

No Matter Where You Go, There You Are

by debbiechan

Disclaimer: I don't own DBZ. Goku is as free as a bird, and I can't see anyone owning him.

Warnings: None really, except that this fic contains a scene of Goku having explicit sex with his wife.

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Heaven missed Goku.

If ever there had been a spirit who brightened that already bright realm, Goku was the one. And no one missed the Saiyan more than the portly blue spirit sitting in the empty bleachers in Heaven's stadium. There hadn't been a decent tournament here since Goku returned to Life.

Craving entertainment, the blue spirit wiggled his antennae and scanned the universe: *Nothing...nothing...an old star coughing up the last of its stellar wind...nothing...nothing...oh there! An amphibian trapeze act...oh, never mind....*

North Kai aimed his antennae towards a swirly far arm of the Milky Way, and the presence of the strongest being in the universe rang loud and clear.

Son Goku was walking naked alongside a Mount Paozu stream. The sight of so much exposed skin startled North Kai, because Goku as an angel had worn the spiritual emanation of the same loose-fitting orange *gi* year in and year out. Nudity seemed to suit the warrior better, though. North Kai smiled as his supernatural senses received the pastoral vision of Goku, pink as a newborn in places but mostly light tan all over, ambling along a spring-green path with a giant fish slung over his shoulder.

The Earth warrior looked human enough, but a closer look would confirm that he wasn't. There wasn't a hair on the whole body except for the head. Two faint eyebrows topped two deep brown eyes, but the rest of the hair was a black nest of spikes that defied Earth's gravity in every direction. The man's musculature wasn't human either--Goku looked like an Olympian athlete, but his form was drawn without a single flaw. Each body part slid into the next. Nothing jiggled or wrinkled or puckered anywhere.

Yes, it was a body the gods envied. That's why the gods had let Goku keep it both times he'd been dead so far.

Goku walked for miles along the green path (evidently for the scenery alone since he could fly or teleport to any destination in the blink of an eye) until he came upon a spot of bright orange near a waterfall. Then he hopped onto a fair-sized boulder jutting from the stream bank, lay down the fish, and began to put on his orange pants and shirt.

North Kai continued to watch, not wanting to disrupt the warrior's happy solitude, and then, just as Goku was about to put on his soft blue boots, something odd happened.

Goku hesitated.

It was as if the waterfall itself had hesitated mid-flow. Goku froze just as his toe was entering the boot, and his buoyant, upside-down *u* eyebrows lowered a tiny bit. Something like dread seemed to pass across the face of the universe's strongest. Then the act of sliding the boot on resumed, and the warrior's face was as untroubled as before.

The second boot went on, and that's when the warrior's face darkened again.

North Kai was sure of it this time. Goku's chin dropped to his chest, and his shoulders slumped. A breeze blew through his spikey hair and blousy clothes, and the warrior sat on the rock transfixed in melancholy.

"Son Goku!" The blue spirit shot his voice across time and space and other mysterious dimensions. "Goku, my friend!"

"Kaio-sama!" Goku's face brightened instantly. "What's up? Is the universe in danger again?"

"Nothing's wrong on this end, Goku. I was concerned because, for a moment there, you looked so sad. But you look alright now."

Goku's smile dimmed. "You mean there's no one for me to fight?"

North Kai laughed. "Not unless you're going home to your wife soon!"

Goku smiled only half-heartedly, and North Kai knew: *He really doesn't want to go home!*

"How long has it been since you've been alive again? Not quite a full month in Earth time, I think. The honeymoon's over, old friend." North Kai was chuckling. "I suspect wives make demands that try the souls of all free spirits, eh?"

"Demands?" Goku's high-pitched, boyish voice seemed to linger sadly on the word.

Uh oh. North Kai knew now that something serious was up with his good friend. Goku understood the meaning of the word "demands," alright. Here was a man who always answered every call and obligation put before him. He was a hero in every sense of the

word, and nobody didn't love Goku. Maybe the free spirit needed a little more elbow room because the planet Earth was just too small to hold his immense good heart?

Maybe, the North Kai thought, what Goku needed was an offer from a supernatural being to come take a little visit to the Other Realm? A sparring holiday? See Pikon and some of the other strong dead boys and maybe get together for, say... *a tournament?*

North Kai was about to speak when Goku sighed, a deep heaving sigh that rustled the leaves of a nearby tree. "I don't know, Kaiosama." Goku scratched the back of his head and smiled a smile that puzzled North Kai even further. "Chi Chi doesn't really make any demands anymore. It's weird. It's like she's another person."

Chi Chi? The little Ox-princess with the bossy attitude? "What do you mean, Goku? How is she different?"

Goku opened his mouth but no words came out. Goodness, this was strange. The warrior who never hesitated seemed like he was afraid to divulge a secret.

"She was happy to see you alive again, right? Cooking all your favorite meals for you and drawing your bathwater, right?"

"Yeeees, but..."

"It's just happiness, Goku. It makes women act downright unnatural sometimes, I've heard. Earth women in particular. From what I've observed of your planet--"

"Hey Kaiosama! Do you know anything about hanky panky?" Goku's face was suddenly earnest and excited, and the glow in his eyes was brighter than when it had reflected light from his angel halo. "Roshi calls it that, but Chi Chi and Bulma always called it *lovemaking*. Maybe that's a girls' word. Anyway, you know what I'm talking about? That thing that married people do to make babies happen?"

Well, what do you know! The champion of the universe was having problems in the bedroom. "I... I..." North Kai didn't know quite where to begin. "I know many things about the reproductive habits of a few hundred species, Goku. *I am* the supervising deity of your section of the galaxy, you know. Can you be more specific about your problem?"

"This is great, Kaiosama. I didn't think there was anybody I could talk to. Chi Chi always said that lovemaking was private business and that I wasn't supposed to talk to anyone in the world about it. But since you're not *in this world* exactly, I suppose it's ok to tell you things, right?"

North Kai folded his arms. "Go on, Goku. I'm listening."

Goku flattened his palms on his thighs, raised his shoulders, and huffed a little breath of air before he spoke. This time the tree leaves didn't flutter. The warrior's voice was a

little louder than a whisper, as if he was being careful not to let anyone else overhear. “It must be something I’m doing wrong. Maybe she doesn’t like me that way anymore? I mean, I was dead so long I’ve forgotten how stuff on Earth works. I always keep forgetting to put my clothes on in the morning. I mean--the clothes were just always *on* in the Other World.”

North Kai frowned. “You mean you’re walking around naked a lot of the time?” He didn’t see how any woman could have a problem with that.

“Yeah, sometimes. But Chi Chi doesn’t yell at me to put them on or anything. She reminds me to do things like that in a *very* sweet voice. I’m serious--it’s not like her at all. And she bursts out crying all the time.”

“Probably still not over your being alive again,” North Kai said. “They are tears of happiness, I’m certain. What makes you think she doesn’t want you *in that way* anymore?”

Goku blinked. “Well, she doesn’t... she doesn’t start it anymore.”

“Start it?”

“Yeah, every time I used to come home before--you know, from the woods or from the dead--it didn’t seem to matter if I’d been gone a day or a year, she was all over me. Taking my clothes off, putting her legs around me.” Goku smiled a thin-lipped, sweet smile at the memory. “She used to be so happy about it. Sometimes she even did a little dance where she took her clothes off piece by piece so I could see her pretty parts one at a time--”

“Oh my!” North Kai interrupted. “You mean she hasn’t done any of this stuff for you since you’ve come back from the Other World?”

Goku lost his smile. “No,” he said simply.

“I see....” North Kai was suddenly guilty over his idea to draw Goku back into an Other World tournament. Clearly, the fellow needed more time to readjust to his new life on Earth. “Tell me, Son Goku, have *you* ever started it before?”

“Me? Why would I do that?”

“Goku, don’t you ever want to? I mean, don’t you ever get hungry for it the way you do for food?” North Kai suspected the answer even as he asked the question.

Goku rubbed his chin. “Not really, Kaiosama. I was in the Other World without it for a long time, and I didn’t think about it at all up there.”

“Well, Heaven has a way of adjusting those desires, my boy. Did you ever feel like starting it when you were alive?”

“I guess so. I mean, I always liked it. But I really didn’t need Chi Chi to…” Goku raised his right hand and cupped it in a gesture that North Kai didn’t recognize.

And then he did. “*OH!*”

“Aren’t girls supposed to start it? Chi never really talked about that part. When we got married, she told me what we were supposed to do, and then she always started it. I think it hurt her the first time, but I tried to be very careful afterwards, and I always waited for her to show me what to do.”

Goku was looking at the water in the stream. The evening light had dimmed somewhat since the beginning of their conversation, and the woods had started to come alive with insect noises. Dragonflies were skimming across the stream, and small fish leaping out to eat them fell back into the water with musical splashing sounds.

Then Goku spoke words so wistful that they made North Kai’s antennae bow towards the Earth in utmost sympathy: “*You know what, Kaiosama? Vegeta thinks he’s the stranger here, but he really belongs to this world more than I do.*”

North Kai was often called upon to set things right in his quadrant of the galaxy, to use his powers of interstellar communication to help many a worthy being, living or dead, but never once had it occurred to the blue deity that Son Goku, the pure soul from Earth and Champion of the Universe, would need his simple advice. North Kai’s spirit felt warm. It was a privilege to be able to give something to the Saiyan who had given so much to all.

“Goku,” began North Kai softly. “You were gone from Earth for seven long years. You grew stronger in Heaven but you didn’t grow older. Your woman grew older. Her body grew weaker. Have you noticed how different she looks?”

“Yes.”

“Do you still find her beautiful, Goku?”

“Yeah, sure! She’s my Chi Chi!”

“Have you told her that, Goku?”

The crickets chirped. The setting sun sparkled on the water. Goku looked at the dead fish on the rock beside him. “I’m supposed to *tell* her?”

“Goku, my dear boy, will you do as I say tonight? No arguments? I promise if you do what I tell you to do, your problem will be gone, and you and your wife will be very, very happy.”

“Sounds good to me, Kaiosama! What do I do?”

North Kai smiled very broadly and the tips of his whiskers twitched. “Tonight, Son Goku, tell your wife that she is beautiful. Tonight, Son Goku, *you* start it.”

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Son Chi Chi was sitting, brushing her long black hair, when she looked out the window and noticed that night had fallen. Time almost didn't seem to matter anymore; minutes, days, years seemed to have happened all without her noticing. Until, of course, when she suddenly *did* notice, and it was as if she had leapt into another place using some crazy technique like Goku's Instant Transmission.

It was night now--when did that happen? Last Chi Chi remembered she had been taking a long luxurious bath in the outside tub, and the sun had still been low and red in the evening sky. Her muscles had been sore from a long day of cleaning out closets, and she figured she needed a good bubblebath. The boys were all gone. Gohan to some dance thing at his school and Goten to see Trunks in West City. Yes, her little boy was so happy that Trunks was back. Bulma had made her family take some sort of secret vacation after Buu's defeat and the return of so many loved ones from the dead....

Chi Chi looked at her reflection in the bedroom mirror. She was old now--when had *that* happened? She knew she was a few years younger than Bulma, but Bulma still looked so fresh and pretty. *Money makes you carefree, I suppose.* Chi Chi fingered the deep maroon silk robe she was wearing. She still had many of her mother's clothes, but, try as she had to preserve them all these years, the stitches kept loosening and the cloth kept getting thinner. Chi Chi had decided to wear out the last best pieces to their natural ends now. Like this robe. She wouldn't sew it up anymore. The Ox-Queen's dowry money was all gone now, and so soon would be her clothes, all the fine and delicate Chinese dresses that still fit her daughter's tiny figure so easy and so well.

Chi Chi knew the truth now: money didn't matter. Memories did. And what beautiful memories Chi Chi had--of her mother and father, of her gorgeous sons, of her good and noble husband, back from the dead....

Sob! Chi Chi didn't have time to catch the first cry in her throat before the second and the third came hiccuping out. She dropped her forehead on the dresser, and her long hair, still wet, fell against her cheeks. *Goku-sa has fallen asleep in the woods again! Or else he has forgotten where he put his clothes and doesn't want to come home naked!* Chi Chi wept loudly. Her poor clueless husband, Champion of the Universe--he didn't really need her, did he? Worst of all, he didn't even want her. Why would he? She was so old and ugly, and all she had ever done all her married life was yell at him!

The sound of a large fish slapping across the kitchen table jolted Chi Chi out of her misery. She still wasn't used that Instant Transmission thing.

"Chi?" It was her husband's voice, and he had caught her crying again. The concern in his voice was plain, but Goku never really expressed much distress over her crying spells. He seemed to view her tears as something he could never truly understand, and the humbled, helpless way he often acted whenever Chi Chi cried only made her want to cry more.

"I'm in here," Chi Chi sniffed. She knew her husband could sense which room she was in, but it was difficult not to cue him with her voice. These Saiyans of hers--Goku, Gohan, Goten--who knew what they couldn't sense? Sometimes it was as if they could read her mind, but if that were true, then Goku would know--

"Chi?" Goku walked into the bedroom. So, he *had* found his clothes today. He looked as young and handsome as he had the day of the 23rd Budokai, when she had met him as her opponent and challenged him to marry her. He actually looked more handsome, if that was possible. He had put on muscle mass, his neck and chest were gorgeously sinewed, and being dead so often seemed to have given his skin some sort of ethereal glow.

"Did you eat already, Chi? I got a great fish today!"

As if that were supposed to cheer her up. "Goku-sa," Chi said, managing a smile. "Do me a favor and gut it yourself, would you? I just took a bath. I really don't want to smell like fish tonight."

"Ok. I'll fry it up too. Or do you want me to start a fire outside? I know you like it grilled sometimes. If you tell me what to pour on it, I'll do that too. Whatever flavors you want."

He was being so sweet. Chi Chi rubbed her eyes with the sleeve of her silk robe and tried very hard not to feel like crying. "I'm not hungry. Fix the fish whatever way you want. I'm going to bed."

And she did. She was under the covers, still wearing her mother's robe, when she noticed that Goku hadn't left. He was standing at the threshold, a dark silhouette against the lit hallway. She couldn't see his expression.

"I..I'm not hungry, Chi," Goku said. "I'll cook the fish tomorrow."

"What? It'll spoil if you leave it out on the table like that."

"I don't care. I can catch another one. Chi Chi, that red dress you're wearing to bed these days--it's very pretty."

Chi Chi's heart froze.

"It's a very pretty dress, Chi, but I wish you wouldn't wear it every night. I think what's underneath that dress is a whole lot prettier."

Chi Chi felt her eyes widen. It was as if she'd been teleported into another universe. Maybe she had fallen asleep and was having some sort of wishful dream?

There was a creaking noise at the foot of the bed, and the mattress dipped with the weight of a Saiyan. Goku was kneeling there. He pinched the blanket between the thumb and forefinger of one hand and started to pull it slowly down towards himself. "C'mon, Chi Chi. Let me see the pretty you!"

Chi Chi made an instinctive sweep at the blanket to cover herself, but there was no way she could beat her husband's reflexes. The blanket was off and bunched in Goku's hands.

"Now take off the pretty dress."

"What?"

She could see his expression now, even though the room was completely dark. Somehow a slant of moonlight from the window had crossed his face, and there was a broad grin on his beautiful, beautiful square jaw.

"Remember the little dance you used to do for me, Chi? Why can't you do it again? I used to like that little dance so much."

"Dance? Goku, I don't dance anymore. I couldn't--" Her voice sounded strangely hoarse and decrepit, not a pretty wife's voice at all. "Do you really think I'm pretty?"

"Yep."

And then he was next to her, bending over her face. The hand he lay against her cheek was large, fishy-smelling, and exquisitely soft. Why was it after so many years of fighting bare-handed that the man still had such sweet soft hands?

A thumb brushed across her lip. Chi Chi hadn't noticed until this moment that her mouth was wide open in shock and amazement. The thumb moved past her lip, across her bottom teeth, and grazed the tip of her tongue.

"This tongue," he said. "This is the most beautiful tongue." He was whispering now. "I want you to lick me with it like you used to, Chi."

That did it. Chi Chi sat up, placed one hand over the one holding her face and ran the other hand into his black spikey hair. “*Goku-sa, what did I ever do to deserve a husband like you?*”

He kissed her open mouth. Their tongues brushed lightly against one another. “I don’t know, Chi,” he spoke against her kiss. “Were you supposed to do something to deserve me?”

Her hands swept down his neck and onto his shoulders. Her robe parted, and he moved his hands inside the space, the utter softness of him now against her bare breasts. Oh, he smelled like fish, but he also smelled like moss and flowers and other warm lovely things of the wilderness! Chi Chi was going to do as he asked, to lick his neck with her “beautiful” tongue, but his tongue beat hers to that task. He licked the hollow of her throat, ran his lips across the width of her clavicle, kissed one shoulder lovingly and then the other. Then he slid the already slipping robe off her torso and wrapped her bare arms around his neck.

“I thought you didn’t want me like this anymore,” Chi Chi said.

“I thought you didn’t want *me* like this anymore,” Goku said, and he laughed and fell against the mattress on his back.

She was naked on top of him, and the night was cool. She shivered a little, and immediately, she felt his body temperature rise in response. The heat rose through his clothes and enveloped her. Oh, the things he could control. His hair was wavering oddly in the darkness, still black, not at all Super Saiyan, but things had most definitely *heated up*.

She undressed him. She unknotted his sash and pulled off his shirt. The pants she didn’t bother to take off completely; she merely pushed them down to free his arousal, and then she straddled him with her two slim thighs. She knew she had great thighs for a human; they were her best feature. She had been kicking around for the past seven years, teaching Goten to spar, so maybe her thighs were even stronger than Goku remembered.

He smoothed his palms across her thighs appreciatively, and when she took him inside her, with one gliding motion demonstrating perfect familiarity with this position, his hands clutched her hips so hard that she felt his nails.

“Oh, Chi!”

Her long black hair moved like ribbons with her movements. Chi Chi felt beautiful again. She felt young again. She could ride her *Goku-sa* like Kinto’un!

Years of living with Gohan’s bedroom just the thickness of a wall away had taught Chi Chi not to make noise. Try as he might, though, her husband had never learned to restrain his voice. He gasped. He moaned. He never shut his eyes, and he looked at her

now with the same fierce amazement he had the first night she moved on top of him. Chi Chi knew he was enjoying her bouncing hair, her bouncing breasts, her soundless mouthings of pleasure.

Then his hands were on her breasts. Then his hands were on her shoulders, and his mouth was on one nipple. Then she was on her back, and his hair was tickling her nose, and his mouth was still suckling her. Then his mouth was gone, and his hands were cupping the backs of her knees, and then her heels were on his shoulders, and he was pounding her so hard that the spot where he was pounding felt like it was catching on fire.

The bed was shaking. Hairbrushes and stray coins and articles of clothing were levitating off their surfaces. Chi Chi's own hair had risen like a black sheet over her head. There was a strange blue luminescence everywhere--as if the moonlight itself was excited too.

And just when Chi Chi thought she couldn't bear it anymore, that it was to the point of hurting her, really hurting her, she arched her back and spasmed. Wave after wave after wave of impossible pleasure.

It didn't stop. He was still pounding her. And so she screamed. And she screamed again because the electrifying joy still wasn't over.

And when she screamed a third time, she felt him clench and shudder in his own pleasure.

It was a long, long time before the room was dark again and all the flying household objects had settled once again in their right places. Goku was lying splayed across the bed, his gi pants still on, knotted at his ankles. Chi Chi moved to throw an arm across his sweaty chest, and Goku spoke first. It was a playful whisper. "I figured I would get you to yell at me sooner or later."

She smiled into his chest. She knew what he meant. "Life is short, Goku-sa. I am never going to get mad at you again." Even as she spoke the words, she believed that they weren't truthful. Still, it felt good to say them. "I can't bear the thought of losing you ever again.... And you have my permission to make me scream like *that* whenever the boys are away."

"Aw, Chi, you'll never lose me. Don't you know that?"

"No I *don't* know, Goku. You always tend to die or leave or--I lose you all the time. I just don't think I'll ever get used to it."

"When I was dead the last time, was I really gone? Didn't you feel me, Chi? Didn't you remember me?"

“Well yes, but it’s not the same. Remembering you isn’t the same as having you here.” She squeezed his bicep with one hand and moved her cheek against his warm chest. She was getting sleepy.

“I guess I’ll never understand it then,” Goku said in a wide-awake voice. “For me it’s like the good feelings are as real as the people who make them happen. You’re always with me, Chi. That’s why I never miss you.”

It didn’t make sense. It didn’t have to. Chi Chi closed her eyes, and for the first night in seven years, she fell asleep in the arms of her husband.

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A/N: The title for this fic comes from the wisdom of Buckaroo Bonzai (*The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonzai Across the Eight Dimension*, a movie released in 1984--get thee to Blockbuster now!) Thanks to LisaB for her patient, professional beta work and to all the Son girls who made me take a second look at Goku. There aren’t enough G/CC lemons in the fandom--go now, writers, make some more!