

Not Worth It (DBZ)

Eighteen spotted the dome shaped building known as the headquarters of the Capsule Corporation drawing closer and slowed herself to a stop over the expansive lawn that stretched out in front of the Brief's residence. The blond began to slowly descend from the sky until she landed on the sidewalk leading up to Bulma's front door. 'This better not be some elaborate joke' Eighteen thought as she walked over to the door. She couldn't help but think about the proposition Bulma had offered her over the phone and how ludicrous it was as she pressed the doorbell and waited. All she had to do was test out one of the blue haired woman's inventions and, upon completion of the testing, she would be paid almost a million more Zeni than the world Martial Arts Tournament paid out for first place!

Bulma heard the sound of the doorbell ringing from her living room and stood up with a smile on her face. 'That must be Eighteen. Took her long enough to get here.' The world's smartest woman thought as she made her way over to the door. With no delay she opened the door to greet a stone faced Eighteen. "Hi, Eighteen. Are you ready to test out my latest invention?"

"That depends...." Eighteen narrowed her icy blue eyes at Bulma "What kind of invention are you talking about?"

"I couldn't exactly tell you what it is you'll be testing over the phone. You never know who might be listening in on us," Bulma replied to a slightly annoyed Eighteen before quickly adding, "Corporate espionage is always a very real concern for my company, but now that you're here, I think it would be easier to simply show you what I've been working on."

"Alright, lead the way." The blond replied coolly.

The blue haired scientist led her friend through her home and into the backyard until they were facing one of the many domes which towered over the rest of the complex. Bulma turned to face Eighteen as she typed in the code to grant them both entry into the laboratory. "I want you to keep an open mind about this and, if you don't want to help me out after seeing what I want you to test, I understand completely."

Eighteen cocked an eyebrow, but remained silent as the hermetically sealed door opened and Bulma stepped through the door. Needless to say, the air of secrecy and the awkward way that the normally confident scientist carried herself was making Eighteen wonder what exactly was contained within the dome. She followed Bulma into the building and immediately noticed a

strange sight in front of her; in the center of the room was a sealed glass room that had been designed to look like a replica of a baby's nursery. However, that wasn't what made it a strange sight. From what the blond could see, this nursery looked like it was built for an adult.

"Ummm, what am I looking at?" The blond wondered aloud.

"What you're looking at is going to revolutionize childcare and make being a mom so much easier!" Bulma proclaimed with a flourish of her arm. "Simply put, this is an automated nursery system that does everything a mother like us is expected to do, but without us ever having to get up off of the couch."

"That sounds nice and all, but what exactly am I supposed to do? Sit on a couch while it changes some brat's dirty diaper?" The blond scoffed.

Bulma paused, trying to think of the most delicate way to explain to her friend exactly what she wanted her to do. "Well, that's the thing. I can't exactly test this thing out on someone's baby and I kind of need an adult to give me feedback so I can-

"You know, when I said I would test out your invention, this isn't exactly what I had in mind." Eighteen replied in an annoyed tone, interrupting Bulma's explanation.

Bulma laughed weakly, then wished she hadn't when she saw Eighteen's scowling face. "Where else are you going to make twelve million Zeni for laying around for an afternoon?"

"Double it and I'll do it." The blond stated in a neutral tone.

"I'll give you twenty million and not a Zeni more." Bulma countered.

The blond fighter stood there for a moment, contemplating if her pride was really worth twenty million zeni, but ultimately she realized that it was only an afternoon of humiliation. She could endure a few hours of being burped by some crazy invention if it meant getting paid twice the amount of the prize money that she would normally win after placing first in the World's Martial Arts Tournament.

"Fine."

"Excellent!" Bulma chirped. "Just step inside the room and do not, under any circumstances, damage the machine or you'll forfeit all of your earnings."

Eighteen walked over to the large cube of glass and stood in front of a see through door. "What do I do now?" The world's strongest woman asked while looking over her shoulder at Bulma.

The blue haired scientist had since stepped behind a control panel and was in the process of initiating the invention. "Oh, you're doing just fine." Bulma replied as she typed away on her computer.

"Okay." Eighteen muttered to herself as she turned around just in time to see two large gloved hands coming at her through the now opened door.

"Holy crap!" The blond shouted as the twin mechanical arms grabbed her and pulled her past the glass walls that separated the laboratory from the infantile enclosure.

"Just stay calm, Eighteen. You have nothing to worry about." Bulma's voice came through an unseen speaker from within the nursery.

The blond took a deep breath and looked around at her surroundings as she was carried through the air by the hands. She noticed that the furniture wasn't the only thing that was upsized to fit an adult. A plethora of toys were modified and enlarged to be played with by whoever was testing out the nursery. It was at that moment that the fierce fighter realized that she was going to be the one playing with the toys if she wanted to get paid.

Without warning a half dozen arms came from the ceiling and started untying her shoes. Eighteen's moment of contemplation was shattered when the gloved hands finished removing her shoes and started yanking at her jeans while simultaneously tugging at her lavender and dark blue top until she was stripped of her clothing. "What the hell is this thing doing to me, Bulma?!" The pissed off blond shouted, practically naked save for her bra and panties.

"Eighteen, how are you going to test out the automated nursery if you're not properly dressed?" The blue haired scientist asked through the intercom.

Eighteen shrieked as the gloved hands eagerly ripped her black lace bra in two causing her soft, bulbous breasts to spill out into the open. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted another hand pulling out something from underneath the oversized changing table. From what Eighteen could see it was a thick, white diaper that had a dark green landing strip that covered the top of the ridiculously large hour glass of plastic.

"You've got to be joking." Eighteen muttered to herself.

Bulma didn't acknowledge her comment and continued to monitor her invention while the hands maneuvered the blond woman until the machine had her laid onto the changing table. The arms quickly lifted Eighteen's ass up from the changing table as the strongest woman in the world tried to ignore what was happening to her.

A crackle and crinkling sound could be heard coming from beneath her perfectly toned bottom as the machine lowered her down onto the spread out diaper. The stoic defender of Earth laid there and allowed the machine to coat her bald cunt with a healthy layer of diaper cream before another hand dusted her with baby powder. With zero fanfare or remarks from Bulma, Eighteen felt her crotch and bottom sealed within the confines of the cushy crinkling shell of the enormous replica of a baby diaper as the gloved hands finished taping her into the enormous replica of a baby diaper.

All things considered, Eighteen was at least pleased that she was very quickly powdered and diapered. The thought of her being put through such a degrading experience for even a minute longer would've truly tested her patience. Now that the hands were leaving her alone she took a moment to sit up and see just what her new underwear felt like. The first thing she noticed was the sheer bulk of the diaper that forced her thighs apart. So much as a shiver caused the diaper to respond with a loud crinkle that was accompanied by the sickeningly sweet smell of baby powder as a puff of the familiar fragrance escaped from the top of her diaper and hit her in the face. She knew that smell well and couldn't help but blush as she realized that she was wearing a diaper just like her own daughter.

While Eighteen was sitting up on the changing table, Bulma was taking notes about the performance of her invention. It had only taken the metallic tentacles a few minutes to strip Eighteen and diaper her which was a fact that impressed Bulma immensely. If the machine could change a diaper faster than a mother then what else could it do better than a mom? 'Let's see if it can handle an adult sized baby throwing a temper tantrum.' Bulma smirked at the ridiculous thought.

'This might be the most degrading thing I've ever done for money, but I need to think about Marron and Krillin. A few million Zeni will go a long way.' Eighteen told herself as she allowed the mechanical hands to pick her up and move her onto the floor of the nursery. She had to just endure a few hours surrounded by toys and giant baby furniture. Hell, she had survived Cell and Buu, this couldn't be anywhere near as bad!

"Alright, to start things off I want you to throw some of the toys around like you're throwing a tantrum." Bulma explained.

Eighteen stared at Bulma through the panel with a raised eyebrow. "Seriously?"

"I can't ship it without knowing if it will follow my program or not. So, I need to see how the computer will react to an angry child." Bulma answered in a no nonsense tone.

"All I have to do is throw some toys around?" Eighteen asked while lifting up a comically sized baby blue rattle. "I don't have to cry or anything stupid like that?"

"Crying or shouting wouldn't hurt, but I don't expect you to do that. Just give that rattle a nice soft toss and then throw that stuffed dragon next to you."

The diapered blond sighed. "Fine."

As much as she wanted to hurl the plastic sphere on a stick at the see through partition with all of her strength, Eighteen reigned in her power and threw the rattle into the air over her shoulder like an unruly child. Upon hearing the beads bounce against the interior of the rattle when it hit the ground, Eighteen scooped up the stuffed toy next to her and flung it into the air. She then grabbed the closet toy she could find, which was a pair of plastic keys, and threw it at the wall in front of her. Unlike the average tantrum throwing baby she was getting paid to imitate, she didn't kick her legs or cry out in anger like a petulant brat while throwing her toys.

Much to her surprise, a lone mechanical hand went for the plastic keys as they sailed through the air and effortlessly caught them. Eighteen watched as the hand brought the oversized keys over to where she sat and started to jingle them in front of her face.

"Seriously?" The diapered blond muttered to herself as the robotic hand tried to soothe her.

"You're doing fine, Eighteen. Try batting at the keys to show the computer that you're interested in the toy." The blue haired scientist ordered.

"Twenty million Zeni." The strongest female fighter in the world could be heard grumbling to herself as she reached out with her right hand and half heartedly started batting at the plastic keys.

Bulma was trying not to laugh as her invention kept jerking the keys away from Eighteen, holding them just out of the blond's reach every time the blond attempted to grab at the toy. It was getting so hard to suppress her laughter that Bulma had to look down at her computer screen and watch the data that was being documented in real time. From what she could see, everything was going perfectly and the computer was following her programming to a tee. However, the next test would be one of the most important tests she would be running today; how well her newest invention could handle feeding a baby.

"Hold still you stupid piece of junk!" The blond growled as she kept trying to smack the dangling keys.

"Alright, Eighteen. That's enough." Bulma announced through her microphone while suppressing a chuckle.

The blond immediately stopped swinging at the oversized set of keys above her when she heard Bulma's voice through the intercom. A hot blush spread across her face as she lowered her hand. Eighteen couldn't believe that she let herself get carried away with trying to hit a pair of toy keys like that.

"What's next?" Eighteen asked, trying to take her mind off of her humiliating display.

"How does lunch sound?" Bulma offered.

"That sounds pretty good, but isn't it a bit early? I've only been here about ten minutes." Eighteen wondered aloud as she stood up from the floor, but as soon as she got to her feet a

pair of mechanical hands reached down from above and picked her up from underneath her armpits, pulling her back into the air.

The diapered fighter was about to ask what was going on when she figured out that it was probably a part of the nursery's programming to assist her as long as she remained within the room. Plus, if she was going to have lunch with Bulma then she would need to be dressed since there was no way in hell she would be walking around in just a diaper. Eighteen's enthusiasm for lunch immediately soured upon seeing the giant highchair which awaited her.

"This is your idea of lunch?" The diapered blond asked sarcastically as she was lowered into the infantile chair.

"It's a free meal, isn't it?" Bulma countered with a smirk.

Eighteen sat scowling as the mechanical hands lowered the tray table past her face until it locked into place just above her diaper. With nothing better to do, Eighteen sat there staring down at the plastic tray, waiting for her meal. The hands brought over a large bowl and placed it onto the tray just underneath her breasts.

"I'm not eating this slop." Eighteen stated in an annoyed tone.

"Oh, don't be like that." Bulma chastised her diapered friend. "It's just some pureed vegetables."

"Look, you know that I don't even need to eat so why would I eat this crap?" The blond android asked bluntly.

"Because I need to test the machine and the longer we argue about this, the longer you have to sit around in a diaper not getting paid."

"Alright, you have a point." As soon as she said this, she saw one of the mechanical hands dip a spoon into the green bowl of goop and scoop up a large spoonful of the unknown pureed vegetables.

"Open wide for the Capsule Corp choo-choo train." Bulma couldn't help but sing in a babyish

tone as the machine brought the full spoon towards Eighteen's mouth.

"You're getting off on this aren't you?" The diaper wearing blond asked as the spoon hovered in front of her face.

"I'm just trying to have some fun." Bulma replied, defending herself. "It's not my fault you're a big, grumpy baby."

Eighteen rolled her eyes and opened her mouth. She knew it was going to be a long day, but if the most embarrassing thing she had to do was have her meal shoveled into her mouth, like a baby, then she would endure it. After all, being forced to eat baby food was a small price to pay to earn twenty million Zeni.

As soon as the food hit her tongue, Eighteen's eyes widened and her face screwed up in disgust. "What the hell is in this?!" Eighteen exclaimed after spitting the offensive food from her mouth.

"Just cabbage, prunes, beets and a few different fruits for sweetness." Bulma listed off the ingredients before stopping. "Why? What's it taste like?"

"It tastes like it has oil in it." Eighteen frowned.

"Hey! That's my mother's secret baby food recipe!" Bulma barked while a vein started throbbing on her forehead.

"It's not my fault your mom made something that tastes like it came from an oil refinery." Eighteen stated dryly.

"You would know what that tastes like, wouldn't you?" The older woman shot back.

Eighteen scowled, but kept her emotions in check. Just because she was wearing a diaper and sitting in a giant highchair didn't mean she was going to allow herself to sink to Bulma's childish level. "Can I get something different to eat?"

"The only other thing I have is a bottle of baby formula." Bulma smirked.

"Yeah, I'm not doing that." Eighteen sighed. "I'll just finish this slop."

No response came through the intercom other, but the robotic hand did begin to move. It scooped up another big spoonful of the thick, green mush and lifted the offensive tasting baby food up to Eighteen's mouth.

"Twenty million-"

The mechanical hand didn't wait for Eighteen to finish talking to shove the full spoon right into her open mouth. The blond gagged and instinctively tried to spit out the foul flavored food, but she found a lone gloved finger pressed against her mouth, forcing it to stay closed. With no other option, she was forced to swallow the thick mush. The machine waited patiently for Eighteen to open her mouth and continued to feed her the awful tasting muck while Bulma was openly laughing.

Eighteen couldn't tolerate this indignity anymore. As soon as the mechanical hand scooped up another big spoonful of the thick slop and brought it in front of her face, she reached out and grabbed the hand that was trying to push the spoon into her mouth. With a fraction of her power she held the hand in place, preventing it from feeding her.

"Hey!" Bulma cried out in surprise. "What are you doing to my machine?!"

"I know I agreed to test this thing, but my self respect is only worth so much. You better turn off your toy and let me out of here or I'll blow up this crazy contraption along with everything inside this entire dome." Eighteen warned her friend.

"Take it easy, Eighteen. I'll turn it off. Just don't harm the machine." Bulma kept an eye on Eighteen as her hand hovered over a button she had purposely designed for just such an emergency. Needless to say, she was a bit hesitant about using such a drastic measure, but she needing to finish testing the machine.

As Bulma pressed the button that released a fine mist into the nursery, she told herself that it

was okay, that Eighteen had deserved it by threatening her latest invention. It wouldn't hurt her, at least, it wouldn't if the machine was perfectly programmed to prevent Eighteen from falling down if she tried to stand or doing something to herself while she was under the effects of the chemical slowly being pumped into the room. It was a simple combination of mentally altering compounds which she had originally invented to help the city's police force subdue criminals. However, they had stopped using it due to all the messy accidents that happened after the criminal was apprehended which was an unfortunate but unavoidable side effect. A side effect that Bulma was ultimately grateful for since she wouldn't have to wait for the laxatives that she had spiked Eighteen's baby food with to kick in.

Out of the corner of her eye Eighteen noticed a thick fog spreading all around her. It was too late to move and she started to fear that she had already breathed in whatever was in the air. 'Why is Bulma doin-' It was getting harder to think as her thoughts grew hazy. Time seemed to gradually slow as her body felt heavy and sluggish. It took all of her remaining strength to hold the mechanical arm in place, but with each passing second the arm was able to push back against her as the pink mist that she had swallowed consumed her mind.

Her mind and body seemed foreign to her as her conscious thoughts were buried deep below her base instincts. She struggled to focus on everything that was happening around her as her hand finally released the hard metallic tendril which ended in a silly glove. The glove was holding a spoon she noticed, but she no longer knew what a spoon was. Eighteen simply allowed the gloved hand to push the spoon past her lips and accepted the thick goop.

"Ackkk!" The diapered blond exclaimed as she started spitting up putrid slop.

'Great. Eighteen hates it just as much as she did before she was regressed.'" Bulma fumed before realizing that this was actually a positive development.

While Bulma licked her lips, eager to see what her machine would do with a truly unruly baby, the diapered blond was absolutely livid. Try as the machine might it couldn't sooth Eighteen who was in full blown tantrum mode. The plastic toy keys which the hand dangled in front of her were easily smacked from the gloved hand's grasp as the mentally reduced woman screamed. Bulma almost started to panic when Eighteen began kicking her bare feet against the footrest of the highchair, but amazingly enough; nothing happened. The plastic chair didn't break into a million pieces nor did it so much as crack. Bulma found herself staring at the strongest woman in the universe pounding her fists against the highchair's tray as she threw yet another tantrum.

'Alright, at least she doesn't have her super strength or speed, but I can't get any valuable data

with her screaming her head off.' Bulma stood there, trying to think of a solution that would calm Eighteen down while the mechanical hands scooped up the bawling blond and laid her onto the floor.

"WAAHHH!" The diapered mother cried as the gloved hands tried to tickle her to make her giggle.

"Does baby want her milk?" Bulma cooed into the intercom, doing her best to turn on her maternal charm.

The screeching adult baby slowly blinked, looking around for the source of the voice as her temper tantrum petered out. She held her arms and legs still while her ever present diaper cradled her bottom. Still, despite that one small comfort, she couldn't locate the owner of the nice sounding voice. She didn't know where the nice lady was or why her eyes were wet or why her throat hurt, but she did know that she was angry; she felt an intense rage well up inside of her due to failing to find the nice lady who talked to her. Eighteen started to kick her legs when she spotted her feet.

"Gaa goo!"

A happy squeal escaped from the diapered blond's mouth as she lifted her leg up with her hands and forced her toes into her mouth. Bulma looked up from her computer screen to see what was happening and noticed that her friend was busy playing with her feet. 'Not only is she on the same mental level as an infant, but she looks a lot more limber than she was before.'

"That's not very sanitary, Eighteen." Bulma smirked as she ordered the computer to administer the baby bottle to the toe sucking blond.

The cross eyed toe muncher pulled her foot away from her mouth as she spotted the gloved hands coming towards her with something, something she recognized immediately.

"Bah bah!" The drooling fighter exclaimed in glee while waving her arms wildly in the air.

"Here's your milk, baby." Bulma cooed.

A large baby bottle full of milk was presented to the slobbering diapered blond who grabbed for it right away. However, due to her poor hand eye coordination, she immediately dropped it onto her breasts. The gloved hands effortlessly picked up the bottle and tried to help Eighteen hold it by getting her to grab it with both hands, but she was having far too much trouble holding it. After dropping the bottle for a second time, the hands gave up on trying to allow her to feed herself and pushed the rubber nipple into her mouth. As soon as the nipple entered Eighteen's mouth she eagerly began to suckle from the big baby bottle. The milk was cold and sweet, cooling her sore throat which only made her suck harder on the nipple.

'Not bad. The computer knew exactly what to do when the baby was unable to feed herself.' Bulma noted with a smile. Not only was her invention able to handle a big baby, but it was actively problem solving as it spent more time with Eighteen.

Eighteen was so content to lay back and let the robotic hands bottle feed her that she failed to notice that there was something wet dripping down her chin onto her breasts. She absent mindedly reached up with her hands and started to feel the warm liquid on her chest. In the back of her mind, she knew that she was drooling uncontrollably; the spittle coating her chin and chest were evidence enough of this fact, but the poor mother had to really concentrate to even comprehend what was happening. Before she could even think of closing her mouth completely, she started sucking air from the bottle.

"Uh-oh, looks like the baby finished her big baba." Bulma announced over her intercom while the gloved hands started wiping the milk infused saliva from her face and breasts.

"Hmmm," Bulma looked over the scene from her control panel. Eighteen was full and content, but she still seemed too mentally drained to do anything that would aid in Bulma's tests. In fact, the blue haired scientist wondered if her friend was even capable of crawling since the formerly fierce fighter seemed to struggle with holding a bottle. What if she had trouble doing anything other than laying on her back? What if all Eighteen was capable of doing was tummy time? These thoughts bothered Bulma until she realized that she could see what the computer would do while Eighteen didn't need care; She had set up a baby jumper just in case her testing had progressed to this point after all.

"Alrighty, baby. Mommy thinks you need some exercise. Can you bounce around in your jumper for a little while?" Bulma asked, not expecting a response.

Eighteen seemed more than happy to help as she started laughing when the gloved hands scooped her off of the ground and carried her over to an adult-sized version of a baby jumper. The stretchy fabric was suspended from the roof of the mock nursery with elastic cords which Bulma had designed to support twice the amount her friend weighed. A bright eyed smile spread across Eighteen's face as her thick disposable diaper bunched up against her shaved pussy. The bulk felt nice and cushioned her crotch as she dangled in the giant chair, looking around the room with an air of babyish wonder with her adorable smile. Suddenly, she felt a pair of hands grab both sides of the jumper and pull her towards the ground. She was able to plant her bare feet across the floor before the by hands let go of her, slingshotting her into the air.

A wild stream of giggles flowed out of Eighteen's mouth as she started bouncing around. After a few bounces, the baby bouncer came to a stop which brought a frown to the diapered mother's face. She fidgeted in place, yanking on the elastic bands before she started bending her legs in an attempt to imitate the rhythmic bouncing of the jumper. Without any idea of what she was doing the diapered blond pushed down with her body and accidentally propelled herself into the air once again. She released a childish squeal as her feet left the ground. She would then land on the floor, prompting her infantile mind to push up against the carpet repeating the move that originally sent her into a bouncing motion.

Bulma watched this go on for a few minutes before she started to watch her invention get to work. While Eighteen had been learning to bounce in her baby bouncer, the gloved hands had been busy cleaning up all of the baby food Eighteen had spat out. This development was not entirely unexpected; Bulma had programmed it to clean up whenever the baby was napping, but she didn't expect the computer to use its freetime so productively while the baby was still awake. As the hands started to clean the room of stray toys scattered on the floor, Bulma turned her attention back towards Eighteen who was still bouncing around like a happy little baby. Unlike a baby, Eighteen was topless and her bountiful breasts were swaying wildly as she bounced around in her jumper.

'There's no way that doesn't hurt.' Bulma thought to herself as she cupped her breasts through her bra and blouse, grateful for the support.

While Bulma was worrying about Eighteen's swinging C cups, the bouncing blond was starting to slow down. The once smiling and giggling woman was starting to yawn. It looked like she had used up all of her energy.

"Maybe it's time for a nap?" Bulma thought aloud as she noticed that Eighteen was now leaning back in the adult sized baby jumper.

If Eighteen didn't want a nap, she definitely didn't make it known. The tuckered out warrior allowed the gloved hands to lift her out of the giant jumper and bring her over to an enormous crib. She was plopped down onto her diapered bottom, but underneath the pillow cradling her ass was an equally soft and comfortable mattress.

However, before the gloved hands could lay Eighteen down for a nap, the adult sized baby stood up on shaking, uncoordinated legs as she grabbed the top of the crib's railing to steady herself. This new development made Bulma look up from her computer screen in confusion before she grew concerned by the strained face Eighteen was making.

"Oh, shit." Bulma swore to herself as she realized just what Eighteen was about to do. "I completely forgot that I double dosed her food and bottle with laxatives!"

The dimwitted diapered blond felt a strong tremor rock her abdomen as an involuntary, muffled fart echoed in the nursery. She had been forcing her body to push the painful feeling out of her stomach when a sudden warmth erupted into the seat of her diaper. By the time she finished pooping Eighteen was starting to slowly come out of her dazed stupor. However, what had started off as a gradual realization of the names of everything around her blossomed into the knowledge that she was crouching in a crib with a very dirty diaper strapped against her ass.

It was as if a light switch has been flicked on. One moment, the diapered mother couldn't name anything or comprehend what she was doing. The next moment everything had a name and a purpose as an intelligent glimmer returned to her eyes.

"Wha- what happened?" Eighteen asked, obviously confused by the fact she was crouching in a giant crib in an absolutely defiled diaper.

"I think you pooped yourself." Bulma replied, as she took in Eighteen's shocked expression, trying not to mention the obvious bloated diaper hanging from the Android's hips.

Eighteen's face burned with shame as she straightened up from her crouched position on her knees, determined not to press the inside of the disgusting diaper against her skin even though her mess was already all over her ass and crotch. The damn thing was beyond dirty; it was also drenched and weighed a ton! She could feel the weight of her large load causing her diaper to sag past her knees. Her milky pink nipples were standing at attention due to cool air coming in from the open door of the nursery where Bulma stood, staring at her with an awkward smile.

"Well, I must admit that you earned your pay. Would you like to test out the changing and bathing options? Bulma asked before adding, "I'll throw in an extra million Zeni."

The End?

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