

# Monkey Love!

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*A tale of courtship*

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**Chapter 1 - First and Last**

**2**

## 1 - First and Last

Boulders as big as houses shattered when a blast of *chi* smashed into them, incinerating the ground around them just as two booted feet kicked off into the air. Following up his initial blast, Burdock, tensing his body, threw forward his hands so fast they blurred.

*Chi* rained down, obliterating all it touched in a rain of Saiyan power. Grass burned, mud cooked, rock split and cracked. Only his opponent, a Saiyan female who dodged and feinted, trying to manoeuvre herself into position to attack, remained untouched.

Burdock paused momentarily to turn as she made a dash right underneath him. Seizing her opportunity she braced against a large group of boulder and pushed off into the air, jiggling between a new hail of deadly blasts that baked the air around her.

Celipa threw a punch at him and he blocked, holding her white-gloved fist in his bare hand. Growling at one another, bleeding and bruised from their fight, they wrestled, grasping their free hands together to test their strength. Of course Burdock was the more powerful and within seconds she felt her knees and spine buckling under his grip.

Grinding his teeth Burdock pushed harder, sweat running down his face, tickling his scar, and saw her rear her head back in pain. Sensing victory he marshalled his strength and leaned forward, only for her to bring her head into sharp, sudden contact with his.

Surprised, Burdock floated back. Celipa wasted no time and charged him, gripping her hands together to smack him squarely across the back of his head. The hit threw him down and she followed immediately, using an angled rock as a springboard to rush him.

Veteran of a hundred worlds, Burdock was ready for her, ignoring the flow of hot blood that stung his left eye. As she attacked he blocked, now and then grunting as her fist connected, once splitting his lip, or as he sliced through her defence, at one point eliciting an audible crack from her jaw. Both were tired and they knew it, victory would come to the one with the greater reserves of willpower and stamina, and

as lactic acid began to burn in their muscles they dived for one another, powerful fingers flexing round each other's throats.

Wrestling there, choking one another, they glared into mirrored obsidian eyes. Burdock broke the contact, swinging her by the neck into a stack of rock beside them. It shattered under her back as he pushed her into it, urging more and more of his failing strength into defeating her. Ignoring the pain of sharp rock slicing into the skin of her back she concentrated on pummelling his stomach and chest, surely breaking bone.

Finally the pain overwhelmed him and they broke apart, Burdock leaping back a pace or two. They glared at one another, wills locked, tails curling, hands flexing, breaths coming in short, shallow gasps. Celipa, shorter than he by a hand or so, was bleeding from her shoulder. By the set of her jaw it was obviously dislocated, possibly broken. Proving it the former, she set it quickly, grimacing at the pain. Burdock bled from beneath his bandana, one eye closed against the stinging torrent, and by the way he favoured his right side she could tell she had indeed snapped at least one rib.

Their breaths gathered between them, hot clouds that dissipated quickly in the cold air.

Then they were together, their mouths locked, tongues hungrily lapping together, hands on one another, running over slim, soft skin and hard, sculpted muscle. Armour came away, the clasps undone expertly, and following it went their tight undersuits. Lost in the heat of passion and the adrenaline high of combat they fell, not caring that the mud they rolled in proved to be scalding hot.

Surrounded by the smoke and debris of their courtship, Burdock and Celipa consummated their feelings for one another, in the way that only Saiyans were known to do.