and asked what he thought of the new candidate. Dodoria lifted a puzzled fat eye ridge and looked at the seats behind them –finding them all empty. Turning back towards the king a bit baffled, the king gestured to the new alien and the penny started to drop.

Dodoria was dumbstruck. No way could this be the recruit! He looked more like a brain dead model than someone capable of managing the biggest and strongest army in the entire universe. Dodoria openly gawped in shock at his delicate and feminine features until the alien finally scoffed at him. “Why don’t you just take a picture, it’ll last longer??” he asked in an annoyed sounding heavily accented voice.

To Dodoria’s surprise King Cold just laughed the man’s rude comment off and instead of blasting him just gestured at him again instead. “General Dodoria, this is Zarbon –he’s on a trial run for the position of advisor. He will be assessed in various fields but today I want him to shadow you so he can get a taste of what the job entails.”

Dodoria felt like he’d been punched in the face. “Yes, my king” he said in a grumbling voice bowing at the waist.

“Good good, now run along –I know you’ve got plenty of work to do!” and with that the king dismissed the two men to get on with the many lists of jobs to be done.

Dodoria quietly stewed, not happy about having the man attached to him. He didn’t want to be associated with someone like *him*. He looked way too feminine, a real pansy. Dodoria shuddered –what if people saw them together and assumed they were getting it on or something?! Oh god, what if the alien did actually manage to get the job?!? Dodoria knew the king had a soft spot for young pretty boys –but he’d never expected the king to offer one a job in the army! *The old geezer must be really losing it to think employing this fag is a good idea* he thought to himself.

Finally it was lunch break and without bothering to say anything Dodoria walked into the mess and grabbed a tray, piling it high with food after pushing his way to the front of the line. As Zarbon followed behind him towards a table some of Dodoria’s elite mates called him over- they then beckoned the interesting looking new alien over too and offered him a seat - seemingly more interested in him than Dodoria was.

When they were seated Dodoria looked at the others plate of fruits and vegetables and scoffed. “You think you can get strong enough to work here eating like that, boy?”

Zarbon looked at him through his long eye lashes. “My race are natural vegetarians -and I’ve done ok so far in taking care of myself, thank you!” he replied in a snotty voice. Dodoria rolled his eyes but his mates looked undeterred.

“What race are you then?” asked one of the elites quizzily, making Dodoria frown slightly. Who the hell cared what race he was?

For a while it didn't look like Zarbon was going to bother to answer, until after a few mouthfuls of fruit he apparently decided to. "Rajah-jin."

"Ah I thought so! How rare to find one of your kind out here!" gushed the elite who had asked.

"Humf, what are you, an expert on *all* races across the universe?" chipped in Dodoria, annoyed at how the elite seemed to know everything about anything, often spewing out lists of unwanted facts at whoever was nearby.

"Oh yes! Rajah-jins are native to Planet Pomelo and don't tend to leave the planet. They have a 3 tier class system- slaves, working class and royalty –identifiable by the quality of the clothing they wear and the value of metal their jewellery is made from. Given this guy's silk clothes and gold jewellery I'd say he's certainly royalty. Rajah-jins are known for their high level of intelligence and their fighting abilities. Interesting fact- in reverse to most races in the universe, males are seen to be more handsome the longer their hair is and by how feminine their facial features are –whereas females keep their hair short and have more heavily set bodies" beamed the elite, obviously very proud of his own knowledge.

"So we've got a royal model who shouldn't be off his own planet?" snorted Dodoria.

With that Zarbon sneered and sassily tossed his braid over his shoulder, crossing his arms and glaring at the large man with his intense gold eyes. "One could say the same about *you*, Giga. It's common knowledge *your* race don't leave planet side either."

Dodoria frowned, not liking the way the other knew about his race. After lunch the two continued on their rounds, Dodoria snapping at the vain man every time he noticed him fussing with his hair or nails instead of paying attention. At the end of the evening Dodoria led Zarbon back to King Colds office, glad that for now he wouldn't have to be around the bitchy man anymore.

"Ah, General Dodoria! I trust our trainee has done well?" boomed the king, Dodoria frowned slightly realising the king had swapped 'candidate' for 'trainee'.

Dodoria couldn't help but frown even more when he replied. "If you mean did he spend most of the time inspecting his nails, re-braiding his hair and checking himself out in his mirror, then yes he did."

Zarbon glared at him but the king just chuckled. "Ah yes! I have heard this race is very oriented with their looks –but looking at them who could blame them!!" as the king continued to chuckle Dodoria frowned in distaste whilst Zarbon just looked on with a bored expression on his face. "Anyway! I'm afraid something of a mishap has come up! Zarbon - I'm sorry to report your lodgings aren't prepared for you yet, so it seems like the best idea would be for you to share with Dodoria here temporarily -as he has the largest living quarters besides myself." Dodoria started spluttering and reeling off a list of reasons opposing the idea -but soon stopped when he saw the kings face starting to grow cross. Ultimately – Dodoria and Zarbon found themselves standing in Dodorias quarters.

“So much for your superior intellect!” scoffed Dodorina “you could have talked us out of this!”

“I know I could have.” replied the vain man, surprising and angering Dodorina further.

“What?? Well why wouldn’t you then?!?” he scolded. Zarbon met his gaze dead on.

“Because you don’t like me.” Dodorina looked at him confused, causing Zarbon to roll his eyes and explain. “You’ll leave me alone. Many of those on the ship wouldn’t. To ‘score’ with a rajah-jin is a notch many people want in their belt.”

Dodorina looked at him in understanding, yet that still left one question. “So why not bunk with the King?”

“...excuse me?” asked Zarbon, frowning slightly and looking puzzled for the first time.

“Well you’ve obviously done it before -how else would you be strait in at such a high position in the force?”

The look on Zarbons pretty face told Dodorina without the need for words how wrong his was. “I am here because I am more than capable of filling this position. I don’t need to do anything to secure my place here!!” he almost screeched.

“Soooo... how *did* you come to be here then? I guess it’s even rarer for royalty to leave your planet then it is for slaves?” asked Dodorina suspiciously.

Zarbon glared at him before nodding slowly. Dodorina doubted he was going to get an answer when the sassy man finally spoke and flicked his long hair over his shoulder, crossing his arms almost defiantly. “I fucked a slave.” Dodorina continued to look at him and raised his fat eye ridge questionably, waiting for a better reason than that. “...I fucked quite a few slaves.”

A long awkward silence ensued until Dodorina finally broke it. “Well... being forced off planet due to sleeping with slaves seems a bit over kill...”

Zarbons eyes fell to the floor and his hair fell forwards slightly covering his face as if were hiding behind it. “Yes, well. I am royalty -I shouldn’t have so much as glanced at those of a lower class. Plus on my planet the punishment for any kind of sexual contact before marriage is very severe... and on top of that...” Dodorina noticed him pause as he thought over the next bit before continuing “... on top of that homosexuality is seen as a big sin on my home world.”

*Ah. Well that makes more sense* thought Dodorina as he looked the man up and down before giving a stiff nod in his direction. “Well, there’s no prejudices about things like that here. Fuck whoever you want- just don’t slay anyone that’s important to the king or the running of the ship. Or the chef.” He added as an afterthought.

Zarbon shot the large man a seething look and then silently walked across the room and shut himself in the bathroom. Dodorina wondered why he’d even bothered wasting time talking to him.

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The next day's followed the same pattern, until one evening Cui walked into the bar to find Dodoria face planted on the table, quite a few bottles of beer around him.

"Heeeey, big pink. What's up?" he asked cautiously, if something was bugging Dodoria it was probably going to be something that would bug everyone else on the ship too.

Dodoria groaned into the table. "That new advisor. Seems like he's going to get the job. I have no idea how I'm going to work with him, he's impossible!!"

"That pretty rajah-jin?" asked Cui curiously.

"The one and the same." Mumbled Dodoria, unable to see the way Cui was smirking.

Cui nodded. "Ye he seems like a bitch. But from what I've heard that's typical of their race. But hey, easy on the eyes huh? And I've just heard that you, you jammy bugger, have been sharing your quarters with him for the last 4 days!!"

"Nothings going on, Cui." Filled in Dodoria, already knowing what the other was going to ask.

"Soooo he's available, then?" sneered the purple elite.

Dodoria finally lifted his head off the table "By the sounds of it."

"Super.... Well, gotta go!" shouted Cui over his shoulder as he left the room. *What did he even come in here for...?* wondered Dodoria before going back to sucking on a bottle of beer.

It was the middle of the night and Dodoria was fast asleep in bed when he was suddenly woken up by the covers being ripped off him, sitting up on guard and snarling he was surprised to come face to face with Zarbon—a very pissed look over his pretty face.

"Prey tell *giga*, what the fuck you thought you were going to accomplish by telling that god awful Cui man that I was looking for a fuck buddy?!" he growled low and threatening in his throat.

*Ahhhh. So that's what Cui was up to* thought Dodoria before growing angry that he'd been woken up over something so trivial and shouting out. "Now look here- I said nothing of the sort to Cui! He merely asked if you were seeing someone and I said I didn't think you were!"

"YOU have no business talking about me, to anyone!" Retorted Zarbon with his voice still low.

"Oh get over yourself! I have better things to do then talk to people about what your cock and ass want! I was just making conversation with----!" Dodoria didn't get any further before two light green hands were around his throat and squeezing tightly. Feeling angry enough to explode Dodoria went to rip the ingrates hands right off his wrists -but then realised he couldn't. In fact he couldn't shift Zarbons hands at all. Even his hits were ineffective against the effeminate man. Eyes widening, Dodoria realised he had never thought to check the new

comers power level, he'd just assumed he was weak. The newcomer always kept his body covered and although what Ddoria had seen of his forearms looked quite muscular, he had just assumed he kept himself toned for vanity purposes -but it suddenly looked like he'd made a very misguided mistake.

“What... what are you...?!” choked out Ddoria, black spots starting to appear in his vision. Just as he thought he was going to black out Zarbon suddenly released his neck and he desperately sucked in lungfull's of air -he'd just about recovered enough to think about striking back when suddenly the rajah-jin was right in front of his face, and before Ddoria could react soft lips were suddenly pushing forcefully against his plump purple ones, a strong jaw moving against his, and then just as suddenly Zarbon had pulled away and was a few feet away from him.

“I'm a headfuck” he stated with no emotion in his voice but a glint in his eye as he turned and left the room, leaving a shocked, angry and flabbergasted Ddoria still sitting upright in his bed.



## Something Strange



The next day Dodoria was working in his office typing up some reports when there was a knock at the door and Zarbon walked in, a large frown came across Dodoria's face and he almost growled at the other man, who just flipped his braid over his shoulder like nothing had happened before addressing him.

“Cui came to me last night. I'd appreciate it if in future you just told people who ask about me to not approach me –if I want to speak to them I'll contact them first.”

Dodoria stared at the man with a very confused expression on his face, seeing the pink man's confusion Zarbon paused and spoke again “You... did speak to Cui yesterday, didn't you?”

Dodoria nodded slowly “Yess... and you told me this last night....?”

Now it was Zarbon's turn to raise a perfectly waxed eyebrow in confusion. “I didn't see you last night. I went to my room after shift and slept.”

“You came into my room whilst I was asleep?”

Zarbon stared at him the way a popular girl would stare at a geek who had the audacity to approach them and raised a critical eyebrow “*Why* in Kami's name would I go into *your*

room?!”

Dodoria stared at him in shock, mouth opening then shutting again as his eyes scanned over the other man, trying to find some clue that he was winding him up, but found nothing. Finally Zarbon just shrugged at Dodoria and with a flick of his braid left the room, closing the door behind him. Dodoria stared at the space he'd left for a few minutes before slowly turning back to his reports. After ten minutes of not being able to concentrate he got up and walked to the nearest common room to make himself a coffee.

As Dodoria sat down with his drink he saw Cui's shape walk past the door and he quickly called out to him, expecting to see the purple alien beaten black and blue for daring to approach the pissy green man, but instead he had a massive smile on his face.

“Hey Big Pink! Whatcha doing in here tucked around the corner? Looks like you're hiding from someone!” he laughed.

“I think I sort of am...” mumbled Dodoria in realisation. “Anyhow, I see Zarbon didn't do too much damage to you last night? I was half expecting to be typing out your obituary today.”

Cui just laughed. “Oh, no, we had a great time! Wow, what they say about those rajah-jin's is certainly true!”

Dodoria looked at him trying to figure out what he meant, *surly after all of his bitching Zarbon didn't...??* “Sooooo what? He gave you his scouters private channel number or something?”

Cui laughed and pulled out the chair next to Dodorias and lent in so as not to be over heard. “You missed out on something not taking advantage of him when he was in your quarters! As soon as I knocked on his door and propositioned him he practically threw me onto the bed! Guys got some impressive stamina... he practically rode me for hours!!”

“No! Not listening! DO NOT want to hear it Cui!!” shouted Dodoria slamming his hands over his ears. As Cui laughed Dodoria stared at him trying to work out if he was lying or not, but the lack of physical injury told him he was most likely telling the truth.

After he'd finished his coffee Dodoria left the room and strode back to his office and locked himself inside, accessing the confidential reports for everyone who worked or had previously worked on the ship, and found Zarbons file right at the top. He opened the file and flicked through the bare information they had on the new arrival but there was nothing out of the ordinary. As he continued to scan the files he found the one about ongoing medication which he clicked on. Scrolling down the list there were the obvious things someone of reptilian ancestry needed to take to be at their best in the blackness of space such as vitamin D, calcium, a blue light filter fitted over his chambers lights... finally he found a prescription for pills with a name he didn't recognise. Typing the product into the intergalactic web search he got an instant result – a powerful drug used to treat those with split personality disorder and bipolar disorder.

Dodorias eyes widened, and quickly shutting down his tabs he hurried off to find King Cold.

Expecting the king to be mad as hell Dodoria kept his distance as he informed the king of his findings, and was beyond surprised when the king just let out a chuckle and shook his head. “It’s always the pretty ones. *Always...*”

“What course of action do you propose, sire?”

King Cold just waved his hand dismissively “As long as he does his work, let him continue.”

Dodoria’s jaw dropped to the floor. “But... but sire... I fear this erratic behaviour he’s exhibiting could have a dire influence on many working on the ship...”

“It has been very dull around here lately with both my sons still at home in the palace, maybe a bit of drama among the men will brighten the place up! Now, I’m sure you have work to continue on with general, so back to your station please. Oh, and don’t forget- Zarbon is still under supervision so it’s *your* job to keep him in line.”

Dodoria snapped his head up as his mouth opened to argue but one look at the king’s face told him it would be a fatal mistake, and almost steaming with rage he spun around and set off back to his office.

At meal time Dodoria went into the mess hall annoyed to see Zarbon was already sitting with *his* elites and eating his stupid salad. Getting his own two dishes piled high with food he joined them at the table, giving Zarbon a slight shove to make way for his massive mass. Soon Cui joined them at the table, receiving several high fives from members of the group and jokes of congratulations, Dodoria looked from him to Zarbon and back again as his fat purple lips pulled into a smirk. *This could get interesting very fast...*

With a broad smile Dodoria turned to fully face Zarbon. “I must say I’m surprised Zarbon, I didn’t expect Cui to be your type. Hell, I didn’t expect you to put out so easily either.”

Zarbon looked at him with a shocked expression across his pretty face “What... are you talking about?”

“Yeh!” shouted one of the other elites “Cui’s a lucky bastard! He’s told us all about last night! Hey just slipping this in here –if your ever looking for a bit of casual sex I’d be happy to fill in for him!!” As they laughed Zarbons cheeks grew dark blue in rage.

“And what, do I fear, has Cui told you about last night?” he asked dangerously low with his eyes narrowing.

“Hey come on Z!” chortled Cui “No need to be shy! Besides that was the best bit of ass I’ve had for ages! I could fuck you for---!!”

A sudden sound of plates flying and crashing to the ground echoed around the room and in the blink of an eye Zarbon had pounced off his chair across the table and had tackled Cui to the floor –his hand now closing around the purple alien’s neck.

“How... DARE YOU!! How dare you make up such lies!!” Zarbon spat with anger. As the other elites jumped up in alarm Ddoria just leaned back in his chair and smirked watching on.

“I... I... I’m not!!” Cui managed to choke out, but all Zarbon did was tighten his grip even more.

“Tell them! Tell them you’re lying!” Zarbon snarled, until Cui managed to choke something out.

Zarbon released him. “I... I made it up” Cui gasped and choked rubbing his throat, the entire mess hall now laughing at the elite’s embarrassment. In a fit of rage he got up and stalked out of the corridor, followed a few minutes later by Ddoria once he’s finished his food. Rounding a corner he almost bumped right into him. “Dodo!” Cui yelled “That guys a psychopath! I swear I did sleep with him!!”

“I know you did” replied Ddoria coolly, watching Cui’s bemused expression. “But *he* doesn’t know he did.”

“You... you what?”

“Went through his files today. Split personality disorder. Doesn’t seem to remember a thing from each one. So far there seems to be bitch Zarbon, violent bitch Zarbon, and whore Zarbon.”

Cui stared at him in shock before groaning and covering his face with his hands. “Your serious?”

“Yup. Told you there was something off about him” mused Ddoria almost smugly.

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That night Cui was woken up by a knock at his door, and after ignoring it, then shouting out at it, he finally jumped out of bed and flew across the room cursing ready to knock out whoever was on the other side- freezing when then he saw none other than Zarbon there.

“H...Hi?” asked Cui weakly, wondering if the guy was completely raving mad and about to try and smash his brains out.

“Hey, may I... may I come in?” asked Zarbon hesitantly but politely, and after a long hesitation Cui nodded and stepped aside, allowing the other man to enter and perch himself on the corner of his bed. “I was just wondering, after last night and all... if you wanted to... continue where we left off?”

Cui looked over him, his speech and body language was the same as it had been the night before, not like the quiet spiteful man who had him pinned to the floor in the mess hall just a few hours ago. As Cui hesitated, not sure if this was really worth the hassle or not, Zarbon rose and pulled his armour off, letting it clink to the floor and then removing the clasp from his braid letting loose emerald hair spill over his shoulder and down his back. Cui watched

row after row of rock hard muscles reveal themselves to him, and just as he started to weaken Zarbon gracefully slid to the floor on his knees, looking up at the other man with bright and alert eyes, his pupils almost slitted like a crocodiles.

*“Please... fuck my mouth, Cui... let me taste all of you...”* he groaned out as he lifted his hands to pull suggestively at Cui’s night trousers.

Within two minutes Cui was on his back on the bed, legs bent at the knees and pulled up and spread apart as Zarbon near on worshipped him, licking, kissing, sucking and gently nipping both his cock and ass as Cui panted almost deliriously – the thoughts of not having any further sexual relations with the Rajah-jin now way behind him. As Zarbon took all of Cui’s cock down his throat his own hand found his cyan blue cock and he gripped himself tightly, moving his hand in the same rhythm as his mouth until with a low groan he came all over the bed sheets and his hand.

Pulling back from Cui’s cock Zarbon used his pointed tongue to lick his own cum off his hand, as Cui laid there panting and watching this private performance. With his hand and fingers cleaned, Zarbon crawled over the others body, lowering his head and pausing when they were nose to nose. Just as Cui reached his head up Zarbon placed a finger topped with a perfectly manicured nail against his lips.

*“No kissing...”* he whispered almost dreamily, Cui was puzzled, remembering the exotic beauty had avoided kissing him yesterday too.

*“So... what are you going to do...?”* gasped Cui desperately as Zarbon pulled away slightly.

*“Ride your cock until you’re screaming my fucking name...”* smirked Zarbon seductively as he tilted his hips and angled himself, his eye lashes fluttering as his eyes closed in bliss, slowly impaling himself on Cui’s rock hard length.

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Zarbon would seek out Cui’s company a few times each week, always retuning to his own quarters afterwards –Cui couldn’t risk waking up with a different Zarbon choking him demanding to know why they were naked in bed together.

As much as Ddoria despised Zarbon and his attitude, he reluctantly had to admit to himself that he was damn good at his job, and so was not surprised when Kind Cold offered Zarbon the permanent position of advisor to the Cold Force. Of course with that came the Cold forces uniform, and gone were Zarbons gold silks and his gold face paint, instead replaced by a white suit of armour and mid blue spandex pants –obviously King Cold had taken it upon himself to choose the uniform for this particular recruit himself.

However, that didn’t stop him wearing the chain and orb around his forehead or the dangling earrings, and when Ddoria hauled him aside and said they were against the forces dress code Zarbon just coolly replied that it was written in his contract he could wear them- and after Ddoria went to his office to prove the other was wrong he did indeed find that Kind Cold had permitted him special permission to wear the jewellery.

Dodoria was further irked when one day Zarbon appeared wearing matching blue... socks, stockings, supports... lingerie type thigh high things on his legs. But Zarbon refused to take them off -just shrugging carelessly at Dodoria every time he mentioned it, and in the end Dodoria added it to the long list of 'things about Zarbon to discuss with King Cold' list.

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A few weeks on and the five pods belonging to the Ginyu Force docked at the ship, stopping to have a briefing with King Cold about their latest missions before continuing back to their base planet. As they sat around a table chatting loudly waiting for the King to arrive Dodoria walked in followed by Zarbon. Seven eyes scanned over the new arrival, and in the end Jeice cocked his head to address Dodoria.

'Ay Dodo, who's this then? Your new bird?'" as the members of the team fell about laughing Zarbons eye twitched.

"This is the new... *man*... that has been recruited as the new advisor" Dodoria said with sarcastic emphasis. Slighted, but concealing it well, Zarbon stood at attention and didn't retort.

Ginyu smirked at Dodorias unfavourable expression. "You almost sound as if you doubt this new employee, general. Please tell, do you have any knowledge or gossip you wish to share with us?"

"No captain.... Just a feeling that *he* isn't suited to *our* line of work."

Ginyu gestured to the light green skinned alien next to them. "Why general, you're not trying to second guess one of the kings decisions, are you?" Dodoria visibly paled.

"No! Of course not captain, I am sure the king has made the best choice, as always!" grovelled the large pink man, causing Zarbon to roll his eyes as he crossed his arms.

After the meeting Zarbon was in one of the elite's empty common rooms, lounging on his side in one of the large booths taking in the view of the starts from the large window whilst smoking a cigarette.

"Hey" said a voice from beside him "You know there's no smoking allowed on ship right?"

Zarbon let out a puff of smoke "I'll remember that next time." He looked up curiously as the person who had spoken came and sat on the opposite side of his booth -despite all the others being empty. He had a very large and bulky build with black eyes - his most prominent feature was easily his wild pure black hair which reached all the way down to his knees. He seemed to be taking in the view too.

"I hear you're the new advisor; I've been away on a mission so I missed all the drama after the last one... *passed away*. I'm Raditz, by the way."

Zarbon flicked his eyes over the man, recognising his name from the hundreds and hundreds of files he'd read through. "You're rather docile for a saiyan, aren't you?"

Raditz just laughed playfully and shrugged “Ye well, life’s easier if you can laugh at it. Anyway I just came in for a coffee and saw you so I thought I’d just say hi. Have you worked as an advisor before?” Zarbons eyes narrowed at the too-chatty man who was ruining the quiet with his mouth.

Zarbon smirked to himself, and sent a smouldering look to the saiayn as he slowly blew out a steady stream of smoke. “I worked as an erotic dancer.”

Raditz managed to choke on nothing. “A what?!?”

Zarbon gave a deliberate wink. “You know, pole dancing, lap dancing, stripping...”

“I KNOW WHAT IT IS!” cut in a gobsmacked Raditz. “But...why?!?”

Zarbon licked his lips lightly with his reptilian tongue. “I like the response I get. I like to watch them staring at me, hungrily, taking in all of me- near on worshipping me...” Zarbons eyes wondered openly up and down the saiayns body before holding his gaze intently. “Surly you know how it feels... someone staring at you... wanting to touch you... to taste you...?” he coaxed seductively.

Poor Raditz went from beige to scarlet red in the blink of an eye. “I... I... no... I have no idea what you’re talking about!” he stuttered almost incoherently whilst quickly rising to leave.

Zarbon smiled and produced his pack of cigarettes offering one to Raditz, holding eye contact as he lifted one of his legs slightly, causing them to part. “Are you sure you don’t want to stay a little longer...”

“I... I think I hear Lord Frieza calling me!” Raditz almost shouted in alarm before blasting off down the hall, no longer bothered about his coffee.

## Big Regrets



Zarbon held his hand daintily over his lips as he giggled sweetly.

“What the hell was that...?” asked a certain aussie voice from behind him. Managing to conceal his surprise at being snuck up on Zarbon frowned as he turned his head round, seeing a humanoid creature with red skin and wild white hair. *One of the Ginyus...*

Zarbon frowned “It’s very good for upper body strength. Allow me to show you some time” he taunted before shrugging. “Just getting to learn what makes people tick. What’s it to you?”

Zarbon expected the space aussie to just leave, but instead he produced his own pack of cigarettes and lit one with a ki blast, staying right where he was.

“You seem to have made quite a name for yaself round here already. But ya didn’t seem that scary this mornin, so I just came to have a look meself.”

Zarbon closed his eyes wondering why everyone wanted to ruin his alone time. “And do you like what you see?”

“Aye. Very much. Funny... I always thought red and light green looked good together...”



Zarbon opened his eyes but kept looking straight ahead. He knew how strong the Ginyus were, and he didn't like the unusual feeling of being one of the 'weaker ones'. Sitting up he stubbed out his cigarette as he rose to go, just to have Jeice shove a business card out to him. "We're only on ship until early tomorrow mornin, just in case you were wondering...." He winked.

Speechless Zarbon took the card and left the room, not looking back until he'd reached his office. Finally daring to look at the card he held, he found it had a room number and pass code scribbled across it. After gazing at the bin for some time, he finally slid it into his breast plate –just in case.

That night Cui grew agitated as his regular fuck didn't show, and after several hours of waiting he started sulking around the corridors, never guessing that *his* advisor was currently in someone else's bed.

"Fuck mate, ya fantastic with that mouth of yours..." Jeice smirked as he looked over Zarbons face –thick splatters of cum coating him and dripping off his jewellery. Running a white gloved finger down the others cheek to coat it in cum he then held it out to Zarbon, who opened his mouth obediently and took the digits right down his throat, causing Jeice to moan as his cock twitched to hardness again. "What do ya want, gorgeous?" the aussie teased as he watched the others lust filled gold eyes.

Zarbon bit his bottom lip, looking oh so fuckable. "I want you to fuck me, and pull my hair..." he almost moaned out as Jeice dragged his tongue up his face –lapping up some of the cum.

With a smirk Jeice rolled them both over so he was on top "Turn around..." he practically moaned out –the new advisor spinning onto his front obediently. With a quick squirt of lube Jeice coated his cock and lined himself up against the others mightily fine toned ass- leaning forwards and grabbing his braid as he did so. Pushing forwards with his hips Jeice pulled back on Zarbons braid- causing him to whine as his back arched "Ya like that, hmmm?" Jeice almost growled as his hips were finally against Zarbons –totally consumed by the others body. Raising his ass higher by way of a reply Zarbon shuddered slightly at the sensation of being filled completely full. Jeice began to slowly click his hips as he got a feel for the other man, running gloved hands over pale green hips and thighs as he did so.

"Mmmm... do you always wear those gloves...?" Zarbon gasped into the pillow with his eyes closed.

"Want me to take them off...?" Jeice panted back as he continued to click his hips in a steady but increasing rhythm.

"...No" smiled Zarbon, feeling fabric covered fingers press harder into his hip bones to keep him in place, a shuddery gasp falling from his lips as his cock twitched under the others affections. Just as his toes curled up in pleasure he felt Jeices hips stop as he rearranged himself slightly; pulling himself up so he was supporting his weight on his knees, then spreading Zarbons legs further apart.

“Hmm... how flexible are you, gorgeous?” murmured Jeice, whistling low when Zarbon did the splits –legs strait out and to the side of him. “Oh ye... that’s what I’m talking about...” chuckled the space aussie as he watched his cock slide in and out of the others tight ass. “Now, what would happen if I did *this*...” and placing a gloved hand on Zarbons lower back he pressed down hard as he aimed a further thrust into the advisor- causing him to almost choke on his saliva as an unexpected bolt of pleasure tore through him. Jeice just chuckled again in a low tone “take it... bitch...” he hissed out through clenched teeth as he started to piston his hips.

“F-fuck!! Jeice!!!” screamed Zarbon almost deliriously as he was fucked deeply with his long legs as far apart as they would go, the red ginyu obviously a master at turning men into putty. With a few well placed thrusts to his prostrate whilst Jeice was pinning his back down with one hand and pulling his braid roughly with the other it wasn’t long before a high pitched scream tore from his throat –his entire body shaking as his cock pumped out load over load of cum over his stomach and the bed sheets.

With a few more thrusts Jeice let out a long groan as he fell over the other, catching himself with his hands either side of the others body and pushing himself as far into his body as he could as he spilt his hot thick load again.

Once his thighs had stopped madly shaking Zarbon sat up and pulled his clothes back on, and after taking a scrap of paper with Jeices scouters private channel number written on it he avoided a good night kiss and walked/staggered out into the much cooler corridors, back to his own room.

As he rounded the last corner he came across Cui, who looked pissed to hell. The purple alien took one look at Zarbons messy hair, wonky jewellery and thrown on clothes and almost growled. “*You*... you have some nerve!!” he shouted at the pretty advisor, who just raised an eye brow as he unlocked the door to his quarters, allowing Cui to follow him inside. “Who do you think you are, standing me up huh?!”

Zarbon landed slightly unceremoniously on his bed, raising his head to look at the other. “Well we’re both here now... and as luck would have it, I’m already prepared...?”

Cui blanched slightly “Who was it?” he hissed.

“Jeice” yawned Zarbon.

Cui paused... *well, that wasn’t so bad*... finally he nodded. “Ok. But I’m tired now, so let’s make it quick. Strip for me.”

Stifling another yawn Zarbon pulled his blue vest and pants off, Cui watched him with glistening eyes as he stroked his own cock firmly at the display going on in front of him. When Zarbon had stripped bare Cui frowned at the purple and blue bruises around his hips where the ginyu had grabbed him so firmly. “My poor little advisor... was that ginyu too rough on you?” he asked soothingly as he gestured with his hand- “Kneel on the bed, ass up.” Zarbon obliged- and Jeices cum starting to drip out of his ass and run down his thighs. Cui smirked. “Such a *dirty boy*....” He scolded, making Zarbon moan out as his cock

hardened. ‘‘I’m not happy that someone has been here before me, but at least it was Jeice... guys hot as fuck’’ moaned Cui as he pushed his cock easily into Zarbons cum filled ass.

Zarbon groaned as he felt new pressure in his ass as Jeices cum was pushed back inside his body. Cui ran his hands over muscular green shoulders and down Zarbons back as he set a hard rhythm, the sound of squelching cum and flesh slapping against flesh filling the room. ‘‘Ooooooh, *kami*...!’’ whimpered Zarbon as his already sensitive prostrate started to take more hits, his vision turning blotchy as the tremors in his body started again.

‘‘Gods... what I wouldn’t give for you to always be like this...’’ growled Cui, wondering if there was a way to lock Zarbon inside this cock loving personality. Zarbon didn’t take any notice as he panted hard, willing the room to stop spinning as he felt Cui driving further and further inside him. A hard slap to his ass pulled Zarbon back out of his haze -just in time to hear Cui shout out as he came inside him, filling him right up with another large load of cum.

As Cui pulled out Zarbon fell onto the bed, rolling onto his back utterly exhausted. He didn’t even have a chance to open his eyes before he felt strong arms wrap around his thighs and pull him to the edge of the bed –a second later his cock being engulfed in a hot willing mouth. Zarbons back arched unnaturally high as his head tipped back with a loud shout –his body being pushed into hypersensitivity after the past few hour’s ministrations. With one purple hand gripping his thigh to keep his legs spread and other playing masterfully with his balls, it wasn’t long before with a throaty groan that his hips bucked uncontrollably –half trying to get away from the overstimulation and half relishing in it as he blew his load into Cui’s mouth and strait down his contracting throat.

As Zarbons chest heaved he whimpered out as his body twitched. Cui wiped the cum from his lips and went to take advantage of the advisor by kissing his lips –but even in his delirious state Zarbon still turned his head out of the way. With a grumble Cui whipped his cock off on Zarbons sheets before pulling his uniform back on, and with one final glance at the gasping beauty still sprawled out on the bed he pulled a sheet over him and left a glass of water next to him before leaving.

...

The next morning Zarbon woke up in his bed, puzzled as to why he felt so tired after going to bed early. As he sat up he felt something... *shift* inside him, and looking to the bed saw a sticky creamy white patch. Silently freaking out he touched himself and discovered where it was coming from –and that he felt very sore. Feeling sick he ran into the bathroom and promptly threw up, and was still shaking when he climbed into the shower, scrubbing his skin until it was raw, gagging at the mystery bruises on his hips.

That morning a very fucked off Zarbon bunked off his shift to go and find Dodoria in his office, breathing a silent sigh of relief when he found him there, then slammed the door open locking it behind him. Dodoria lifted an eye ridge -now used to his temper and faced the other man, waiting for him to talk.

‘‘I... I need you to send my files across to the med bay, immediately’’ he said in his richly accented condescending voice, avoiding eye contact with the large pink man.

“And why would they need a copy? You’re not scheduled to see them until your physical.”

Zarbon managed to look even angrier as he crossed arms across his chest and flicked his braid behind him. “I... I need some pills... I lost mine on my travel over here... I thought I would be ok without them, but apparently I’m not...” Zarbon trailed off, cheeks going slightly blue in embarrassment.

Dodoria crossed his arms and stared at the man as he tapped his foot on the floor in thought. He knew he couldn’t withhold a request for medication... but he did so want the snotty man to suffer. “Fine.” He finally huffed. “I’ll send them over now. But don’t tell Cui I authorised it -he’ll be livid.”

Zarbon’s head snapped up, looking at Dodoria for the first time since he’d entered the room - his eyes wide. “It... *was* Cui, wasn’t it?”

“Ye. And don’t we all know it. Oh and in case you’re a different you from the other day in the mess hall -you’ll want to know he told everyone all the gory details too.”

Dodoria stilled in surprise as he saw the other man’s eyes appear to well up with tears slightly, a look of defeat on his pretty face.

“Ok...” he mumbled as he let himself out of Dodoria’s office, Dodoria almost called out after him but caught himself—he had work to do after all. But when it came to the end of mess and Zarbon still hadn’t shown up Dodoria signed off from his shift and made his way to Zarbon’s new quarters, knocking loudly on the door. After no reply he banged harder and shouted out at Zarbon to open the door, which he finally did and gestured at the large man to come inside.

“Sorry” the down trodden pretty man mumbled “I thought you were Cui. He was knocking here earlier.”

“Did you speak to him?” Dodoria asked taking a seat on the other’s sofa. Zarbon sat at the other end and started fiddling with the end of his braid.

“No... I... wouldn’t know what to say.”

Dodoria inspected the other man—was this yet another personality coming through? Why did it suddenly seem like the world was ending for him?

“As much as I don’t want to know about your personal business, I am the commander here, and Cui’s been a friend of mine for years. What is eating you up so much?”

Zarbon lowered his head, he looked... embarrassed? Ashamed? Hurt? “You probably wouldn’t get it...” he trailed off

Dodoria sighed, used to dealing with many different races of aliens with many different problems. “Try me.”

Zarbon nodded. “It’s like... *I* didn’t want to sleep with Cui. I feel like someone else slept with him using my body. I feel... violated. It’s... not the first time it’s happened either. I

know it's not the persons fault -they don't know. Well, some of them knew and that made it worse... they knew they were taking advantage of me... biding their time until I was powerless to stop who/what was controlling my body. It's just... *I* want to decide who I sleep with... not wake up with no recollection as to what has happened to me..."

Dodoria nodded slowly, suddenly feeling like a bit of an asshole. "You've got the pills now?"

The advisor nodded. "Yes. I've started taking them but it'll take around two weeks for them to fully be in my system... and even once they are if I have a large mood spike I can revert into one of the... others."

Dodoria looked over at the pretty man who was now looking at the floor, knowing he was going to regret his words before he'd even said them. "If... if it means that much to you, you can temporarily come back to my chambers until you're back to...normal? I'm a light sleeper, you won't be able to leave without me noticing, and no one would dare approach you if they knew I was with you?"

Zarbon looked at him, silently thinking. He didn't like the big pink man. But... it was a better option than fuck knows who coming up to him and getting him into their bed. Zarbon closed his eyes. *Just two weeks.*

Finally he opened his eyes and nodded. "That sounds...suitable. Thank you for your hospitality" he said trying to keep the unapproving hiss out of his voice.

## Settled



A couple of weeks later Zarbon was feeling much more calm, although many other soldiers on the ship were none too happy that the sexually open drop dead gorgeous man had been replaced by someone that seemed to be a bit of a prude if anything. Especially Cui, who had been relentless in trying to talk Zarbon around- until the pretty man had run out of what little patience he had and back handed him through two walls, much to the amusement of King Cold.

As Ddoria sat in the mess one break time Cui grumpily came over and sat at his table. ‘‘I’m guessing the advisor is back on some kind of medication? Can’t you just... you know... get the medics to swap the pills for placebos or something?’’

Ddoria looked at him, as much as Cui had been a friend of his for years, he wasn’t going to risk his position by sabotaging a workers medication- especially not just so they could be raped easier, and he shook his head. ‘‘Sorry Cui, that’s a line too far to cross and you know it. You had your fun, now it’s time to find something else.

Cui leered at him. ‘‘Of course *you’d* say that. The Rajah-jin is back sharing your quarters, isn’t he? So much for you not liking him -you just want him for yourself!’’

Taking a deep breath Dodoria tried to calm himself. "That is not true. Since when have you known me to be interested in *anybody*? It's merely for his own protection, he's in a high position as you well know Cui- he's not one for you to be free to sexually assault."

"You must think I'm stupid!" growled Cui "I've seen the way you look out for him although you claim you can't stand him! I bet you're in there every night with his legs thrown over your shoulders whilst he's screaming ou---!!!"

Cui got no further as he was blasted against the mess hall wall, smoke coming off him as he groaned in pain, Dodoria walked up to him with another ball of ki already in his hand. "It appears you've forgotten who the leaders are around here, *Cui*. For your insubordination towards me you'll be spending five days in the holding cells, and you *won't* have access to the med bay to treat your wounds" leaning forwards so no one else could hear Dodoria leaned in close to his ears "and just be thankful I'm not writing up your death sentence for attempting to rape a senior staff member..."

...

Word soon got around the gossiping soldiers that Cui had been sent to the cells by Dodoria, and although Zarbon was relieved he wouldn't have to watch his back so much he was puzzled as to what could have happened to cause their rift- as far as he knew they were quite close.

That night Zarbon was supposed to be going back into his own room, but he'd worked a really late shift and didn't have the energy to haul all his stuff back into his room, instead he headed to Dodoria's and pulled his armour off before sitting crossed legged on the bed combing out his long hair, trying to relax a bit before going to sleep. As the door opened Zarbon flicked his eyes over to see Dodoria start to enter and then pause.

"I've been on my feet for 17 hours straight, I can't be fucked to take my stuff back now, I'm staying one more night" he stated in a flat voice, seeing no reason to have to ask the others permission. Dodoria just shrugged, too tired to start an argument.

"Ye. No problem" he huffed, waddling over to the small kitchen area to get a drink, frowning at the hot water machine as it heated up. *He hates me, why in Kami's name does he want to stay here even longer?!*

"I... heard you landed a good blow to Cui in the mess hall today..." Zarbon trailed off, watching closely for the others reaction. Dodoria just shrugged again without turning round.

"He was getting too far above his station, he needed knocking down a peg or two" answered Dodoria as he made his drink.

"May I... ask what it was about?" Zarbon asked cautiously.

Dodoria turned around to face him and took a sip of his drink, internally swearing as the boiling liquid burnt the inside of his mouth "You. He accused us of having something going on."

Zarbon uncharacteristically burst out laughing at the completely ludicrous idea of him having *anything* to do with the huge man -and Dodoria couldn't help but find himself laughing at the uptight man as he heard the little snorts Zarbon gave between breaths. Embarrassed, Zarbon tried to cover his mouth and nose but it didn't help and only made Dodoria laugh louder, causing Zarbon in his flustered state to also laugh harder and made more little snorts.

“Fucking hell...” gasped Dodoria once he'd stopped laughing long enough to catch his breath.

“You're such an arse hole...” chuckled Zarbon giving one more little snort as he covered his mouth and nose again.

“Sorry, I couldn't help it!” smirked Dodoria rubbing the stitch he now had in his side from laughing so hard “You just sounded so cute!” he said shaking his head in disbelief.

“...Cute? You're kidding right?? I hate my laugh” grimaced Zarbon.

Dodoria looked at him with his head on the side, his pixie like ears twitching slightly at the top seemingly in confusion. “Well you shouldn't, it's beautiful –and it makes you seem less of a bitch when you laugh...” he trailed off with a knowing smirk.

“*Oh* you didn't just go there!” shouted Zarbon in mock anger as he launched his hairbrush at the other.

...

As the weeks ticked by, they got more used to each other –or more accurately, Dodoria just learned to put up with the highly irritating man. That was until the bubble blowing started. All day long all Dodoria could seem to hear was Zarbon chewing gum, or jumping out of his skin when Zarbon absentmindedly blew a bubble and then let it pop. Dodoria was certain the man had only started doing it after learning how much it wound him up, but the more he complained the closer Zarbon seemed to stand by him with his damn incessant chewing.

That was until one day when Dodoria had just had enough, and as Zarbon sat at his desk with his feet up reading a fashion magazine instead of crunching numbers whilst blowing a big bubble, Dodoria appeared behind him and in a split second whipped the gum right out of his mouth with a long black finger nail.

Zarbon turned in his swivel chair looking at the large man, affronted that he should swipe the gum right out of his mouth.

Dodoria continued to stand there, one arm on his hip, one arm raised with the pink gum on the end of his finger, looking quite annoyed. “No. more. Damn. Gum. Got that??” he growled, only for Zarbon's eyes to narrow slightly as he saw a challenge.

Slowly rising from his chair, Zarbon kept his golden eyes trained on Dodoria's black ones and with a noticeable sway of his hips he walked towards him until he was right in front of him. Still not breaking eye contact he reached out and took the other's wrist and held it there as he inserted Dodoria's thick finger into his mouth, finally letting his eye lids flicker shut as his



lips slid right down to the others knuckles. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked on the finger, carefully swirling his lips and tongue around it seductively until he reached the tip and finally released the finger –now minus the bubble gum- giving Dodoria a sexy wink before blowing a bubble in his face and letting it pop before he walked out of the room- leaving Dodoria staring into space stunned over what had just happened.

After lunch that day Zarbon was back in the office blowing more annoying bubbles, but Dodoria didn't seem to pay it any mind this time.

“Not going to whip it right out of my mouth again, are you?” questioned Zarbon looking at the large pink man out of the corner of his eye.

“No” shrugged Dodoria carrying on with his typing.

“Aw, shame...” smirked Zarbon popping another bubble.

After that Dodoria noticed the other seemed to stop chewing gum, though he was never sure if it was the result of what he did or not.

Not that Zarbon stopped being annoying, there were 101 things he did daily to wind the other up such as leaving little pots of blue and clear nail polish laying around over the desks, restyling his hair when urgent documents were sitting on his desk right in front of him and letting Dodoria talk at him for several minutes until Dodoria realised he was being completely ignored whilst the other studied himself in his compact mirror.

One particularly hot day whilst they were passing by a large star Dodoria had face planted the desk with his eyes closed surrounded by fans with the door closed trying to cool down. After a while the top of his ear twitched as he felt something brush against it- and flicking the top of his ear he ignored it. Once this had happened about 3 times something occurred to him and he slowly opened his eyes in a glare. Yes. There he was.

“...What?” Zarbon asked looking down at him.

“Whhhhhy with the ears?” exasperated Dodoria, ready to melt and just wanting to be left alone.

Zarbon reached out his hand and gently ghosted it over the top of his long pointed ear again, causing the tip to twitch involuntarily. The green man allowed himself a small smile. “That’s actually quite cute.”

“No. Is’not” he deadpanned to the other, only encouraging Zarbon to do it again. As he half heartedly groaned in frustration Zarbon sat next to him and looked him up and down.

“Guess it sucks at times to be warm blooded huh?” he asked.

“You have no idea...” trailed off Dodoria to which the other scoffed.

“Much more adaptable then to be cold blooded though... I mean you might whinge and whine about it but you’re not actually in danger in anyway yet are you?”

“*Me* whinge and whine...” mumbled Dodoria too quietly for the other to hear. With a quiet hum Zarbon got up and left the office, leaving Dodoria in peace to press his face up against the slightly cooler surface of the desk again.

About 15 minutes later Zarbon re entered, placing a tub of ice cream on the table in front of Dodoria. Dodoria's ears twitched as he sat up and looked at it like it was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen.

“How... how did you get this??” he asked in awe, watching the streams of icy air whispering around it.

“Earned it... kind of.” Dodoria looked at the blue skinned man. “Well, won it in a bet” he chuckled “One thing about being so beautiful is that people seem to assume you're pretty dense and easy to beat in a bet...” he trailed off. Dodoria remained baffled, he didn't even know Zarbon was the betting kind- not that as superiors they should really be encouraging it, either.

As Zarbon flicked a spoon across the room as he sat at his seat Dodoria caught it and watched as Zarbon turned his back. “Aren't you having any?”

“No. I'm not a fan anyway. You have it.” He replied tapping away on his computer. Dodoria frowned at the lie -he'd seen the other eat ice cream quite a few times before, and realised that Zarbon must just be too uptight to admit he gave it to him out of compassion. Or as a way of saying ‘sorry for being such an arse hole...’ Dodoria chuckled to himself, like that would ever happen.

“Thank you” he said smiling, to which Zarbon just nodded in acknowledgement.

...

That evening it was starting to cool down as they moved away from the large star and Dodoria laid out on his bed feeling restless. And yet he couldn't be bothered to hit the ship's bar... and he certainly didn't feel like hitting the gym... and even the heat had even stopped him from feeling hungry enough to go to the cafeteria. Sitting up a glint caught his eye and he looked on the counter top at the spoon which Zarbon had bought from his room. Tapping his black talons in thought the large pink man went to his highest shelf and got out the box of candied fruit and headed for Zarbon's room.

After several knocks and no answer Dodoria pinged Zarbon's scouter and heard it beep on the other side of the door. “I know you're there Zarbon I just heard your scouter go off, it's me – Dodoria.”

A few seconds later the door opened and a slightly damp Zarbon beckoned him in as he towel dried his hair. “You should have said it was you –I'd have let you in.” Dodoria watched the slim man cross the room to the kitchenette area, even in his floor length dark green silk gown you could see the way his hips swayed when he walked. “Drink?”

“Oh, yes, coffee please.” He heard Zarbon chuckle softly.

“Well I did mean alcoholic...”

Dodoria felt the tips of his ears heat up and cursed them. “Nah just coffee. Don’t know how you can stand to drink so much of those spirits.”

“I’ve seen you put away quite a few beers before.”

“And I’ve seen you put away several tubs of ice cream before...” mused Dodoria, watching the other man just effortlessly shrug off his comment. Dodoria followed him over and slid the box of candied fruit on the side. “I thought you might like these, seeing as you like fruit and stuff, and as a thank you for saving me from melting earlier.”

Zarbon looked at them and smiled “That’s very kind, thank you” he said with the practice of someone that was way too used to receiving gifts from admirers. Giving Dodoria his drink they sat on the sofa, Zarbon stretching out slightly like a cat before relaxing on the sofa and taking a sip of his cocktail looking drink as he closed his eyes and laid his head back relaxing.

“Heh... bet the engineers can’t work out what’s suddenly started draining all the ships water supplies since you came on board...” smiled Dodoria looking over the others still damp hair.

“Well personally I think it’s most acceptable to have a shower in the evening and when you get up...”

“Ye and half the others here wouldn’t wash at all if the trainers didn’t make them at least rinse off after gym.”

As they trailed off into relaxed silence Zarbon opened his eyes and looked over his new comrade as he took a sip of drink. “Why did you leave planet side? I know your race is still intact and growing well?”

Dodoria tensed and then relaxed slightly. “Well, not for shagging slaves that’s for sure” he smiled making the other chuckle slightly. “To be honest I guess... I just never really fit in anyway. I was taller and broader than others of my race, and in a society where everyone is expected to look the same it was a big disadvantage. I was ousted at a pretty young age, I don’t know if that’s what led to me being so violent, or if I’d have been violent regardless.... When the Cold Force came to my planet to recruit warriors I applied without a second thought, and after several years worked my way up here.” As Zarbon nodded a thought came to Dodoria. “Hey, actually knowing you a little better now -why would you even sleep with slaves anyway? You seem to value yourself much too highly to even interact with people of that level, so why go.... so far with it? Surely there were people of your class willing to sleep with you?”

Zarbon sighed and sipped his drink “But not so many willing to risk exile or imprisonment for it. I guess... maybe I was unhappy and was just looking for a way to leave... I guess you were ousted for what was on the outside and I was ousted for what was on the inside... and I just couldn’t keep it hidden anymore. Especially since... medication isn’t approved off on my home planet either.”

Something clicked in Dodorias head. ‘‘So your personality medication...? You were un-medicated the whole time?’’

Zarbon nodded as he sipped his drink, and Dodorias remembered how Zarbon had been just a few weeks after coming off his medication when he first joined the Cold Force.

‘‘Wow, you must have been a mess...’’ Dodorias mused quietly, just to get a poke in the leg from Zarbon's foot.

‘‘A damn hot mess though, if you don't mind...’’ he teased finishing his drink and setting the glass down. ‘‘Anyway, as you're here, sort this out would you?’’ he asked passing a hairbrush to Dodorias and turning slightly so his back was facing him, letting his robe slip off his shoulders and down to his waist so the delicate silk wouldn't get snagged on the bristles.

Suddenly feeling nervous for a reason he couldn't figure out, Dodorias cautiously edged closer to the other man and with a shaking hand started to carefully brush his way through the other's long emerald locks.

## Dodoria's Problems



“Do most males of your race have long hair?” Asked Dodoria as he very carefully sectioned Zarbons hair and started to brush through it, nervous about pulling it and hurting the other, his knowledge on hair being approximately zero.

“Some royalty have shoulder length hair... most slaves keep it shaved due to the heat and the bother of keeping it clean...” he responded closing his eyes and relaxing.

The room lapsed into comfortable silence –Zarbon relaxing and Dodoria concentrating until the former felt the other nearly finishing and broke the silence, taking the opportunity to not have to look at the other. “Thank you by the way, for allowing me to stay in your room whilst I was... unwell.”

Dodoria looked at the back of the others head, surprised he’d even bother to thank him. “Well, no problem I guess. Besides it’s too much work not having an advisor on ship, I couldn’t have you jumping board so soon and leaving all the work to me, could I?”

Zarbon smiled at the others attempt to make him feel comfortable, and passed his gold hair clasp over to Dodoria who just started at it. “Ye I can’t to what you do. Best I’ve ever done is

a ponytail and even that was pretty dodgy.”

Zarbon let out a soft chuckle and pulled his robe back up before turning back around and starting to braid his hair. “A ponytail? Did you have a past sweetheart with hair?” he asked slyly, smirking at the other man who in turn just laughed.

“Nah nothing of the sort. Had to ‘baby sit’ Jeice once when he was in his late teens and new to the force whilst the captain was on a mission. Got fed up with his hair shedding everywhere so I tied it up and forbade him to take it down. He wasn’t amused.”

“The red Ginyu member?” asked Zarbon thoughtfully “I’m sure I... never mind... maybe I’m just thinking of something else” he said shrugging.

Dodoria looked him up and down, wondering if he should say it. “I... I think you slept with him too. When you were unwell, like.”

Zarbon froze for a few seconds, and Dodoria observed him biting his bottom lip. “I didn’t know... you must think I’m a whore” he said softly closing his eyes.

Dodoria felt bad and laid his hand on the others thigh reassuringly “Of course I don’t. You weren’t very well. It wasn’t your fault.”

Zarbon let out a small smile “Thank you... do you know if there were... others?”

“Not that I know of. If it makes it any better it’s nothing new. People seem to be at it like rabbits on this damn ship, or using it for bribes or for payments on bets.”

“What about you? I’ve never known you to mention someone, permanent or casual?”

Dodoria shrugged his meaty shoulders. “It’s just... I don’t know... I don’t tend to find many people very attractive, and I don’t much have any urge to do things with someone I don’t find attractive.”

“What do you look for in someone?” asked Zarbon as he went to top up his glass. Dodoria seemed to ponder for a bit.

“Well I can’t say I have a ‘type’ as such, you just feel that spark sometimes, you know? I don’t mind what race or height... I’d prefer her to be quite heavily set though... quiet... reserved... patient... don’t know what else, I’ve never thought about making lists of requirements” he chuckled shaking his head slightly.

“Are you only into woman?” asked Zarbon sitting back down with his drink and chewing on a candied orange slice.

“Ye. Don’t really see the appeal of... you know... dropping my pants and bending over for some guy –not that I think there’s anything wrong with it, but you know... always imagined it being quite... ‘uncomfortable’.”

Zarbon laughed lightly “Well you wouldn’t need to bottom anyway, I think you’d be much better tops!”

“Well, nice to know you’ve thought about it” teased Dodoria, making Zarbon laugh. “What about you? What do you look for in a man?”

“Strong, rich, good looking, nice teeth, clever, muscular, tall, pretty eyes, well endowed, willing to do whatever I ask as soon as I ask it...” he smirked as Dodoria laughed at the list he was effortlessly reeling off “What? Can’t a man dream?”

“You’ll be single for a long time on this ship! I’m afraid I for one only match one requirement of yours” smiled Dodoria gesturing at his leggings clad crotch making Zarbon snort in laughter, then swear and hit out at Dodoria with a cushion as he laughed at him.

The two continued to talk for another hour or so until Dodoria made his way back to his room and got his pyjamas on before crawling into bed, pleasantly surprised that the other had been such good company, but then cursing when he noticed the spoon and realised he’d totally forgotten to take it back.

Things continued to progress over the coming weeks, it seemed Zarbon had ‘accepted’ that Dodoria wasn’t going to deter him from his position as advisor and as a result stopped purposely trying to push his buttons, although his demeanour and behaviour was still enough to annoy him in several other ways. After around 6 months in the Force it was Recomes birthday, and as King Colds ship was near to the Ginyu Forces base planet he allowed several of the elites on board to go and celebrate with the Ginyus- who liked any opportunity to throw a party.

Zarbon scowled as he sat in the office reading over the invite. “Hey, Dodoria, what does ‘drag party’ mean? Drag what?”

Dodoria took the invite off him and read over it, having been speaking and reading the universal language longer than the Rajah-jin. “It’s slang. I means like dressing up as a female.”

Zarbon scowled deeper “What in Kami’s name for?”

“Guess they think it’ll be a giggle. Mind you, I’ve seen Recomme in many a pink tutu before, maybe it’s just his thing. You’re still going to go, right?”

“Of course, and I’m going to be the sexiest female you’ve ever seen” mused Zarbon tapping his long nails on his chin and putting some thought into a costume.

When the day to the party came around the Ginyus base was crawling with activity, the entire base had been turned into a club and music boomed whilst the lights stayed dim, booze, drugs and condoms openly available if you knew where to look. As Dodoria held a beer and conversed with one of his elites whilst dressed in a bodysuit with playboy bunny ears he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned around, only to choke on his drink.

Zarbon laughed playfully, his long hair was loose with red roses woven in, his lips were painted red, his high cheek bones were lightly dusted with blush and he had mascara and eye liner around his eyes. He wore a sleeveless red crop top which looked more like a tattoo on his skin it was so tight and revealing, an impossibly short red skirt, black fishnet stockings

with suspenders and black stiletto heeled shoes. Dodoria and the elite looked over him wide eyed, taking in all the curves of his figure which were now so openly on show.

“Whatcha looking at boys?” winked Zarbon breaking the silence, laughing again at their shocked faces.

“You look... you look almost *hot*” gasped Dodoria in shock finally, making Zarbon laugh more.

“You better believe it. Now excuse me whilst I find some strong drinks and hot men” he winked again before leaving to find the nearest bar.

Throughout the night Zarbon along with Recoome was the centre of almost everyone’s attention, although he made sure to keep away from Jeice -which wasn’t an easy feat considering the red space aussie seemed to be out looking for him.

Nearing midnight a very drunk Zarbon went out into the courtyard to get some fresh air and tripped on a step almost falling right over –fortunately staggering against someone else who had just done the exact same thing but in the opposite direction. “Dodoria?”

“Zarbon?”

“... I think it’s probably best if we head back?” laughed Zarbon, and an equally drunk Dodoria nodded and the two linked arms for stability as they started making their way back to where King Colds ship was docked –leaning against each other heavily for support.

Dodorias room was first and as soon as they were in they both fell onto the sofa, both giggling drunkenly over absolutely nothing. As Zarbon let out a snort he instinctively held his hand over his nose and mouth, but Dodoria gently took his hand and pulled it away.

“I’m serious... you... you have a gorgeous laugh! Don’t... don’t hide it” he slurred shaking a fat finger in pretend annoyance at the other.

“How about I won’t hide it, and in exchange you wear that bodysuit more often?” smiled Zarbon, to which Dodoria stood up and struck a sassy modelling pose Ginyu style with a leg outright and a hand behind his head.

“Well it’s certainly nice to see you do have *some* real taste” the pink man teased before tripping on his heeled shoes and falling on top of Zarbon –managing to just about catch himself with a hand either side of the others head. As a few seconds passed by, Dodoria suddenly lent in and pushed his lips against the others in a firm kiss.

Zarbons eyes widened and he placed his hands on the others shoulders, pushing him off stunned “D... Dodoria! Get a grip on yourself!” he shouted out shocked. Dodoria continued to look over him, more drunk then he’d been in his life, before running his clawed hand over Zarbons bare, slim muscular midriff.

“But you’re so perfect...” he growled, and Zarbon took in a sharp intake of air as he felt Dodorias long black sharp nails trailing over his exposed skin... feeling himself start to get



hard at the thought of all the possibilities...

Snapping himself out of it Zarbon twisted himself around the other and stood up quickly, almost falling over himself. "Dodoria, you're drunk. You just think you want me because I look like a woman -come on, it's time for you to go to bed now" he ordered with as much authority as he could muster in his sorry state.

"But I'm not sleepy..." argued Dodoria licking his lips as he reached for Zarbons midriff again.

Realising that his... friend? Acquaintance? Colleague? Was too drunk to think straight, Zarbon quickly applied a quick strike to the pressure point in his neck then caught him before he fell to the floor. Picking the huge man up Zarbon wobbled this way and that, and after only hitting Dodorias head on two door frames he heaved the wide man on to his bed, leaning against him and panting to catch his own breath.

Looking over his now peaceful form Zarbon reached out and gently placed his fingertips against the pink mans neck, double checking his pulse was still fine. "I'm sorry Dodoria. But you looked out for me... no one else ever has. The least I can do is look out for you too. I know it was only the drink talking, don't worry. We'll laugh about this in the morning, ok?" he said quietly before giving a small smile to the other man before letting himself out and locking the door behind him, stumbling along to his own room.

...

The next morning Zarbon was in the office typing away when a truly awful looking Dodoria walked in, causing Zarbon to whistle quietly. "Wow, don't you look awful."

"What... on planet Cold... happened last night?" he groaned, cupping his head in one hand painfully and taking a sip of coffee

"You said I was perfect and tried to make out with me."

Dodoria spat his coffee out all over the table. "Fuck sake Zarbon don't even lie about that!!!" he gasped as he tried to clear his airway.

"I'm not, actually you had my red lipstick all over your face when I prised you off me and left you last night..."

Dodoria froze. He had woken up with lipstick smeared over his lips. And Zarbon had been wearing red lipstick last night, hadn't he? As his eyes grew wide Zarbon looked over him.

"It's ok. Nothing happened."

"But... but... but..." stammered Dodoria in shock.

Zarbon took a rare moment of pity for the other man. "Look, I looked like a hot piece of ass female, you and your sex starved drunk brain got confused. It's ok, alright? It doesn't mean anything."

“But... you were drunk too! What if I tried to take advantage of you? Like the others did?? I’m no better than them!” lamented Dodoria feeling guilty and in shock.

Surprised his friend looked so distraught instead of just being embarrassed like he’d thought he’d be, and also shocked that Dodoria’s first thought was that he’d made Zarbon feel bad, the emerald haired advisor got up and walked towards him, bending down once he was in front of him. “You’re nothing like them. They knew they were taking advantage. You were just drunk.”

“I’ve never been that drunk...” mused Dodoria brow creased seemingly in deep thought.

“What, you think something was spiked?” snorted Zarbon, before the both men looked at each other seriously. Dodoria moaned and went back to cradling his banging head.

That night Dodoria was on shift all night, but the next night he sat in the silence of his room, his mind in turmoil over why he’d come on to the other. *He didn’t even like him.* Well, actually maybe he did like him as a friend now. He was still annoying, insufferable, stuck up, pompous, trying... but that all added to his charm in a weird way. He was certainly unlike anyone Dodoria had ever met. Well, maybe a bit like Salza. Dodoria didn’t see eye to eye with him either.

Dodoria scratched his head. Maybe Zarbon was right. Did he need to get laid so desperately that his mind was playing tricks on him? Or was whatever had been added to the beer to blame for everything?

Dodoria let out a deep sigh, they weren’t too far off their next destination- a planet Dodoria knew well enough to know whose houses were plentiful, and pulled out his holopad to make a reservation for himself.

...

A week later and Dodoria was back in his room- more embarrassed then he remembered ever being in his life before. The whore house had been a flop. Quite literally.

A problem Dodoria had never had before, and never wished to have again, was to be standing in front of a mildly pretty woman trying to beat off and suck his flaccid member, until he had to admit nothing was going to happen and in his painful embarrassment paid the woman nearly double with a threat to not mention the incident to the other sex workers- the last thing he needed was one letting slip to one of the soldiers and word getting round the entire ship that he couldn’t ‘perform’.

Wondering if he needed to book himself a visit to the med bay, Dodoria’s thoughts were interrupted by his scouter going off and picked it up to see that it was Zarbon calling him, wondering what the other could want seeing as they were on planet with no duties he answered it.

“Hey Dodoria, I know it’s late, but I was just going to head down the baths they have here and wondered if you wanted to join me?”

Dodoria thought, the idea of the planets highly elaborate baths did certainly have a lot of appeal in his fizzled out state, and not needing to be up in the morning he agreed and grabbed a towel as he headed out to meet the other and head off.

## Kissing Lessons



The baths were like one large spa room, steaming hot pools of water beside saunas was just what the cold blooded advisor craved. Dodoria was relieved after his previous embarrassment that day that the baths were for men only, and stepped out of his changing cubical completely nude with his towel thrown over his shoulder. A second later Zarbon stepped out, Dodoria having to do a double take at the man now next to him.

His 6 ½ ft tall cyan frame was ripped with muscle, his long hair was pinned on top of his head, a gold ring pierced each nipple and his cock hung thick and low –all 9 inches of it. Dodoria felt his cheeks and ears burn red as he quickly turned his head, hoping the other wouldn't notice.

“Come on Dodoria!” called Zarbon as he wasted no time slipping into the nearest pool and disappeared under the surface -swimming under the water in a small circle before resurfacing and resting against the wall of the baths. Dodoria lumbered in, suddenly feeling self conscious about his large frame and flabby chest, trying to keep as much as himself under the

water as possible. Not wishing to sit right next to the other to look even worse by comparison he sat a little way away.

As they relaxed in the water Dodoria noticed a man kept glancing towards Zarbon and he looked over at the cyan man who laid back with his eyes closed. "Hey, Zarbon?"

"Mmm, what is it Dodoria?" asked Zarbon not bothering to open his eyes.

"That guy over there keeps staring at you."

"That's nice" sighed Zarbon not bothering to open his eyes.

"Aren't you gonna go chat to him? Not like you to turn down someone like that."

Zarbon finally opened one eye and looked over the buff good looking man who was checking him out. "Well he's ok, but I came here with you, I'm not going to go off chatting with someone else and leave you on your own."

Dodoria looked at the other man stunned, not expecting him to say such a thing, and felt happy that he meant that much to the other.

"Anyway, what are you doing all the way other there? Come closer." Asked zarbon going back to closing his eyes.

"...Just prefer it over here, is all" answered Dodoria closing his own eyes.

A soft swish of water signalled Zarbon moving nearer, and Dodoroa almost shot out of the water like a cat when he felt the other brush against him. Zarbon didn't seem to notice and relaxed back, his leg occasionally brushing against Dodorias making the other man feel tense.

"How long have you been working under Cold?" asked Zarbon lazily catching the other off guard.

"Oh... I guess 15 years or so. What about you, what did you do before this?"

"On my planet my family was rich, I didn't have to work. Since leaving there I did admin work, and some security work, guarding mostly. Or stealing what I was supposed to be guarding and selling it before moving on quickly" smirked Zarbon.

"So you'd lived on different planets?"

"More than I care to remember. I take it you only lived on your home planet and then on King Colds ship?"

Dodoria nodded. "I prefer being on ship. Feels more like home to me than anywhere else I've known."

Zarbon shifted slightly, his leg inadvertently brushing against the others again. "So you've never felt like settling down somewhere with someone?"

Dodoria shifted slightly, starting to feel a bit... 'funny' at the underwater contact. 'I've given up the idea of that ever happening to me to be honest. It'd be great, having a nice woman to come home to, but on Colds ship there aren't many choices, and as I said before certainly nothing here that takes my fancy. And let's be honest, my standards are pretty low. I take it you're only into one night stands?'

Zarbon paused and lent back further 'I've had a couple of relationships, but they didn't last too long... maybe I'm too high maintenance' he laughed quietly 'I think from now on I'll stick to casual relationships. So have you never had a partner?'

Dodoria felt himself clam up slightly, not too confident about sharing all his life's intimate details with the other man, but as the silence grew he felt pressured to answer. 'Not as such, no...'

He lifted a fat pink eye ridge as Zarbon lent in closer to him so as not to be overheard 'You're not a virgin, are you?'

Dodoria felt himself blush bright red again as he stuttered in shock 'No! Geez come on I know I'm not that appealing to look at but give me a little credit would ya!'

Zarbon laughed lightly at the others obvious discomfort. 'Come on I didn't mean it like that! I meant you can be so timid and shy I couldn't imagine you going up to a woman and approaching her! There's nothing wrong with how you look.'

Dodoria wondered if he'd suddenly slipped into an alternative dimension. 'You don't think there's anything wrong with how I look?'

'Of course not. As long as it's you that looks like that and not me.'

Dodoria looked at him and noticed the cheeky smirk on his face, and feeling the situation lighten he used a small beam of ki to send water splashing up into the others face. Soon they were laughing as they tried to dunk each other under the water, though every time Dodoria managed to get his hands on the other Zarbon just wriggled his body and slipped out of his grasp.

After several unapproving looks the two men got the hint and calmed it down, and Zarbon announced they were going to sit in one of the sauna sections to dry off. Dodoria followed the other a bit like a puppy and soon they were sitting together, Dodoria shyly placing his towel over his lap as Zarbon just lifted one of his long legs and folded it across the other.

Through the steam a tall man came into view and managed to squeeze in next to Zarbon. Dodoria glared at him instantly unhappy, taking a strong dislike to the new comer. Zarbon stayed silent and as they relaxed the tall man casually spread his arm out until it was almost draped over Zarbon's shoulder, then he lent in slightly and smirked at the odd cyan and pink couple before addressing Zarbon.

'Hey, you're too good looking to be wasted on *that*, don't tell me that's your boyfriend or something?'

“We’re work colleagues” answered Zarbon, frowning at the arm almost embracing him.

“Oh good, so come on then and dump the excess weight –come out and have a drink with me instead? Maybe head back to my place for a bit of fun? Ye I’d love to see those gorgeous lips of yours being put to good use...”

Before Zarbon could even think of striking the tall man Dodoria had stood up and done it for him –sending him flying across the tiles and strait into the water with a splash.

“Nicely done...” mused Zarbon amused.

“Ye, urm, sorry if you were going to actually go with him...” apologised Dodoria, the protective surge he’d had over the other disappearing as suddenly as it had come on.

“Absolutely not!” snorted Zarbon in disgust, making Dodoria smile slightly. “Anyway I think we’re dry now, let’s get dressed and head back.”

But upon reaching the ship they were in for a shock, and found it entirely locked down.

“What...?” frowned Zarbon flying around and trying to find a way in.

Dodoria groaned “We must have missed curfew”

“Curfew? What are we, soldiers or children?” scoffed Zarbon crossing his arms. “Isn’t there someone we can call?”

“Everyone will be asleep, and I’ve not got my scouter to summon any of my team. I don’t suppose you have them programmed into yours?”

Zarbon shook his head. “What about King Cold?”

Dodoria just glared at him. “You want to WAKE the king up and ask him to get up and come and unlock the door so we can just swan in after breaking curfew?”

“Mmm, I guess not...” pondered Zarbon “So what do we do?”

Dodoria looked at the hard ground the ship had landed on. “Camp out?”

Zarbon snorted. “You might be used to roughing it but I certainly won’t be!”

The silence grew as they both thought until Dodoria clicked his fingers “I know! One of our small mission ships docked down just after us, it won’t have the security of the main ship, we can just bash our way in then leave in the morning and let some local take the blame.”

Zarbon nodded in agreement and followed the large pink man to the mission ship, pulling a hair pin out of his braid he was able to pick the lock and manually they both pulled the heavy door open.

“It’s clear, there’s no one here” announced Dodoria after doing a quick search of the ship. Zarbon poked about with the sofa managing to activate the mechanism to turn it into a bed.

“There’s no bedding” he frowned.

“Well, I never said it was the ritz...” grumbled Dodoria rolling his eyes, but Zarbon just sighed at the man’s ignorance.

“I’m cold blooded. I need warmth. With no heating available I’ll have to bunk with you to keep my body temperature up.”

“Oh no, no way!” said Dodoria holding his hands up “You won’t perish from one night I’m sure! You take the bed, I’ll take the floor.”

But Zarbon crossed his arms. “I might not die so easily but my body will start to shut down – I’ll be too weak and powerless to be of any use in an attack, and I am not being reduced to a nothing that can’t even move! We’re sharing the bed, and that’s final!”

After a few more minutes of arguing, Zarbon got his way as usual and as Dodoria laid on the bed he froze as he felt a cooler body press up against his.

“Must you get so close??”

“Well that’s pretty much the point...” sarcastically replied Zarbon, shuffling into the soft pink squidgy body. “Would you stop tensing up? It makes it uncomfortable.”

Dodoria spluttered as his cheeks blushed red “Well I’m very sorry, but usually people only sleep with and cuddle up to people that they like –so excuse me if I feel uncomfortable bedding down with you!”

“Oh Dodoria” tutted Zarbon “You can relax, I’m not going to try anything on with you... that is unless you want me to...?” he smirked winding the other up.

Dodoria went even redder at the others teasing and with a stroppy ‘humf’ he turned his back on the other man and willed himself to fall asleep.

After what seemed like hours Dodoria was still awake and Zarbons deep accented voice broke through the silence. “So why were you acting so strange earlier tonight?”

“Hmm? What do you mean?” asked Dodoria frowning.

“When we arrived on planet you took off somewhere for a couple of hours, then when you came back to were really pissy at something that had obviously happened. What was it?”

Dodoria froze. “NONEOFYOURBUSINESS!!” he said too loudly and too quickly, making Zarbon rest on his elbow as he looked over the other man.

“You have nothing to hide from me you know. I just wondered if it was something I could help with?”

Dodoria scoffed at the thought of what ‘help’ Zarbon was offering without even knowing it. After that he stayed silent again, tracing little circles on the bed with his claws.



“Is it woman?” guessed Zarbon making Dodoria clam up straight away. The silence that passed confirmed Dodoria’s answer. Finally Zarbon let out a sigh “Were you trying to impress someone?” Dodoria still didn’t answer. Maybe it was better to let Zarbon think that than the truth. “Did... you want to practice anything?”

Dodoria rolled over to look at the man way too close to him with scrutinising eyes; “... practice, anything?”

Zarbon nodded. “I’ve been across the universe, I could help advice you, and as I’m a guy it won’t mean anything to you?”

Dodoria paused in stunned thought. “so... what entirely are you offering...?”

Zarbon shrugged “Anything. You could start by kissing me if you want, and I could give you feedback? I could give you some pointers too to help you pick up girls?”

“Why are you offering this?” asked Dodoria on alert, but his companion just shrugged. “I guess I feel like I owe you something, and if this could help you then why not?”

“Weren’t you very against kisses just a short while ago?” frowned Dodoria, but Zarbon just smiled.

“That’s when I didn’t know or have any control over what I was doing. It’s scary -not being in control. But I’m in control now –and I know you’d never push me into doing something I didn’t want.”

Dodoria thought it over. Once the shock had worn off he wondered if it was really that bad of an idea? He had a real life Casanova in front of him who could woo any male or female in the universe... maybe a few lessons actually wouldn’t go amiss.

Shaking slightly with nerves, Dodoria closed his eyes and sighed. “Ok... I guess so... it’s not as though we’re getting any sleep anyway...”

Zarbon smiled and nodded. “Ok then, so let’s see what you’ve got, just kiss me exactly like you’d kiss a girl you wanted to impress.”

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath Dodoria lent forwards and kept his arms by his side as he placed his lips over the others, kissing him lightly before going in and deepening the kiss. After a few moments he pulled back nervously, preparing himself for a tirade of damning comments.

“Not bad” mused Zarbon nodding “but there’s things to work on, like your hands, how about something like this?” he asked as he placed one of his cyan hands on Dodoria’s cheek caressing it gently as he leaned in for another kiss, sliding his hand to the back of Dodoria’s neck as the kiss deepened, pulling him closer. “How’s that?” he asked as they broke the kiss.

Dodoria blushed at the surreal situation he’d somehow found himself in. “Ye... good” he nodded, and Zarbon smiled.

“Ok, so now I’m going to kiss you, then I want you to copy what I did, ok? And remember to keep an eye out for what they react to so you know what they like.”

Dodoria nodded and watched as Zarbons eyelids fluttered shut before he felt soft lips enclose his. Zarbons jaw moved slowly against his and he placed his hand on his hip, gripping tighter and pressing their hips together as the kiss deepened. Dodorias eyes closed as he began to finally relax into the kiss -just in time to feel Zarbons cooler tongue lightly swipe across his bottom lip. As Dodoria gasped Zarbon suggestively flickered his tongue just a small way inside Dodorias mouth before pulling back slightly to slowly run kisses from the corner of his mouth to his ear lobe.

Zarbon sucked gently on the lobe and slipped his hand to Dodorias neck as he ran his tongue up to the pointed tip of his ear, making Dodoria shudder slightly as Zarbon kissed his way down to the lobe again then down to the crook of his neck where he sucked gently before pulling back and placing one more light kiss to Dodorias lips.

“How was that?”

Dodoria paused looking almost stunned. “Nice. Actually... that was nice... really nice...”

Zarbon giggled “Well don’t look so surprised will you! So come on, do the same to me.”

Dodoria nodded feeling a little shaky and lent in, only for Zarbon to pull back. “Hand” he prompted, to which Dodoria nodded and placed his large clawed hand on Zarbons hip before leaning in again and catching his lips.

Dodoria worked hard to keep his kisses light and not delve right in, as he felt Zarbon squeeze his hand slightly Dodoria remembered to grasp Zarbons hip tighter –freezing instantly when he felt the other tense as his sharp nails dug into his flesh. Lightening his grasp slightly he pushed their lips firmer together, then ran his very long and fat tongue as carefully as could over the others lips, and as Zarbon parted his lips slightly Dodoria gently pushed his tongue inside the others mouth, hearing a slight murmur in appreciation.

Withdrawing his tongue Dodoria kissed from his lips to the lobe of his ear and started to gently suck, thinking too hard on what he was supposed to be remembering he accidentally nipped Zarbons ear with his teeth, and instantly Zarbons fingers dug into Dodorias flesh as an excited gasp left his lips. Blushing bright red Dodoria tried to forget his mistake and continued on kissing and sucking up and down the others ear before trailing down to his neck.

As he kissed the sensitive cyan flesh he remembered what the other had said about paying attention and reacting to how the others body reacted, and with that in mind used his sharp teeth to nip at the skin on Zarbons neck, feeling half embarrassed and half proud as a groan escaped Zarbons mouth and one of his legs instinctively hooked over the others wide hip, pulling their bodies closer together.

“Yes... that’s good... more...!” panted Zarbon making Dodoria smile in accomplishment. As he continued to kiss and nip his neck Zarbons body moved against him, and Dodoria

suddenly pulled away as if he'd been burnt, realising that he'd got an erection from kissing the other.

“Ok... that was... pretty good...” Zarbon almost panted as he laid back on the bed, before looking at the other and frowning at the look on his face. “What’s wrong?”

“N...nothing!!” shouted Dodoria flustered, and Zarbon looked at him confused until he caught a glimpse of the others trousers and smiled lightly.

“Oh Dodoria, don’t get embarrassed over it, it’s just a natural reaction –look!” And with that he took Dodoria’s large hand in his and laid it over his own raging erection.

Dodoria snatched his hand away in shock... his mind whirring. But to his own confusion he wasn’t disgusted... he didn’t know what he was really feeling.

“You kiss really well, you know that?” complimented Zarbon, causing Dodoria to flush red all over again.

## Who Are You?



“Who are you and what have you done with the advisor?!” Asked Dodoria suspiciously, to which Zarbon just laughed. A few minutes of silence followed -Zarbon relaxed and Dodoria's mind racing a mile a minute.

Reaching in to his armour Zarbon pulled out a box of cigarettes and lit one with a small ki ball whilst Dodoria stared at him with wide eyes and an open mouth “You... you can't smoke in here!!”

“We're not supposed to be sleeping in here either...” mused Zarbon. “Want one?”

Dodoria just shook his head slowly. Zarbon pulled off his armour and un-braided his hair letting it fall over his shoulders and down his back, leaning back on the bed and blowing out a steady stream of smoke. “So... ” he said lazily looking at the other “...did you want to continue this? I must admit you're pretty good, I'm enjoying myself more than I thought I would” he chuckled.

Dodoria looked over to the cyan man and felt his cheeks warm up as he was faced with those rippling muscles and pierced nipples again. After thinking he nodded slightly.

Zarbon smiled and taking a drag on his cigarette lent towards the other and joined their lips again, pressing his torso up against Dodoria until he pulled back just an inch, letting the

smoke seep like a waterfall from his slightly parted lips. Dodoria breathed it in, instantly feeling slightly light headed.

“What... what’s in those? They’re not regular cigarettes...?!”

Zarbon smiled and winked “Good aren’t they? Imported from Planet Poplmeanloet.”

Zarbon stubbed out his cigarette and breathed out the last of the smoke before turning to the other with a smile. “Right, let’s get on to hair pulling. Only do it when things are getting really heated, and when you do always grab all of the hair, not just a small section, ok?”

Dodoria nodded “But... how do I know if they like that or not?”

Zarbon looked like the thought had never occurred to him. “I... guess they’d wince or tell you to stop it? Anyhow, come on” he said tapping his lips with a perfectly manicured blue nail and smiling.

Letting out a slight snort and shaking his head Dodoria made his way closer again and kissed the other, deepening the kiss he smirked to himself before gently snaking his hand up the back of Zarbon’s neck and suddenly grabbing a fistful of hair as he quickly nipped his bottom lip.

Dodoria smirked as Zarbon let out a choked cry and clutched at him desperately and instinctively.

Smiling, Dodoria continued to kiss him deeper, not wanting to stop. Shifting his body slightly he pressed his weight against Zarbon, pushing him into the bed and dominating him. Zarbon almost whimpered as his back arched -Dodoria took the unintentional cue and pulled his hair back again with a sharp tug and ran his tongue inside the others mouth.

“D-Dodoria!!” Zarbon shouted out, tipping his head back as his eyes snapped open, breath catching in his throat as his cock pushed against his tight spandex pants.

Dodoria let out a throaty chuckle. “So I’m ok at hair pulling then?” he asked as he trailed kisses and nips from Zarbon’s lips to the crook of his neck, feeling his own cock getting rock solid as he heard Zarbon’s rapid breathing and felt his fast heartbeat –he wasn’t pretending, Dodoria really was getting the other off, and it was an incredible thrill.

Dodoria parted his lips wide to capture and suck on a large section of Zarbon’s neck before closing his jaw and biting down firmly –One of Zarbon’s legs hooking around his hip as more gasps and whines fell from his cyan lips.

“You’re a bit of a masochist, aren’t you... you love me biting you, *hurting* you...” purred Dodoria “*Don’t you?!*” he suddenly growled snapping the others head back and making him groan out.

Zarbon looked at him with almost comically wide golden eyes “D... Dodoria, please...” he panted as he cheeks blushed dark blue in embarrassment.

“Hmmm? Please what?” asked Dodoria pulling away and licking his plump lips.

Zarbon tried to hold on to the thread of sanity he had left ‘‘I... I need you to either go further... or to stop, *now*...’’

Dodoria paused, a moment of clarity coming to him as if he was watching the heavily panting man under him through someone else eyes. He could stop now -they could roll over and go to sleep, then in the morning everything would be back to normal...

But he didn’t want to stop. He wanted to hear Zarbon screaming out his name. He didn’t know why, and he didn’t know what it meant, but he knew he wanted it –more than any other person he’d ever been with before.

‘‘Please... I want to go further...’’ breathed Dodoria quietly and heavily, releasing Zarbon’s hair to instead cup his cheek. ‘‘...will you let me?’’

Zarbon looked at him with wide eyes, shocked at the others answer ‘‘You... you want to...? Are you sure...?’’

Dodoria pulled himself over the other and tenderly kissed his lips ‘‘I’m sure’’ he whispered.

Zarbon stared into the others jet black eyes, looking for any trace of doubt in them, but when he saw nothing but want he bit his own lip and nodded. ‘‘Ok... do it...’’

With both of them breaking out into a smile their lips locked and their tongues fort, bodies pressing together as legs and arms entwined. Zarbon whimpered as their cocks were pressed together and slipped his own hand behind him and into his spandex pants, inserting first one finger then two inside himself as Dodoria’s mouth trailed down to his nipples, kissing, licking, sucking and nibbling at the small rigid peaks.

Releasing his mouth for a few seconds Dodoria grabbed Zarbon’s legs and threw them over his shoulders before he resumed suckling and squeezing the others nipples –Zarbon’s knees now up by his ears as he scissored his fingers deep inside himself, groaning as he felt himself start to naturally lubricate.

Dodoria pulled back to admire the man under him and with a dark smile reached down and slid the others pants down his ass then off, letting him get an amazing display of the being in front of him.

‘‘Wow... you really are something else...’’ he marvelled transfixed, the others heavy breathing, blue blushed cheeks and loose tangled hair making him look so different from his usual calm and collected or bitchy self.

Zarbon smiled as he laid on his back and removed his fingers as he spread his legs open.

‘‘So like a whore...’’ growled Dodoria as he removed his own pants but kept his top on - giving a few tugs to his own cock. ‘‘Is this what the perfect bitch wants, hmm? To be sullied by some monsters cock?’’

Zarbon was practically drooling as he whimpered out and spread his flexible legs even further apart. ‘‘Please... Do...dor...ia... please...’’ he gasped almost incoherently, making

the other smile greatly.

“Ok, let’s see how much you can take shall we? I’d hate to break you...” he teased as he lined his cock up against Zarbons ass and started to push inside –his very large and bulbous head making Zarbon cry out and his toes curl as he was stretched so incredibly far open.

With a grunt and a thrust from Dodoria, Zarbon let out a broken shout as the others large head was finally forced in –the rest of Dodorias stout but fat cock then pushing easily in to the cyan man’s body with less resistance.

When he was in up to the hilt Dodoria paused, watching Zarbon gasp almost like a fish and shake as the large intrusion to his body rearranged his insides, making Dodoria smile.

“Fuck, you do like that, don’t you? You’re squeezing me sooo tight...” groaned out Dodoria, running his hands and sharp talons up and down Zarbons inner thighs as he tried to calm himself.

Zarbon himself seemed beyond words already, merely panting and looking slightly faint as he ran his hands underneath him and over the stretched flesh of his ass.

Dodoria placed his large hand on the others abdomen and pushed down hard. “*What do you say...?*”

“...Please... *oh please Dodoria... fuck me!!*” he wailed as his eyes squeezed shut tightly.

Continuing to press down firmly with his hand Dodoria pulled out until only the head of his cock was inside the others body then pushed in again –smiling when he felt his cock pressing against his hand as he re-entered and stretched out the others body. Zarbons thick thighs shook as a long deep groan fell from his lips, spurring Dodoria on.

Smiling from ear to ear at the beautiful mess that used to be the bitchy advisor, Dodoria settled himself between the others thighs and proceeded to fuck him at an agonisingly slow pace -making Zarbon mewl and twitch almost helplessly on the bed.

“*Please!!!*” he tried gasping out desperately “*Harder Dodoria... now! -pleeeeeease!!!*”

With a growl Dodoria grasped cyan hips tightly in his hands and thrust in deep and hard –making Zarbons head and eyes roll back as a high pitched scream tore from his throat.

Smirking, Dodoria picked up the pace and continued to fuck him hard, relishing in the way the other whimpered and shouted under him -his movements jerky and his eyes unfocused.

Keeping a tight hold on Zarbons hips Dodoria pulled the other up slightly, the slight change in angle making Zarbon wail out loudly as his prostrate took a direct hit. Dodoria chuckled as he aimed for that same spot, smiling when Zarbon placed a hand on his large pink chest, trying to pull himself together enough to speak.

“What it is gorgeous? What do you need...?” Dodoria almost sneered down at the other.

*“P... please... Dodo... ria... choke me...?”* he panted out desperately with cheeks blushing even bluer.

Dodoria faltered slightly -his thrusts easing off as he smiled broadly and laughed. *“Oh yes, you really are something else aren’t you...? Someone as strong as you wanting to be chocked and fucked into oblivion... like nothing but a common whore...”* and he slowly and teasingly brought his large hand up to Zarbons thick muscular neck before starting to gently squeeze.

Dodoria watched the others rising and falling chest almost stutter slightly as he squeezed tighter, Zarbons golden eyes now shining bright and alert as his pupils dilated to almost twice their normal size. *“How’s that, bitch?”* he sneered, to which Zarbon responded by hooking his long legs around Dodorias hips then linking his ankles together behind his back to pull their hips even closer together.

*“So... so good!”* he managed to choke out, his breaths getting ragged as an almost grimace spread across his face and a thin line of saliva ran down his chin. Dodoria started to feel almost light headed before remembering the others reaction when he’d thrust hard and deep into his body, and pulling himself together and giving his head a little shake, he shuffled himself back up the bed slightly again as he started thrusting harder into the others body, trying to find that magic spot he found last time.

On his third attempt Zarbons hands suddenly grasped the arm which was pinning him down by the throat –seemingly having no objection to the others spiky forearms digging into his palms.

*“Take it...”* hissed Dodoria hitting that same spot over and over again, making Zarbons vision go white and blotchy.

*“Please...! I’m so close...”* he begged between gasps for breath -his breathing getting shallower as his body began to get starved of oxygen.

Dodoria listened to the unasked request, and with a loud roar buried himself up to the hilt over and over again, hitting the others sweet spot every time. After only 10 thrusts or so Zarbons entire body began to shake, and with as much as a scream he could manage with his throat so tightly constricted his orgasm hit –his legs pulling Dodoria deep inside him as his hands balled into fists, his abdominal muscles clenching down and convulsing as shot after shot of cum shot from his proud 9” cock and sprayed out all over his own stomach and chest.

Dodoria started to feel slightly light headed as all the colours in the room started to swirl and spin together, and with a tightening feeling deep inside him he felt his cock swell and his eyes widened as he realised he was going to cum inside the other man –trapped in place by long cyan legs.

With a shouting moan he buried as deep in the other as he could as his balls contracted and string after string of cum exited his cock and pumped out deep into Zarbons shaking body - Dodorias swollen cock acting as a plug and keeping the other absolutely flooded full of cum.

Utterly exhausted and spent Dodoria managed to turn onto his side as he went crashing down into the bed –managing to avoid falling on the other.



With the hand around his throat now gone Zarbons desperate lungs sucked in oxygen as Dodoria flicking an eye over to him to make sure he hadn't accidentally suffocated the other.

As both of them laid next to each other trembling and panting Dodoria managed a small chuckle. ‘*Wow*. So that was something else...’

Using what little energy he had left Zarbon slowly rolled from his back onto his side, Dodoria reaching his arm out and pulling the cyan man against his chest and holding him tightly as he recovered, gently placing a kiss to the top of his emerald green hair –both of them falling asleep quickly, needing to recover their strength.

At some point in the night Dodoria woke up -finding it hard to breath. Looking around sleepily he realised that sometime after they'd fallen asleep the temperature had dropped and Zarbon had moved so he was now laying right on top of him –his head on his chest and his arms wrapped around him as his legs hung over each of his wide legs. Smirking and shaking his head slightly Dodoria briefly considered throwing him off, but instead he wrapped his arms around him to stop him from rolling off –his heart giving a little flutter as he held him tight and closed his eyes, falling right back into a restful and content sleep.

## Cui's Revenge



As the planets sun streamed in through the windows Dodoria woke up -101 thoughts running through his mind, and he was unable to make sense out of any of them. Managing to shuffle the sleeping Rajah-jin off him Dodoria silently pulled his clothes back on and slipped out of the ship unnoticed, leaving his companion still sleeping peacefully.

Back at the main ship Dodoria had a shower then sat in the mess hall, trying to force his breakfast down his throat.

“Hey, big pink!” Dodoria flicked his eyes up to give a nod to Cui as he came up with his tray and sat down with him. “Look, I just wanted to apologise for my behaviour -I was out of line and you were right to do what you did. I mean, I can’t believe I thought you were actually shagging the advisor!!” he laughed, making Dodoria cringe as he placed his roll back on his tray, now feeling slightly nauseous.

As Dodoria poked at his food whilst Cui blabbered on Dodoria held his breath as he saw Zarbon appear in the doorway to the mess. Their eyes met for a few seconds but to Dodorias

great relief Zarbon just flicked his braid over his shoulder then carried on down the corridor, leaving him and Cui on their own.

As Dodoria entered his quarters he half expected to find Zarbon inside waiting for him, but after checking around he found it was empty and collapsed onto his bed, trying to gather some energy for his long shift ahead and the realisation that he was going to have to face Zarbon a lot sooner than he wanted.

His shift dragged –Dodoria being quiet and feeling tense as Zarbon seemed at ease laughing with King Cold and being as sassy as ever. That night when Dodoria was in bed he heard a knock at his door and with a feeling of dread got up and opened it –finding Zarbon waiting outside. In classic Zarbon style he walked straight past him and into his room without waiting for an invite -flopping down onto Dodoria's bed and immediately going into a full on rant about how incompetent everyone else was and how fed up he was of it.

Dodoria sat on the edge of his sofa and nodded, not really listening as Zarbon laid on his back sideways across his bed with his head dangling off the side upside down, giving wide arm gestures in his exasperation.

After a while Dodoria realised the room was silent, and looked over at Zarbon who was looking at him and obviously waiting for him to say something.

“Oh... sorry I missed that... what did you say?”

Zarbon crossed his arms and rolled his eyes before rolling over so he was laying on his stomach, before apparently calming down and giving a little sigh. “Last night got a bit out of hand didn't it. Do you regret what happened?”

Dodoria froze. He didn't know. Did he?

“Come here.” Commanded Zarbon sitting up and patting the space next to him. Like a guilty child Dodoria rose and shuffled over, sitting where he was gestured to. “Look, it's alright. I'm not going to tell anyone, it's just between you and me, ok?”

Dodoria went to say something, and then shut his mouth, and then opened it again. “It's just... it's weird. I never thought I'd do anything like that with another man... but...” Dodoria trailed off, looking down at the floor.

Zarbon reached across and placed his hand on top of Dodoria's. “It's nothing to be embarrassed about or ashamed of. It happened once -and it doesn't need to ever happen again.”

“But... that's the thing. I... I did quite like it...” mumbled Dodoria embarrassed.

Zarbon gave his hand a little squeeze before letting go as he giggled. “So I've fucked you gay? I guess that should be a big compliment really!”

Dodoria tried to give a little half assed smile, although he felt far from happy. “I guess so...”

Zarbon nudged him playfully in the side “Don’t tell me you want me to teach you how to pull men now? Although you’re in luck because there is a whole ship of them to choose from!”

But Dodoria just looked at his thumbs as he twiddled them together. “Maybe you’re not *that* good –I don’t want to fuck any other man, in fact I still couldn’t think of anything worse except *them* fucking *me*! It’s just... it’s just you. It’s just you I.. I...”

*I what?* Dodoria wasn’t sure how to even finish his sentence. Did he fancy the other...? Did he just want to have another bout of amazing sex with him...? Did it, did it go further than that...?

As the silence grew Zarbon continued to wait, suddenly feeling a bit apprehensive himself. “Do you... do you have feelings for me?” he asked finally, completely thrown that this man who was the total opposite of him in every way could have suddenly developed feelings for him.

“I... I don’t know. But what does it matter anyway? It was just one thing that got out of hand, that’s all. We should just... continue on with our work. As normal.”

Zarbon nodded slowly, and slipped off the others bed. “Ok... if that’s what you want... I’ll see you tomorrow then?”

Dodoria nodded without looking at him, and Zarbon left and headed back to his own room - before stopping and walking towards the gym instead; he could never sleep when he didn’t feel relaxed anyway.

That night Dodoria slept soundly, his exhausted mental state forcing him to shut down and rest, but the same could not be said for Zarbon.

Even after two hours in the gym pushing himself beyond his limits to distract himself from his new thoughts, he was now in bed tossing and turning. He was annoyed at himself, annoyed that despite being so clever he couldn’t work out what it was exactly that was winding him up so much. He let out an agitated moan as his cock decided that of all times now seemed like the perfect opportunity to demand his attention by sticking strait upright under the sheets, and knowing he had no chance of sleep until it was taken care off he slipped one hand inside his pyjama bottoms to stroke himself whilst his other hand crept up his shirt to lightly pinch his pierced nipple.

Closing his eyes and letting out a shaky breath he began to pinch his nipple harder and pulled on the gold ring, making himself breathe out a shaky breath as he felt his cock harden completely under his fingertips.

Zarbon had a vivid imagination and could usually imagine many scenarios to get himself off to -be it a past encounter with a particularly attentive lover, or someone he’d seen who has particularly hot, heck he’d even got off just thinking of his *own* perfect physique before... yet annoyingly the only thing that kept coming into his mind tonight was the night before which he’d spent with Dodoria.

He'd never been with such a large man before, and although he'd never once before considered... *doing that* with someone so over weight, all he could think of now was how good it had felt being completely dominated by someone that size... feeling so... *delicate* by compassion. And that delightful mix of soft, careful kisses and caresses mixed with painful bites and the scratches from those long talons...

The whole thing puzzled him, but as Zarbons hand closed tighter around his hard cock he couldn't help but wonder what the others huge pink hand would feel like totally encasing his cock... or the thrill of knowing those sharp black nails were so close to such a delicate part of his body... and *oh gods...what that mouth would feel like...!*

With a surprised squawk Zarbon released his nipple ring and tried to use his hand to cover the tip of his cock as he was caught off guard and reached his climax in record time -but it was too late and he covered himself with shot after shot of his own cum, his thighs trembling as his brow furrowed and his mouth open in a silent scream.

Panting heavily he laid there -soiled as he waited for his legs to stop wobbling like jelly. After a few moments he groaned and pulled himself up, using his pyjamas to clean his body off before jumping in the shower. It was half way through the night by the time he'd showered, got changed and had a cup of green tea to calm his nerves, and he cursed to himself thinking of how much concealer he'd have to wear to cover up the dark circles which would undoubtedly be under his eyes in the morning.

...

It was a bad day for anyone that got in Zarbons way, the sleep deprived advisor was throwing insults left right and centre and had even chased a couple of unfortunate soldiers off with ki blasts. Halfway through his shift Dodorina nervously entered the office to start his work – having already heard all about Zarbons temper from various other members of the force. Walking in silently he sat down and started up his computer, about to congratulate himself for getting that far without being the target for a conflict he suddenly flinched when the cyan man slammed something down hard on his desk.

*“What are you looking so smug for?”* he suddenly snapped *“Keeping me up all night! I got absolutely fuck all sleep last night!! And now I have to deal with all these fuckwits who can't do fucking anything right! So stop looking at me like that and just piss off!”*

Dodorina stayed still for a moment, making sure the other was finished least he get another mouthful for interrupting him. *“...I kept you up all night?”*

*“Yes –YOU! Having to waste my precious time taking care of a raging hard on because I couldn't get you off my fucking mind -then cuming so hard I had to have a shower AND get changed! I bet you had a great sleep last night!”*

Dodorina looked at the other with wide eyes and his mouth open in shock, not expecting that to have come hurtling out of the others mouth or how to even start processing it. *“You... you... well -that was much more of an in-depth description then what I was expecting... and there's lots of things to ask here, but I'm going to start with why exactly is it all my fault?”*

“Because I couldn’t stop thinking about the way *you* fucked me!”

“...Again, not sure that’s really all *my* fault, buuut, and just going out on a limb here, why not just think of someone else if you didn’t want to think of me?”

“BECAUSE I *COULDN’T!* ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS *YOU!*”

Outside in the hall way Cui froze as he walked past Zarbons and Dodorias office, and in shock at what he’d just heard shouted out he silently tiptoed over to the door and pressed his ear up against it.

Silence fell over the two as it seemed that with Zarbons outburst his anger was finally starting to dissipate.

“...I’m sorry” muttered Dodoria, not sure what he was supposed to say or do. Zarbon sighed and closed his eyes.

“You don’t need to apologise; it’s not your fault. It’s all stupid, it doesn’t matter anyway... I just... couldn’t stop thinking of your touch and I...” Zarbon shook his head, unsure what to say.

“I... I feel the same way. All I can think of is your soft skin, the way you feel so slender under my hands, the way your lips feel on mine...”

The two made eye contact and as if in a trance they gravitated together until their lips met in a simple but deeply craved kiss.

“... Just like that...” Zarbon hummed, a relaxed smile on his face now he’d had some of the drug he was craving. Dodoria ran his fat fingers gently down the others face as Zarbon played with the end of his braid.

“After work, come to my quarters...?”

Zarbon bit his bottom lip and nodded, his heart soaring at the thought of getting another taste of that mind blowing sex.

With a knowing smirk and a nod, Dodoria picked up his files and walked towards the door – Cui only just managing to make a run for it in time, positively steaming in anger at what he’d over heard.

...

Angry at thinking Dodoria had stolen Zarbon away from him, Cui set about thinking of a way to get his own back -and decided humiliation would be best to hit Zarbon where it hurt. After a trip to see his friend in the tech room, Cui snuck into Dodorias room with the pass code he’d known for years and hid a small camera pointed towards the bed and turned it on before sneaking back out of Dodorias quarters and back to his more modest single room.

Once back he sat on his bed and turned on his personal tablet –finding the wavelength the camera was relaying too. Knowing there were still 2 hours of Zarbons shift left Cui left his

tablet in his room and with a smug grin headed over to the mess to fill his tummy before initiating the rest of his cruel plan.

## Back For More



Cui grew agitated as he clutched his tablet in his hands. Zarbon should have finished his shift almost an hour ago but so far all he could see was Ddoria on his own fast asleep in bed.

Almost crushing the tablet in his hands in annoyance Cui froze as a bright light suddenly shining into the room signalled Dodorias door being opened, and as he held his breath Zarbon finally came into view over the camera- pulling off his armour before getting up onto the bed and crawling over to Ddoria, pulling the sheets away from him to wake him up. Cui hit his tablets record button as he stared at the screen burning with anger but for some reason too engrossed to look away.

As Ddoria started to stir Zarbon wasted no time in capturing his lips and pressing his body against the others, letting out a quiet moan as he did so. ‘‘Fuck I can’t get you off my mind, you know that? Now wake the fuck up and make a fuss of me...’’

With a sleepy chuckle Ddoria rolled over and embraced the other, running his huge three fingered hands up and down his back as he returned the kiss.



The two grasped desperately at each other as Zarbon wrapped his impossibly long legs around Dodorias wide body and who reached round to undo Zarbons braid –using his fingers to fan his long emerald hair out over his shoulders.

Using his impressive strength Zarbon placed his hands on the other’s shoulders and pushed him down into the bed as he straddled him, throwing his head back as he ground their hips together -the friction to their cocks making both of them groan out.

“I thought you wanted to be dominated, sweetheart?” mused Dodorias with a smile before his mouth was suddenly engulfed by the other.

“I just... *anything*... please!” Zarbon pleaded almost incoherently, his perfectly manicured nails digging into Dodorias shoulders and starting to draw blood.

Uncomfortable, Dodorias prised Zarbons hands off him, jet black eyes gleaming as he saw Zarbons golden eyes grow bright and desperate. “It would probably help if we took these clothes off you, hmm?”

With a smile Zarbon pulled back and pulled his tank top off over his head whilst Dodorias got to work pulling off the others spandex pants. When Zarbon was stripped bare he helped Dodorias take off his pyjama bottoms then reached for his top, only for his wrists to be caught in large hands. As Zarbon looked up at him puzzled Dodorias faltered slightly. “I’d... I’d prefer to keep it on...” he mumbled looking away

After a pause Zarbon instead just undid his top two buttons so he could pull his collar open and run his hungry lips over the others pink neck. With a smile Dodorias just let the other near on worship him, absorbing and appreciating every brush of his lips and the feel of cyan muscles moving under his hands.

Smiling to himself, Zarbon suddenly jumped off the bed and dragged Dodorias over to him so he was instead sitting on the edge of the bed with his legs hanging off the side, whilst Zarbon fell to his knees on the floor between his legs.

Dodorias eyes opened wide “You... you don’t have to...”

But without breaking eye contact Zarbon licked right from the base of his cock to the tip, smiling widely as Dodorias let out a raspy breath. “Remember what we went over last time...?” asked Zarbon suggestively running his fingers through his long hair for emphasis.

Dodorias smiled and grabbed the others hair so his hand was around it acting like a pony tail. “Just say you want me to pull you around by your hair gorgeous, I don’t mind...” he teased pulling Zarbons head towards his cock. “Now open wide...”

Dodorias eyes bulged as Zarbon engulfed his pink cock in his mouth -his cooler mouth creating a sensation the other hadn’t ever felt before. As the cyan man gazed up at him and his cheeks hollowed as he sucked, Dodorias remembered the bubble gum incident and his cheeks blushed bright red. Zarbons masterful and well practiced mouth worked wonders and within no time at all Dodorias shaft was rock solid and twitching with anticipation. Zarbon

pulled back with an audible ‘pop’ and went to engulf Dodoria again when he was pulled back by his hair.

“That’s enough beautiful, you want me to come so soon?” he asked smiling at Zarbons pouting face then chuckling, “You really do just love cocks, don’t you?”

Zarbon licked his lips and bit his lip for emphasis, and before Dodoria could say anything else Zarbon was already on top of him, pushing him down as he lined up Dodorias cock against his ass –lowering himself onto the hard flesh with a groan.

Dodoria watched in awe as the beautiful man slowly impaled himself onto his cock –the large pink man was expecting to be fully in control tonight, but he certainly didn’t mind this one bit either! Placing his hands on Zarbons knees as he reached the hilt, the cyan man had barely let out a sigh of satisfaction before he started lifting and lowering himself as his arms raised and his hands tangled in his hair –displaying all of his body openly for Dodoria to appreciate.

Dodoria felt the urge to close his eyes in bliss –wanting to watch the incredible show going on right in front of him. Breathing shakily, he ran his hands over the others thighs and his abdomen before grasping Zarbons taunt ass cheeks in his hands and squeezing tightly as he thrust upwards –making Zarbon scream out as such a hard hit inside him shook him to his core. Dodoria continued to fuck him like that until Zarbons body was almost limp, and shaking the slimmer man finally grabbed Dodorias hands and fell forwards over him, kissing the other deeply as he slowed his hips –appreciating every inch of the fat cock moving inside him.

Dodoria embraced him tenderly as Zarbon almost slowly made love to him –gazing intently into each other’s eyes which were barely two inches apart as sweat trickled down both of their bodies.

Delicate cyan hands moved back to the buttons on the others pyjama top and cyan lips whispered against plump purple ones. ‘*Please…?*’ he asked simply, and with a few seconds of hesitation Dodoria finally nodded –his cheeks burning red in embarrassment as his top was finally pulled away leaving his large body and squidgy chest on show.

Desperate for more skin on skin contact Zarbon pushed their body’s together, relishing the others body heat as he captured his lips again.

With bodies glistening Dodoria reached up and gently brushed back the loose hair which had stuck to Zarbons face with sweat, gazing with an almost besotted look at the face above him –still finding it so weird to think he was in this position with another man, but he no longer denied it to himself that he was fucking loving it. Wrapping his thick spiky arms around him Dodoria gave him one last kiss before pushing up on his hips to part them.

Somewhat puzzled but excited that the other taking the initiative, Zarbon wiggled back slightly allowing Dodoria to sit slouched up against the head of the bed, opening his legs slightly and gesturing at the other to sit on his lap.

Facing away from him Zarbon carefully started to lower himself down –Dodoria pushing his large hips upwards until they were fully joined again and Zarbon let out a little whimper, his

long legs stretched incredibly far open to go around the others wide thighs.

Holding Zarbons hips firmly Dodoria pushed him up slowly and then pulled him back down on his cock again making sure to completely bury himself –loving the way that Zarbons head lulled against his shoulder and the way he looked half in pleasure and half in pain at being so incredibly stretched open -his own mouth breaking into a jagged toothy smile as he watched the other practically wince on top of him.

Holding the others hips to pull out slowly again he transfixed on the others face as he suddenly yanked him down and slammed back in with no warning –Zarbon letting out a loud cry as his head snapped back and his hands automatically reaching up and grabbing the head of the bed. Without stopping Dodoria grabbed him harder and kept up the hard thrusts up and in to the others body, loving the way that his body twitched and jerked and the way the broken off words shouted from his mouth turned into screams or groans.

“D-Dodoria!! I’m getting sooo close! Please... please more!!” he choked out with his eyes clenched shut and his fingertips digging into the bed head twisting the metal.

Keeping one hand on Zarbons hip Dodoria reached round and began to run his other over Zarbons thigh and abdomen -his hand freezing when it brushed against his cock. As Zarbon let out another wail Dodoria looked down at the others body and hesitantly wrapped his hand around his large cyan cock. *Just pretend your wanking yourself off...* he thought to himself as he hesitantly began to increase his grip and move his hand up and down the others shaft.

The broken cry which tore itself from Zarbons throat almost make Dodoria come undone right there; but he managed to steady himself as he concentrated on moving his hips and hands in sync –continuing to thrust into the others body as Zarbon moved his own hips backwards and forwards to feel as much of the others cock inside him as possible until Dodoria felt the other start to randomly jerk under him as he was brought to his peak.

“Do... DodoRIA!!!” Zarbon positively screamed -pushing his face into Dodorias neck as tears filled his eyes and cascaded down his cheeks until finally with one last click of his hips he stilled as his balls contracted and covered his ripped abs and pecs in thick cum.

Watching the other come completely undone on top of him whilst screaming out his name pushed Dodoria over the edge too and with a loud shout he buried himself balls deep in the other, his raspy breath catching in his throat as he pumped the shaking man on top of him full with his seed, “That’s it... take it all...” he growled out into the others cyan ear making him whimper as his body continued to twitch after his high.

Staying joined together for a few minutes whilst they caught their breath Dodoria finally released his grasp and on very bruised and shaky thighs Zarbon managed to ease himself off Dodorias now deflating cock. Dodoria gave him a quick kiss before disappearing into the bathroom then re-emerging with a wad of toilet paper for the other to clean himself up with. After slipping back into the bed Zarbon turned and faced him.

“May I... may I stay here tonight?”

Dodoria raised his brow in confusion at the other bothering to ask permission, and gave a small nod. “Yes, of course you can...”

With a smile Zarbon snuggled up to him and the two fell into another meaningful kiss.

Meanwhile Cui stared at the screen in front of him positively seething at seeing Zarbon locking lips with the fat pink monster after flat out refusing to kiss him on so many occasions! Deciding he had more than enough footage now, Cui disconnected the link to the camera and started editing what he’d captured into gif sized files.

...

The next morning Zarbon headed to a consultation meeting with King Cold whilst Dodoria went to his training session with his elite squad –neither of them noticing the stares and hushed whispers which filled the corridors.

As Dodoria walked into the training room and looked up he was puzzled to see the way his men were looking at him and frowned as he addressed them. “What’s up with you lot?”

One of his men cleared his throat and looked sheepish. “We just... didn’t realise you had anything going on with the advisor, Dodoria sir.”

Dodoria frowned. “The advisor...?”

“I told you he wouldn’t have seen the footage- show him!!” hissed another of his elites, and the first man that spoke took off his scouter and handed it to Dodoria.

“Some... someone sent one of these files to everyone in the ship last night. There seems to be four in total. All of you with the advisor...”

As he pressed play Dodoria paled as he watched the 5 second clip of him grasping Zarbons cock and wanking him off whilst he fucked him.

Meanwhile elsewhere in the ship Zarbon was shaking with rage as he finished watching the forth clip King Cold had shown him.

“Now, I bring this to your attention because I feel given your... flighty attitude... it would be better for you to discover this in here- not where you’re likely to blast several of our soldiers...”

Zarbon gave a stiff nod. “Yes, sire. You have my... unreserved apologies that this... *filth* has been broadcasted.” The king nodded as he turned the screen in front of them off.

“Obviously, casual sex between soldiers is openly permitted, and you’ve done nothing wrong... but I must say I am surprised you took General Dodoria as your play mate...”

“What about filming others and broadcasting information... is that permitted?” seethed Zarbon with his eyes narrowed to slits.

King Cold smiled as he hummed “Filming others is permitted... but uploading things to almost 1000 scouters that are not scheduled and not approved are not... But keep in mind you know my elite staff are off limits, even to you. If you discover it’s one of them I’ll need them alive... though I don’t care what you do to them before they go into the healing tanks... as long as they come *out* again –or else it will be *your* neck on the line, understand...?”

Zarbon clenched his jaw as his hands balled into fists by his sides. “I understand, and I’ll *try*. Thank you for bringing this to my attention, sire” and giving a stiff bend at the waist, he stalked out of the room -his thoughts turning to how to find the culprit quickly.

Fortunately for Zarbon, he was intelligent and although Cui was far from stupid he’d rushed his plan –and it only took Zarbon reviewing the security footage in the hall way to see Cui entering Dodorias room. Pressing the button on his scouter to get a read on Cui’s current location Zarbon then set off striding down the corridors, his fingers involuntary flexing in anticipation of making the other pay with his blood.

## A Compromise?



Down in the training room Doria was still with his squad who had been joined by Cui, who was ‘comforting’ the other.

“So... are you and the advisor, like, a ‘thing’ now then?” one of his squad asked, to which Doria sighed and shook his head.

“No, we’re not a ‘thing’...”

“I didn’t even know you liked men...” chipped in another.

“I... don’t... it’s just him... I don’t view him as a ‘man’ -he’s just... Zarbon.”

“Are you going to ask him out then? I mean if you like him and that...” asked a third.

Doria hesitated before replying. “...There’s no way he’d want to be associated with me...”

*“Damn right I don’t!!”* Snarled an incredibly angry Zarbon throwing the training room doors open and shooting a ki blast right at Cui’s legs knocking him to the floor.

Dodorias men all jumped up, Dodoria felt a pang of pain in his chest at the others disgust towards being associated with him, but he swallowed his feelings as he jumped to Cui’s defence. *“WHAT is wrong with you?? I know you’re angry but this attitude had GOT to stop –he’s one of our own, even if you don’t like him!!”*

Zarbon positively growled. *“One of our own?! HE was the one which recorded and uploaded all the files to the scouters!!”*

Dodoria paled as he looked in disbelief at his friend who was only now pulling himself up off the floor. *“Cui...? Did you...?”*

Cui sneered. *“You both deserved it!! And how dare you come in here and attack me! King Cold will have your head for this –If I don’t blast it off first!!”*

An eerie sensation came over the room as Zarbon started to chuckle darkly in his deep baritone voice. *“I already have the kings permission to do anything to you... and do you really think you could lay a hit on me? Why don’t you use your scouter to get a read on my power level, Cui...”*

Thinking the flamboyant advisor was calling his bluff, Cui laughed cockily as he decided to play along and activated his scouter –as did the members of Dodorias squad.

As Cui’s laugh trailed off Dodoria looked across to a member of his squadron. *“Well –what it it? What’s his power level?!”*

*“It’s... it’s 21,000... Dodoria sir...”*

Dodoria sweat dropped. *“Impossible! That’s even higher than mine! It must be malfunctioning –try it again!!”*

*“It is 21,000... sir...”* confirmed another member.

All eyes turned to the advisor and Cui –who they knew had a power level of 16,000. Starting to sweat and with his eyes open wide in disbelief Cui started to back up, and Dodoria knowing he was powerless to stop the other in his current rage turned his head and shouted at his squad to evacuate the area, which they quickly did -whilst Dodoria stayed behind to try and make sure Zarbon didn’t kill Cui thus sealing his own fate.

By the time Zarbon’s anger had started to slightly subside Cui was a crippled heap and barely breathing.

Despite being scared of the others power and unpredictability, Dodoria knew he had to step in to disperse the situation –even though he’d have liked to have landed a few blows to Cui himself. There would be another day for that, after all.

Coming up behind Zarbon who was still breathing heavily in anger, Dodoria placed a firm hand on his shoulder. *“That’s enough for now, Zarbon. I know you want him dead, but King*

Cold will take it out on *you* if he loses him. There will be other ways to get back at him, but for now he needs a healing tank, ok?"

Zarbon remained motionless as he tried to regain control of himself –as much as he'd have loved to bust out into his monster form just to see the look on Cui's face he didn't want him alive to tell others what he'd seen –and he certainly didn't want Dodoria to witness it either.

Turning on his heels he exited the training room, leaving Dodoria and Cui's bloodied body. Too disgusted to carry the man who had betrayed his trust and friendship to the med bay, Dodoria summoned the med staff via his scouter and commanded them to come and collect the critical Cui instead.

With 100 feelings flowing through him, Dodoria left the training room and retired to his own room to collect his thoughts about everything that had happened that morning. It was clear to him after what Zarbon had said that he would never see him as anything more than a dirty secret. With a sigh Dodoria ran his hands over his face and head in exasperation as he rescheduled his squads training session for the afternoon.

...

A few hours later as Dodoria was walking down the corridors to his squads practice he passed two saiyans who were stationed on the ship, who of course just relished in the opportunity to rub the generals face in what had happened.

"I still can't believe he'd have anything do to with *you!*" sneered one of them, the other laughing loudly and obnoxiously behind him.

Dodoria made a decision. He didn't like it one bit -but there was no point in both him *and* Zarbon suffering. "Zarbon had nothing to do with it. I slipped him a pill. I was just unlucky someone caught it on their cam!" he shouted over his shoulder after he barged passed them – knowing what he said would spread around the ship like wildfire with the saiyans busy mouths.

After Dodorias squad had finished their session and exited the training room one of them came back in to nervously tell his leader that Zarbon was hovering in the corridor outside, and with a frown Dodoria went out to see what he wanted.

"*Why* does everyone seem to think you drugged me??" he demanded harshly. Dodoria let out a sigh.

"It gets you off the hook, doesn't it? Now no one will know that you willingly slept with me."

Zarbon looked at him shocked, and then shifted his eyes to the floor as he looked guilty. "I... I didn't mean to say what I did earlier... I was angry and was lashing out to try and make someone else feel bad too... and once I said it I couldn't take it back."

Dodoria sighed. "Well it's all said and done now. We can go back to normal." And with that he pushed past the advisor and carried on his way down to the mess hall to pick up some food



to take to his quarters –not wishing to be surrounded by whispers and stares.

It had been almost a week when Dodoria entered his quarters one evening and found Zarbon had let himself in and was sitting on his sofa braiding his hair. A tense silence passed between them as they stared at each other -Dodoria feeling a bit miffed that the other had just waltzed in so freely.

“We need to talk...” started Zarbon, to which Dodoria just went to his kitchen area to make himself a drink instead of answering. Zarbon, annoyed at being ignored, jumped up and followed after him. “Hey! Get back here now -I said we---!”

“NO!” cut off Dodoria, the anger in his voice surprising even himself. “No –you don’t get to appear in here and tell me what to do. What happened was... a mistake... and we *don’t* need to revisit it. Ok?”

Zarbons golden eyes burned bright as he frowned and crossed his arms sassily. “*A mistake?* I am no one’s *mistake!!* You can stand there all you want and say you don’t want anything, but I know you do!!”

“HOW are you always so sure of yourself?! Seriously, I---“

“I don’t want this to just end!” Zarbon suddenly interrupted, shutting Dodoria up.

“...What?”

“Look...” sighed Zarbon sounding almost defeated “... you know I can’t... *do* the whole relationship thing... I just end up feeling tied down and trapped... but I don’t want to just stop what we were doing either...”

Silence followed as Dodoria thought before letting out a sigh. “Zarbon... I can’t just do one night stands. They just... since we did what we did I’ve felt... cheap... used... worthless... I just can’t do it. I’m sorry.”

Zarbon thought as he chewed the inside of his cheek. “What about... what about if we make it a sort of exclusive thing? Would that make you feel better?”

“An... exclusive thing?” echoed Dodoroa uncertainly.

“Yes. So we’re not together as such -but we don’t sleep with anyone else either? Just each other...?”

Dodoria sat down on the sofa with Zarbon and his drink and mulled it over for a while before finally nodding and managing a small smile. “Yes... yes I guess that could work.”

Zarbon beamed and kissed the others cheek, pulling his long legs up onto the sofa as he lent against the other.

...

For weeks all went well -Zarbons unpredictable temper calmed down with his and Dodorias regular wild nights of sex to burn off all his stress and tension, and the other soldiers on the ship were a lot happier without having to live in fear of the unpredictable behaviour from the erratic advisor all of the time. However as time went on Dodorias was becoming less and less happy. He reasoned he should be ecstatic at having the sole attention of such a drop dead gorgeous being, but there was something inside him that was making him feel uneasy, yet he just couldn't figure out what.

Then came an important meeting for the Cold Forces –King Cold wanted to establish a good and very close working relationship with a large planet to use as a station in what was to be a new and very busy trading route.

A date for the important meeting was set and Zarbon, being the Cold Forces main negotiator, was to go and lead the discussion -and as a backup plan Dodorias was drafted in to accompany him should any extra muscle and persuasion be needed.

Never before seeing Zarbon fully in action, Dodorias was a bit surprised at first. For starters he expected Zarbon to wear a suit or something posh and formal, but instead he wore exotic and altogether quite revealing outfits, and amongst his polite but firm negotiations there was a hint of flirting that the advisor used to get the young king of the planet they were visiting seemingly very keen on him.

To celebrate the negotiations, on the last night of their trip they were invited to a large ball – the king eager to show off his riches and wanting to impress King Colds men in order to benefit from the financial gain of working with such a large universal force. Zarbon and Dodorias went along, and Dodorias watched as Zarbon danced with the planets princesses, who were obviously enamoured with Zarbons beauty and grace. Dodorias watched from the sidelines –inwardly smirking as he watched the girls obviously trying to flirt with and impress the advisor –Dodorias knowing with Zarbons sexual preference they stood no chance. But then the young and single king himself cut in, and Dodorias mood soured as he watched the two of them laugh over something as they danced, their bodies getting closer and closer until they were full on pressed up against each other.

Feeling sick with dread and jealousy, Dodorias left the ball room and headed for the small space pod he and Zarbon had travelled in, once inside he sat on the bed and wallowed in self pity. Him and Zarbon were no good for each other. They wanted different things in partners and they wanted different things in relationships. Zarbon wanted someone like the king – someone that could give him riches, titles, privileges... Dodorias was just a stop-off whilst Zarbon waited for something better to come along.

Feeling broken, Dodorias stood up and walked over to the window, looking out at the thousands of stars that glittered amongst the black night sky.

Back at the palace Zarbon was looking out of the ball room window watching the exact same stars as Dodorias -wondering where the other had gone off to. After a long night of dancing and concreting the Cold Forces relations with the planet, Zarbon finally said his farewells to the king and the princesses as he too left the palace and returned to the small space pod. After making sure Dodorias was on board he set a course back to King Colds flag ship and let the

ship autopilot itself as he entered the sleeping quarters and quietly crept into bed next to the sleeping Ddoria -pulling the covers right up to his eye to keep warm.

## All's Well That Ends Well



Several hours later Zarbon and Dodoria were woken by the pods siren signalling that there were going to dock, and as they got up and dressed Dodoria remained strangely quiet as they docked back to the main ship –Dodoria heading off strait away to the mess hall for some breakfast whilst Zarbon headed to King Colds office to deliver his report that the mission had been completely successful.

After being lavished with praise from King Cold and soaking up every ounce of it, Zarbon graciously left the office and headed down to the mess to finally get something to eat himself before going in search of Dodoria to pick his brain over why he'd been acting so weird the last couple of days.

Finally finding the large pink man working out alone in one of the small training rooms, Zarbon silently observed him before Dodoria noticed him and slowly placed his weights back down on the bench.

“What’s up with you then?” teased Zarbon playfully. “Don’t tell me you’re disappointed with how boring my job is?” But as Dodoroas face remained stoic Zarbon frowned. “Hey, what’s up? Did someone back at the palace say something to make you act like this?”

Dodoria finally let out a sigh as he pulled at one of his ears, at a loss of what to do with his hands. ‘‘Look... Zarbon... I can’t do this.’’

Zarbon tipped his head to the side looked puzzled ‘‘Can’t do what?’’

‘‘*This*’’ emphasised Dodoria –the other still not getting what he was on about until Dodoria flicked his eyes upwards briefly and elaborated ‘‘*Us*. You and me. This ‘exclusive’ thing. I can’t do it.’’

‘‘What? Why?’’ asked Zarbon frowning in confusion.

‘‘Because... it’s not enough. I need more from someone. I can’t just keep going along with the physical stuff and cancelling out all of the emotional stuff. I thought I could, but I was wrong. I mean I’m so lucky to have you –I know that, please don’t think for a second that I don’t- but... I’m scared. I’m scared that one day you’ll just turn off your feelings for me - whatever feelings you do have anyway, and go off with someone else. We’re no strings attached... there’s nothing stopping you from just suddenly disappearing off with someone rich or good looking. And I’m petrified. I have feelings for you, I’m not ashamed to admit it –but I know you don’t feel the same way about me. I just... can’t with this anymore.’’ Dodoria closed his eyes ‘‘I’m sorry.’’

Dodoria turned his head away from the completely gob smacked Zarbon. ‘‘S... sorry? You’re *sorry*??’’ he started to seethe ‘‘well I’m sorry too –sorry that I even bothered wasting any time on you! You wouldn’t know a good thing if it slapped you in the face!! You’ll *never* have something as good as me again! So you can shove your sorry right up your fat pink arse!’’ Unrestrained ki crackled around the advisor as he turned and exited the room, leaving Dodoria behind him.

Back in his own quarters Zarbon paced up and down, periodically throwing whatever his hands touched and smashing several mirrors as he ranted out loud to himself. ‘‘Stupid Dodoria! Thinks he can just wash his hands of me like I’m nothing! *Him!* Having the gaol to say *he* doesn’t want to see *me* anymore! Who does he think he is?! To just... break things off with me...’’ Zarbon stopped pacing and looked around his room at all the broken things on the floor, his eye twitching as he felt something strange in it, something... hot? Raising his hand to his eye he frowned as he observed tears on the tips of his fingers, and after a few seconds of silence loud and ugly gulps broke from his mouth as he broke down in tears.

Several hours later Zarbon was laying on his bed, blue blood shot eyes finally registering that it was now dark on the ship. Realising that he’d missed almost the entire day Zarbon groaned, feeling stiff as he pulled himself up and picked up a large shard of broken mirror off the floor –grimacing as he looked at his reflection. Forcing himself up he made his way into the bathroom and washed the black mascara streaks off his cheeks before taking a deep and shuddery breath and putting out a call to Dodoria’s scouter. When the other didn’t answer Zarbon closed his eyes and left a message asking him to come to his quarters as soon as he received the message. Then with a small dustpan and brush he swept the floor and fixed what he could, before finally sitting on his sofa with his head resting in his hands, trying to work out what he was going to do.

It was about half an hour later when Dodoria knocked on the door to the others quarters, and as they slid open Zarbon nodded his head to signal at the other to come in. Dodoria was shocked at the others appearance and frowned at him. "What's up with your eyes?"

Zarbon just loosely gestured to his face. "I don't have any mascara on."

"...oh." Was all Dodoria could think to say, a bit shocked at learning the other even wore make-up. "Why do they look so blue?"

Zarbon's hands balled into fists, feeling humiliated at being seen in such a way with his blue bloodshot eyes from when he'd been crying so hard. Desperate for his humiliation not to start manifesting itself as anger he closed his eyes and walked to the other side of the room for a bit, trying to calm and control his emotions.

Dodoria awkwardly looked at his feet. "I don't really get why you called me here. I'll just go and---"

"No!" shouted Zarbon spinning around "I... I don't want you to go!"

Dodoria paused as his eyes scanned over the other "How do you mean?"

Zarbon sniffed as he crossed the room and grasped Dodoria's large hands in his "I... I can't let you go! I can't let this end!"

Dodoria closed his eyes and sighed as he gave the other's hands a gentle squeeze before trying to let go. "No" he said softly "I've already explained that---"

"Please!!" cut in Zarbon desperately as tears started spilling from his eyes again and cascading down his cheeks. "Please! I... I need you! And... I don't just mean the sex. I need *you!* To wake up next to, to talk to... to just... oh Kami how am I so good with words when talking about *anything* apart from how I feel!! I... don't know how to explain it...." he broke off sobbing and covering his face with his hands.

Dodoria stared wide eyed at the crying and seemingly distraught man in front of him and shifted uncomfortably. "Look, Zarbon, it'll be ok. One day you'll find someone who will make you feel like—"

"No! I don't want 'someone' -I want you! I want you, Dodoria!"

"I'm the *opposite* of what you want, Zarbon" said Dodoria quietly, but Zarbon's eyes shone with determination.

"I was *wrong* about what I wanted! *Please* Dodoria, give us another try? We can be whatever you want us to be!"

Dodoria rubbed his temples, his mental walls starting to crumble down. "I don't want to be your secret."

"You don't need to be! I... I don't mind who knows!" Zarbon bit his bottom lip as his gaze then fell to the floor, his cheeks blushing blue as he loosely cupped Dodoria's elbows in his

hands. ‘Please... Dodoria... I could be your boyfriend...? Like officially? We can tell anyone... everyone, just... please?’

Dodoria closed his eyes and thought. Apart from him not being what Zarbon wanted –Zarbon was pretty far from what he’d always thought he wanted too. His dream of settling down in a little cottage and doing gardening with a calm and gentle easygoing woman at his side was as far away as possible from the brash, emotionally charged (and challenged) prima-donna diva that was Zarbon. The thought of the cyan man doing gardening was enough for him to let out an amused snort.

‘What’s so funny?!’ challenged Zarbon feeling humiliated as his eyes narrowed and his fists clenched.

Dodoria shook his head, a small amused smile still on his lips. ‘What about what you and a rich, handsome noble man? Whatever happened to that idea?’

Realising the large pink man wasn’t just outright leaving, Zarbon shrugged and tried to wipe his tears off on one of his lilac sleeves. ‘Well... I guess I’m rich enough to have what I want... and I already have quite a few titles... so I guess I don’t need any one else’s help with those parts after all... so with you being so handsome we’ve got all the bases covered!’ he exclaimed daring to try a smile as Dodoria gave out another amused snort at Zarbons argument. ‘But I guess... I could maybe try and be your little house wife...?’

Dodoria paused and looked over the other man. If he could, would he even really want to lock his beauty away from the universe, hidden away on some dismal planet somewhere? Or would he prefer to be out with him, on the battlefields, fighting side by side, the adrenaline rushing through both of them...

‘No.’ He finally sighed ‘You’ll never be my little house wife.’

Finally, excepting defeat, Zarbon closed his eyes as more hot tears ran down his cheeks. But he didn’t shout, didn’t try to reason or argue with him, didn’t even try to strike him in anger as he’d done before. He just nodded his head slowly, moving aside so the other could leave.

Dodoria looked him over. ‘I want you to be you.’

Zarbon raised his head slightly looking confused, trying to blink away the now stinging tears so he could see more clearly. Dodoria took a step closer to him and gently took his hands in his. ‘And I want you to be mine.’

Zarbons golden eyes widened as his mouth fell open slightly, hardly daring to take in what he thought he was hearing. ‘You... mean...?’

Dodoria smiled and nodded. ‘I do. We can try again. Partners.’

Zarbon positively beamed and did a little jump whilst giving out a little squeal, throwing his arms around the very wide man. ‘Oh thank you Dodo!! We’ll smash this –we’ll be the best couple anyone ever did see!’

Laughing and shaking his head at the others very uncharacteristic show of enthusiasm, Dodoria met cyan lips with his deep purple ones, both of them holding still as they lost themselves in their kiss for several minutes.

Parting, Dodoria smiled sadly at the state the usually pristine man in front of him was in. ‘‘Come on, run a hot bath and wash your hair, it’ll make you feel better. Then once your done I’ll brush out your hair and you can teach me how to braid it, yeh?’’

Zarbons eyes sparkled as his heart positively burst out of his chest. Closing the gap between them again Zarbon captured the others lips in another kiss, unable to keep the smile off his face as their lips moved together. With a quiet sigh, they pulled apart only slightly, their lips still only millimetres away from each others. ‘‘Boyfriends...’’ smiled Zarbon, his lips brushing against the others as he spoke.

Dodorias plump lips also pulled into a a smile, the words so foreign, so... not him, yet still so right somehow. ‘‘Boyfriends’’ he echoed back in confirmation, his large arms slipping around the other mans slender waist, holding him ever so tenderly as their lips met again.



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